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Modern Screen

NUARY 15c

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RANK SINATRA

AN OF THE YEAR—(p. 28)

DEC 17 1946

RING IN THE NEW
. . . a new beauty-thrill
for you! Besides revealing
up to 33 percent more lustre
than any soap or soap sham-
poo, Drene, with Hair Condi-
tioning action, leaves your hair
smooth and easy to manage right after
your shampoo. For this party hair-do
Drene Girl Arline Dahlman ties all her
hair high in back and swirls it around on top.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, Arline sweeps her
hair into two side loops, with a top curl for added
height. "And for added glamour," she says, "I
always keep my hair Drene-clean." Drene is
not a soap shampoo . . . never leaves dull-
ing film on hair as all soaps do. And . . .
Drene removes unsightly dandruff
flakes the first time you use it.

Holiday Headlines

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Christmas at its merriest . . . New Year's at its happiest . . . and lovely *you* at your loveliest . . . your Drene-clean hair shining-bright, alight with all its natural lustre!

Here, famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Arline Dahlman, shows you the two holiday hair-dos she likes best. "But first," suggests Arline, "make sure your hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best . . . by using Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action." No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

PN1993
M33

"You're Fired!"

CUPID: Can't fire me, Missy. I quit. I—

GIRL: Loafer!

CUPID: —can't do anything for a Granite Face who won't even break down and beam at a man once in a while!

GIRL: Ho! And what've I got to *beam* with, pray? I brush my teeth—and regularly—but there's no beam about them!

CUPID: But there is "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: Only lately. And only a touch... *Why?*

CUPID: That's for your dentist to say, Sis. Because even a tinge of "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist.* Let him decide, not you. He may say it's simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ah-h-h. And right away I've got a smile like Klieg lights, huh?

CUPID: Not so fast, Muffinhead. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. And if your dentist suggests gentle massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth . . . *pay attention!* You'll be off to the man-trappingest smile you ever wore! Check on it!

For the Smile of Beauty—

Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Ah! Just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By"—and the stars come out!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M's love-and-song story of Jerome Kern is on its way . . . teeming with talent, Technicolor and 25 Kern hits.

★ ★ ★

To make hearts go pitter-patterer, June Allyson sings "Cleo-patterer".

★ ★ ★

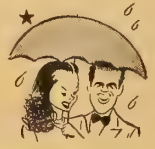
Lucille Bremer pleads lyrically for "One More Dance" and Van Johnson replies, "I Won't Dance"—but he does, and how!

★ ★ ★

Then there's Judy Garland as Marilyn Miller, singing the haunting "Who?".

★ ★ ★

Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin are the melodic romancers of "Showboat".

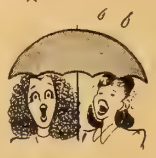


★ ★ ★

Torchy Lena Horne sings "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man". Angela Lansbury "swings" a tune.

★ ★ ★

Virginia O'Brien scores with "A Fine Romance". Dinah Shore stops the show with "The Last Time I Saw Paris".



★ ★ ★

Frank Sinatra provides a spectacular musical climax with "Ol' Man River".

★ ★ ★

All this as you thrill to the colorful events in the life of Jerome Kern who is portrayed by Robert Walker.

★ ★ ★

As Kern's arranger and best friend, Van Heflin returns to the screen in triumph.

★ ★ ★

Director Richard Whorf and Producer Arthur Freed, with screenwriters Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway, have woven story and song and splendor miraculously together.

★ ★ ★

Yes, just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By". It's pure sunshine!

—Leo

JANUARY, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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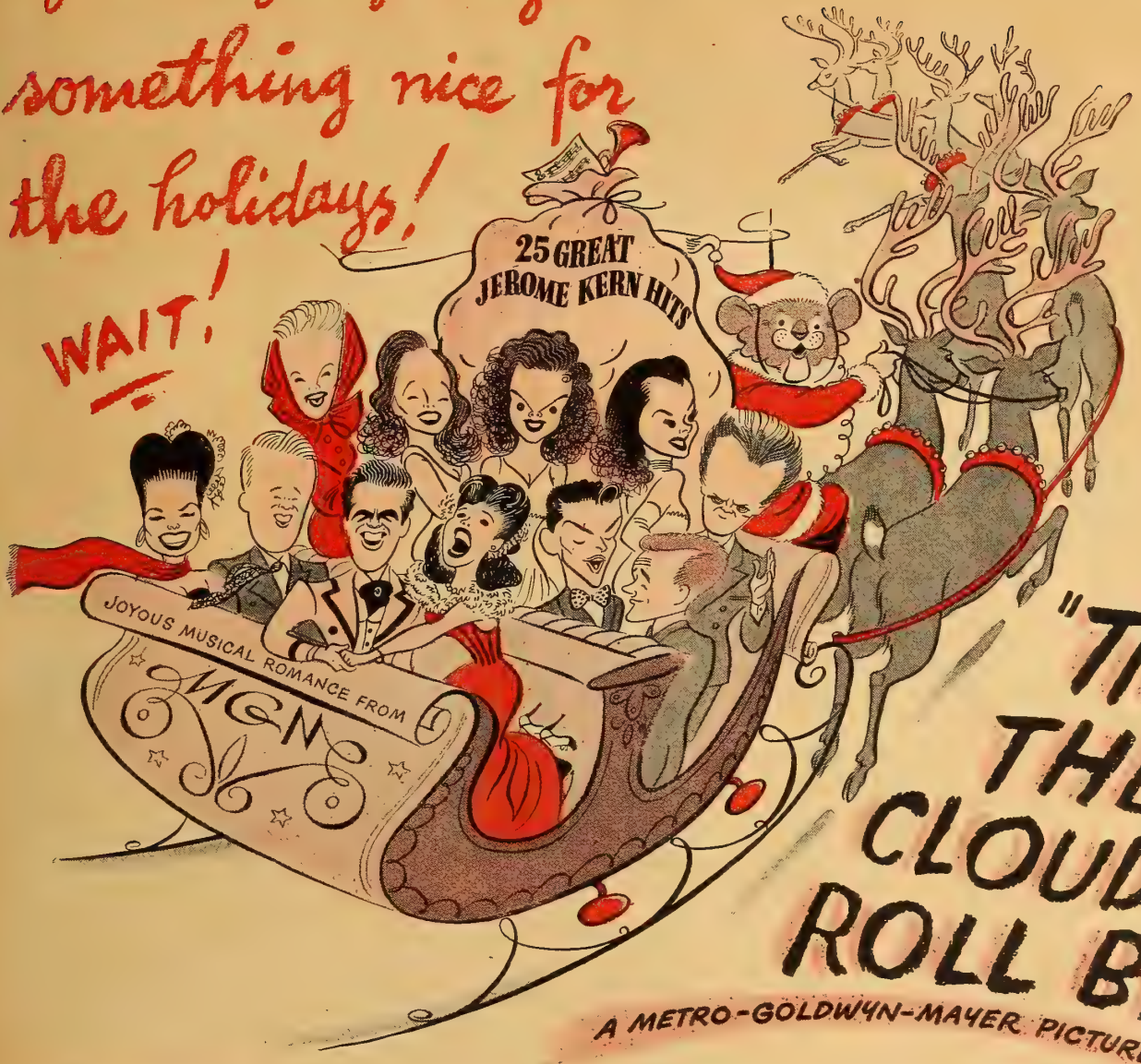
You're going to get something nice for the holidays!

WAIT!



"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Starring (alphabetically)

JUNE ALLYSON as the dazzling musical comedy star!

LUCILLE BREMER as Jerome Kern's immortal "Sally"!

JUDY GARLAND as glorious Marilyn Miller!

KATHRYN GRAYSON as Magnolia of "Show Boat" fame!

VAN HEFLIN as the father of the real "Sally"!

LENA HORNE as the girl who loved "Bill"!

VAN JOHNSON as the singing, dancing bandleader!

ANGELA LANSBURY as the music hall nightingale!

TONY MARTIN as the dashing gambler "Gaylord"!

VIRGINIA O'BRIEN as the gal with a yen for men!

DINAH SHORE as the siren of the sultry voice!

FRANK SINATRA as the singing idol of millions!

ROBERT WALKER (as Jerome Kern)

In Technicolor

Story by GUY BOLTON • Adapted by GEORGE WELLS • Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY and JEAN HOLLOWAY

Based on the Life and Music of JEROME KERN • Directed by RICHARD WHORF • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

HEAR "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES", "OL' MAN RIVER", "ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE", "WHO?", "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND MANY MORE!

dorothy kilgallen selects "the yearling"

■ Anyone who ever has despaired of the motion picture form becoming an art should be taken to see what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and producer Sidney Franklin have wrought out of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' simple story, "The Yearling." That was a Pulitzer Prize novel, and they have made it into an Academy Award picture—a work of such honest beauty and shining tenderness that it seems to have come from a place far removed from the Hollywood so frequently engrossed in phony bust measurements and phony emotions.

It is a thrilling film. No one thing makes it so; it is the product of many hands, and, possibly more important, hearts, that must have worked with as much love as care to have achieved such soaring perfection.

The story is gentle, genuine and completely devoid of trickery. It might have happened. It is just the tale of a few seasons in the life of a desperately poor farm family in the wild scrub country of Florida —the bitter young mother who has lost all (*Continued on page 10*)

Alone a lot, Jody (Claude Jarman, Jr.) finds his best friend is dad (G. Peck).

It's Murder in the Mirth Degree!

Betty's a gal who can't tell the truth to save her life. Sonny's the lawyer who has a terrific case on her! And you're the folks who are gonna howl at 'em for ninety minutes on end!

Paramount presents

Betty Hutton

and

Sonny Tufts

in

"Cross My Heart"

...'n hope to die laughing!

Plus 3 hit songs as only that Hutton girl can sing them
"LOVE IS THE DARNDEST THING"
"THAT LITTLE DREAM GOT NOWHERE"
"HOW DO YOU DO IT?"

with MICHAEL CHEKHOV

Produced by Harry Tugend · Directed by John Berry

Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Claude Binyon · Additional Dialogue by Charles Schnee · Based on a Play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr

radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN

■ In "Annie Get Your Gun," Irving Berlin wrote a number for Ethel Merman that compresses a world of truth into its lyrics. Sings Miss Merman: "There's no business like show business." It tells of the highs and the lows that make show business the most exhilarating and the most exasperating experience of all, because as Berlin words it, "There's no business like show business," no business like it in all the world.

As evidence that Berlin is right, this is the story of $35 that was parlayed into one of the million-dollar sensations of show business! The principal actors in the cast would be a sophomore at the Lakeview High School, in Chicago; an old gentleman who had his place of business on Van Buren Street; a freckled-faced newsboy in the best tradition of Horatio Alger. Incidental actors would be owners of night clubs, many of them; vaudeville audiences, many of them; unkind critics, too many of them.

The $35 story is the story of Charlie McCarthy, and the story of Charlie McCarthy is the story of Edgar Bergen, and the story of Edgar Bergen illuminates Berlin's point that there's no business like show business!

"A lot of stories have been told about Charlie McCarthy," Bergen tells me, "and most of them have been wrong. It was while I was in my second year at Lakeview High School, in Chicago, that I got Charlie, and he cost me exactly $35. A wood carver, Theodore Mack, now dead, created Charlie for me in his shop on Van Buren Street. The rest of Charlie's body has been replaced at least twenty-five times, and I've bought about twenty new suits for him, but the wear and tear has made no impression on his head."

How had he decided on "Charlie McCarthy" for a monicker?

"The first part of his name comes from a freckled-faced little Chicago newsboy, Charlie, who used to sell papers on the corner near Lakeview High," explained Bergen, "and the second half of his name comes from the old wood carver who created his head. The old gent's name was Mack, so I chose McCarthy as having a little more 'feel' and rhythm to it."

Thus christened, the little fellow who was to become Public Woodenhead No. 1 started out from Chicago on (*Continued on page 24*)

Word Is Spreading: "THE GREATEST MOTION

and radio gossip . . . by BEN GROSS

■ **Stories They Tell on Radio Row . . .** They tell many of them along the lane of microphone stars . . . but few of them are as moving as the yarn of the 76-year-old Negro living near the Griffith Stadium in Washington, D. C. It is his story and also that of a radio broadcast that produced a miracle.

Sitting in his simple home one night, a place that had never known a woman's touch, he turned on his ancient receiving set. What he heard was an NBC dramatization of the life of Maude Ballington Booth, who, as head of the Volunteers of America, an organization similar to the Salvation Army, had devoted her life to helping the unfortunate.

The story so impressed the aged man that he began to review his own life. Although living in poor surroundings, he was really a wealthy man. He had made a fortune in real estate; but had never done much for his fellow men. Now, however, he picked up his telephone and called the Volunteers of America, making an appointment the next day with Lt. Col. Walter O. Ulrey, the organization's divisional commander.

Col. Ulrey at first believed he was the victim of a hoax; but he soon learned the truth. For the humble colored man, who insists that his name remain anonymous, then and there deeded outright to the Volunteers of America a modern eight-story house in a good neighborhood for welfare purposes. And a few days later he had a will drawn in favor of the Volunteers, leaving them an estate of more than $125,000.

Mere money had never brought to the old man the one thing he wanted most—happiness. But, at last, he found it in an opportunity to do some good in this world . . . and all because of a chance tuning in of a radio broadcast.

■ **Have You a Sense of Humor? . . .** Having nothing better to do, not long ago I asked a group of famous comedians, "What is your definition of a sense of humor?" So, for the benefit of MODERN SCREEN readers, here are some of their answers:

Bob Burns—"A sense of humor is that rare quality possessed by people who think I'm funny."

Jack Benny—"You've got a sense of humor when your toupee blows off and you're the first one to laugh like all get-out."

Bob Hope—"One person thinks a broken leg is funny and to another the idea of a juicy sirloin steak is uproarious. So everybody thinks he has a sense of humor and is, therefore, a comedian. If I ever meet a straight man, I'll give him a job for life."

Fibber McGee—"A sense of humor is simply a congenital defect. The possessor is just born without an 's' in his cosmic urge."

■ **The Program Book . . .** This New Year's time sees the height of the radio season. All of the important shows are on the air: The old ones, the new ones, the programs that click and those about to be carted off to ethereal oblivion. The period of sponsorial promises is over. Now it is deliver or get off the air.

With this thought in mind, let us take a quick glance at the blue ribbon offerings awaiting the turn of your dial:

In the field of comedy, such oldtimers as Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Bob Hope, Eddie Cantor, Charlie McCarthy and Fibber McGee and Molly are proving (*Continued on page 24*)

PICTURE I HAVE SEEN IN MY LIFE!"

Darryl F. Zanuck's production of

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S

The Razor's Edge

20th CENTURY-FOX

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

From the Novel by W. Somerset Maugham

The Funniest Man Of The Year In The Happiest Picture Of The Year!
The only kind of a hat ah wear is a Kentucky Derby!
EAGLE-LION FILMS INC. presents

KENNY DELMAR
as
SENATOR CLAGHORN
THAT IS!
"IT'S A JOKE, SON!"
Bryan Foy in Charge of Production
with
UNA MERKEL • JUNE LOCKHART
JIMMY CONLIN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
"Daisy"—the dog
and introducing KENNETH FARRELL
Original screenplay by Robert Kent and Paul Gerard Smith
Produced by Aubrey Schenck • Directed by Ben Stoloff

LIFE says: "THE MOST QUOTED MAN IN THE NATION!"...

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE YEARLING"

(*Continued from page 6*)

her children but one and is haunted by the fear of losing him, the father who understands her as he understands most of the things in life, and the boy Jody who longs with a wild loneliness for something of his own to love.

For Jody, director Clarence Brown left Hollywood and searched the rickety schoolrooms of the rural South until he found Claude Jarmon Jr., an extraordinary child with white hair and translucent pink skin and eyes like pieces of sky. In some magical way the director has made him act with naturalness and at times passion. Between them they have achieved a triumph.

Gregory Peck, as Penny, the father with the knowing heart, gives a performance of such strength and compassion that it seems not to be a performance at all, but part of the record of a life. He has been given considerable poetry to translate into the dialect of "poor white trash," and he does this so well that the words seem to come from his own mind and not from the pages of a Hollywood script.

Jane Wyman, demonstrating an amazing versatility, is the surprise of the picture. She plays the drab, nagging, miserable farm wife with such authority and definition as to make it almost impossible to believe that this weary creature and the glamorous little cookie of "Night And Day" came from the repertoire of the same actress.

All concerned can thank Paul Osborn for giving them a screenplay that contains no false note, and Clarence Brown not only for magnificently sympathetic direction, but for the additional miracle of having managed to keep the Technicolor under control so that the splashy calendar-art tendencies of Technicolor are conquered.

"The Yearling" would sound, in the telling of the synopsis, like the story of a boy and a fawn, but it has more than a story—it has the sweep of nature and the wildness of the seasons and the aching dreams of the young and the wisdom of those who live close to the earth.

Go to see it. Few such experiences can be bought with a ticket of admission.

MODERN SCREEN

"Here is a note from my doctor for being late for my appointment."

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

PETER COOKSON was born in Milwaukee, Oregon, on May 8, 1915. He is 6' tall, weighs 175 lbs. and has brown eyes and brown hair. He is married and has two children. Current pictures include "Don't Gamble With Strangers," "Fear," and "Strange Conquest." Write to him at Universal, Universal City, Calif. Tamara Christoff, 295 St. Helen's Avenue, Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada, has his fan club.

DOROTHY MALONE, who was so charming in "Night and Day," "The Big Sleep," and "Janie Gets Married," was born in Chicago, Ill., on Jan. 30, 1925. She has blue eyes and brown hair and is 5'7" tall, weighs 124 lbs., and is unmarried. You can write her at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California.

JACK SMITH, popular CBS singer who's come up so tremendously lately, was born in Seattle, Washington, on November 16, 1915. He is 6'2" tall, weighs 185 lbs., and has hazel eyes and dark blonde hair. Is married, but has no children. Is immensely interested in fan clubs and those who would like to start one for him can address him c/o Kurt Weinberg, 131 W. 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

Evelyn Rouel, New York: Here are the pieces played in "I've Always Loved You:" CHOPIN'S Prelude in C Major, G Minor Ballade, Nocturne, Prelude No. 1, Opus 28. RACHMANINOFF'S 2nd Piano Concerto, and Prelude in C Sharp Minor. MOZART'S Magic Flute and Sonata No. 1. SCHARF'S Opus No. 1 and Carnegie Overture. BEETHOVEN'S Appassionata. WAGNER'S Liebestod. MENDELSSOHN'S Rondo Cappricioso. BACH'S Toccata and Fugue. SCHUBERT'S Moment Musicale. BRAHMS' Lullabye. VILLA-LOBOS' Brazilian Folk Song.

Roberta Broth: Gloria Egan, 10748 Holeman Avenue, Los Angeles, has the ROSS HUNTER FAN CLUB. Edythe Rojan, 40-45 12th Street, L. I. City, N. Y. has one for JOHN HEATH. Mary Susan Leonard, Box 428, Kingsport, Tenn., has the SHIRLEY TEMPLE CLUB, and Gloria Fine, 519 Charlotte Street, Bronx, N. Y. has the DOUGLAS DICK CLUB.

Seymour Gerr, Boston: Tommy Kelly and Frankie Thomas were both in service and are now waiting for the right pix. You'll be seeing Don Taylor in "Rich, Full Life," and handsome Jerry Rand is back from service and appearing in "Carnegie Hall."

There you are. Now come on and swamp me with questions. Just send them and a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

WARNERS HIT A BRAND NEW NOTE IN MUSICALS!!!

"THE TIME

DENNIS MORGAN

THE PLACE

JACK CARSON

AND THE GIRL"

IN TECHNICOLOR!!!

JANIS PAIGE ☆ MARTHA VICKERS ☆ and CARMEN CAVALLARO AND ORCHESTRA

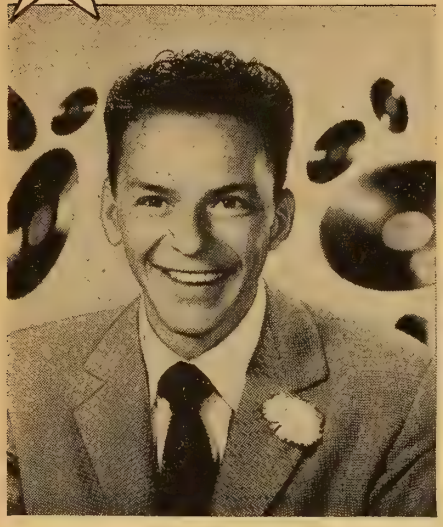
S. Z. SAKALL · ALAN HALE · ANGELA GREENE · DONALD WOODS

DIRECTED BY
DAVID BUTLER

PRODUCED BY
ALEX GOTTLIEB

Screen Play by Francis Swann, Agnes Christine Johnston & Lynn Starling • Original Story by Leonard Lee • Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf

M-G-M Star on the Cover



★ The #1 star of Hollywood! That's the title bestowed on Frank Sinatra by the readers of MODERN SCREEN. It's a great, great compliment for any star to receive, but we're even prouder than usual of Frankie because he's gained this honor in such a relatively short time. The fans have elevated him to top stardom with unheard-of speed.

★ And though his original popularity was achieved through radio appearances and phonograph records, Frankie's meteor-like rise in motion pictures is really phenomenal. For his is the story of an entertainer who, in little more than five years, zoomed from dance-band vocalist to one of the nation's greatest celebrities.

★ Frank Sinatra was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, and first came to fame there as star athlete and glee club vocalist for the local High School. However, his ambition was journalism and he joined the Hoboken Observer, starting on a delivery truck, but quickly rising to sports reporter.

★ Then one night he squired his best girl—the future Mrs. Sinatra—to see a Bing Crosby picture. That, he decided, was the career for him, so off he went for an audition with Major Bowes. Here history takes over. Immediate success with the Major and subsequent engagements with the Harry James and Tommy Dorsey bands. Then solo billing and Hollywood. After two starring pictures, Frankie came under the M-G-M aegis and his popularity has been climbing ever since.

★ He was an instantaneous success in his singing and dancing role in "Anchors Aweigh", the best musical film of 1945. He is now appearing in "Till The Clouds Roll By", M-G-M's magnificent screen biography of Jerome Kern. When Sinatra sings "Ol' Man River" in one of the most lavish scenes ever filmed, it stops the show every time.

★ At the present time, he is busy commuting between Hollywood and Brooklyn for the final scenes of "It Happened In Brooklyn". Advance reports are that it looks like another Sinatra sensation. And for good measure, the cast includes such wonderful names as Kathryn Grayson, and Peter Lawford, and — Jimmy Durante! Yes, it's a happy new year for Frankie's fans and entertainment lovers everywhere.

Watch for his next M·G·M film hits

☆ "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" ☆
In Technicolor
☆ "IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN" ☆

LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT, AND BELONGING TO A FAN CLUB MAKES IT PRETTY PERFECT. HERE'S A HOBBY THAT MAKES SAD SACKS INTO GLAD JACKS—AND JILLS, TOO!

by Jean Kinkead

co-ed

■ You'd be surprised at how many letters there are on our desk right this minute that say things like this: "I live way out in the country and I'm a very lonesome gal," or "I'm just plain bored with my unexciting life," or "I *wish* I had a hobby like the other kids, but stamps and match covers leave me cold." And all the letters wind up with the same old plea: "Help!" For all of you who've written us those sob-jobs, and for the rest of you who've sometimes felt like writing 'em, we've got a really wonderful plan. A plan to lift you out of the doldrums so fast. . . . Just you listen!

Why don't you join a fan club? Hey, wait a minute now. Don't put on your me-tie-up-with-a-gang-of-swooners? face. The members of the fan clubs we're talking about are attractive, intelligent, stimulating people. They're people you'd like to know. People you'd have fun with. How do we know? 'Cause we've met dozens of them. Talked with them. Exchanged ideas with them.

Let us tell you more. The fan clubs we mean are no fly-by-night propositions. They are members of the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association, which means that they are recognized by the star and the studio, that they each have a charter and a constitution, that they are well-run clubs respected in their various communities. Their members are just as far removed from the button-pulling, screeching sort of fan as anybody could be. Maybe we've convinced you that clubs belonging to the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association are sorta special, but maybe you don't quite see what membership in one of them would do for you. First of all, it will give you a feeling of usefulness. Heretofore you've just been a voice crying in the wilderness; once you're a club member you'll have the exciting realization that by joining the club activities, you are actually having a direct hand in the success of your pet star. You will enjoy the companionship—either personal or via letters—of other club members, and your loneliness and boredom will vanish with things like club parties and issues of the club journal to look forward to. You'll get a kind of spiritual lift, as well, from participating in the pet charity which most of the clubs have. Did you know, f'rinstance, that the Jean Pierre Aumont Club has adopted a French war orphan to whom food packages are sent regularly, and that the Hotra Sinatra Club, on Frankie's last birthday, presented $25 to the Sister Kenny Foundation? To mention just two of the dozens of good works clubs have done.

But hang on. There are even more wonderful things about being a member of a MSFCA club. If you've a yen to write, all of the clubs have journals chockful of poetry, stories, interviews with stars—not to mention an exclusive snap of your dream guy or gal!—and the editors are always on the prowl for new talent. What's more, MODERN SCREEN awards several prizes each month for the choicest literary bits. You might even edit a journal yourself some day, and we can't think of a better way to get experience for that elegant magazine job you've got your eye on.

Attendance at club meetings will give you a good foundation in parliamentary procedure. You'll have a chance to learn how to give (*Continued on page 88*)

"It's a Wonderful Life"

All the fun of "It Happened One Night"; all the heart-warming joy of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"; all the happiness of "You Can't Take It With You"—Capra's triple-slam Academy Award triumphs!

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AMERICA'S FAVORITE FELLER...

JIMMY'S FAVORITE GIRL...

HENRY TRAVERS
He couldn't do ANYTHING!

THOMAS MITCHELL
He couldn't do anything wrong!

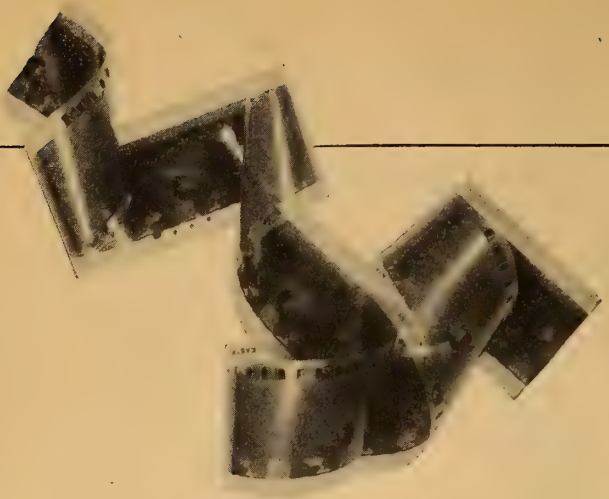
LIONEL BARRYMORE
He couldn't do anything right!

with

LIONEL BARRYMORE · THOMAS MITCHELL · HENRY TRAVERS

Beulah Bondi · Ward Bond · Frank Faylen · Gloria Grahame · Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA

Screenplay by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett and Frank Capra · Additional Scenes by Jo Swerling · Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.



movie reviews

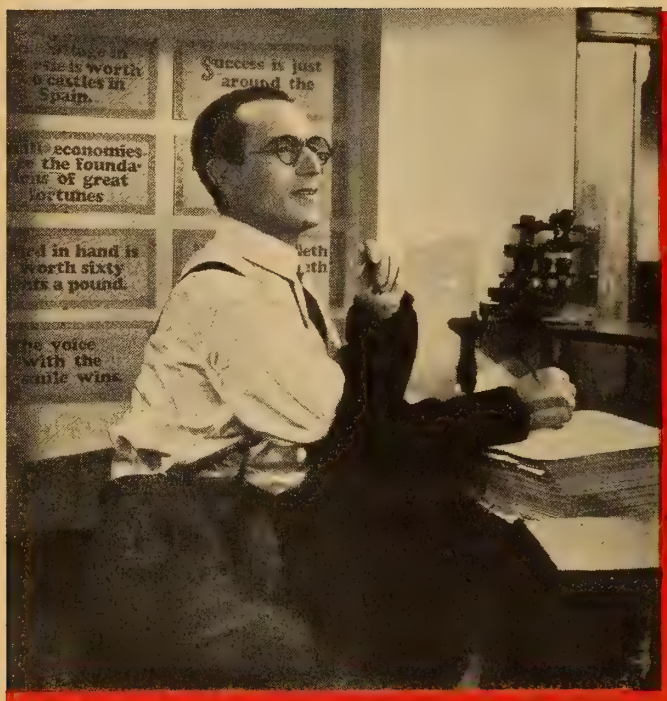
virginia wilson

"THE SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK"

■ Maybe you've never *seen* a Harold Lloyd picture. If you haven't, you've missed one of life's major experiences, and the sooner you see "The Sin Of Harold Diddlebock," the happier you'll be.

Harold (Lloyd or Diddlebock, take your choice), as a football-playing collegian, is offered a job by the head of a big manufacturing concern. When Harold shows up, complete with diploma and full of enthusiasm and bright ideas, he is tucked away in the bookkeeping department. There he stays for twenty years. At the end of that time he is presented with a Swiss watch—which chimes—and is fired. Harold emerges into daylight, baffled and embittered, with two thousand dollars in savings and no future.

A weird little character called Wormy (Jimmy Conlin) gets a load of that roll and starts seeing the world through rose-colored glasses. He introduces Harold, who has never taken anything stronger than fruit cup, to a drink which the bartender christens a "Diddlebock." It causes repercussions of about the same intensity as an atom (*Continued on page 16*)


Success is just around the
economies the founda of great fortunes
in hand is worth sixty a pound.
voice with the smile wins

Full of success story dreams, Harold Didalebock (H. Lloyd) starts out on a new job. But after twenty years of conscientious work, he is given the bird in the form of a watch and a pink slip.

You wanna buy a lion? Jack Norton's safe on his desk, assuring Harold that his landlord really wouldn't permit it. Harold got the lion when he bought a circus one night—on a binge.

Jail is a bit cramped for Harold and his pal (Jimmy Conlin). But Harold can't understand why the police were so nasty just because he had to rescue the lion from an 8th floor window ledge!

Are you in the know?

How should you cope with hickeys?

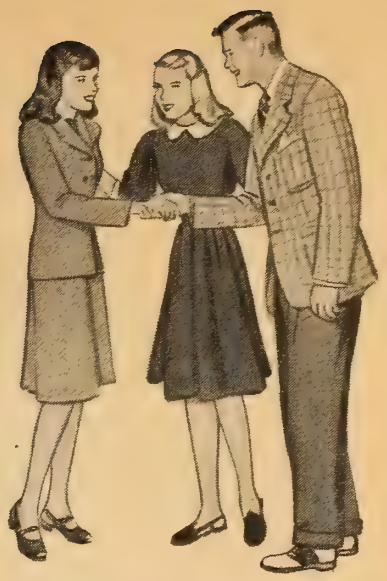
- ☐ *Squeeze with finger-tips*
- ☐ *Cover with heavy makeup*
- ☐ *Let them alone*

You're all set for next Saturday night, and horrors! — a hickey rears its ugly head. Never squeeze pimples. Just dab with antiseptic and let them alone. Unless they're chronic, needing medical care, they'll soon disappear on their own power. Well-scrubbed skin gathers few blemishes. And bathing's especially important if you'd be clover-sweet on certain days. Kotex helps keep you dainty, because every Kotex napkin has a *deodorant* locked inside!

Should a thank-you note be—

- ☐ *A formal acknowledgment*
- ☐ *Brief but "personalized"*
- ☐ *An essay on gratitude*

When sending thanks by mail, you needn't be stiff, or wordy or witty. Make your thank-you brief, but warm, with that personal touch that's *you.* Why let "duty notes" nag you? Writing them can be so simple. Likewise, why be needled by little problem-day worries — when Kotex can give you peace of mind? The exclusive *safety center* of Kotex means *extra protection* against accidents. That's why, as you skylark through "those" days, you'll say "thanks" to Kotex!



After making an introduction, then what?

- ☐ *Follow through*
- ☐ *Let them take it from there*
- ☐ *Start talking for talk's sake*

Spare your friends the pause that distresses — after they've said "How do you do?" Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying days", let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.* You get lasting comfort . . . more poise per hour!

How can you leave at your dating deadline?

- ☐ *Tell the crowd Dad insists*
- ☐ *Say you need your beauty-sleep*
- ☐ *Mention an early A. M. appointment*

Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . . so don't hesitate. Mention an early morning appointment. It's the smooth way to exit at your curfew time. At "difficult" times, curfew for outline fears calls for Kotex. That's because Kotex has *flat, tapered ends* that don't show . . . that *prevent* revealing outlines. Yes, with Kotex you're poised at any party . . . a smoothie from the word go!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 14)

bomb. Under the influence of this strange mixture, Harold buys a checked suit, a cowboy hat and a bankrupt circus. This is on Tuesday night. When he wakes up Thursday with a hangover, he doesn't even *remember* what he did Wednesday. Which is just as well, as it turns out. Wormy reminds him of the circus. "The cats are hungry," says Wormy. "Also the giraffes and the elephants." Many is the man who has wakened to a hangover of elephants, but these are real ones.

Harold considers the situation. Obviously, he will have to sell the circus, but finding a customer for it is something else again. Maybe the thing to do is to mix up a batch of those "Diddlebocks" and get one of the lions and go on a customer hunt.

This works fine up to a point—the point where Harold and Wormy find themselves suspended from a lion's collar eight floors above the street.

Among the hilarious cast are Frances Ramsden, Raymond Walburn, Arline Judge and Franklin Pangborn—*U.A.*

P. S.

Harold Lloyd returns to the screen after an absence of seven years, waiting for the right story. . . . Lloyd and Jackie, the lion, first trouped together in "The Milky Way." However, this is the first time in Jackie's history that he ever got official screen billing, although he has worked in more than 300 pictures. . . . Sturges used Paramount's "New York Street" set for three days. He isn't superstitious, but he did manage to shoot Lloyd with one particular building as a background—the same building that was behind Brian Donlevy when Sturges made the opening shot of "The Great McGinty," the first film he directed . . . As a gesture to Sturges, Rudy Vallee played a small role as one of the bankers, duplicating the staid performance he gave in "The Palm Beach Story." . . . Members of the company admired the nerve of Al Bridge, who plays the circus owner. When Jackie chewed playfully on his arm, Bridge didn't budge and kept right on with his dialogue. Later, he disclosed that lions are no novelty to him. He ran away with a circus when he was a youngster and became the assistant trainer in a "cat" act.

THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND THE GIRL

The time—right now. The place—New York City, in Technicolor. The girl—Martha Vickers, playing a sweet young thing called Vicki Cassel. Vicki is the granddaughter of Maestro Ladislaus Cassel (S. Z. Sakall), and is being groomed for a heavily operatic career. She has a disagreeable manager, Martin (Donald Woods), and a dominating grandmother (Florence Bates) to see that she doesn't stray from the operatic path.

Vicki, when we first meet her, is only mildly discontented with this program. After all, she doesn't know what she's missing. Then she encounters Steve (Dennis Morgan) who is about to open a night club next to the Cassel house. The closest Steve has ever been to the opera was when he waited for a bus in front of the Metropolitan. But he has an eye for a pretty girl, and Vicki is a *very* pretty girl. Maybe he and his friend, Jeff (Jack Carson), can get her to use her influence with Ladislaus, who is apparently trying to keep them from opening their night club.

They soon find that it's Martin, not Ladislaus, who is back of the attempt. Ladislaus is a genial, if bewildered, old boy, who invites Steve and Jeff and Sue (Janis Paige), their leading lady, over for a champagne party while his wife is in Philadelphia. Unfortunately, Madame Cassel returns too soon, accompanied by Martin, and this puts a definite end to the night club's chance of opening.

Ladislaus feels responsible for this catastrophe. Also he likes to see young Vicki gazing blissfully at Steve. A girl should have *some* fun before she has to be an opera singer. Ladislaus is a romantic, of the practical school. He arranges for his wife to be summoned to Mexico City, leaving him in charge of their joint bank account. He will back a show for Steve and Vicki, thus solving all their problems. Unfortunately, Madame Cassel leaves only a few hundred dollars in the account. Complications set in, among them a Texas millionaire and a girl named Elaine (Angela Greene) who is jealous of Vicki.

Let me recommend a number called, "Oh, But I Do."—*War.*

P. S.

Dance director LeRoy Prinz estimated that Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Martha Vickers, and Janis Paige walked more than twenty miles a day while rehearsing dance routines on a treadmill constructed on one of the stages. . . . The piano played by Carmen Cavallaro in the film was especially designed and built in the studio shops. It's plastic, reinforced with steel, and cost some $7,000. . . . Alan Hale celebrated his fifteenth consecutive year with Warners during production by signing a new seven-year contract. . . . Prinz spent days selecting and training twelve beautiful chorines for a night club sequence which is done in blackface. . . . The actors didn't consider the set the safest place in the world after a series of accidents. Jack fell from the treadmill and injured his neck, "Cuddles" Sakall had to take a week off when a Technicolor camera dolly ran over the toes of his right foot, and Martha narrowly escaped getting beaned when the collar from a high-tensity arc fell from a scaffold just above her head.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Vaughn Monroe was appearing at our local theater, and one gag in his show necessitated the use of a duck (stuffed, of course) as one of the props. Well, everything went along smoothly until the time came when the duck was supposed to drop from the ceiling. The band members looked up; they waited; still no duck! So the show went on with Vaughn singing one of his super solos. And right in the middle, that darn duck decided he wanted to come down to earth, I guess, because bang! down he fell, startling Vaughn and the whole audience, and turning the torchy number Vaughn was singing into a hilarious comedy. And nobody laughed harder than he did.

Lucille Retel
Buffalo, New York

THE DARK MIRROR

A broken mirror, an overturned chair and a man lying dead with a knife in his back. That's the beginning. The dead man is a doctor, and two witnesses saw him taking a girl to his apartment the night he was killed. Lieutenant Stevenson (Thomas Mitchell) has no trouble getting them to identify the girl. They say she is Terry Collins (Olivia de Havilland) who works at the magazine stand in the Medical Building.

"If only all cases were nice and simple like this one!" says the lieutenant. He's in for a shock, because Terry produces a complete alibi for the evening. Not the kind that could possibly be faked, either. Four different people place her at a point several miles from the scene of the crime. The lieutenant is going nuts over this problem when he learns that Terry has a twin sister, Ruth (Olivia de Havilland). Ruth, it seems, used to work at the magazine stand occasionally in Terry's place, and she too knew the dead doctor. There's no way of proving which girl was where on the night he was killed.

The lieutenant goes to see a psychiatrist, Dr. Elliott (Lew Ayres) who has made a study of twins. "It's a perfect crime, Doc," he says gloomily, "and I don't like perfect crimes. They make me nervous." Elliott agrees to try and help. He meets both girls and talks them into taking a series of tests for him. He will pay them for it, and they need a job. Since they've been in the papers in connection with the murder, no one will hire them. But as Dr. Elliott gets to know them better, and as the tests progress, he gets more and more worried. He has fallen in love with Ruth. And he knows that one of the sisters is guilty of the murder. That one of them is criminally—dangerously—insane.

Olivia de Havilland handles her dual role with authority, and it's nice to see Lew Ayres back on the screen. Thomas Mitchell makes the detective a human being instead of a stock figure.—*Univ.*

P. S.

No technical flaws will be found in the pic, as it was checked and double-checked in order to make sure of scientific soundness. Writer-Producer Nunnally Johnson not only consulted a practicing psychologist, but went to Washington where he had the FBI check all of his scientific data. . . . Superstition took a holiday as Olivia spent an entire morning hurling ashtrays at mirrors. Director Siodmak wanted the glass shattered in an impressively weird design and before he was satisfied, Livvy had smashed eight mirrors and ruined twelve takes. "Doesn't bother me a bit," remarked Olivia after completion of the scene, then added—"Just so I never have to whistle in a dressing room, or throw my hat on a bed!" . . . Director Siodmak's "X-Ray camera" promises to be the most provocative advance of 1946. Utilizing his own personally developed technique, Siodmak asserts that he is able to make the camera literally peer into the soul and ferret out secrets which the subject wants to conceal. . . . Lew Ayres uses a tried and true method of finding the truth. He tests Livvy with a real sphygmanometer (lie detector) in one scene, and was trained in the technique by John Schilling of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's office.

THE SHOW-OFF

Years ago, when Red Skelton was run-

The JOLSON STORY

is a glorious cavalcade of music and heart-stirring entertainment ...glowing with *Technicolor* magic!

with LARRY PARKS · EVELYN KEYES · William Demarest · Bill Goodwin

Screenplay by Stephen Longstreet · Produced by SIDNEY SKOLSKY · Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN · *A COLUMBIA PICTURE*

High School Course at Home **Many Finish in 2 Years**

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ning around in knee pants, there was a very funny comedy on Broadway called "The Show-Off". It is now an equally funny picture, with Red as Aubrey Piper, the boastful yet lovable windbag of the title. Aubrey isn't a bad guy, but he likes to have people think he's important. When he meets Amy (Marilyn Maxwell) on a blind date, it doesn't occur to him to tell her he's just a clerk in a shipping office.

He dazzles Amy into falling in love and before he knows it, he's in love himself. Amy's family meet Aubrey and are impressed—unfavorably. They don't have the same touching confidence in him that Amy does. Mrs. Fisher (Marjorie Main) in particular eyes him with suspicious dislike.

Anyhow they get married and go to live in a tiny apartment on a budget. The budget is immediately snafued by Aubrey's purchase of a piano. Then his concern for Amy leads him to buy a Great Dane to guard her when he works evenings. The dog howls, the neighbors complain, the Pipers are thrown out of their apartment and they move in with Amy's family.

Aubrey continues to show off, always with disastrous results. He borrows a car and wrecks a truck, a police car and a trolley. When he comes up for trial on a reckless driving charge, he insults the judge. Finally Aubrey pulls a boner to end all boners. It's so super-colossal you'll have to see it for yourself.

Among Aubrey's victims are "Rochester," Virginia O'Brien, Leon Ames and Marshall Thompson.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

Red Skelton's literary tastes wowed the whole set one day. Immersed in a book, Red reclined in his dressing room and repeatedly failed to answer his "on the set" call. Finally director Harry Beaumont came to the door. "Excuse me, Mr. Skelton," he said, "but might we have the pleasure of your company on the set? We'd like to make a movie." Red looked startled, and put down a volume of Grimm's Fairy Tales!... Marshall Thompson was the victim of Red's best gag of the month when the comedian phoned Marshall, and imitating the voice of a fraternity brother, told Marsh that he was coming down with the mumps. Marshall took it much to heart and warned everyone on the set to keep away from him. For ten days, he inspected himself in a mirror every hour on the hour, looking for signs of swelling.

I'LL BE YOURS

You're young and beautiful and you can sing. You have a letter to the owner of one of the biggest theaters in New York. So you're all set, aren't you? But Louise (Deanna Durbin) finds out it isn't quite as simple as that. Mr. Buckingham, the theater owner, does give her a job, but it's a job as an usherette. Still, the uniform's cute and maybe she'll meet some nice people.

The only person she meets is Wechsberg (William Bendix), who is a waiter in a cheap restaurant. He's also a character. There is, however, one thing to be said for Wechsberg. He is friendly. Oh yes, and his lawyer, whom he introduces Louise to, is a handsome chap named Charles Prescott (Tom Drake). At least he *would* be handsome if he'd shave off the beard he's so proud of. He thinks it makes him look distinguished.

Wechsberg has an extra job waiting on table at a fancy party at the Savoy-Ritz Saturday night. He smuggles Louise in, thinking no one will notice. Louise is too pretty not to be noticed, and the host, Conrad Nelson (Adolphe Menjou), spots her immediately. Wechsberg, in a desperate effort to explain her presence, says she's one of the entertainers. He has no idea that Louise can sing a note, and dies in seven different languages when Nelson announces her number. But Louise sings so beautifully that Nelson promptly offers to back her in a Broadway show. Obviously, however, there are strings to the offer. Louise, to calm him down, tells him she's married—to Charles Prescott.

The next thing Prescott knows, he is offered a job as attorney for the great Nelson meat packing interests. "It's a job that will keep you away from your wife frequently evenings," Nelson explains apologetically. "*What* wife?" says Prescott, and we're off!—*Univ.*

P. S.

Deanna and Tom arrived on the set one morning for the Central Park sequence, but found the park in no shape to be shot. The shrubbery and grass had been trampled and nibbled on, the place was a mess. Cast members and crew finally traced the destructive culprits to the studio zoo. Two deer had escaped during the night, found the stage door open and came in to chew the scenery. . . . Speaking of shrubbery, Tom Drake sported a chinful of artificial beard. And how he suffered for art! The weather was torrid and every afternoon about four, the overgrown goatee began to droop, became sticky and gummy. Tom had to wear it constantly during production, and lunchtimes would find him keeping to inconspicious commissary corners.... Adolphe Menjou carted an autograph book around the lot while the picture was shooting. It belonged to his 11-year-old son, Peter. "He's got the signature of every important player in Hollywood, except mine," admitted Menjou. Seems Peter refuses to add his father's John Hancock on the grounds that pop isn't a big enough star!

CROSS MY HEART

Betty Hutton bounces through music and murder with the same exuberance in "Cross My Heart." She plays a chorus girl, Peggy Harper, who is about to retire from the stage to marry a poor but honest young lawyer. Only Peggy soon decides that Oliver (Sonny Tufts) is just too honest. After all, they'll have to eat, won't they? Maybe she'd better get a job and save some money to get married on.

A middle aged wolf named Brent (Howard Freeman) engages Peggy as his secretary. She describes Brent in glowing terms to Oliver as a fatherly type who is writing a book about biology. Brent is interested in biology all right, but not in writing a book about it. The first day when Peggy reports for work, she meets the eccentric butler, Peter (Michael Chekhov), who is an ex-actor, still longing to play Hamlet. He is considerably annoyed with his employer for not giving him the role in a production Brent is backing.

Peggy is all set to make with the shorthand and the typing. But Brent has no intention of wasting time working. When she tries to distract his mind by singing, he starts to chase her around the table. She finally has to give him a fast—and lucky—right to the jaw to get away. When she gets home she finds she has forgotten her purse. She goes back, taking her mother (Ruth Donnelly) along for protection, and finds the house surrounded by police. Brent has been found murdered, and Peggy looks like a logical suspect.

Peggy, oddly enough, thinks so, too. She will confess to the crime, get Oliver to defend her, the publicity will make them both famous, and they can get married on the proceeds. It doesn't seem to occur to Peggy that she might be convicted. Or that the real murderer is still wandering around loose, with another murder on his mind.—*Par.*

P. S.

Sonny Tufts' role is his seventh for

MEN Worshipped...Cursed...
Hated...Loved Her!
RKO
PRESENTS
The Locket
Starring
LARAINE DAY
BRIAN AHERNE
ROBERT MITCHUM
GENE RAYMOND
with SHARYN MOFFETT • RICARDO CORTEZ • HENRY STEPHENSON
RKO
RADIO
PICTURES

Paramount and his screen debut in civilian attire. . . . He worked in four pictures almost simultaneously during a three-day period. Besides, carrying on his role in "Cross My Heart," he made added scenes for "Miss Susie Slagle's," dubbed dialogue for "The Virginian" and completed a sequence for "Duffy's Tavern."... Film offered Michael Chekhov his first screen comedy role. He closed his acting school in Ridgefield, Conn., when all but one of his 17 male students were called into the service. The 17th, disqualified for military duty, is Hurd Hatfield! . . . The backstage sequence in which Tufts and Chekhov enact the death scene from "Hamlet" was Sonny's first Shakespearean venture and had a special sentimental significance for Michael. The latter played "Hamlet" as his farewell role at the Moscow Art Theater. . . . Paramount rented that particular set from John Carradine, who used it on his recent tour of Pacific Coast cities. Carradine, who received a rental of $400 a week, is reputed to have purchased it from the late John Barrymore for $50.00!

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE

This is a Technicolor tangle of handsome Russian officers, a pretty night club dancer and the music of Rimsky-Korsakov. Jean Pierre Aumont and Yvonne de Carlo make love under a Moroccan moon, with Brian Donlevy and Eve Arden helping.

In 1865, the ship "Almaz" of the Russian Navy, is becalmed in a Moroccan port. Reluctantly, Captain Gregorovitch (Brian Donlevy) gives the officers leave to go ashore. Reluctantly, because they've managed to get into trouble in every port they've hit so far and he has no reason to think this will be an exception.

Most of the officers are interested in wine and women, but one of them is more concerned with a song. He is Nicky Rimsky-Korsakov (Jean Pierre Aumont). He hurries ashore as fast as any of them, but his search is for a piano instead of a bar or a girl. He wants to try out some of the music he has been composing on board ship. The only piano he can find is in the villa of Madame de Talivara (Eve Arden), and he waits for no invitation but walks right in and starts to play. His unsuspecting hostess is astonished when she comes downstairs and finds a good looking young stranger at the piano. Since he *is* good looking, and she's a flirtatious old girl, she lets him stay.

The ship "Almaz" has quite a reputation for its romantic officers, such as Prince Mischetski (Philip Reed), who breaks all the hearts in every port, and carries a coiled whip in his sleeve to keep off interlopers. The other officers feel that Nicky, with his music, is lowering their batting average, so to speak. Even Captain Gregorovitch speaks about it. Nicky obediently goes out and picks up a girl. She is a dancer at the Cafe Oriental, a dark eyed enchantress called Cara (Yvonne de Carlo). Neither Nicky nor his rival, Prince Mischetski, knows that she is really the daughter of Madame de Talivara. They just know that she's beautiful, which is enough to start a fight between them. If Captain Gregorovitch hadn't thoughtfully provided Nicky with a whip to match the Prince's, the Rimsky-Korsakov career would have ended right there.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Yvonne de Carlo, in another dancing role, performs this time in a Moroccan cafe. Her renditions of the "Scheherazade" and two other ballets are predicted to become the talk of dance addicts for months to come. . . . Eve Arden also goes in for rug cutting in the film. In one scene, she does a fancy fandango. . . . The cast laid bets as to which of the songs featured will achieve the greatest popularity. Leaders in the race are "Scheherazade," the "Gypsy Song" and portions of "Caprice Espagnol." . . . Charles Kullman, Metropolitan Opera star, enacts the full-sized dramatic role of the ship's doctor. In addition, he vocalizes "Song of India" and "Hymn to the Sun." . . . Brian Donlevy's role of Captain Gregorovitch called for constant cigarette smoking. Between scenes, Brian went around soliciting suggestions for breaking the habit he was acquiring.

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE

If you want to see two people talk themselves into divorce and out again, take a look at "The Perfect Marriage." Dale Williams (David Niven) and his wife, Maggie (Loretta Young), are celebrating their tenth anniversary, when doubt creeps in. They love each other all right, only, Maggie decides, they aren't *in* love any more.

"But we *don't* share the same interests," Maggie says. "You don't care a thing about my job as fashion editor. It only irritates you. And your family irritates *me*." "*My* family!" Dale is indignant. "Listen, it's that incredible mother of yours that causes all the trouble." That, of course, is enough to start a real quarrel, and by the time they've said all the things they've been storing up for years, divorce seems the only solution.

There are other factors involved. One is Gloria (Virginia Field) whom Dale has taken to dinner occasionally when Maggie was busy. Another is Maggie's ex-fiance, Gil (Eddie Albert), whom her mother has always said she should have married. Weighing against these is little nine-year-old Cookie (Nona Griffith), who will be broken hearted if her mother and daddy separate. Before they've made up their minds what to do, word gets around that a divorce is in the offing. In-laws descend upon them from all sides. Maggie's friends swarm around to assure her she's doing the right thing, and Gil turns up to tell Maggie that he still loves her and wants her to marry him the minute she gets her divorce. Then, he adds, they'll put Cookie in a good school and take off for Yucatan to hunt cobras' eggs or something adventurous. This isn't just the future Maggie had in mind. Maybe Dale isn't so bad after all, as husbands go.—*Par.*

P. S.

There were few dull moments on the set with gagsters Young and Niven constantly trying to outwit each other. Most notable was David's prank, arranged for a somewhat grim effect, during a slapping scene. He acquired a handful of false teeth, and when Loretta gave him a realistic whack, they promptly seemed to fall out of his mouth. His co-star was horrified, but only for a moment. Dave's toothful grin gave him away. . . . Loretta retaliated a few days later when the script called for her to douse David with a bucket of water. She filled it with ice cubes, and insisted on several rehearsals.... Zasu Pitts was accorded the title of set chef, as she daily deluged the cast and crew with cakes, pies, cookies, and her own personal recipes for other goodies. ... When David first came to Hollywood nine years ago, he was houseguest of Loretta, her mother and sisters. He hadn't even considered becoming an actor until the family began urging him to try his luck.... Pic marks a screen reunion for Loretta and Dave. They also appeared as husband and wife in "Practically Yours" before David returned to England. . . The inimitable Niven entertained the company constantly with his amusing stories and characterizations.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Leave us let you in on a little secret: The *only* way to make sure that your favorite stars are featured in MODERN SCREEN is to fill out the Questionnaire below! (Follow instructions carefully, please, or your entry may be disqualified.) And—as a special bonus—if you clip this box RIGHT NOW and send it to us immediately, you may be one of the lucky 500 to receive a three months' subscription to MODERN SCREEN (February, March, April issues) absolutely free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd AND 3rd CHOICES—AND THAT'S ALL!

My Friend, Frank (Sinatra) by George Evans ☐
Hate That Boy! (Frank Sinatra) by Billy Rose ☐
A Christmas He'll Never Forget (Van Johnson) ☐
Good News-MODERN SCREEN Poll Party by Louella Parsons ☐
Happy New Year! (Ray Milland—Joan Leslie—Margaret O'Brien) ☐
It's a Wonderful Life (Jimmy Stewart) ☐
Gregory Peck Life Story (Part One) ☐
My Finds of '46! (Lizabeth Scott-Mark Stevens) by Hedda Hopper ☐
"Esther's Like That" (Esther Williams) by Ben Gage ☐
Swing Your Partners (Lana Turner) ☐
Three Little Girls in Green (Maureen O'Hara) ☐
Sister-in-Law, Gene (Tierney) by Cholly Knickerbocker ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

My name is .....

My address is..... City..... Zone.... State.....

I am ..... years old.

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The two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (tax free)
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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

■ Hi, fan clubbers, and welcome to the first monthly edition of "The Fans," right here, within the covers of MODERN SCREEN! We don't know how you feel about it, but we'd like to slap a huge orchid on each and every one of you, for making this possible. Bet you thought all this time we were using your cards and letters to line our closets. Uh-uh. Remember us? The *friendly* magazine? Each of those letters was a mighty persuasive campaigner for The Cause. But it was more than your written requests that turned the trick. You know MODERN SCREEN's policy —nothing but the best, always. The top stars . . . the best writers . . . the most interesting features. Frankly, we wouldn't have stood a chance if fan clubs—and particularly MSFCA clubs—hadn't been making such rapid strides, in all departments, during these past few years. Never have your journals been so well-written and edited; your officers more efficient; your members more active; your activities more exciting, and your self-accepted responsibilities more widespread in the community! In other words, you've quashed the old bogey, at last—the one about fan clubs being strictly kid stuff, characterized by hero-worship, hookey-playing and hysteria. This page is yours. But it's not a free gift. It's an earned reward! Now, if you'll bear with us, we want to take time to explain the workings of the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association to some million-and-a-half fans who are reading about us for the first time this month.

First of all, if you're a bit vague about what a fan club is, or what it has to offer you, put a marker right here to save your place, and turn to Jean Kinkead's "Co-Ed" (page 12). Jean tells you everything you want to know about fan clubs, in that wonderful way she has of making everything she writes about seem enchanted! And the best part of all is that everything Jean says is absolutely true. Not a word exaggerated!

Of course, not being a member of the MSFCA makes this page and the title, "The Fans," seem a little strange to you—but not for long, we hope. Because joining our Fan Club Association works something like your involuntary muscles—it could happen even while you're asleep! For anyone who belongs to an official MSFCA fan club is automatically a part of the MSFCA. It's as simple as that with no strings attached.

Although we're making our official bow in this issue, (*Continued on page 100*)

Andy Russell awards prizes to winners of MSFCA's Membership Sweepstakes Contest

"Sweet enough to eat!" he whispers. And you... with your fresh, white frills, your soft Trushay-tended hands... you planned it that way!

How faithfully this <u>different</u> hand lotion rewards its faithful users!

You can use fragrant, creamy Trushay a special "beforehand" way... <u>before</u> tubbing lingerie, <u>before</u> dishes. It guards hands even in hot, soapy water.

And be sure to use Trushay whenever, wherever your skin needs its softening touch.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

RADIO GOSSIP BY BEN GROSS

(*Continued from page 9*)

again that the veterans of the entertainment world have a know-how that the newcomers simply can not equal. Among the youngsters, however, Henry Morgan, the ABC funster, has already achieved great favor among sophisticated listeners.

Among the variety shows, those of Kate Smith, Hildegarde and the Kraft Music Hall, starring Eddy Duchin and Edward Everett Horton, are the leaders. You can't go wrong in tuning them in.

When you come to the crooners, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and Perry Como are still in the forefront of the procession. Andy Russell, Dick Haymes and the very young Vic Damone are also hitting vocal home runs. Jo Stafford, Helen Forrest, Dinah Shore and Joan Edwards are right up there in the female contingent.

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony and the famed orchestras of Boston, Cleveland and Philadelphia, with the NBC Symphony headed by Arturo Toscanini, are, as usual, high in the affections of the musical long-hairs. And, of course, in this category one can't overlook the Saturday broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The lineup of popular music bands reveals essentially the same faces as those in years gone by: Duke Ellington, Louis Prima, Cab Calloway, Guy Lombardo, Tommy Dorsey, etc. But there is also a new name, Elliot Lawrence, who is winning a great deal of favorable reaction.

Among the chatterers of the airwaves, our colleague, Ed Sullivan, has won an enthusiastic response from his millions of fans. Our other fellow worker, Hedda Hopper, is more popular than ever with her movie gossip and news of Hollywood personalities. And, naturally, one must not omit Walter Winchell, who has the highest listener rating of any air commentator.

* * *

January 1 is another historic day in radio. For on that date in 1927, NBC aired the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena, coast-to-coast, the first time that a Pacific Coast program was ever transmitted to the East.

* * *

Gags of the Month . . . Edgar Bergen: Charlie, what is it that you have to watch for when driving past a school?

Charlie McCarthy: A truant officer.

* * *

Gildersleeve: The other night I was a contestant on Truth or Consequences, and I didn't tell the truth.

Victor Borge: Then my program is the second you've been on.

Gildersleeve: Yes, this is the Consequence.

* * *

Eddie Cantor: Why did you let Walter Pidgeon make love to you when you're married to me?

Ida: Eddie, you're the only man who asks a question and answers it at the same time.

* * *

Fred Allen: What's new tonight, Portland?

Portland Hoffa: The paper says Japanese money has gone down.

Allen: Japanese money?

Portland: The yen is now barely an urge.

* * *

Funny Fan Mail . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, a grandfather and the dean of American commentators, although an admirable gentleman, is not exactly the swooner-crooner type. Yet, the other week, H. V. received this letter from an enamoured lady listener:

"Dear Mr. Kaltenborn: I love to listen to you when I'm in bed. Your voice sounds so warm and intimate. It makes me think you are right here and just talking to me. I love it. Would you mind if I came to the studio some evening?"

P. S. . . The lady hasn't showed up as yet.

* * *

At a dinner given to Al Jolson at the Hotel Astor, in New York, to celebrate the premiere of the picture based on his life story, the great mammy singer was showered with the tributes of the celebrated men and women of the entertainment world.

After it was all over, I, just as hundreds of others, congratulated the veteran song and joke man. "Wasn't it great!" he exclaimed to me. "All these people—this movie of my life by Sid Skolsky—everything! I can hardly talk, except to say one thing, Ben. I have everything I want now—except—well, you know what that is: A job on the radio. So how about telling 'em about me? Just say: Even if they did make a picture about me, I ain't dead yet!"

Okay, Al. I'm telling 'em. You are a grand old trouper . . . and there are millions eager to have you on the air again!

* * *

Loudspeaking . . . As you'll be reading this during the season of Happy New Year resolutions, let's have some fun and put down in print a few "I resolves" for the broadcasters to abide by. If they heeded them, the chances are 1947 would be a prize year in radio.

So, attention, stations, sponsors, producers, directors and performers! Resolve, by the sacred names of Hooper, Sinatra and a dozen NBC vice-presidents, to:

1—Cut down those lengthy commercials. They drive away the customers instead of attracting them.

2—Dig up new jokes for the comedians.

3—Insist that all girl singers pronounce their words as clearly as Kate Smith.

4—Ask Ed Sullivan never to mention in his Broadway column any comedian who makes strictly local jokes about Hollywood, which most listeners don't understand.

5—Take away the mike from any emcee who humiliates or insults a contestant in an audience participation show.

6—Tell some of the quiz shows that they'd win more friends if, instead of giving away cars, thousands of dollars and electric refrigerators, they'd give the listeners more entertainment.

7—Make an example of any comic who asks a movie star, "What has Van Johnson (or Gregory Peck, or any other handsome guy you can think of) got that I haven't got?"

8—Impress on some crooners, whose bank accounts have grown fat, to be nice to their fans, who made those bank accounts possible.

9—Give you better programs than ever . . . and thereby help you to have a Happy Radio New Year!

RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(*Continued from page 8*)

a career that was to run the gamut of showbusiness. "For a time, everything went along swell," recalled Bergen. "My vaudeville salary got up to $350 a week, ten times McCarthy's original cost. Of course, there were disturbing experiences, like that engagement at Little Rock, Arkansas, where the newspaper reviewer wrote: 'At this point in the vaudeville bill, for some unknown reason, there appeared Edgar Bergen, a dummy called Charlie McCarthy and a girl dressed as a nurse. Unfortunately for Bergen, the audience is not quite so gullible as McCarthy.' "

Wounded, bleeding as the result of the review in Little Rock, Bergen applied the tourniquet of kinder notices in other cities and hamlets, and as the years progressed, he worked his salary up to the not inconsiderable sum of $750 a week. Not only the mounting salary testified to the development of the act—something else happened to prove that McCarthy and his spirit were on the way up. The something else was their contract to play the world-famous Palace, on Broadway.

You youngsters will say "so what?" but in the old days of vaudeville, a contract to play the Palace was the be-all and end-all of an actor's career. An invitation to play the Palace was notice that an act had become Big Time stuff.

With the stamp of Palace approbation on him, Bergen launched into the different field of night club entertainment. "You ought to remember that very well," Bergen grinned. "I've still got the yellowed review you penned about me when we played the House of Morgan." He fumbled in his pocket, extracted a wrinkled newspaper review: "Edgar Bergen will be one of the comedy sensations of 1936."

"So what happened?" Bergen asked. "The day after your column boosted me, the Shuberts signed me for the Ziegfeld 'Follies' and I figured we were in the chips. And then the roof crashed in. At Philadelphia, just as the show was pulling up stakes for the opening on Broadway, I was fired."

Bergen shook his head at the memory: "It never rains but it pours. Released from the 'Follies,' and discouraged, things went from bad to worse. Then suddenly things reversed themselves. My agent telephoned me, all excited—Abe Lyman wanted me to go in with his band to the College Inn, Chicago. On top of that, the State-Lake Theater, Chicago, offered us the chance to 'double' into that house. It meant two jobs simultaneously, and two salaries! It looked as if the jinx was off us and when I started for Chicago, I was in a real sentimental mood. I was going back to my own city, where everything had originated. I was again on top of the world.

"Then, Boom! Once again the ceiling fell on us. Abe Lyman, it seemed, never had o.k.'d the idea of me appearing at the State-Lake Theater. Before the thing could be worked out, and while I was still on the train, the College Inn engagement was cancelled, just like that."

There were to be other great discouragements in his career, "but I never felt lower than at that moment," remembered Bergen. "Here we were, back in Chicago—released from the Ziegfeld 'Follies'—cancelled out of College Inn and a long run. That night, I took stock of myself and the conclusion was inescapable. We had gone just so far

(*Continued on page 83*)

EXOTIC NIGHTS.. in the mystic port of Morocco!
WARM LIPS.. of the girl of 1001 dreams!
BURNING HATE.. in the hearts of men who fought for her!
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Presents
Yvonne De CARLO
Brian DONLEVY
Jean Pierre AUMONT
don't say it.. sigh it!
SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE
in Technicolor
with EVE ARDEN
PHILIP REED • JOHN QUALEN
and
Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company
CHARLES KULLMAN
Written and Directed by WALTER REISCH
Director of Photography: Hal Mohr, A.S.C.
Associate Producer: Edward Dodds
Produced by
EDWARD KAUFMAN
A Universal-International Picture
THRILL to the best loved MUSIC of RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF
"SONG OF INDIA" • "FANDANGO"
"ARABESQUE" • "FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE"
"HYMN TO THE SUN" • "CAPRICE ESPAGNOL"
"SCHEHERAZADE"

5 Winners!!!

M·G·M says "Thank you, Modern Screen readers, for your wonderful Christmas present to our stars".

And in the spirit of the season, look what we have for you....

FRANK SINATRA IN "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND "IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN"

VAN JOHNSON IN "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND "HIGH BARBAREE"

PETER LAWFORD IN "MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES"

JUNE ALLYSON IN "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND "THE SECRET HEART"

GREGORY PECK IN "THE YEARLING"

To our Readers...

■ January issues always find editors tallying their sins and their circulations. MODERN SCREEN being the friendly magazine, Henry Malmgreen and I naturally haven't a sin to our names. But we do have circulation—and above all we have friends in alarming quantities. For instance, in 1946, 180,000 of you darling people voted on our MODERN SCREEN poll (p. 20) . . . Since that poll tells us whom you want to read about—and helps keep MODERN SCREEN far ahead of the competition—thousands of you are in effect helping us edit our book. All of you pitching for us, that's friendship on a colossal scale, and we love it! I'd like to sit right down and write each of you a fat love letter—and enclose a lean lamb chop. Since King Solomon and Mike Romanoff between them couldn't handle that order, I'm going to content myself with telling you who won the poll and what we did about it . . . For 1946, Frankie passed Van by just the length of a bow-tie. Cornel Wilde was a close third, followed by Pete Lawford, Alan Ladd, June Allyson, Guy Madison, Gregory Peck, Jeanne Crain and June Haver—in that order . . . Your response to our poll is moving and it's magnificent. Through you, it has become the biggest poll of its kind in the world. Therefore, the honor you bestowed on Frank Sinatra was a very great one. We felt an obligation to present an equally great award. Not a medal or a ribbon, but a permanent and living symbol of your choice. And so, we commissioned Jo Davidson, America's most celebrated sculptor, to fashion a Sinatra bust. A short while ago, Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, placed the final seal of approval on your choice when he appeared on Frank's program and personally presented him with the bust . . . For a full account of the excitement, the mammoth party at Ciro's following the award, our own Louella's generous gesture in inviting Frankie to guest on her program on behalf of MODERN SCREEN; for all this, read on. But first, before I forget, a great big beautiful Merrie Christmas to all of you!

Ida Zeavale

by George Evans

MY FRIEND, FRANK

Whether he's rehearsing in a radio studio or acting on a movie set, Frankie always finds time to huddle with his friend and publicist, George B. Evans. (Here, chatting on the "It Happened In Brooklyn" set.)

Take away that old black magic voice, and what's left? Just about the best friend any guy ever had, that's all.

■ I can remember the night it began, and that was a long time ago. Back in 1939. It was a blustery winter night, and I was driving along by the East River about one a.m. I was on my way down to my newspaper office for coffee and a bull session with some reporter pals of mine. The river beside the Drive looked black and lonely, and an icy wind thumped against my convertible.

I reached over and turned my radio on for company. The button I pushed got me a small local station, a voice singing "Night And Day," and a tap on the shoulder from Destiny, although I didn't know that yet. All I knew was that the voice somehow made me feel warmer and happier. It sounded as if the guy singing was right in the car and as if he was singing directly to me. I liked that. But the song was over in a minute and so was the program. Just then a big truck came along and darn near took off my left fender, so I didn't hear the announcement of the vocalist's name.

I thought about it later, over my second cup of coffee with the boys. "Anyone know who was singing 'Night And Day' over station W—— at one o'clock?" I inquired. "Some new crooner."

That got me a fine collection of wisecracks, but no information. The boys said they had something to do at one o'clock besides listen to the radio. They said they had a newspaper to get out. They added a few extra remarks about crooners.

I picked up the telephone and called the radio station. "Who was the guy singing 'Night And Day' at one o'clock?"

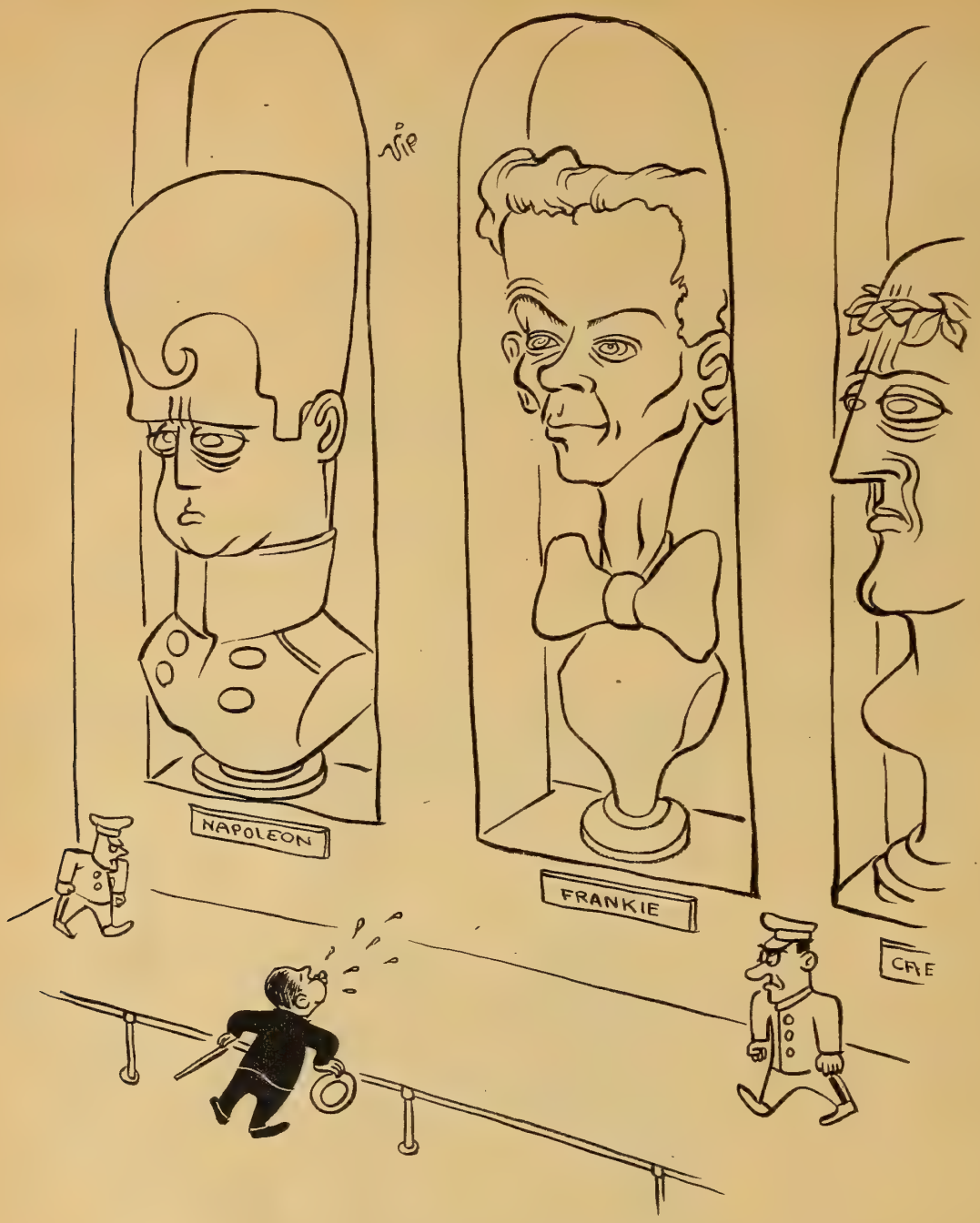
There was a slight pause for station identification, and then I got my answer.

"That was Frank Sinatra, broadcasting from the Rustic Cabin."

I repeated it obligingly to my newspaper pals. But did they know they were listen- (*Continued on page 92*)

To honor Frank for heading our poll for 1946, MODERN SCREEN commissioned Jo Davidson, the world famous sculptor, to do this magnificent bronze bust, then gave it to Frank.

illustrated by virgil partch



THERE ARE AT LEAST TEN REASONS WHY I HATE FRANK SINATRA:

1 After ringing one of the loudest success bells in show business history, Frankie still knocks around with the same guys who knew him "when." The boys in the bands he used to sing with love him like a hot trumpet. When he walks down River Street in Hoboken, the policemen's horses give *him* sugar. He thinks in big numbers. His favorite is 140,000,000; he wants no part of the 400. He makes an old social climber like me feel like a social climber. Hate that boy! **2** He weighs 130 with a flat iron in his pocket. But he once knocked out a couple of plug-uglies for making a stupid, bigoted crack. How do you suppose that makes me feel? I usually substitute chit-chat for the old one-two. Loathe that boy! **3** A few months ago, Little Bow Tie walked out of a zillion dollar picture and flew to New York to stooge for Phil Silvers the night he opened at the Copacabana. For this he got (a) no dough and (b) no billing. He did it because "Rags" Ragland, who had been booked to do a double act with Silvers, died a few days before the opening. "Rags" was an old buddy of his. That kind of gesture makes a "do-nothing-for-nobody" look pretty crummy. Can't stand that boy! **4** When he could be sunning himself at Palm Springs, he flies to faraway schools and talks to kids about tolerance. I hate intolerance just as much, but I do less. When he believes in something, he does something. The courage of this skinny kid with the loving-cup ears makes me feel as yellow as Chiquita Banana. Detest that boy! **5** When the Theater Guild brought in a

by BILLY ROSE

Hate that Boy!

IF ONLY HE'D SING OFF KEY, OR GET BALD, OR LOSE THAT WAISTLINE! BUT NO, THAT SINATRA JUST GOES ON AND ON, WILTING THE MEN AND WOWING THE LADIES.

it called "Oklahoma!" a few years ago, I turned chartreuse ith envy. Frank Sinatra thinks Bing Crosby is wonderful and ays so to anyone who'll listen. Phooey on that boy! **6** When omeone tries to make a touch, he reaches for his wallet like Vild Bill Hickock used to reach for his six-shooter. A good way hit me for five is to ask me for twenty. Intensely dislike hat boy! **7** In 1944, he worked for a studio where the boss- an was a Hoover Republican, but he drove his car on the t with a windshield plastered with Roosevelt stickers. Me, hen I'm with Hannegan I'm a Democrat, when I'm with ewey I'm a Republican. A pox on that boy! **8** Next spring e's financing a series of four-year scholarships for musical udents who otherwise couldn't afford advanced technical study. I've made a lot of money with musicians, but I never gave one of them a downbeat without collateral. He makes me feel like Scrooge. Nuts to that boy! **9** When he sings, my wife puts her arms around the radio. When I sing, she leans out of the window so the neighbors won't think it's she. He eats southern-fried chicken, candied sweets, and rye bread. I eat lettuce and rye-krisp. He has a waistline like Gregory Peck. I have one like Gregory Ratoff. Bomb that boy! **10** When I do a show I need seven press agents to protect my investment. When he does one, they need 70 cops to protect the theater. I'm snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails. He's sugar and spice and everything nice. The son of a so-and-so gives me an inferiority complex. Hate that boy!

VAN WAS A GROWN UP MAN OF EIGHT AND MEN DIDN'T CRY JUST BECAUSE THEY HAD NO CHRISTMAS TREE . . .

By Virginia Wilson

■ The big bedroom window had only been open half an hour, but already the room was icy. There was a full moon shining on the powdery snow outside, and by its light Van could see his breath making a frosty silver plume. He shivered, more with excitement than cold. When you're eight years old, Christmas Eve is so full of suspense that you can hardly bear it. He lay there, wriggling his toes a little under the heavy, home-made quilts. Listening.

The sounds from the other room were faint but unmistakable. The rustle of tissue paper. The tinkle of a fragile Christmas tree ornament breaking on the floor and then Dad swearing. Granny's soft Swedish voice, reproving him. Van grinned, and thought with eight-year-old superiority about last year when he had believed in Santa Claus. It was more fun this way, really. Of course he'd written a letter to Santa this year, the same as usual, solemnly giving it to his father to mail. It had contained just one sentence—a short one, in round, childish writing.

"Please, Santa Claus, an electric train."

Not that he thought he'd get it. Not now, when he knew there wasn't any Santa Claus. (*Continued on page 86*)

a xmas he'll never forget

Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M exec, formally presented the MODERN SCREEN Award bust to Frank Sinatra on F.'s broadcast. Later, they and Editor Al Delacorte went to Ciro's to celebrate.

At long last, Cornel Wilde's differences with 20th-Fox have been ironed out and he remains in "Amber." Wife Pat Knight's on her way up, too.

Guy Madison and Gail Russell, Hollywood's cutest kid twosome, had a fine time at the shindig. Says Guy, "We see each other every evening, but we can each date others—if we want to!"

Joan Crawford held even two glamor-accustomed folks like Louella Parsons and Louis Mayer enthralled over plans for her "in-person" exploitation for "Humoresque." She'll go to Paris on a similar stint.

louella parsons'

HOLLYWOOD HAD A CORONATION THE OTHER DAY: EVERYBODY—INCLUDING OUR OWN LOUELLA PARSONS— TURNED OUT TO CROWN THE KING, FRANK SINATRA, AT MODERN SCREEN'S PARTY FOR ONE OF THE SWELLEST GUYS IN TOWN.

Back from the wars, Glenn Ford, already a star, is a double threat as both the bobby sockers' and matrons' delight. Mrs. F., Eleanor Powell, played at Chi.'s Chez Paree at $10,000 a week, will do a movie soon.

■ A party to be remembered long and happily in the annals of Hollywood social history is the gay dinner dance hosted for the glamor boys and girls of Hollywood. Ciro's, the famous nightclub, was the setting, while the occasion was the award given each year by this magazine to the star chosen by you readers as the reigning favorite—the Number One actor of the year.

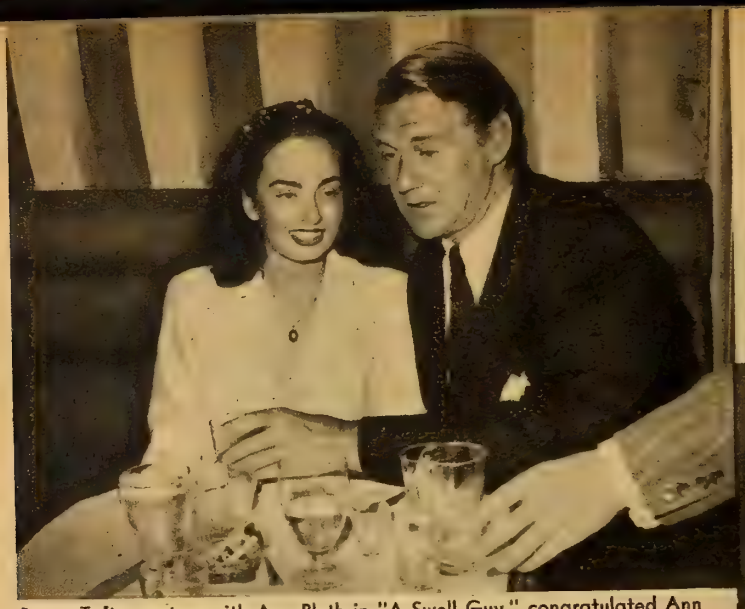
This year—1946—the winner of this coveted honor was Frank Sinatra, the boy whose voice has charmed millions. It was, however, not Sinatra the singer, but Sinatra the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actor, the boy who delighted so many movie goers in "Anchors Aweigh," who was singled out by our discerning MODERN SCREEN readers.

Van Johnson was chosen last year. This year, Van was away on location, but he sent a message to the Delacortes, expressing his regret he couldn't be present. But Alan Ladd, who was voted tops on two or more preceding years, was there with his devoted Sue, the girl who discovered him and who is always so frankly proud of the handsome Alan. It does my heart good to see them together.

The Ladds, Sue and Alan, expect a baby, their second one, at Christmas time, and Alan makes no secret of hoping the stork will bring them a boy.

"I'd like a boy," says Alan, "and I hope he will be exactly like our three-year-old daughter, Alana." She is the darling and apple of his eye.

As I talked to Sue and Alan, I heard her say, "Alan, let's dance. We don't want Shirley Temple and her husband (*Continued on next page*)



Sonny Tufts co-stars with Ann Blyth in "A Swell Guy," congratulated Ann at the party for at last shedding the brace she's been wearing since her toboggan accident. Ann refused to learn how to smoke for her new picture.

Our party was fine, Esther Williams and Ben Gage agreed. But the Gages are looking forward to barbecues at their new home, with Esther the salad chef, Ben at the steaks.

Publisher George Delacorte heard all about Dorothy Lamour's new home, which will have a nursery for her year-old son and a ranch for raising work horses.

GOOD NEWS

good news GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'

Good News GOOD NEWS

GOOD NEWS

Good News

good news GOOD NEWS

Phoning keeps Hollywood's bachelor Lawford busy, and it's a Miami night-club dancer who's likely to be on the other end of the wire. Peter drove up to the party in his swanky $3,000, red leather-trimmed car.

Dancing with husband Jack Briggs at MS's party was a far cry from the minuet Ginger Rogers dances with David Niven in new pic. "Magnificent Doll." G.'s a brownette again.

Deanna Durbin (here with husband Felix Jackson) looks just the way she used to again. Her hair's back to its natural color, and her figure's streamlined. She'll sing requests in new picture.

Another happy couple who'll be buying layettes soon was at the party: The newly married Paul Brinkmans. Jeanne Crain's going to play Maureen O'Hara's daughter in "Chicken Every Sunday."

to outdo us in the rhumba department."

I don't wonder they felt in a dancing mood. The Delacortes, marvelous hosts, had left nothing undone to make the party one which even in Hollywood, which specializes in superb dinner dances, deserves mention among the really delightful events of any year. It was a fun party from start to finish, with Editor Albert Delacorte and Publisher George Delacorte and his charming wife on hand to see no one was neglected, with such food spread temptingly on buffet tables, such music and such chatter!

What a week of celebration for the MODERN SCREEN AWARD!

Earlier that very evening, Frank Sinatra had received the MODERN SCREEN AWARD, a bust by the renowned sculptor, Jo Davidson. The ceremony had taken place on Frank's radio show, and the spirited likeness which the sculptor had created was presented to Frankie by his boss, Louis B. Mayer, who as usual, made a speech that was spontaneous and eloquent with words of good wishes that must have made Frank a very happy boy. (*Continued on next page*)

GOOD NEWS good news GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'

Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS Good News GOOD NEWS

The guest of honor, MODERN SCREEN's "king of the polls," Frank Sinatra, talks to George Delacorte, MS's publisher, and Louella Parsons. To Hollywood's joy, Louella's back in the swing after her illness.

Nope, Nancy Guild's *not* the exclusive property of Frank Latimore, though he might like it that way! Nancy's bosses want to keep her natural, so she wears her hair straight both on and off screen.

Best thing Albert Delacorte, MS's editor, could do for Larry Parks, was to promise to say "hello" to Larry's wife, Betty Garrett. Betty's in New York, starring in hit musical, "Call Me Mister."

Mrs. Charles Korvin sipped her coffee and discussed her husband's latest role with him. Charles (whose real name is "Geza") is no longer on suspension from Universal, will co-star with Merle Oberon.

That's not a mustache Rory Calhoun's sprouting; it's just the trimming on Virginia Mayo's hat. Michael O'Shea thinks the mustache makes Rory look like Clark Gable—which is okay with Rory.

The Robert Mitchums are real party-goers. They love to dance, and glide around the floor like professionals. Although divorce rumors floated around last year, Bob says the rumors were just that and nothing more.

"Cleatus and I belong together," announced Bob a few months ago when reporters were breaking their necks to find out whether it would be Lana T. who'd become the next Mrs. Robert Hutton. Now he and C. are one.

Then on my show I interviewed Frank and also paid a tribute to this magazine which has such wide appeal for every member of a family.

I have never seen Frankie, who sometimes acts just a little blasé and bored, as touched and pleased by anything as he was by the Davidson bust. And well he might. The man who was selected to sculpt a bust of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, Clemenceau, Foch, and other distinguished leaders, had achieved a remarkable physical and spiritual likeness of the young crooner.

Taking me by the hand, Frankie led me out to his bust which stood on a pedestal. Gazing at it, he said, "Isn't it wonderful? It will be something my children will treasure all their lives.

"Look," he said, digging into his pocket as he produced a tiny head modeled from the big bust.

"May I have one?" I asked.

"I'd like to give you my head," he said.

That was the only flip remark Frankie made all evening. I have never seen him as subdued, excepting when he did my radio show with me. He had gone out to see his little daughter, Nancy, before he came to Ciro's, and she clung to him with kisses and hugs.

Just as I had prophesied, a week after they'd split up, Frankie and Nancy, who had parted just before the MODERN SCREEN dinner, reconciled. This line was in Frankie's radio script, "Put the spaghetti on the stove, keep the children up, I'll be home." But there was never a chance for him to say that line because (*Continued on next page*)

Tom Drake didn't know when this pic was snapped, he was so busy telling Cathy Downs and Lon McCallister about the book he's writing. Lon's got three pictures lined up, now that he's back in civvies.

Still newlyweds, Barbara Hale and Bill Williams wouldn't part even to look at Jo Davidson's bust of Frankie, but examined it with Bill's arm safely around Barb's waist.

Pert June Haver visits with Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery. Dinah's got a new air show co-starring jokester Peter Lind Hayes—who's a very funny guy.

Now that Alan Ladd expects to be a father again any minute, he's going into business and just bought the Mayfair Cafe. Sue's all enthused about plans to star him in "hot 'n' heavy" romantic roles in the future.

Trust Lana Turner to go to extremes! Once almost 20 pound overweight, she's now reducing so fast, her friends hardl recognize her. That's brilliant pianist Carmen Cavallero with Lan

She's had her first corsage (violets), seen her first show (N. "Carousel") and had her first screen kiss (in "Rich, Full Life") Liz Taylor's certainly old enough to chat with handsome Mark Steve

the Sinatras met accidentally at Slapsy Maxie's cafe and kissed and made up. Each was with a large party of friends at different tables.

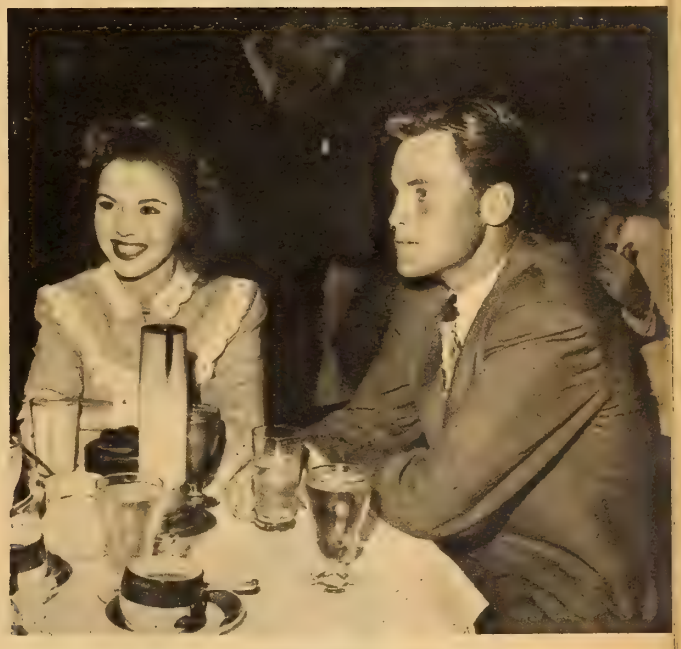
Phil Silvers, an old friend who was the star entertainer of the evening, called on Frankie for an impromptu number. Frank and Phil dressed up like vaudevillians and the bow tie king sang "Going Home." Said Phil, "That wouldn't be a bad idea!" At this, Frankie walked directly from the stage to Nancy's table, where she sat, pretty as a picture. He asked her to dance. Beaming, she accepted. They danced once around the floor and on through the door and home.

I'm going to set a precedent about the party news (fashion reporters take notice) by telling you what the guest of honor wore. Nobody ever cares about what the (*Continued on page 105*)

louella parsons'

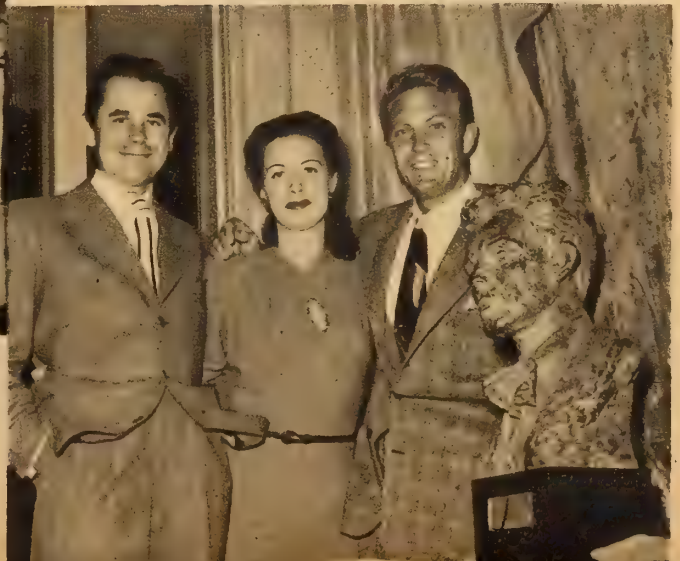
s soon as Johnny Johnston's divorce is final, he and Kathryn Grayson, ho's just signed a 7-year contract, will go on a "singing honeymoon." ey plan to appear as a team on cross-country personal appearances.

Talk about time flying! Even though Shirley Temple and hubby John Agar deny it, rumor has it that Little Miss Marker's due to become a Little Mrs. Mama.



erica seems to be a bit too topsy-turvy for England's charming ort, Phyllis Calvert. Here, Editor Al Delacorte and columnist dda Hopper join Gary Cooper in a Yankee ribbing session.

Ex-Lieut. Bob Stack threesome'ed it with the Glenn Fords. Glenn's trying to see "Gilda" once completely—fans have been getting violent!



NEW YEAR'S MEANS CONFETTI

AND TOASTS NOW. BUT THE STARS REMEMBER

WHEN SOMETIMES THOSE CHEERS HID TEARS . . .

by Jerry Asher

"HAPPY" NEW YEAR!

■ Not a child has to go to bed unless he falls asleep, or says goodnight on his own accord! She was only four years old at the time, but the importance of this announcement made a terrific impression on one Margaret O'Brien. They were at a cousin's house in San Francisco. It was December 31st and as usual, all the relatives were gathered to laugh, talk and reminisce. Being Irish and sentimental, there was also a tear or two along with the gaiety. At twelve the bells rang out. A heavy-lidded but determined-to-stay-awake Margaret, joined in the fun. She especially loved "breakfast served at midnight"—even if the reason wasn't exactly clear in her little girl's mind! New Year's Day, Mrs. O'Brien gave Margaret one last Christmas present, held over for this special event. The one she received last New Year's Day, Margaret will never forget. Eagerly she tore into the bright colored package. Before their startled eyes she pulled out a baseball and catcher's mitt! Somehow, someway, something had gone terribly wrong. It was the Christmas present Margaret had selected herself to give to—Butch Jenkins!

■ "Whiskers" was a very sick dog. Lying there so still in his box backstage at the Arlequin Theater, he looked pleadingly into the eyes of his young mistress. She struggled desperately to keep back the tears. "You can't cry now, Joan," someone cautioned her. "You're on next." At that particular moment, to Joan Leslie it seemed as if she was always on next. Invariably, on this last day of the year, the Brodel Sisters touring in vaudeville, found themselves far away from Detroit, friends and festivity. Now, to climax everything, the manager of the Quebec Theater requested a special midnight show. In French! Worried sick over her pet, Joan managed somehow to write a sketch. Sister Mary played Father Time, Betty played the Shadow, Joan was the little New Year. Just as the bells rang and the curtain went up, Joan looked toward the wings. There was "Whiskers" on his feet, and wagging his tail. After the show, everyone on the bill gathered in the largest dressing room. They laughed and sang until dawn. Someone brought sandwiches and coffee. To Joan Leslie, they tasted like caviar and champagne!

■ "Don't forget to knock on Mrs. Rumbold's door and wish her a happy New Year," his mother cautioned young Ray Milland. "You know how she loves little boys." Ray knew indeed. It was an old Welsh custom back in Neath, Wales, where he was born. The grownups attended the midnight watch service—watching the old year out and the New Year in. Bright and early the following morning the children made the rounds of the neighborhood. In exchange for cheery New Year's greetings, each child received fruit or nuts—or a kiss! The toothsome bounties appealed to his small boy's heart, but how he hated those kisses! Mrs. Rumbold's expansive ones in particular. Being his mother's best friend, she always insisted on kissing him, too. "I won't let her kiss me, I won't," Ray muttered desperately through clenched teeth. All that New Year's Day he tramped through the snow, avoiding the deadly issue. Finally at nightfall he knocked resignedly on the foreboding door. "Is Mrs. Rumbold at home?" he asked, as he felt his whole world slipping away. "Mrs. Rumbold," came the rejoinder, "has the mumps!"

At six, Greg was a city slicker, complete with high buttoned boots and freckles.

Though G. was terribly woman shy, Mom was the only gal who could bring out the Beau Brummel in him.

"The Yearlings." Here, at a zoo, Greg anticipated his Metro hit by 20 years.

RESTLESS AND CONFUSED, YOUNG GREG DIDN'T HAVE A DREAM TO HIS NAME. BUT A TRIP TO NEW YORK CHANGED ALL THAT! (PART I)

By Kirtley Baskette

gregory peck life story

■ The sign on the little brown bungalow in La Jolla, California, read, "La-Lo-O-Mi," which in Indian language meant, "Welcome." All the funny little shingle sided bungalows in La Jolla had names tacked up beside the door — "Resthaven," "Seaside," "Ocean View," "Bide-A-Wee." La Jolla, nestling on a curving white beached bay of the blue Pacific above San Diego, was a resort village. Down the hill a half mile from Fay Street, where the Peck bungalow perched, the high shore broke off into sandy cliffs, famous the world over for their grottos, caves, and natural arches through which the Pacific breakers boiled and bubbled. Glassy blue coves scalloped the shore and all year 'round gaudy umbrellas blossomed on the white sand. No wonder La Jolla people counted themselves particularly blessed to live in such a heavenly place. No wonder they named their little cottages affectionately. And the one where Gregory Peck and his wife, Bernice, lived, was especially blessed and appropriately titled the night of April 5, 1916. That's when their baby was born. He was especially welcome at La-Lo-O-Mi—because he was a boy.

Gregory Peck, Senior, had his heart set on a boy, a son of his father, a Peck. The Pecks were sturdy Irish-Americans; Dad Peck's mother had come over from Ireland, an immigrant, married a Buffalo, New York, baker and when he died, traveled West to San Diego with her small boy. Alone, she'd raised him and raised him right, hiring out for work to support him.

Greg's dad, Gregory Peck, was a he-man—square, solid, big, and muscular—and he passed on to his famous son the manly virtues of an athlete. Mr. Peck, active in his school days, starred at Michigan Univ. in football, basketball (*Continued on next page*)

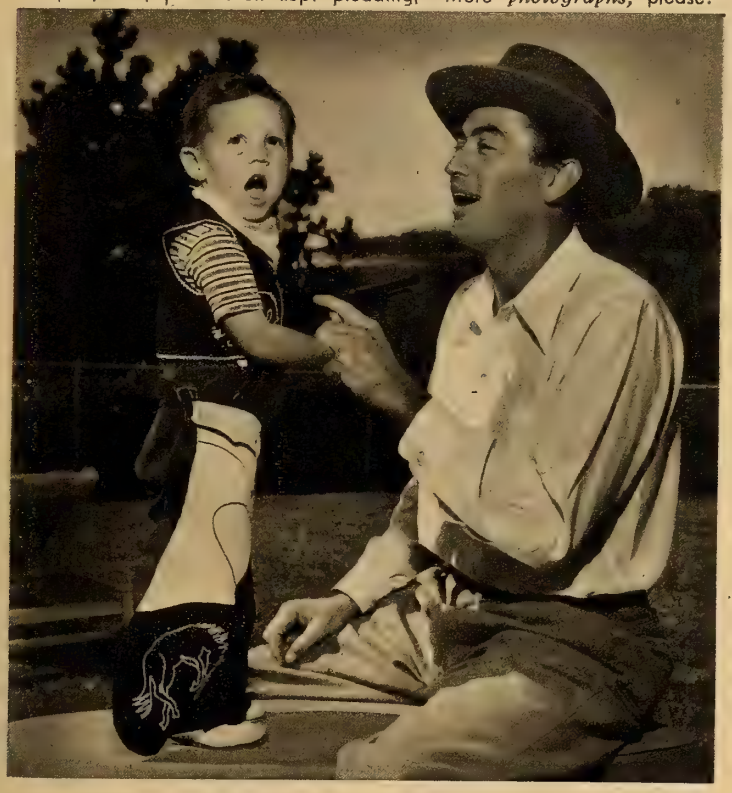
gregory peck life story

Baby Stephen was born just after Greg finished appearing at a summer theater. The anxious pop practically bit his nails to the knuckles worrying about Greta (here, holding Jonny) who astounded everyone by being up and about in 6 days!

Statistics show that if Greg accepted every role offered him, he'd be working constantly for the next 10 years! He still has enough excess energy left, however, to perfect his usually corny card tricks.

He has only himself to blame! When they were first married, Greta doted on man-tailored suits and slacks. Now, because Greg likes his women feminine, she often blossoms out in frills and furbelows.

The biggest thing in Jonny's life right now is his new cowboy suit and Stephen, whom he calls "My baby." When he saw M.S. photog Gus Gale, he chirped, "Hi, pal!" then kept pleading, "More *photographs,* please!"



and baseball, playing semi-pro ball after college, still excelling in everything connected with sports around San Diego, where he played on or coached almost every kind of action team in town.

Dad Peck knew the Pecks always had boys and he was confident. "If I'd have been a girl," Greg Peck has often grinned since, "Dad would have sent me back for a refund." He had an Irish temper that way, as "Doc" Peck proved the night he married pretty Bernice Ayres, from St. Louis, Missouri, who was to be Greg Peck's mother.

Greg's mother's father, a railroad detective, had seven sturdy children. English, Dutch and Scotch blood ran in their veins and Irish and English in Dad Peck's. If the baby boy born in the little California bungalow that night hadn't (*Continued on page 70*)

Greg (of "The Macomber Affair") whets his appetite by working out with weights, bar bells and tennis. Jonny's a tag-along, mimics pop even to wood chopping and huge meals.

Contrary to custom, Jonny isn't jealous of baby Steve, magnanimously offered to share his private zoo of a pair of monkeys and a troupe of trained dogs as soon as "My Baby" grows old enough to appreciate the better things of life.

"Esther's like that"

by ben gage

TEMPERAMENT IS JUST A WORD

IN THE DICTIONARY TO ESTHER WILLIAMS,

WHO DOESN'T EVEN GET MAD WHEN HER HUSBAND

SAYS HE LIKES HER ACTING—

BUT PREFERS HER BACKSTROKE!

■ The girl in the white dress was in trouble, and the book said a soldier should always be a gentleman. Besides, I have been called a lot of things but no one has ever called me blind, and what I saw in the dress I liked. And I could see very well, although it was raining cats and dogs in sunny Southern California.

That's how I happened to meet Esther Williams—I rescued her car from the parking lot at Earl Carroll's and when I brought it around to the door, some people introduced us.

"This is Esther Williams, the actress," they said.

It didn't click with me. That name meant something else. "You mean," I said, "Esther Williams, the swimmer?"

"No," smiled Esther, "just Esther Williams."

That's what I liked about the girl I later married—right from the start. No act. No glamor. Nice and normal. I've never thought of Esther as an actress. Before I met her that night (*Continued on page 79*)

▼ It isn't Bach and it isn't boogie-woogie; all that the musical Gages can play on their new piano—yet!—is chopsticks. Esther practices twice a day, now that she's through working on "Fiesta."

▼ Ben's a handy gadget to have around; his height's a great help in hanging curtains. Esther's proudest, though, of the old vacuum he converted into a swimming pool cleaner.

▶ They're both wild about figs, and got a wonderful surprise when the tree on their property blossomed forth with lots of fruit. Ben's kept busy picking, but Esther specializes in eatin'.

my best finds of '46!

by hedda hopper

Lizabeth Scott and Mark Stevens!
Out of her whole bright roll call of "Stars of the Month," Hedda Hopper
picks these magic personalities for inevitable stardom.

The winnahs! Lizabeth Scott and Mark Stevens give Hedda Hopper their thanks and their grins for those hard-earned honors.

LIZABETH SCOTT

■ If it's perfectly okay with everybody, Miss Lizabeth Scott can help herself to a brand new name right now.

She's not "The Threat"—she's "The Promise." And I'm backing that up by crowning Lizabeth MODERN SCREEN's Prize Girl Find of 1946!

Maybe Scotty was just a threat, back last year when I slipped a gold Gruen award watch on her trim wrist and announced as how she was going places in Hollywood. But Liz was just a fresh ex-model then—a one-picture girl, untried and untested, and buried under a load of press agent adjectives a mile deep—"The Threat" . . . "The Hubba-Hubba" . . . "The Tall, Tawny and Terrific" . . . the This and the That.

I had to hire a steam shovel, practically, to dig down and discover what Lizabeth Scott was really like before I dared stick out my neck on her chances. Things are different now—and how! I'm not saying "I told you so"—not exactly—but you'll have to admit I can pick 'em. I pointed out, 'way back then and in these very pages, that all Scotty needed (*Continued on page 95*)

She's sweet and svelte, yet packs it away. Her idea of a light snack is a quart of milk and millions of brownies. During her visit, the Scott appetite put a dent into England's rations.

MARK STEVENS

■ Pardon me, kids, for crooking my elbow in public—but if you don't mind, I'd like to pat myself on the back with this new, shiny copy of MODERN SCREEN.

After all, it's about this time, isn't it—New Year's—that you get around to checking up? And, looking back over MODERN SCREEN's star-bound Gruen watch winners, it's pretty plain to me that Hedda Hopper's picked herself a peck of pretty special people in the past twelve months—yes, indeed!

Now's the time when that rickety old '46 guy with the sickle bows out for the '47 kid with the brand new hourglass—and maybe that's pretty appropriate, too. Hollywood's never had such a shot of new blood in its history as it has this year. And along with MODERN SCREEN, maybe I've helped to hand out a transfusion or two. If so, I'm mighty happy. Nurse, hand me my plasma, quick! I love it—because I love Hollywood.

And Hollywood thrives on new blood—new faces, new names, new talents, new stars! (*Continued on page 97*)

Mark and wife Annelle collect pix of their baby. The seven-week-old pup they bought recently had to be given away. He was so huge the Stevenses were scared he'd swallow baby!

It's a wonderful life!

HE'S FLOWN ALL OVER EUROPE AND COVERED CONTINENTS, BUT NOTHING'S EVER THRILLED JIMMY STEWART LIKE COMING HOME . . .

by Ida Zeitlin

■ The drought's over, girls. Your long drink of water's back. We can talk about Jimmy Stewart again. He's finished his first picture, "It's A Wonderful Life" and started on "Magic Town," his second. He's living in his pre-war house, and Daisy Dooley, his pre-war housekeeper, is running it for him.

Daisy called him up at the Hank Fondas, who'd taken him in for a week that stretched to three months. "Don't you think you'd better get into your own place, and I'll come back and work for you?"

Jimmy wouldn't be surprised if his folks put Daisy up to it when the letter to Frances Fonda didn't work. "Isn't Jim staying too long?" they inquired anxiously of Frances, who showed him the letter.

"Nice penmanship," he murmured, and changed the subject. Now that he's moved, the only difference is he goes home to sleep.

He looks the same as ever—legs up to here, jaw down to there, and the slow-breaking grin. For the immediate future, his plans (*Continued on page* 103)

Even singer Anita Gordon's voice couldn't be heard above Charlie McCarthy's prattle. Edgar Bergen made Charlie tease Jim about painting his roof bright green so's he could spot it from the air.

One of Jimmy's best gals is blonde Anita Colby (above), although he's currently squiring Peggy Cummins. When Jim came back from the Army, he gave his service decorations to his first fan club.

Love song

HE WAS CROONING HIS HEART OUT ON A SMOKY BANDSTAND WHEN HE SPOTTED THIS BLONDE. "I'M DICK HAYMES," HE GRINNED DISARMINGLY. FIRST SHE WAS SORE—THEN THEY WERE MARRIED

by Jean Kinkead

■ Considering the slow start Dick and Joannie got off to, they're really breezing right along. Daily phone calls when they're apart, silly love letters written in soap on the bathroom mirror. It's strictly a made-in-heaven proposition at this point, but it wasn't so in the beginning . . .

It started one night when Dick was singing at the Hotel Lincoln with Harry James. There was a blonde having dinner alone at a table in the corner, and Dick couldn't take his eyes off her. "Hey, Harry," he said between numbers, "who's the babe at the far table?" Harry looked out at the gal, waved and then cocked that famous eyebrow at Dick.

"Look, bud," he grinned. "Does Macy tell Gimbel?" Whereupon he gave the band a downbeat, and further conversation was suspended. Dick sang "Stardust" as he'd never sung it before, then "Night and Day," and eventually there was an intermission.

The blonde was on her dessert by then, and in another minute she'd be gone, and jeepers she was beautiful. The boys in the band adjourned to the bar, all but the big towhead with the stars in his eyes. He strode across the room to the table in the corner. "I'm Dick Haymes," he said, and then he stood awkwardly, looking down (*Continued on page 89*)

No spendthrift, Dick nevertheless gave up a neat $250,000 to take a 3 months vacation with the family (here, wife Joanne, Pigeon and Skipper). "It's the first time I've ever been able to take it easy," Dick grins, "so now I'm going to get acquainted with the kids!"

The Haymes' nearly broke up when Joanne insisted on resuming her acting career, but when she proved to her anxious hubby that the children were old enough to be cared for by a nurse, Dick relented. So now she's a big hit in "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Rich" is wowing 'em in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim."

hunderbolt," Dick's too-spirited horse, is anti-social, hates everybody t the boss. Dick's got "horse fever," though, and just bought a ling stable with singer Curt Massey to run for profit and pleasure.

s "gets away from it all" by escaping to his 100,000 acre ranch 60 les from Hollywood. Dick's setting a fan record by receiving 8,000 ters weekly at his studio, another 6,000 at the radio station.

SOMETIMES IT WOULD BE NICE, GENE TIERNEY'S BROTHER-IN-LAW THINKS, NOT TO BE BOTHERED WITH THOSE QUESTIONS: "WHAT'S GENE REALLY LIKE? IS SHE GLAMOROUS?" AND HERE'S THE ANSWER . . .

by CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

sister-in-law gene

Igor Cassini, Gene's brother-in-law, is better known as New York's society reporter, Cholly Knickerbocker.

■ This whole thing springs from a telephone call I got one morning at nine o'clock. I had been dreaming that a fire engine had burst into my flat and I woke up. It was the telephone. I reached over, sleepily, and grabbed the receiver.

"Yes?"

"Is Gene there?" a feminine voice squeaked.

"No," I said. "She's gone back to Hollywood."

"Oh, then this is Oleg?" the voice said.

"No. Oleg has gone back to Hollywood, too." And with that I was ready to drop the receiver.

"Well, then this *must* be Igor?" said the tiny voice, hurriedly.

"Yes," I replied. "And, by the way, who are you?"

"You don't know me," she answered. "But I know you. Won't you let us come up?"

"Us?"

"Yes, I have a friend. It's very important that we see you."

If I hadn't been awake before, this did it.

"Look," I said, stifling a yawn, "I'm not even out of bed yet. In fact, I just (*Continued on page 102*)

Swing your partners!

IT'S LIKE A ROMANTIC SQUARE DANCE WITH CUPID CALLING THE TURNS AND HALF YOUR HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES CHANGING PARTNERS — AND HEARTS.

By Arthur L. Charles

■ The Visitor-From-The-East, a stout matron whom we shall call Mrs. Esterly for no particular reason, ordered another frozen daiquiri and regarded her hostess brightly across the little table in the Tropics cabana. She had just arrived that day and, far from being t' d after her long journey (in compartments on the Centu and Chief), she decided that she had never felt better in her life.

Because her hostess, formerly Mrs. Esterly's room-mate at college and currently the third wife of a famous Hollywood producer, had never been so fascinating. Miriam, Mrs. Esterly had begun to realize, apparently knew all, heard all, saw all and told all that went on in Hollywood. Certainly she went to all the parties, was on "darling" and first name terms with an incredible number of stars. Five of the biggest names in pictures had so far stopped at their cabana during this lunch hour—at this very moment, for that matter, Miriam was waving and nodding across the patio to, of all people, gorgeous Lana Turner, who had just come in on the arm of a tall, dark, extravagantly handsome chap whom Mrs. Esterly did not recognize.

"Is that Lana Turner's fiancé?" asked Mrs. Esterly innocently.

Miriam eyed her sharply. Then, deep in her throat, Miriam began to chuckle softly. "I see I'm in for it," she said. "Settle back, dear, and loosen your collar. I'll get it over with, once and for all, or you'll be asking questions every ten minutes the rest of the time you're here, and nothing will make any sense to you.

"Now it all began . . ."

It all began (Miriam said) in 1945 when Cleatus Caldwell was in the process of getting her divorce from Ken Murray. You know, he's the comedian who started "Blackouts" out here and made a million dollars out of it. It's a divine show, I must take you one night— Well, as I was saying, there was Cleatus divorcing Ken, and in the meantime she was going about with Robert Hutton.

That was the romance of the year—or so it looked, and so everybody thought. You saw them everywhere together, at restaurants and parties (*Continued on page 64*)

Lana and Bob Hutton danced away many a night at Ciro's like this, but now Bob's married to Cleatus Caldwell. Lana tried dying her hair blue, but she didn't like it.

Here's Bob Hutton with wife, Cleatus Caldwell. That's Johnny Martin laughing at Bob's story about his difficulty learning 4 tunes for new pic, "Love And Learn.

Last year's Press Photographers' Ball boasted luscious Lana on Rory Calhoun's arm, started all those rumors that they might elope one day.

Last March, Lana was night clubbing in Florida with socialite Huntington Hartford, shortly after returning from her South American trip.

◀Tony Martin, who used to go with Rita Hayworth before Orson Welles married her, mixed hot dogs and glamor with L. at H'wood Park.

Rita and Orson Welles are back together again after a separation, which leaves Tony Martin without Rita, without Lana—but not without a brand new gal!

One of Lana's non-actor beaux is handsome Greg Bautzer, famous H'wood lawyer. Lana's getting so thin, her size 12 dresses for "Green Dolphin Street" have to be taken in!

three little girls in green

THERE'S A BIT OF BLARNEY IN THEIR TALK AND A HINT OF IRELAND IN THEIR WALK—MAUREEN O'HARA AND HER THREE EVER-LOVIN', SHAMROCK-EYED SISTERS.

By Fredda Dudley

■ Miss Bronwyn Price, chubby and two—the daughter of Maureen O'Hara—has an enchanting new game. It is called "playing baby." By the hour Bronwyn trots around the house in her ruffled white pinafore with a dimpled hand extended. When someone asks, "What are you carrying, Bronwyn?" that little lady answers in a surprised voice, "My baby, of course."

This baby's habits are not of the best, as another of Bronwyn's frequent remarks is, "Oh baby, wet again."

The baby gets sung to sleep with one of two chanties. One is "Rockabye Baby" and the other is a Bronwyn Price original. No one has any idea where she picked up either the tune or the lyrics. It started as a simple phrase to which she sang the words, "Goodbye, Joe, goodbye, Joe, goodbye, Joe."

One night her nurse, in a jocular mood, wanted to know, "Are you singing about Joe, broke his toe, on the way to Mexico?"

Miss Bronwyn, a very sharp cookie, studied her (*Continued on page 77*)

No sooner had Maureen (in "Sinbad the Sailor") welcomed sisters Margot (left) and Florence to her new Bel-Air home, than word came that her request for passage to Ireland had been granted! All 3 gals have slight brogues—and babies under two years of age.

SUN OR SNOW—NO MATTER WHAT YOUR HOLIDAY BACKGROUND, YOU CAN HAVE A PRETTY SKIN!

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ This winter the holiday season has lots of its old time zip. A lucky few of us are trekking South, some are taking to skis in the North and others, including Yours Truly, are slinging their ice skates over their shoulders and trudging off to the neighborhood rink for a happy whirl. With things in general looking so bright you wouldn't want your complexion to be the one sad spot on the scene, now would you? Of course not! So during this season of winter holiday, give some attention to the health of your skin.

Yes, I said *health!* Let's be really basic about this beauty business. Let's give our complexions the wonderous benefits of eight cozy hours of sleep every night. And we're not going to spend all our time huddled around the radiator, are we? Too much steam heat can wilt the most petal-smooth skin. Thing to do is to plan to spend a good segment of our days in the Great Outdoors. If we are 'way down South, soothing oils and lotions will keep our skin at its sun-kissed best. Richer, heavier beautifiers will fill the bill if Jack Frost is nipping at us.

Whether we are North or South, (*Continued on page* 75)

Frances Gifford, the smoothie-puss whom you'll soon be cheering in "The Arnelo Affair," uses a rich cream to protect her complexion against weather extremes.

Sun-squint lines are so unglamorous! So take a hint from Frances and, whether skiing in the north or swimming in the south, protect eyes with sun specs.

no vacation from beauty

SLICK TRICKS FOR ST. NICK

1 *Letter names and greetings with tape strips*
2 *Hold pine and holly sprigs to packages*
3 *"Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals hold name cards*
4 *Seal and decorate odd shaped packages*
5 *Use tape on wrapping paper edge for bright border*
6 *Fasten clips to ornaments with "Scotch" Tape*

WRAP YOUR GIFTS IN *Glamour*

The gifts *you* give are the prettiest under the tree when you use the "Scotch" Gift Wrap beauty treatment. It's simple to glorify even the tiniest (or biggest) package with "Scotch" Tape's sparkling assortment of thirteen colors and Christmas-y designs. This smart tape sticks at a touch . . . seals *and* decorates at the same time. And half the fun of Christmas will be in working out clever designs for your packages. Buy a roll or two of each design. Most stores have "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape at 10¢ a roll . . . "Scotch" Tape Christmas Seals at 25¢.

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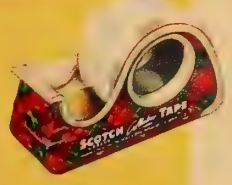

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(Continued from page 58)

and previews.

Then what do you think happened?

("What?" asked Mrs. Esterly.)

Bob took Cleatus to a party one night, and who should be at the party—alone, as I remember it—but Lana Turner. Remember that Bob had been going steady with Cleatus for months. But the first thing any of us knew, Cleatus was talking with a couple of people on a sofa and Bob was dancing with Lana.

(She paused for effect. "Go *on!*" cried Mrs. Esterly, impatiently.)

Bob Hutton took Lana home. . . .

(No!)

Yes. That's the way love happens in Hollywood. Of course Cleatus had finally left the party when she considered she'd been left alone long enough, and I suppose Bob felt she'd been unreasonably jealous and decided to take her up on it.

At any rate that effectively took care of the Hutton-Caldwell engagement—if it actually was an engagement—and Cleatus began being seen around town in the company of Harry Carl, who's enormously rich, my dear.

triangle . . .

Bob, naturally, took up with Lana where they had left off after that party, and obviously fell desperately in love with her. Meanwhile, she was having occasional dates with Rory Calhoun. . . .

("Who," interrupted Mrs. Esterly, "is he?")

The boy Lana just walked in with, dear.

(Mrs. Esterly's large, rather florid face wore a look of mild bewilderment. "But you said— I thought all this was back in 1945—")

It *was*. You must try to pay attention, or I'll lose my train of thought and I'll need an ouija board to find it again. Now then, where was I— Oh. Bob is with Lana, only occasionally she sees Rory, and Cleatus is with Harry Carl. . . .

You may or may not remember from the columns, but for years Greg Bautzer, the handsomest attorney in town, was supposed to be the great love in Lana's life. And now in the late fall of 1945, just when Lana and Bob Hutton were at the very peak of their new romance, Lana and Greg walked into a cafe together for dinner one night, and there you were—the old spark had flared up again.

For awhile no one knew what to expect, not that we ever do with Lana, dear, and speculation was rife. At which point Lana announced that her studio was sending her to South America on a good will tour, and went flying off to Buenos Aires as nice as you please.

("But was that nice young Rory happy?" asked Mrs. Esterly. "And Bob Hutton? And what about that Mr. Bautzer you said—")

Will you *wait*? I'll get to them, all in good time. We've got to follow Lana to Florida. . . . Yes, dear, she turned up in Florida, and there she was introduced to Huntington Hartford. Very rich, very social, very handsome.

. . . And then she disappeared from Florida and reappeared in New York—across a table at the Stork Club from Howard Hughes. What's the trouble, dear? Need a handkerchief?

("I'm just hunting for a pencil," Mrs. Esterly muttered, thrashing about in her purse, "and a slip of paper. Perhaps if I made a little diagram—")

But it's so *simple!* If we just don't lose track of the time element—it's still winter, you know, in California at least. And back there, I mean here in Hollywood, while Lana has gone to South America and Florida and New York, where we left her at the Stork with Howard Hughes, just a few things have happened.

Cleatus Caldwell has said goodby, gently but firmly, to Harry Carl, the shoe man. Robert Hutton has been playing the field, and having a very good time doing it, to all appearances anyway. Rory Calhoun has been doing what he was told by his studio—he's still being groomed, you know—and has been seen about with various girls. Cleatus, after her breakup with Mr. Carl, has taken up with George Raft. And Greg Bautzer . . .

("The attorney?" asked Mrs. Esterly.)

The attorney. But I get ahead of myself. He can wait.

The point is, Lana was having a perfectly splendid time in New York with Howard Hughes, and people were predicting all sorts of things about Lana and Howard when—if you *must* take notes, dear, take your rings off, they scratch on the menu, so distracting—when, of all things, a front page announcement appeared in newspapers all over the country that Lana was engaged to Charles Jaeger, a very important radio executive.

Thereupon, Lana left New York very suddenly and flew to the Coast, with this Mr. Jaeger following her exactly one week later. . . .

("Jaeger," mumbled Mrs. Esterly, scribbling and scratching industriously. "Spelled like those things some men wear in winter?")

If you interrupt me at this point I shall scream, and furthermore not go on at all. I didn't realize when I started all this . . . However. Cleatus is going now with George Raft—darn! I said that.

Waiter, two more daiquiris. Greg Bautzer, I should have said, was going about with Joan Crawford. Bob Hutton was still playing the field. It was spring, tra la. And, precisely one week after Lana returned to Hollywood, her engagement to Charles Jaeger was very loudly broken.

Mr. Jaeger flew back to New York.

And, for pressing professional reasons, Lana shortly thereafter flew back too.

Bob Hutton followed her.

But Howard Hughes was still in New York. . . .

But concurrently with all that I have been telling you, you must understand that Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth had split up, and that Rita and Tony Martin, who had just been released from the service, became the most interesting couple in town. There was no doubt about it, Rita and Tony were in love. Of course you know that Tony was once an old beau of Lana's, they were practically engaged.

It's now midsummer, 1946.

Lana is still going places with Bob Hutton, and occasionally with Rory—your "nice young man." But Rory doesn't last. At least, not enough to represent an alternative romance.

It is at this point that Howard Hughes crashed in his experimental plane, and was carried off to the hospital more dead than alive. It had still been rumored that Lana and Howard were very close to each other, but when Lana was actually seen dancing at the Mocambo with Bob Hutton a night or two after the accident—well, dear, that appeared to write Mr. Hughes out of her life once and for all.

Meantime, dear, Rita and Tony were blowing hot and cold on their romance, until finally they were seeing very little of each other. Tony began to play the field, just as Cleatus—whose affair with George Raft had washed itself up—was doing. Tony went places with Marie MacDonald and Myrna Dell and Marguerite Chapman and Lana Turner. Especially Lana, who seemed to console him for the loss of Rita more than anyone else.

Tony was torching like mad for Rita, at the time when rumors were spreading that Rita and Orson might stage a great reconciliation. Lana's romance with Bob Hutton began to cool slightly, toward the end of summer, and in addition to everyone else she began to date Peter Lawford, that divine English actor who's over at Metro too.

Well, Orson *did* come back from New York, apparently to make his peace with Rita. But when he got here Tony had stopped seeing Lana and was back with Rita again—so Orson went to Mexico City, some say in a huff. And that brings us right up to last month. . . .

(Mrs. Esterly said firmly, "I distinctly saw Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth driving along Sunset Boulevard on my way over here. They were in the same car, too.")

"Of course, my dear," said Miriam complacently. "Orson came back from Mexico and Rita greeted him with open arms. They are quite happy again, as man and wife."

"If Rita went back to Orson," Mrs. Esterly said, not to be put off, "what happened to Tony Martin?"

"Still carrying a torch, but doing it without too much pain in the company of Nancy Valentine."

"And the handsome Mr. Bautzer?"

"The last I heard, he and Joan Crawford were still trotting around town together."

"But that charming Bob Hutton, who was so faithful for so long—and the girl he left, Cleatus Caldwell—"

"Back together again, dear. Married."

"Then there's Howard Hughes, who's up and about again. Didn't I read—?"

"You read that he was rushing Ava Gardner for a time in New York. Ava just divorced Artie Shaw, you remember, and Artie was once married to Lana."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Esterly, as Miriam paid the check. "It's like—why, it's just like a merry-go-round, isn't it? I wonder who'll catch the brass ring?"

"There's a gold ring in this one, somewhere," Miriam said. "What gets me is, who's going to give it to Lana?"

Elizabeth Taylor . . .

. . . currently appearing in M-G-M's "Courage of Lassie," soon to be seen in "The Rich Full Life." Here Elizabeth is all set for spectator sports (or maybe just some nice, idle relaxation) in Felix Safian's brilliant Mexicana playdress. Isn't that neckline Latin as anything . . . and aren't those colors luscious? And look at the sleeves—they start out by being shoulder caps, and have a surprise ending in little puffs! Cute, we call it—and bound to make you feel as though you own a patio *and* a swimming pool—whether you do or not!

To find out where to buy this playdress, and the other clothes in the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Section, turn to page 71.

Modern Screen
fashions

Holiday Hoop-la...

in dance dresses

■ *Left:* If woman-of-the-world is the way you want to look (and who doesn't?)—try sophisticated scrolls on a moulded jersey bodice—and an inky black ninon skirt. Black with contrast, or all pink, white, blue. Sizes 10-18. By Glad Modes. $18.95.

■ *Below:* If your man likes you sweet and romantic—black velveteen bodice to show your pretty shoulders, a full net skirt to twirl when you dance. Black with white, pink or blue Texagon rayon net skirt. Sizes 10-18. By Glad Modes. $18.95.

■ *Opposite page:* And don't be surprised if you're kissed in this dream dress. All floating white net glinted with gold stripes and a little gold bow. Texagon rayon net. Sizes 9-13. By David Klein. $25.

CORO JEWELRY, NELLIE FOREMAN EVENING BAG, $7.

Holiday Hoop-la...

in short blacks

FOR STORES FEATURING THESE FASHIONS, SEE PAGE 71,

■ Above: Get him where you want him —right at your feet—in a figure-making black with a spray of rhinestones winking from the bodice. Simple, yes . . . super, yes, yes! Rosewood rayon crepe. Sizes 9-15. A Melvin Dress. $17.95

■ Right: Stagline black dress that fits ooh! and flirts a triple-threat ruffle. The ruffles go around the dress, and dip seductively in back. Clip your best pin to the squared neckline. Rayon crepe. Sizes 7 to 15. By Joanne Jr. $22.95

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GREGORY PECK

(*Continued from page 47*)

been tailored for trousers, Gregory Peck might have sent him wrathfully back, sure enough. Luckily, Eldred Gregory, as they named him, was all boy. You could tell that by the square cut of his baby jaw, by the fuss he raised, by the way he scooted out the door if you left it open a crack, the minute he could toddle around, to see what was cooking in this wide, new world.

Greg won't forget the time his big cousin, Warren, and the gang of swim-seasoned moppets tackled and dragged him, fighting, kicking and screaming, to the briny terrors of Alligator Point. It jutted eight feet up over deep water, but to Greg it looked a mile high and twice as deep. He'd skipped in the waves and paddled in the coves, but this was different. He struggled desperately, but it wasn't any use and he knew it. He felt himself swung, cat fashion, by the older huskies.

"One," yelled Cousin Warren, "two—*threee!*"

sink or swim . . .

Out Greg sailed in a sprawling arc, dizzily dropping; then a splash and down he went, clear to Davy Jones' locker, it seemed to Greg. But he bobbed up, sputtering and gasping, shouting wildly to the kids perched on the point for help. Nobody moved a muscle. After he'd swallowed salt water, Greg knew it was up to him to make it back to the rocks. Somehow he thrashed there safely, as every kid did—somehow. The treatment was rugged, but it worked. From then on Greg Peck was as at home in the water as he was on land. And that's where he was half of the time, when he wasn't playing in "Grandpop's" grain and feed store.

"Grandpop" wasn't really Greg's grandfather; he was a great uncle. He ran a horse and buggy service station—a big barn-like store on the main road where wagons rolled in, a blacksmith forge clanged and glowed, and up the ladders into the loft were wonderful piles of bouncy hay.

Greg was just six years old when his father and mother separated. The memory is still crystal clear to him, not because of the break-up of his home, which was not quite understandable at his age, but because he took a trip halfway across the country all by himself. And he left his beloved California, for what, he tearfully thought, was forever.

The trip his mother took back to St. Louis was to be permanent, his Dad told him soberly one day, and since that was the way it was, it was best for Greg to be with her. He was busy with the drug store, but Greg would be put on a train in the conductor's care and his mother would meet him in St. Louis. Greg's despair at leaving the place he loved was sweetened by the excitement of the adventure.

But childhood's sorrows are fleeting and as soon as Greg had dried his eyes the wonders of the train took over and he basked in the first spotlight of his life. Greg was pumped and interviewed until he began to think the train was going East expressly to take him to his mama. It was a swell feeling and one he never forgot. St. Louis, too, sticks in Greg's memory vividly—but mostly because he didn't like it.

His mother took him to a boarding house in a shabbily genteel part of town. Bernice Peck was determined to make her own way, now that her marriage had broken up. She was working, and she welcomed young Greg with the best she could afford. But it wasn't elegant, and for a kid used to the sunny California outdoors it was dingy and confining.

Greg's mother realized that. She did her best to give him outings at Crève Coeur Lake and Forest Park Highlands, took him down to the rolling Mississippi to watch the side-wheeler steamboats. But it was a struggle and she knew that boarding house city life wasn't fair to her boy. It pulled at her heart to hear Greg say "Mama, when are we going back to La Jolla?"

Bernice Peck decided she could do better back in California. She'd find a tiny cottage by the sea Greg loved so well, then she'd get a job and Grandma Ayres would take care of her son during the day as she'd offered to do. Bernice Peck had courage that way, and always her boy's interests came first. Pretty soon Greg was on the train heading West, and happy as a canary out of a cage.

His mother found a little seaside bungalow to rent in La Jolla. The three—Greg, his mother, and Grandma Ayres—moved in, but the best position Bernice could find was in Los Angeles a hundred miles north. That month Grandma Ayres took over the daily care and raising of young Gregory Peck. His mother sent money for his support, which Dad Peck matched, and came down weekends, hurrying back to her job Sunday night. But in between, Gregory Peck—more than the average boy—was on his own. He couldn't run to mama every time he got in a jam, or to his dad either, away in San Diego. So he learned early to make his own decisions and run his own life, developing the self-reliant, independent strain that was later to guide him to Hollywood.

Grandma Ayres' house was on Exchange Place, "The Dewdrop," her cottage sign said, and it wasn't much bigger—a tiny bungalow with a kitchen, bedroom, living room and bath. Greg slept on the sofa in the living room. That was his home until he was ten years old.

Grandma Ayres matched her small house, a tiny woman under five feet, more round than tall, but with unmatched courage and spunk. Her heart went out to Greg, and she tried to take the place of his absent mother.

But with the unfettered feeling Greg had after cramped St. Louis, Grandma Ayres had a job cut out for her. Greg's dad couldn't be much help, because he'd sold his La Jolla pharmacy and taken a night job in a San Diego drug store. That meant he worked all night and slept most of the day. Greg wasn't Peck's Bad Boy by any means, but at that age, around seven or eight, he was bound to land in some scrapes, or he wouldn't have been normal. The worst part about it was—to sensitive Greg the mixups always worried him more than they did anyone else. He was always certain the Reform School was just around the corner for him.

Once Dad Peck gave him a bow and arrow for his birthday and Greg raced into the vacant field next to Grandma's house to try it out. A particularly luckless sparrow perched on the telephone wire and chirped sassily and Greg let fly. There wasn't any good reason why he should have hit the tiny bird—he had no skill with a bow and it was just one of those things that the arrow flew true and spitted the sparrow neatly through the middle. It flopped off to the ground and Greg dashed forward, amazed and stunned by the event. He hadn't really meant to kill the bird.

The most terrifying memory Greg Peck holds of his moppethood, though, is one he still blushes to tell. It wasn't exactly chivalrous, even though it involves Greg Peck's first encounter with a girl. It got him off to a pretty bad start with the ladies, as a matter of fact.

The girl lived next door and she didn't like boys any more than the boys liked her. In fact, she had the frank habit of heaving rocks at any male she encountered.

One day, this budding Amazon whistled a brickbat past Greg's ear at point blank range. If he hadn't ducked, his face would have never seen a movie camera, very probably, and the mayhem attempt made Greg see red. Unfortunately, too, a rock happened to be right at his toes. He picked it up and whammed it at the fleeing girl, who saw his face and knew what was about to happen. Greg's aim was true; the rock hit right behind the young lady's ear and she fell like a log, blood spurting.

cops 'n' rocks . . .

Greg was horrified at what he'd done, and what he'd done, he was sure, was commit murder. He ran, sobbing, home to his grandmother, "I've just killed the little girl next door!" Then he raced wildly down into the canyon across the field and sat on a rock deep in the brush reviewing his cardinal sin. He knew that the most horrible thing in the world was going to happen to him. Because he knew something especially awesome about the girl he'd socked—her father was a policeman!

They finally tracked Greg down about ten o'clock that night and carried him home. He was sure he was on his way to jail for life, but the terrifying cop neighbor never even mentioned the bloody episode. He knew from experience who had started the fracas.

Greg Peck got along better with more reasonable creatures—like boys and dogs

(*Continued on page 72*)

MODERN SCREEN

CLEOPATRA KELLY

"You mean you haven't *any* stamps with Frank Sinatra's picture on them?!!"

BUYING GUIDE

MEXICANA PLAYDRESS
(color photo, page 65)

BY FELIX SAFIAN

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon
Baton Rouge, La.—Tots & Teens
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Erie, Pa.—Trask, Prescott & Richardson
Hartford, Conn.—Youth Center
Lexington, Ky.—Tots & Teens
Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Bitker-Gerner
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy
Pawtucket, R. I.—Peerless
Port Huron, Mich.—The Winkleman Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—Livingston Bros.
Schenectady, N. Y.—The Wallace Co.
Scranton, Pa.—Santer Brothers
Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Fowler, Dick & Walker
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
OR WRITE—FELIX SAFIAN, 1375 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

VELVET BODICE DANCE DRESS (page 66)
SCROLLED BODICE DANCE DRESS
(page 66)

BOTH BY GLAD MODES

Baltimore, Md.—May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche
OR WRITE—GLAD MODES, 1385 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

GOLD-STRIPED DANCE DRESS (page 67)

BY DAVID KLEIN

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank
OR WRITE—DAVID KLEIN, INC., 525 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

SHORT BLACK WITH RHINESTONES
(page 68)

BY MELVIN DRESS

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
OR WRITE—MELVIN DRESS CO., 222 W. 37TH ST., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

SHORT BLACK WITH RUFFLES (page 68)

BY JOANNE, JR.

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros. Co.
New York, N. Y.—The Emily Shop
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store
OR WRITE—JOANNE, JR.-ZINN BROS., 1400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

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"Please don't get up!"

and his best chum and bosom companion was a mutt named "Bud." Everywhere Greg went, Bud sniffed along behind happily, like Mary's little lamb.

Greg got along well enough in La Jolla Grammar School after he thawed out. He was no prize pupil or shining light in anything particularly, just passable in all. His active mind was seldom inside the classroom, but wandering out the open window through which the tang of his beloved Pacific continually wafted.

sea sprité . . .

The sea he loved also handed young Gregory Peck the first real heartbreak of his youth. He thought he'd never get over the tragic end of the "Tar Baby." That was a skiff Greg and Johnny Buchanan, his pal up the street, built together. It took them six months of furious, painstaking labor, uncounted midnight raids on lumber yards for scrap boards, beachcombing for hemp and nails and tar wheedled out of street repair gangs. They built the boat from a plan in *Popular Mechanics* and to Greg and Johnny it was the greatest project ever undertaken. They'd get up with the roosters and race home to the boat after school and Grandma would have to come drag Greg away at dusk for dinner. They had to soak the boards in tubs of water and bend them for the bows.

But at the end of six months, the "Tar Baby," black and glistening with its pitchy coat, was ready. Greg and Johnny lugged it precariously down the long wooden cliff steps and launched it proudly one Saturday morning before all the green-jealous kids in La Jolla. They spent the whole day rowing the gang all over the bay, basking in praise and admiration as the proud owners of a home built boat, big shots for a day—but only one day.

That evening they dragged the "Tar Baby" up on the beach where everyone hauled their skiffs and left them, well out of reach of the tide, safe, so Greg thought. Nobody ever touched La Jolla skiffs, but someone did that night—maybe a jealous kid who couldn't stand the spotlight on somebody else. Anyway, when Greg and Johnny rushed down Sunday morning for another day of glory, the "Tar Baby" wasn't there. Someone had launched it in the night and it was gone. They found it at last, or what was left of it, a mass of splinters washing against the rocks of Alligator Point.

Greg thought he'd never recover from that blow, but luckily about that time a big and exciting change in his life came up. Greg's mother, Bernice, was remarried and had a home in Los Angeles. She wanted Greg closer to her than La Jolla and she knew of a good boys' school in Los Angeles, St. John's, a military academy where he could have the best of training and still be a part of her life.

There was a family conference, and Doc Peck agreed to her idea; it was only fair to share their son. Greg was ten years old and just through the first grade when he left San Diego, and he was eager for the change. The brass buttons, long drill trousers and gold trimmed caps were a potent enough picture to blot out the joys of La Jolla's beach.

The school numbered about 300 cadets, with Army officers handling the R.O.T.C. and the Catholic Sisters of Mercy taking care of classes. Greg was there four years, from the age of ten to fourteen, until he was ready for San Diego High. He took the life seriously and blossomed from a shy, quiet kid into darned near an extrovert. He made every athletic team in his grade group—football, basketball, baseball and track.

king-sized kid . . .

Aside from editing "The Bugle Call," he also worked up to captain in his last year, commanding Company D. St. John's cadet companies were ranked according to age and size and Greg's company was the youngest and tiniest, an ignominious fact which took much of the glamor away from the boots, belt and sabre he could now wear. Because Greg had arrived at the stage of his life when he wanted desperately to get grown up as fast as possible. Anything connecting him with boyhood wounded his new dignity no end. Like the medal he won at the end of school.

He'd swallowed his humiliation at having to handle a bunch of babies and set himself to prep his company to win the drill prize. It was a job; half the time his babes in uniform would wander right out of the ranks or wail to go to the bathroom, it seemed to Captain Peck. But finally he'd got them whipped into shape and passed in review. The commanding officer then stepped up in front of all the parents in the grandstands and read the list of awards. Greg stood proudly at attention when the CO began, "To Captain Gregory Peck—" He expected some citation like "A medal for his excellent command of Company D!"—something military and manly. Instead, the officer read, "A special award for fine work in Junior Playground this year." To add insult to injury the officer then took one of Greg's cadets on his knee and patted him fondly—like a baby!

It was when Greg came back to San Diego that the pal-ship with his Dad began, which has meant so much to both Doc and Greg Peck's lives.

boy among men . . .

Grandma Ayres had kept him under her mothering wing as much as possible in his elementary years, and at St. John's, Greg's home life was divided. He commuted between San Diego and Los Angeles on all vacations and holidays. He'd spend Christmas Eve with his mother and stepfather in Los Angeles, then grab a train down to San Diego for Christmas Day with his dad. He'd spend Thanksgiving with one family and Easter with the other. But when he left St. John's to return to San Diego, it was Greg and his Dad alone. His mother and her husband had moved to San Francisco. The relation was more like buddies than father and son. They bached together in Doc's San Diego apartment house out on Broadway.

Greg grew four inches in his first year in San Diego High and at 16 he was six feet tall. He stroked a rowing team at the Club then, the rest of whose members were San Diego working men of twenty-five and over. The Rowing Club became his whole life outside of school. And school to Greg was, as always, mostly classes to be endured, and passed, of course. It held no other charms for him. He never went out for any of the athletic teams; he shied away from the school activities and dances—especially the dances. Greg didn't dance; in fact, he packed sort of a complex about girls, and it wasn't all from the rock dodging introduction he'd had to the fair sex either. For one thing, Greg was sensitive about his height—tree top tall, and mostly bones. Six feet—and only 125 pounds. For another, he didn't have any snappy chatter or glib assurance with gals—they were unfamiliar animals and he got tongue tied.

One weekend, Greg invited five of his high school pals up to his Dad's mountain cottage at Suncrest. There was a mountain hoedown on Saturday night and the gang trooped over for a look. The joint was jumping when they got there. Local yokels and vacationers were going to town on the rough boards, whirling their partners around while fiddles squeaked and the rickety piano tinkled. Three of the gang could dance. "Come on," they urged, "let's get going!"

"I can't," said Greg. "I don't know how."

"Me either," said Kenny Stevenson, his pal.

"See you later," chorused the gifted trio.

They danced all evening, while Greg and Kenny hung on the sidelines, twiddling their thumbs, and feeling like a couple of drips. It looked like a peck of fun and right then and there Greg resolved to do something about it.

"My sister, Detty June, can dance like nobody's business," said Kenny. "If we knew how, we could take her dancing. I'm gonna get her to teach me."

Greg didn't have nerve enough to ask, "How about me, too?" But the longing to get going with the girls was eating him

up and he decided to solve it in his own fashion, typically Peck, independently. There was a dance studio in San Diego which advertised, "Dance Like A Dream—Six Lessons for $10."

He climbed the stairs. A bare room greeted him with a battered phonograph in the corner. A tired looking, little slick haired guy with a cigarette hanging out of one corner of his mouth was resting his patent leather pumps. "Yeah?" he asked.

"I—I want to take these lessons," said Greg, waving his newspaper ad.

"When you wanna start—now?"

Greg nodded. "Okay." The hoofer walked over and to Greg's ghastly, red faced amazement, grabbed him around the waist and started pointing out the steps. It wasn't what he'd dreamed at all, and he felt like a fool, waltzing around with the barking little hoofer. He sneaked out of the place after the lesson feeling like a criminal. But he sneaked back in again and grimly sweated out the rest of the lessons.

He also took piano lessons, borrowing another ten bucks from Doc Peck, and in another six-easy-lessons deal learned to pound a few chords. He joined the glee club at high school and even started looking at tux's in the men's store windows downtown. But he still had never had a date with a girl, like all the rest of the guys. That cosmic event took place when Greg was 16 and he'll never forget it, because it took him five months to get up nerve enough to ask for one, and when he got it he experienced the most agonizing evening of his young life.

jr. love light . . .

There was a saucy blonde dream at San Diego High Greg long had worshipped from afar. She was popular and confidently coquettish with the boys and that made her all the more unapproachable to self-conscious Peck. But between a certain class he'd pass her every day, always at the same place and always he'd look at her and she'd know he was looking at her. That went on for three or four months. But Greg didn't dare smile or say "Hello, there." Somehow his face muscles froze and his tongue jammed every day. But Greg knew something had to be done.

So one day, in the hall, he steeled himself and walked straight at her, blocking her path, and blurted desperately, "I've liked you for a long time—I want you to have a date with me!" And she didn't slap his face or call the cops or anything. Instead, she smiled sweetly and said, "Why, I'd love to!" It was as easy as that.

So the ice was broken and there were lots of dates for Greg Peck after that. His steadiest girl was named Wilma, who (Greg could really pick 'em) had twelve brothers, more than a football squad, of all ages and all at home, it seemed, every time Greg called. Greg took in the school dances, played with a pick-up band for one or two himself, talked his Dad out of a tuxedo and generally blossomed into a man about school before he'd graduated.

He financed most everything he did—his dates, his sports gear—oars, rackets, golf clubs, his piano lessons. Greg liked to be independent that way, always had. He had started out caddying for his dad on the golf course. Then he got a job as delivery boy for Marston's Department Store, hopping off the truck and racing packages to front doors. Every long holiday Greg Peck found himself some kind of job. Easters he'd work for a florist and clean up thirty or forty bucks before he went back to school. He had a steady Christmas holiday job selling neckties in a downtown haberdashery.

It was all a mark of his native independence and self reliance which Doc Peck wisely recognized. When he married again and moved into a house from the Broadway apartment, Greg was invited to live there too, and did. But he always had his own room and separate entrance. Seeing his Dad only casually every day, Greg had plenty of time to figure things out for himself and he day dreamed a lot. For a while he'd imagine himself a famous Big League baseball pitcher or a surgeon.

Really, of course, Greg was dramatizing his future, although he didn't know it then. It never entered his dreams to picture himself an actor or a movie star. The only person who had ever suggested such a thing was his stepfather, Joe. Joe Maysuch was more than a stepfather to Greg. From the start he was one of Greg's best friends. A successful salesman, he was a cheery optimist, with a positive personality and always busting with ideas. Luckily Greg's two families were friendly and he was as much at home with his stepfather as with his Dad—in fact, Joe, being naturally less conservative than Doc Peck, was the one who later encouraged and backed Greg Peck when he struck out for his crazy dream of acting, and Joe it was who, when Greg was only fourteen, planted a seed.

He looked at Greg quizzically one day and said "Say, you know you ought to be an actor when you grow up."

"Aw," Greg had countered, "gee whiz, me?"

"Sure," said Joe. "You've got the looks and you're smart, and when people see you they look twice. That's personality, my boy. I know. I'll bet you'll make a lot of money on the stage some day."

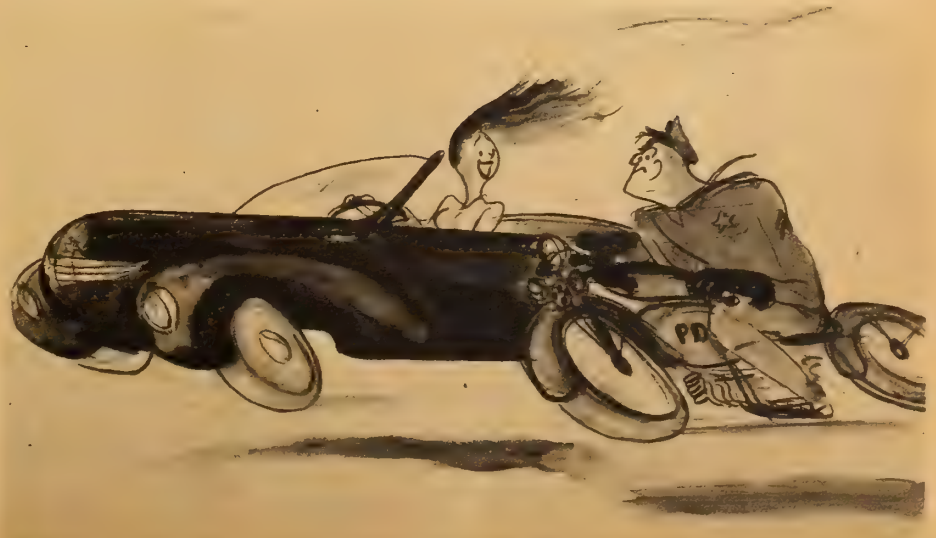
But Greg was embarrassed, flushed and changed the subject. He even thought he'd forgot all about it—until later on he remembered, and he knew then that Joe's idea had lodged somewhere and never dried up.

But at that point he was pretty confused. Basically, all Greg Peck knew was that he wanted to be somebody, to bust loose, to go places as he grew to manhood. How or why or where wasn't very definite—although the doctor dreams persisted, encouraged by "Doc" Peck, the pharmacist who was a frustrated physician. He'd planned to be an M.D. himself in his youth, but athletics got in the way and he'd settled for pharmacy. He'd always regretted it. He'd tell Greg, not exactly plugging, but suggesting, "The best thing to have is a profession. There's nothing finer than being a doctor. I wish I'd realized that when I was your age." So Greg more or less inherited the idea. He wasn't ever sure it was the right idea.

Greg Peck entered San Diego State College the next fall, after he graduated from San Diego High. He loaded up on pre-med subjects, which made him work, because he hated chemistry and physics. To balance the agony, he had as much fun as he could, and really in Greg Peck's education, State was just a prolongation of high school. He still was mixed up about his future and drifting and getting unhappy about it. He played around more with the girls, got seriously involved a time or two, went in for school athletics, making the State track and swimming teams, chased around with the boys and rowed at the Club. Physically he was growing into manhood. But he was getting nowhere and after the first year he suddenly determined to quit and take a job. He wanted to stand completely on his own feet and have a good look at himself. He walked into the Union Oil Company and came out driving a huge oil truck. It was a man's job. Greg was 18, but he fibbed and said he was 21. He herded the big wagon around San Diego county delivering oil, grease and gasoline ten hours a day. It was a dull, hard job and Greg Peck didn't like it. But he liked the $115 a month salary. It made him feel more independent and he stuck it out a year, saved up enough to buy his own jalopy, a second-hand Model A Ford roadster, and put a stake in the bank. Because he knew his Dad was right when he made him promise to go back to college after a year at the job. And by now Greg thought he knew what school he wanted to go to—the University of California.

Greg picked Cal for several reasons. He wanted to get far enough away from San Diego to a big school where he could look around and maybe find the desperately needed but nameless something he wanted but hadn't discovered yet. You could study a dozen different professions at Berkeley, including medicine. More directly appealing were other facts: California was one of the best rowing colleges in the world, a bunch of Greg's pals from San Diego were going there, and his mother and stepfather now lived in San Francisco to give him a touch of home. The one thing at California which was to change his life forever, Greg Peck never considered, never even knew about. That was the Little Theater on the campus.

The only brush Greg Peck had ever had with anything remotely approaching dramatics had happened when he was in San Diego State. By purest chance, he was an extra in two Hollywood movies. Once,



"I hope you don't mind, officer—this is the only way I can dry my hair."

"Caliente" with Pat O'Brien and Dolores Del Rio, was shooting at the Mexican resort, Agua Caliente, just across the border. The assistant director came to State, lined up the students in the gym and picked a hundred for atmosphere. Greg was one of the luckies. Busses picked them up, hauled them across the border where they swam in the pool, danced in the hotel, and lounged around for movie background, all for $10 a day and lunch. Another time, on the same kind of deal, Greg sat in the bleachers at nearby San Diego Army and Navy Academy and rooted while Mickey Rooney ran for a touchdown in one of his Hollywood boy sport sagas. Greg Peck remembers both events striking him as slightly ridiculous, but a soft touch. He recalls one director wore a pink and green sports coat, a purple scarf and suede shoes and he thought Hollywood must be a funny place—and gave it no further mind.

Greg returned to San Diego State to make up the necessary credits to enter Cal U, as a junior. It meant he had to make top grades—three A's and two B's. That's what he made—three A's and two B's, and he'd never studied so hard in his life. His acceptance slip came that summer and in the fall he loaded the Ford with two pals, Speed Wann and Fred Teepe, together with everything all three owned stacked, stowed and roped until the springs creaked, and rolled north.

Greg Peck had offers of financial help in college—from his Dad, from his mother and stepdad, who offered to bunk him in San Francisco. He shook his head. He wanted to be self supporting. He wanted to be free to find himself in any direction, without any strings attached. Fred, Speed and Greg landed a job the first afternoon at Berkeley as janitors for an apartment house. Salary—a free apartment for the trio and ten bucks apiece a month. Greg, Speed and Fred soon latched on to a couple of other lucrative rackets, so Gregory Peck's first two years at California boiled down pretty much to job hustling, study and rowing. He loaded up with a solid schedule in Liberal Arts, spent three hours afternoons working out in a rowing shell on the water, then hustled back to the apartment to take his turn cooking dinner with Speed and Fred.

He got good grades—all B's—and he made the Junior Varsity at his old Rowing Club spot—stroke. But a gnawing dissatisfaction haunted Greg—he still couldn't grab that elusive life's ambition.

California had a crack crew that June; both the Senior and Junior Varsities headed for the National Collegiate races at Poughkeepsie. Greg rated the trip, all expenses paid. Greg had never been out of the west, so after the regatta when the coach turned the squad loose, with a return ticket and four free days before train time, Greg and his rowing pal, Frank Lawrence, headed straight for Manhattan.

They had exactly fifty dollars between them. They put aside ten for food on the trip back and, after checking in at the Y. M. C. A., set out to see the town. How they ever did so much on so little money and so little sleep, Greg Peck will never know. But if there is anything they missed he can't remember what it was. They averaged two hours of sleep in every 24 hours.

Home once again, Greg knew that somewhere in New York there was what he was seeking. He didn't know what it was until his last year at California.

That summer he settled down doggedly to a job in his stepfather's office appliance company in San Francisco, saving a stake to start college again. The year passed with nothing accomplished, he felt, except good grades and more credits. He was all set to finish that senior year in mid-term—until something happened to keep him glued to the Cal campus longer than he needed to be. That something was a part in a play.

Greg first got mixed up with the Little Theater at California University to oblige a friend. He was stepping out of his English class one day when a classmate, Jack Thompson, stopped him. Greg knew Jack was a student director at the Workshop, an offshoot of the campus Little Theater, where they tried out original playlets with college actors. But like Greek letter fraternities and other campus societies, Greg Peck had never paid any attention to college dramatics. He knew about the Little Theater, that it was pretty good, but that was about all. He'd never even seen a performance. When he wanted to see a show he drove across the Bay Bridge to San Francisco. He was the last person in the world to suspect that what he was restlessly seeking inside lay right under his nose—until it reached up and bit him.

"Say, Peck," said Jack. "How about helping me out?"

"Glad to," grinned Greg. "What is it?"

Well, madam, you've tried on *every* pair of shoes in this place."

"Want you to play a part for me—at the Workshop."

Greg laughed. "Me—on a stage? What could *I* do?"

"Just be yourself," said Jack. "It's like this—" and he went on to explain. He was directing a scene from "Moby Dick" at the Workshop, a dramatization of the part where the mad Captain Ahab quells a mutiny. Captain Ahab was being played by a short actor; Jack said he wanted a tall one for contrast to play Starbuck, the saintly first mate peacemaker. It was all experimental anyway, wouldn't matter if Greg was good or bad. "Come on," Jack urged. "Maybe you'll like it. Maybe you'll get interested and get yourself some good parts. Anyway, you're the type I'm after and I'd be much obliged if you'd do it for me."

"Sure," said Greg. "But I'm no actor. I'll be terrible."

He was right. He was terrible. He didn't know what acting was all about. But right away he liked it, he himself couldn't tell why. Somehow, he wanted to play more parts and better ones. Next time the Workshop put on a play, Greg volunteered for a part. He did an old man in the racy Greek comedy, "Lysistrata." Again he was technically terrible.

He was bad and he knew it. He was a rank beginner, miles behind everyone else in the Little Theater, starting just when his collegiate career was due to end. But—and this was the funny thing—the more people told him how terrible he was, the more Greg wanted to be good. Criticisms made him mad at only one person—Greg Peck. Looking back today, Greg doubts if he'd ever have lost himself body and soul in the wild idea that was about to seize him, if he'd been good, a natural, an easy ace from the start. He might have lost interest then.

There wasn't much danger of that. He got no bouquets, only brickbats. The Little Theater tried him out in an S. N. Behrman play, "Rain from Heaven," entirely because Greg was tall and looked manly enough for the rugged explorer lead, and most of the Little Theater males were far too arty and delicate. But the brittle Behrman dialogue was 'way over Greg's head. The San Francisco newspapers reviewed that play and the critics were unanimous. Eldred Peck, in the lead, was terrible. But one said prophetically, "Awkward and green though he is, Peck has one thing. He has personality. At least you look at him."

Even with that, he got the promise of a part in the Little Theater's production of "Anna Christie," to be put on in the spring. Greg stayed over another semester and enrolled in an advanced dramatics class where he drew one of the lowest grades. Toward the end of the year he played "Anna Christie." The San Francisco critics tore him apart again. But by then Greg Peck had made up his mind.

Greg had his bags packed for New York when he took his last final exam at California. He would skip the cap-and-gown and exercises. He'd get his diploma by mail. That wasn't important now. His college career was out of Greg Peck's mind—ended. Yet, for the first time in his life, he knew what he wanted to learn.

He told his mother and Joe about his decision. "Hop to it," laughed Joe, "you've got what it takes." Joe's enthusiasm was catching. Greg smiled at his mother and she nodded, "I know you'll make good."

Greg didn't tell his dad, Doc Peck, down in San Diego, his decision. He knew he couldn't justify it—starting to learn something as strange and fickle as acting—just as he was supposed to be through with learning, just as he was getting his college degree. Doc would hardly agree that acting was a "profession" and besides, Greg knew, he could never explain his crazy action at this point. He just had to up and do it.

He sold his car for $200 and borrowed another $200 from Joe, his stepdad. Greg didn't know a soul in New York, and barely how to find Broadway. But there would be a way to learn to act right and a way to eat, he was confident of that.

Joe and Bernice drove Greg to the station and waved him off on the big adventure. "Send me your autograph," cracked Joe merrily. "And meanwhile," he whispered to Greg, "if you get hard up, you know where to write."

Greg said "Thanks, but this is my party. You and Mother have helped me enough."

"We'll be bragging about it some day," grinned Joe.

So Greg was smiling confidently himself when he waved them goodbye and handed the porter his bags. After the train pulled out of Oakland station headed East, he stretched out in his upper berth and listened to the rhythm of the tierails.

They seemed to tell Gregory Peck, A.B., "You know where you're going—and you're on your way!" It was the first time he'd ever heard that chant in his ears.

(Gregory Peck's life story will be concluded in the February MODERN SCREEN.)

NO VACATION FROM BEAUTY

(Continued from page 62)

we can take a hint from Frances Gifford and pop sun specs on our noses when we brave the great, open spaces. It's a basic-beauty idea because the glare of sun-on-snow or sun-on-sand can cause some mighty unattractive squints and wrinkles which a good pair of sun glasses would prevent. Incidentally, the glasses which Frances is wearing for skiing have special long leather thongs attached to the ear-pieces. These thongs tie cozily under the chin and prevent the glasses from flying off when a gal gets involved in the acrobatics of ice skating or skiing.

Healthy sleep and outdoor exercise, no doubt about it, are bound to give a girl a good appetite. But if you want a really super-de-luxe complexion, you can't live on a diet of candy bars, spaghetti and crackers. A tasty balance of fresh vegetables, lean meats, fruits and cereals will keep the roses blooming in your cheeks.

Most important of all, a face must be clean before it can even begin to be beautiful. The tools for this important job are cream, soap and water. First, soothe your taut, winter-weary face with the cleansing cream patted on in brisk, upward motions. Feels good, doesn't it? Old makeup and soil dissolve . . . and whisk off efficiently with soft facial tissue. Now, lather up snowy clouds of suds with a fine facial soap and a pliant complexion brush or sturdy wash cloth. Set to work with a will; scrub thoroughly but gently. Then with warm water, rinse, rinse, rinse. You've now set the groundwork for beauty. Top off this ritual with an exhilarating dash of skin freshener, a soothing lotion or, if headed bed-wards, a film of non-greasy night cream. If you're embarking on a new makeup, you will, of course, apply your pet powder base.

If such nuisances as blemishes and blackheads and "bumps" crop up in your life (the meanies love to make their appearance just before your Big Date), set to work to clear your complexion. But if they persist after normal care, run, don't walk to the nearest doctor. Might be, he'll find it necessary to tinker with your diet.

But many belles who find their faces afflicted with blemishes can right matters themselves. Remember that blackheads stubbornly plant themselves in a carelessly cleaned face. They are oil ducts that have become clogged and covered with a surface dirt, but can be removed with a regular blackhead extractor. The skin should be softened first by applying a wash cloth wrung out in hot water. Then the blemishes will come out with some gentle but firm pressure—and the surrounding area should be patted with an antiseptic lotion.

White clay and other packs are mighty useful in cleaning muddy complexions. Smooth them on a freshly cleaned face and let them remain as long as the instructions recommend. If your skin is dry or sensitive, use an emollient cream after the pack. The cosmetic industry has a remedy for most complexion woes!

* * *

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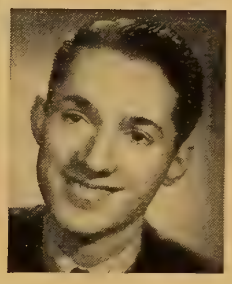

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ If you will kindly yank a little more energetically at this long white beard I'm wearing, you will uncover the astonishing fact that I am not Santa Claus at all. (You will, of course, also uncover my chin.) Be that as it may, I do have lots of good valuable record information to pass along, so here it is, all covered with red and green good wishes for a Merry Christmas. For the best popular record of the month try the delightful "Christmas Carol" sung by King Cole with a string choir background on Capitol, and the best hot item is Count Basie's "Mutton Leg," Columbia.

BEST POPULAR

AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE A WOMAN?—Louis Jordan (Decca), Pat Flowers (Victor), Frankie Laine (Mercury)—The three records of this tune are wonderful contrasts in singing styles. Louis Jordan and his fine, breathless delivery, you all know. Then there's Pat Flowers, the boy of whom Fats Waller said before he died, "This kid will carry on for me after I go." Pat doesn't sing like Fats, but his piano playing's similar, and this record features two of the men who were on all the old Fats records—Herman Autry, trumpet, and Gene Sedric, clarinet. The third version of "Ain't That Just Like a Woman?" marks the record debut of Frankie Laine, who's very popular on the west coast. Laine looks like a business man—you'd never dream he was a singer—but he's actually a white carbon copy of King Cole.

JUST SQUEEZE ME—Duke Ellington (Victor)—This is a number Duke wrote years ago under the title of "Subtle Slough," and it was recorded then by Rex Stewart and some of the boys in the band. Now it's gone through the usual Ellington procedure of having lyrics added, and a new name, and Duke's recorded it with Ray Nance singing.

MERRY HA-HA—Ella Mae Morse—Ray Linn (Capitol)—This has an Ellington angle, too. It was composed by Billy Strayhorn, Duke's assistant arranger, with lyrics by Bob Russell, who's done the words for most of Duke's songs in recent years. ("Don't Get Around Much Any More" and "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" for instance.) "Merry Ha-Ha" is the best record Ella Mae Morse has ever made—better than her "Cow-Cow Boogie"—and not only does Ella Mae sing well, but she has wonderful accompaniment. The band is led by Ray Linn, who used to be trumpeter for Jimmy Dorsey and Boyd Raeburn. (*Continued on page 101*)

Peggy Lee and guitarist husband Dave Barbour (right) visit New York with Jane and Leonard Feather at Joe Louis' new restaurant. Joe swapped fight talk for jazz talk.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN GREEN

(*Continued from page 60*)

nurse without comment, but the next day Bronwyn's mirage baby was sung to sleep by the lyrics, "Goodbye, Joe, broke his toe, on the way to Mexico."

The invisible and highly hypothetical baby which Bronwyn carries around has two real life models: Her six-months-old boy cousin, Charles Donald, and her four-months-old boy cousin, Brian.

Charles is the lusty son of Florence Catharine FitzSimons Clark, and Brian is the blue-eyed baby of Margot FitzSimons Edwards, all four of whom have been the house guests of Maureen and Will Price for the past eight weeks.

The reunion of Maureen and her sisters was the first in over seven years of separation, and it was made possible because both Florence and Margot had become war brides. Florence had married a Canadian serviceman who is now in business in Montreal, and Margot had married a Major of Marines whom she had met in the British Embassy in London during the blackest days of the Blitz.

After V-E Day Major Edwards was returned to the Marine base at San Diego, whereupon Maureen received an ecstatic cable from Margot saying that it would soon be possible for the three FitzSimons sisters to have a Hollywood reunion.

When Maureen, Bronwyn, and Will Price met Margot at the airport, Maureen scanned her sister's face quickly, then, conquering a rising tide of emotion, turned her attention to the infant in Margot's arms. "Good Heavens," she said briskly, "you're starving that baby to death. Give him to me this instant!"

auld lang syne . . .

Florence, who is called Florrie by her sisters, arrived a few days later with her son. So the huge Price home in Bel Air echoed to the laughter of three girls who discovered immediately—to their intense satisfaction—that it was as if they had never been separated. Margot had brought a series of photograph albums in her restricted luggage space, so three beautiful heads pressed together, looking at the pictures and recalled olden days.

There were old snaps of Maureen, over which the girls screamed with laughter. Some of the shots of Florrie and Margot weren't unfunny, either. For weeks most of their conversations were prefaced by that happy phrase: "Remember when." Florrie, chuckling, recalled one tragic Sunday morning. Peggy, the older sister, had been guilty of some minor infraction of family rules, so the family had started to Mass without her. Florrie, always Peggy's pal, hung back and didn't want to go until later when Peggy was to go with the nurse, but her suggestion was vetoed by Mr. FitzSimons.

Three very glum little girls, Maureen, Margot, and Florence, sat beside their parents in church, missing the fourth member of the quartet. Suddenly, in the midst of prayer, a child cried out in the back of the church. Maureen, convinced that the weeper was her older sister, arose and shrieked—to the consternation of her parents and the controlled amusement of the parish—"It's all right, Peggy darling. Don't cry. We're right here."

One afternoon a wagon arrived at the Price home to deliver some of Margot's luggage forwarded from New York. After the boxes and barracks bags were stored in the basement, the three girls went down to investigate the shipment. They opened the package marked "Linen" and sorted out

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some of Margot's fine tablecloths and napkins. One had been burned by a cigarette. This hole was neatly indicated by an outside circle of bright red thread, a means taken by Irish laundries to call the fastidious housewife's attention to a need for repairs.

Maureen caught up the napkin, uttering a cry of remembrance. "It's been seven years since I've seen such a thing," she said. "It's so like home. It takes me back as if I had never been away at all."

Her two sisters were somewhat surprised by this nostalgic reaction, but each rested a hand on her shoulder in an affectionate caress. A few seconds later Maureen leaped up with a howl, saying, "There's a spider, there's a spider!"

Florrie, the forthright sister, pulled off a shoe and neatly bopped the spider. Margot observed laughingly, "Maureen, you really haven't changed at all. You're still afraid of spiders and you're still the world's biggest tease."

"Florrie was always a far greater tease than I," corrected Maureen.

Florrie denied it instantly.

"What about my stockings?" demanded Maureen.

"I only took them when I hadn't a clean pair of my own, and it was too late to get into a store," defended Florrie.

"It was always too late to get into a store," grinned Maureen, "and there was never much point in washing your stockings because you ruined every pair the first time you wore it."

Margot had something to say at this point: "You got even for every pair of stockings Florrie ever snitched from you when you went off to London with her paint box hidden in your luggage."

Regretfully Maureen agreed. "I suppose you shed bitter tears when you discovered what I had done, didn't you, Florrie?"

Smiling into her sister's eyes Florrie confessed, "I went through your grip when you were packing and found that paint box. I could have lifted it out and you would never have known the difference, but the truth was that after you were gone we were so lonesome for you that I comforted myself many times with the knowledge that wherever you were, you were carrying my most prized possession."

When Maureen knew that she was to have the delight of two months' visit from her sisters, she planned a good many things. They were to spend several days at the beach because all of the girls are good swimmers.

She wanted to take them night clubbing, to Romanoff's, Mocambo, and Ciro's. Most of all—since she herself has never been there—she wanted to take them aboard the island steamer to Catalina, twenty miles off the Southern California coast.

tot's confusion . . .

As luck and her motion picture career would have it, Maureen worked every day during the first month of her sisters' visit, in "Sinbad," at RKO; and after only a weekend off she reported to 20th Century-Fox for her starring role in "Home Stretch," with Cornel Wilde.

One Saturday night when Major Edwards was in Los Angeles on leave from his base, he and Will Price took the three sisters, gabbing like magpies as usual, night clubbing. They danced once or twice, but the floor was so crowded that the slide trombone had to be eliminated for fear of beheading a patron.

"Awfully smoky in here, isn't it, Florrie?" said Margot.

"Noisy, too," supplemented Florrie.

"And we could be playing 'Patience'," summed up Maureen.

So the party adjourned to the Price home where the three girls settled around a game table to play their particular version of brain-bursting "Patience," while the men discussed the Marine Corps.

After having won three games, Florrie's attitude was mellow. "There was only one thing that was fun about going to a night club," she admitted. "That was sitting at the table with Maureen and having everyone stare at her. I remember when I was a little girl I always liked to walk down the street with Maureen because she was so beautiful that everyone turned around to give her a long look of admiration."

Maureen let her win three games.

Incidentally, Florence resembles Maureen so closely that Miss Bronwyn was confused by her presence for several weeks. On repeated occasions either Maureen or Florrie would catch Bronwyn standing rooted to one spot while her bright blue eyes moved from her mommy to the face of her pretty aunt and back again. She listened to the sound of their voices, obviously comparing them. A number of times she popped into a room where Florrie was standing with her back toward the door and asked a question, addressing Florrie as "Mommy."

Having discovered her mistake, Bronwyn would depart in chagrined haste.

"All right, so it ain't like your mother used to make."

Eventually, the young woman's sense of humor caught up with the situation. Standing her ground one afternoon, she placed a hand on each hip and chuckled, "Two mommies."

Unlike most California visitors, neither Margot nor Florrie was agog over the prospect of meeting and getting to know motion picture stars. In Florrie's case this is accounted for by the fact that she had made many British motion pictures, in the latest of which she was James Mason's leading woman. In the case of Margot, that beautiful and talented girl had also been a rising young actress when she married, having appeared as second lead to Wendy Hiller in three pictures.

When Maureen asked them if there was any person in particular whom they wanted to meet, they said no. Then they burst into reminiscent laughter. When Maureen had first come to Hollywood, Florrie bombarded her with letters demanding pictures of Mickey Rooney. Margot, no less heavy on the pen, besought photographs of Bing Crosby.

Recalled Florrie, "I'll never forget the moment when a large manila envelope arrived in the morning post. Margot and I each made a dive for it—each screaming at the other that it was undoubtedly *her* own package. Daddy arrived at the scene in time to take the parcel away from us before we ruined it. As punishment he ruled that neither of us was to have it. Then he read the address. 'Mr. Charles FitzSimmons,' it said. You had sent a series of cowboy pictures to our brother, Charlie."

Margot and Florrie and their two youngsters had been in residence with Maureen only a week when the entire staff of servants, with the exception of the loyal nurse, resigned without notice and sailed out in an indignant body.

"Now what will we do?" wailed Maureen.

Her two sisters looked nonchalant. "What's wrong with our doing the housework?" asked Florrie. "After all, I'm a housewife. I've grown accustomed to making a home in a shoe box if necessary. This won't be any trick at all."

family portrait . . .

Useful as the aunts found their resourceful niece, she also embarrassed them on occasion. One evening she told her mother, "Auntie Fawie is wearing your red shoes, mommy. And Auntie Margot is wearing your pink slip and your big bracelet."

Added Florrie, resignedly, "I am also wearing one of the two pairs of nylons which were delivered this afternoon, and I have tried on that blue wool suit hanging in the back of your closet."

Margot also added a confession. "*I've* been wearing your black gabardine coat while shopping in the morning. It's just perfect for me, darling."

"I've never liked either one," fibbed Maureen. "Move them into your own closets and wear them out."

In one additional department Bronwyn's assistance could be classed as zero-plus. Having watched her aunties cleaning the house and having listened to their comment that the linen on the line was "white as snow," she undertook a project of her own. Margot entered the kitchen one afternoon to discover with a horrified shriek that the floor was covered from wall to wall with a thin sifting of flour. In one corner was a young lady who looked up in obvious expectation of praise. "Floor all white—nice and clean," she explained.

When the FitzSimmons girls were growing up, all of them were given piano lessons, but no one plays the piano today. However, Margot had a surprise for Maureen, for in her luggage was a small Irish harp. One of the most wonderful evenings of their visit together was that one during which the three girls, Will, Bronwyn, and the two sleeping boys, were gathered in the library, and Margot played the harp and everyone else lifted his voice in old Irish tunes.

Late that night when the harp was put away, Margot said with a sigh, "I wish we could do this at least once a week all the rest of our lives. It's so wonderful for us to be together in a family again, quite as though nothing had changed."

There will be many separations, however, before the three girls are together again. Florence must return to Montreal where her husband is. If theings go well, however, she will return with her husband and her son to spend Christmas with Maureen. Margot's Marine Major husband is to be transferred to the State of Washington, where she will follow him. And Maureen herself, is planning to spend two months in Ireland with her parents.

She will have great stories to tell Margot and Florrie when she returns, and once again the three little sisters are gathered around the fireplace reminiscing and thinking of songs to sing in accompaniment to the twang of an Irish harp.

"ESTHER'S LIKE THAT"

(*Continued from page 49*)

I'd never seen her in a picture. There are still some I've missed. I don't hang around her sets and we don't talk shop when she comes home from the studio. If I'd give in to my natural inclination to be corny I'd even say, "That's no actress, that's my wife."

I took Esther to a premiere one night. Her sister, Maureen, came along with her two daughters, Jody and Beulah. After the show, there was a line-up of kids to get the stars' autographs. Esther was too busy to notice that her nieces had disappeared. She was scribbling away when she happened to look up—and almost fell over. There, standing in line waiting their turn for an autograph, were Jody and Beulah.

"What in the world are you two kids doing here?" scolded Esther, "if you want my autograph you can get it any time."

They blushed. "But Aunt Esther," explained Jody. "We didn't know you were so famous!"

When MODERN SCREEN asked me to hold forth on Esther from a husband's-eye view, I balked. "There's nothing exciting, dramatic or glamorous to tell," I protested. "We're just a couple of plain, normal married characters." They didn't believe me. All right—

I was discharged from the army the 24th of November. Esther and I were married the 25th. We flew to Mexico on our honeymoon that night.

marital ties . . .

I packed my bags with a bunch of pre-Pearl Harbor, real silk ties. I'd been saving those ties carefully for four years waiting for that happy day when they called me "Mister" again. Frankly, I thought they were pretty darned nifty. I patted each one tenderly as I folded them in the suitcase.

The first night in Mexico City we got dressed up to go out for dinner. I hauled out the ties, spread them on the bed and spent a half hour picking out just the right ribbon. If I do say so, it was a beauty. Blue with splashes of gold. A pattern that would knock your eye out—especially the eye of a guy jaded with GI tan. I hummed, happy as a—well, as a groom—and wrapped a trim knot.

Esther was all ready to go when she spied the tie.

"D-darling," she said.

"Yes?"

"That tie."

"You like it?"

"You aren't really going to *wear* it, are you?"

I sulked a little but I went back and changed to another. Repeat the scene. I tried again. Ditto.

"U-m-m-m, let me see your ties," said Esther sweetly.

"Yes, dear." I actually said it.

"These four are very nice," said my wife, dangling my four last choices from her finger.

"From now on, darling," I swore, swooping all the rest into the waste basket, "I shall wear only those cravats of your choice." From that day on I've worn only those four ties. From that minute on, too, I realized I was married. I certainly was.

Seriously, glamor leaves both us Gages as cold as two cucumbers in our private life—and that's the way we like it. We're both knee deep in show business—Esther's in movies and I'm in radio. We love it. She sits in the sponsor's booth every

(*Continued on page 82*)

Give yourself a beautiful TONI Home Permanent

for your date tonight!

Easy as putting your hair up in curlers — but the wave stays in!

You'll want to know *all* about this new easy way to look lovelier . . . win compliments. These questions and answers tell you everything!

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Answer: Yes! If you can roll up your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. Directions are easy to follow.

How long will it take you?

Answer: The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours—even less for hair that's dyed, tinted or bleached, or for baby-fine hair. And all of that time you are free to do what you please.

Is TONI really a permanent?

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Answer: Because Toni *Creme* Waving Lotion gives a curl that looks natural . . . is "frizz"-free from the start.

Will TONI work on children?

Answer: Yes! Mothers find Toni's gentle *creme* waving lotion is ideal for children's silky-fine hair. (And the child is free to run about and play while the permanent is "taking"!)

Is TONI guaranteed?

Answer: Yes! Your Toni wave *must flatter you* or you get back every cent you paid. Toni can make this guarantee because the Toni Wave is laboratory controlled for uniformity and high quality.

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NEEDN'T REMAIN VISIONS

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MAKE EQUALLY DELICIOUS HOLIDAY TREATS

By Nancy Wood

"Dear Santa: Please bring me a cat, a dog, a monkey and some rabbits for Christmas. And I like candy, too. Thank you. From Margaret O'Brien."

Margaret O'Brien has been a *very* good girl all during 1946! That means Santa Claus will just outdo himself bringing her presents! Margaret, pet of the M-G-M studios, has acted beautifully in four films, among them "Tenth Avenue Angel," to be released soon. She's had to go to school like other youngsters and get lots of 100s and American flag stickers for not erasing in her copy book. Margaret has not, however, been *disgustingly* good—she stalls at milk and spinach and hates to go to bed at night. But she's still entitled to a wonderfully merry Christmas with candy and lots of everything a little girl loves.

KRISPIE DROPS

1 7-oz. bar semi-sweet chocolate, melted
¼ cup butter
½ cup chopped pecans
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups rice krispies

Melt chocolate and butter together over hot water, add nuts and vanilla and fold in rice krispies carefully. Drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper and store in refrigerator overnight.

SPICED NUTS

This holiday sweetmeat takes a minimum of effort and sugar. Shelled nut meats are coated with a crisp, thin covering of spiced, melted sugar. Here's how: Beat an egg white slightly. Add about two cups shelled, unbroken nut

Luscious squares of Cocoa Fruit Fudge can be made without a grain of sugar! Fine for gifts since it doesn't dry out easily. (*Photograph courtesy Best Foods*)

Molasses candy, long an American favorite, is a good sugarless holiday sweet. Do try the Raisin Peanut Clusters and Molasses Cocoanut Chews for which we are giving you recipes. (*Photograph courtesy Brer Rabbit*)

meats and stir gently until nut meats are covered with beaten egg. Mix ½ cup granulated sugar with ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of allspice and ground cloves. (Omit salt if salted nuts are used.) Place sugar mixture in small bag. Put a half cup or so of nut meats into the bag and shake to cover with sugar. Remove and place on buttered cookie sheet. Cover remaining nut meats. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) about 30 minutes.

RAISIN PEANUT CLUSTERS

½ cup New Orleans molasses
½ cup corn syrup
1 teaspoon vinegar
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup shelled peanuts
1 cup raisins

Combine molasses, corn syrup and vinegar. Place over low heat and stir until mixture boils. Continue boiling to 250° F. or until a small amount of syrup forms a firm ball in cold water. Remove from heat and add butter. Stir until combined with syrup. Add nuts and raisins. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pan. If candy hardens while working with it, put it back over very low heat and stir until it softens slightly.

MOLASSES COCOANUT CHEWS

½ cup corn syrup
½ cup New Orleans molasses
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups shredded cocoanut

Combine syrup, molasses, vinegar and butter. Place over low heat and stir until mixture boils. Continue boiling to 248° F., or until a small amount of syrup forms a firm ball in cold water. Remove from heat; add cocoanut. Drop from two forks on greased surface. Makes about 28 chews.

COCOA FRUIT FUDGE

¼ cup vitaminized margarine
½ cup honey
2 cups cocoa
¼ cup boiling water
1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped assorted candied fruits and nuts

Blend margarine, honey, cocoa and boiling water in large heavy saucepan. Add sweetened condensed milk and salt and stir constantly over low flame about 15 minutes, or until thick. Remove from heat, add vanilla, candied fruits and nuts, reserving some for garnishing top. Turn into shallow square pan, lined with waxed paper to extend above edge of pan. Brush well with melted margarine. Let candy cool. Lift from paper. Cut in squares. Yield: 36 pieces.

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

My, how we Mothers wait for baby's first smile - cherish each succeeding one. There's such a world of reassurance in watching the corners of that tiny mouth curve upward, as if to say, "Everything's fine with me."

Mrs Dan Gerber

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Any mother knows what this baby's eyes are saying: "Hurry, Mom, I'm hungry for something good."
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broadcast I make and tells me off when I make a fluff. I'm her severest critic at previews and her number one fan, too, (next to Mom Williams, of course).

One night we had an invitation to an ultra Hollywood party. The host was a good friend of mine and Esther's. "Fine," we accepted when he called. "We'd love to come." We meant it. I even sent my dinner jacket out to be pressed and Esther bought a new pair of red shoes.

So Friday night rolled around and my brother, Chuck, called.

"Say," he said, "when are we all going to see those pictures at the studio? How about tomorrow night?"

"Fine," said Esther. "I'll fix it up."

So we had a party on our hands.

We arranged to meet at a beaten up old Bar-B-Q. Driving over, Esther said suddenly and soberly, "D-a-rling—"

"Yes?"

"Do you know what night this is?" I said it was Saturday, of course. "Do you know where we are supposed to be?" I said meeting Chuck and Ann.

"Uh-uh," said Esther, shaking her head firmly, and I could tell from the look in her eyes there was some joke on us. I suddenly remembered. "Oh, my gosh—the party!" Esther laughed. "Well, I'll just have to call." And she did.

anti-phony . . .

I'll stack Esther's friendliness and good nature up against anybody's, but one night we were somewhere or other and she got mobbed by autograph fans. She was dashing off her name as fast as her fingers could fly but it wasn't fast enough for one rude brat. He yelled, "Y-a-aah—Esther Williams—ya don't even do ya own swimmin' in ya pitchas!"

Esther stopped the pencil work pronto and fixed this young Dead-Ender with her best schoolmarm gaze. "Listen," she boiled, "When I was your age, I was practicing every spare minute I had so I *could* do my own swimming in my pictures—instead of running around the streets insulting people!" Then she grabbed my arm and we got the heck out of there, fans or no fans. Esther won't compromise on what she thinks for anything.

Esther was my particular pin-up girl long before I ever met her. Not entirely because she looked well in a bathing suit (and still does) but because I'm a swim fan from way back. I won my letter in high school and college swimming breaststroke on the teams. But I could never do the crawl for sour apples. On our honeymoon I kidded Esther. "I really married you," I told her, "so you could teach me the crawl."

"You said you loved me, you cad," replied Esther. "Anyway, if I'm giving lessons we need a swimming pool."

We found a pool. A house went with it. Not much of a pool, not much of a house, at first. But that's another thing about Esther—she's a born pioneer. Everything was a "shortage," and impossible to get, but Esther tracked it down. I still don't know how it all happened, but pretty soon there was a house with everything working, furnished and looking swell. We've just contributed a bar.

And we had a pool. No tile, no chrome ladders, not even a springboard, and only four feet deep and small enough (it's been said) to give a goldfish claustrophobia.

A photographer from a picture magazine came out to snap Esther at her pool. Being Esther Williams, he thought she naturally had a pool to end all pools. He took one look and his face dropped to his ankles.

"Is *this* it?" he yelped.

"Sure—isn't it *wonderful?*" glowed Esther. He didn't think it was.

My wife takes a somewhat wicked delight in surprises like that. But she loves to be startled herself just as much.

Last August 8 was her birthday and it was also the date of my weekly radio show in Hollywood. As I said, Esther likes to kibitz when I work, so those nights we usually have dinner at the Hollywood Derby. I figured she wouldn't catch on if I staged it there. But I laid a false trail by having Janet Blair and Lou Bush invite us to dinner. I worked out an arrangement with the chef, Robert. I snitched Esther's glasses; she's on the near-sighted side. We met the couple and Robert came up, as advertised, and asked us to see the American Room, just redecorated, he said. Esther's a sucker for all redecorations. So we trooped back and Esther spied the room full of people—but just people; I had her glasses.

"Oh," she whispered, dismayed. "We've interrupted a party!"

Just then Johnny Green played "Happy Birthday" on the piano and I handed Esther her specs.

"Put these on and look around," I said.

"Oh!" cried Esther. "Golly!"

Was Esther dismayed at finding herself turned from a guest into a hostess for a room full of people? Not a bit. She had the time of her life. That's the kind of thing she's crazy about. But she was luckier than I was. My surprise was more on the rugged side.

It happened the first night I wangled a date with Esther. "All right," she said, "if you'll come to my house for dinner and meet my mother." That suited me fine.

"This is Mommy and this is the room I was born in," introduced Esther. I liked them both. Mrs. Williams didn't look like a movie mother and the house didn't look like it had ever been introduced to Hollywood. For the first time since I'd come to Hollywood I felt right at home. We had a perfect home-cooked dinner and then Esther curled up on the couch. "Now," Esther smiled sweetly, "you and Mother get acquainted." Then she went to sleep. She was working in a picture; she was tired. I wasn't working; I was in the Army.

flying colors . . .

I don't know how long Mom Williams and I talked. But I know what we talked about—Ben Gage. I've been examined in college and screened by the Army Air Corps, but those were mere picnics. When I left, Mom Williams knew everything about me from the day I was born, and before, including the fact that my ancestor was a British General named Gage who was a first rate heel around 1776.

I was dizzy when I told Esther good night at the door. "Who is your Mother," I asked, "the district attorney?"

"Better than that," she grinned. "She's a counsellor for the American Institute of Family Relations. Good night."

I certainly never would have walked into *that* session with my eyes open. But I was really lucky. I was relaxed and I came through. Esther told me next day, "You got straight A."

In fact, her favorite type fiesta is a periodic family reunion the Williams clan tosses every so often. Every family member totes along a special dish and by evening it all spells bicarbonate of soda backwards, forwards—anyway you look at it.

Mom Williams raised her daughter right, a fact I rediscover every day.

She's got a dreamy disposition. I had a date to take Esther to an important Hollywood party one night when I was still in the service. At the last minute, my commanding officer asked me to emcee a dance at the base. I dropped a quarter into the phone shakily. I mumbled out the sad news, expecting at least a disappointment.

(*Continued on page 85*)

RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(Continued from page 24)

no farther, and now McCarthy and I were back home in Chicago.

" 'Bergen,' I said to myself, 'this is where we came in.' "

So what did he do?

"Just what you'd have done, Edward," said Bergen. "I was feeling morbid, sorry for myself, so I decided to go to the Chez Paree and get plastered. The place was full of music, gay people, lights, but brother, I was the ghost at the banquet.

"I was getting gloomier by the second when something hit me a terrific blow on the back. The 'something' was the hand of Joey Jacobson, who owned the place with Mike Fritzel. 'Bergen,' said Jacobson, 'you are just the guy I'm looking for. When can you open for me here?' "

"Tomorrow night," Bergen assured him.

There's no business like show business! From the lowest point of his career, Bergen rebounded to his greatest success at the Chez Paree. Radio, which had snubbed him, suddenly discovered that the script they'd rejected was just what they wanted. The voice of Charlie McCarthy was heard throughout the land, and Bergen and Charlie not only were sitting on top of the world; they wrapped their legs around the saddle. "It was fantastic," grins Bergen. "Fantastic."

The Voice of McCarthy indeed was heard through the land, getting in sly jibes at the big shots invited to Bergen's program, making love to glamor girls, deflating stuffed shirts. The country howled at the little man with the piping tones who acknowledged no reverence to anyone or anything.

So this month, the MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan Award goes to Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, who have proved that there's no business like show business—and who have proved, too, that in the long run, talent will find its own high level.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In 1943, when Bob Alda was still unknown to movie audiences, he was appearing at Chicago's "Latin Quarter." The night I was there was the Senior Prom of Von Steuben High School. I decided then and there that even if Bob Alda wasn't in the movies, he should be, and I was going to get his autograph. I waited until I spotted the table he was sitting at. When he got up to leave, I knew it was now or never. Grabbing a pencil and a postcard, I dashed across the room, shouting "Just a minute, Mr. Alda, I want your autograph." It seems that the contact of the rug on the floor, and my first high heels, made my dash a slide, and there I went—very ungracefully—right across the floor, smack into Bob's waiting arms. I was so out of breath and so flabbergasted, that I just thrust the pencil and postcard at him and said, "Sign here, please." He did, and also said, "This is the first time anyone has thrown herself into my arms for an autograph. Anything else I can do for you?" I got my autograph, and in due time, Bob got his fame!

Lois Gross
Chicago, Illinois

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THE FOLLOWING ARE NOT CHARTS:

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in last night's movie, see column on page 10 for details.

EXCLUSIVE CANDID SNAPS! These beautiful 4" x 5" glossy snapshots of your favorite stars were taken by MODERN SCREEN's own crack photographers, Gus Gale and Bob Beerman. NO POSTAGE REQUIRED! They're 10c each; 3 for 25c; 6 for 50c; 12 for $1.00, or the entire set for only $1.50. (Sorry, only one pose per star.)

I enclose $..... for the snaps checked below.

My name.....

Street address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ Entire Set of 20

☐ Van Johnson	☐ Frank Sinatra
☐ Guy Madison	☐ Cornel Wilde
☐ Ingrid Bergman	☐ Gregory Peck
☐ June Allyson	☐ Alan Ladd
☐ Mark Stevens	☐ Peter Lawford
☐ Bing Crosby	☐ Lon McCallister
☐ Clark Gable	☐ Glenn Ford
☐ Jeanne Crain	☐ Betty Grable
☐ Gene Kelly	☐ Dana Andrews
☐ Lana Turner	☐ Danny Kaye

"Tell you what," came back Es, "I'll drive down to *your* dance." That's Esther.

She's domestic. She'd rather be home than any place. For weeks last summer we tried to take a vacation trip. Each time I came up with an idea, Esther took it apart. "What's there?" Then she answered herself. "A bar, a pool—and sunshine. Well we've got a bar, a pool and sunshine right here." I suggested everything from Palm Springs to Sun Valley. I got the same answer. We stayed at home. Esther's a cook supreme. I've never seen her come up with a bad meal, and sometimes that's a small miracle. She can come home, tired from a day under the lights, and I've forgotten to market or the grocery man has left the wrong things. There's nothing in the house to eat. Then—presto—before I've read the evening paper, it's on the table—and it's good.

Esther's thrifty. She's a good business woman and a smart buyer—whether it's clothes, clothespins, or Cadillacs.

Esther's sentimental. The first present I ever gave her was a radio. It was while I was in the service. She couldn't get one. I had a buddy with one for sale. I worked a deal, hauled it up from Santa Ana in a trailer. I hooked it up for her on Valentine's Day. It's a beaten up old box by now but she wouldn't have a new one.

Esther's impatient; she's a perfectionist; she wants to get things done and she wants to do it the best. She can get off to work faster in the morning than any human in the world. She can work harder and longer and not get tired. She was shooting some tough water scenes when we were swamped in re-doing our house. One morning, in the gray dawn, I heard a bustle and rustle and pried open my eyes. It wasn't light yet and Esther had a hard day ahead of her. "What the heck are you doing up at this hour?" I muttered. "Putting paper in the drawers," said Esther, "It has to be done right away." Well, maybe it did. Anyway, to Esther it did.

FEBRUARY ISSUE

Our Valentine for next month will be June Allyson, whom we borrowed from that nice Dick Powell, to grace our cover. Watch for Junebug—on the stands in our February MODERN SCREEN on January 10.

Esther's not perfect—thank God. She's a terrible gambler, for instance. When she picks race horses they struggle in around midnight; I've given up trying to teach her poker; she still draws to inside straights and disgraces her aces. She has a weakness for shoes and angora sweaters—last count she had ninety-five pairs at least and as many swimming suits, shocking pink preferred. She never carries any money with her. She writes counter checks instead and forgets to enter them in her bank book and we wind up each month needing a C.P.A. She has terrible taste in her husband's ties. She talks him into shorter and shorter haircuts until he (me) is going to end up looking like a convict. She gives her heart to a droopy-eared cocker spaniel named Angie to tear into little pieces.

But whatever Esther Williams is, or will be, she's what I like, which is, as she told me the night I met her, "just Esther Williams."

In fact, there's only one time I ever thought of her as anything else—say, like a glamor girl, an actress or even a celebrity—that was before Esther and I were married.

I was headed for Hollywood from the Santa Ana Air Base and I was in a hurry. I'd promised to take Esther to a preview that night and, as usual, my pass got snafu-ed and I was late. So it wasn't any wonder that a cop chased me.

He parked his motorcycle and dismounted, agonizingly slow. He strolled leisurely over, tipped back his cap and whipped the ticket pad out of his pocket. "Well, Sarge," he said, not too originally, "just where do you think you're going—to a fire?"

"No," I explained, "I'm going to a preview."

"What's a preview?"

I told him. "It's a showing of a movie before it's released. And," I added, not kidding one bit, "if I'm late, my girl's going to be madder than all heck."

The cop clucked sympathetically as he scribbled my license number. "Too bad, too bad! But look, Sarge, I thought only important people went to those previews. How come you're invited?"

"My girl's pretty important," I said. "She's Esther Williams."

"You're kidding."

I dragged out my wallet and showed him her picture autographed to me, Sergeant Ben Gage. He looked at it a long time, I thought, darn it. Then he slipped his ticket pad back in his hip and straightened his cap.

"Any soldier who can promote a date with Esther Williams," he sighed, "deserves to be on time. Sarge," he grinned, "you know what I'd do, if I was you?" I shook my head.

"I'd get there just as fast as I could!" said the cop, waving me on.

So I did. And I've never been sorry.

Yours for a Happy Holiday!

PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

ALWAYS BETTER....BETTER ALL WAYS

A CHRISTMAS HE'LL NEVER FORGET

(*Continued from page 33*)

When there was only Dad and Granny, and not much money for what Van's father called "fancy nonsense." The worst thing of all was that Van was terribly afraid there would be no Christmas tree. He had heard his father talking about it to Granny.

"I waited till today thinking they'd come down in price at the last minute. Then doggone if they weren't all sold out."

"We can hang the Christmas tree ornaments on strings from the mantel," Granny had suggested, "beside the boy's stocking."

Probably that was what they were doing now. And it would look fine. Sure it would. Only—it wouldn't be like a *tree*. For one long moment Van let his thoughts wander enviously over to the two or three big houses by the ocean which were open for Christmas. Most of the rich people closed their places in September and didn't come back to Newport until the next June. But he and Dad had walked by the Astors' and the Van Allen's tonight, and seen lights, and scarlet and green wreaths.

day-dream . . .

Through one window Van had glimpsed a towering, feathery Christmas tree. Be side it was a boy about his own age, surrounded by what looked like miles and miles of electric train. There was even a tunnel, painted green, and a station for the train to stop at. Van had pulled his father to a halt, while he stared in wide-eyed admiration. Then he started walking again, very fast. Talking about the snow, and the way he'd slide down hill tomorrow. About the Santa Claus he'd seen on the street corner that afternoon.

"He was so fat he stuck out all over, Dad. And his nose was as red as his suit, honest. He had a bell he rang, and a sort of kettle to put money in."

"Ayah. Salvation Army." His father, a true New Englander in spite of his Swedish ancestry, never wasted words.

"So—I put a dime in the kettle. Mrs. Speckman said it was to help the poor people have a merry Christmas, so I did it. Was it all right, Dad?"

"Sure, son."

Van thought, a little wonderingly, that there was quite a difference between last year and this. Last year Santa Claus gave *you* things. This year you gave money to Santa. But that was all right.

He got out of bed now, very quietly, and tiptoed to the old mahogany chest that held all his possessions. He crouched on his haunches and pulled out the bottom drawer, which promptly gave a loud squeak. Van stopped and listened, but the sounds from the other room went on.

He felt the comforting outline of two packages in the drawer. A long, flat box, and a small, square one. The square one held a handkerchief for Granny. A pretty one, blue to match her eyes. The girl at the store had said it was imported linen and hand embroidered. It had cost seventy-five cents. The other package was the real pride of Van's heart. Neckties for Dad—and what neckties! Just looking at them would, Van felt, brighten anyone's Christmas. One was a spiral pattern in brilliant red and green. Real Christmas colors. The other was a checkered job, black and red, that reminded Van of the old checkerboard in the parlor, only this was new and bright. The ties had cost more than Van had counted on, but they were certainly worth it. Now Dad could throw away those old dark-colored ones he always wore. Why, these would make him look ten years younger.

Van got up and stole over to the door. He peered through the keyhole.

This was wonderful.

Dad was spreading asbestos under the big window that looked out on the street. Then he put shiny silver stuff like snow over the asbestos. It sparkled in the light with a million starry twinkles. Granny moved into view, carrying a big round mirror. She handed it to Dad, and darned if he didn't put it right down on the floor in the middle of the silver stuff. All of a sudden it wasn't a mirror any more. It was the pond over on Ocean Drive where they went skating Sundays.

"Looks nice, doesn't it?" Mr. Johnson stood back to admire his handiwork.

Granny said something in Swedish. Van couldn't understand what it was, because he'd never learned Swedish although Granny spoke it so much of the time.

His father sighed. "I know. The boy loves a tree."

Just then Granny turned around, and Van realized she was starting straight at him. She could see his face peering around the edge of the door, plain as anything. He didn't know what to do, so he just stared back, his childish blue eyes wide and alarmed. Then a funny thing happened. Granny winked at him.

But in another moment Van heard his father say "Guess I forgot the most important thing. It's in my bedroom." Like a startled rabbit, Van skidded back to bed. In five minutes Van, excited as he was, had succumbed to the sandman and dreams of a Santa Claus who kept saying "I don't exist, you know, but we'll have fun tomorrow, anyway."

Van was the first one up in the morning. He leaped out of bed, pulled on his underwear and a sweater and pants, and tore over to bang on his father's door.

"Merry Christmas, Dad! Merry Christmas!"

Gosh, grownups were slow on Christmas Day! Van wandered restlessly over to the closed door of the parlor. Of course he could peek in, but they always waited and all went in together.

Then at last, they were there. Dad, red-faced, scrubbed and beaming. Granny in a clean apron, with a little glint of mischief in her faded eyes. Dad went into the parlor first, closing the door behind him. Van gulped. This wasn't the way they did things. What went on here? Then he heard a funny buzzing noise. Dad came out grinning, very pleased with himself, and gave Van a little shove.

Van stood in the doorway, gasping. There, winding around the little pond with the Dutch skaters and by it over to the big bookcase, an electric train was chugging along. As it passed the signal post, the signal changed from red to green, and Van's eyes almost popped out of his head. He gave a whoop of joy and rushed over to fling himself on his knees beside it.

it all came true . . .

"You like it, boy?" His father's voice was oddly gentle.

"*Like* it! Oh, gee—it's the greatest thing I've ever seen! I can hardly believe it!"

"You've been a good boy. You deserve a good Christmas present."

Van remembered his manners then, and got out the square package for Granny and the flat, long one for his father. Maybe it was just as well that he immediately became engrossed in the train again, and didn't see the look they exchanged over Mr. Johnson's ties.

Even in the midst of playing with the train, Van was conscious of a funny emptiness in the room. Every other year they'd had a tree. Maybe just a little one, but a tree. It had been a sort of—what was that word?—a *symbol* of Christmas. It was all very mixed up, and the thing to do was concentrate on the train and forget the tree. It was such a wonderful train! It had a little white station to stop at, and a tunnel. And a huge, glowing headlight on the engine! It was the most beautiful train in all the world. Van could hardly be torn from it long enough to eat breakfast. They had bananas and oatmeal, Granny's delicious johnny cake with maple syrup, and sausage made at a factory right there in Newport.

Later Van went sledding with the other kids. Ayrault Street, where the Johnsons lived, sloped down to Broadway. It made a fine place to slide down hill, and was designated by the City Council for that purpose during the winter. Mr. Johnson always collected ashes from all the houses around and put them across the foot of the hill so the kids' sleds wouldn't go out into the Broadway traffic.

Betty, the little curly haired girl who lived across the street, came up to Van.

"Merry Christmas, Van! I've got a present for you," she said happily.

"You have?" Van was embarrassed. He hadn't any present for Betty. Then he remembered the big bag of candy Mr. Crosby, who owned the house where the Johnsons lived, had given him that morning. "I've got something for you too," he said eagerly. "In the house. Wait a minute."

He disappeared, and came back with the candy. Betty smiled shyly. "Thank you. And here's my present—for your elephant collection. You can hang it on your Christmas tree."

"We haven't got a tree this year," Van

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The population at Big Bear Lake, California, got a real thrill when Roy Rogers and his company were there on location. I was the hotel photographer, and took many snaps of Roy. He was always pleasant and cooperative. One evening there was a huge dinner party, with Roy seated at the head of the table. Just before he took his seat, he turned and smiled to the other guests, who had started a round of applause at his arrival. Then, attempting to sit down, he missed the chair and landed squarely on the floor, legs crossed. Everyone laughed and cheered, but Roy was undisturbed. He calmly remained on the floor, drank a glass of water, then got up and sat on his chair as though it happened that way every night. It was terrific! I destroyed the shot I took in deference to Roy's good sportsmanship.

Shirley Lange
Toledo, Ohio

said straightforwardly. "But gee, thanks for the elephant."

It was a cute thing. Small and white, not ivory but something like it. A miniature elephant with an upturned trunk, for good luck. It was, Van decided, the handsomest one in his whole collection.

There was turkey for dinner, of course. Turkey with its crisp, golden skin and tender meat. Mashed potatoes with thick, brown gravy. Crimson cranberry jelly and brussels sprouts. A mince pie that tasted like something straight from heaven. After dinner, Van said expectantly to his father, "Movies?"

"Didn't think you could leave your train that long."

Van hesitated, torn between two desires. But the movies won. "Let's go to the Colonial."

"What's on?"

Van didn't know, or care. Any movie was sheer bliss to him. He put on the new grey sweater that was Granny's Christmas gift, and his good coat.

"Dad, let's take *the car.*" *The car* was a Ford, a recent acquisition. Van almost burst with pride every time they rode out in it.

"Well, I'll tell you. I've got an errand to do. You walk down and I'll meet you in front of the Colonial. We'll ride back."

"Okay." Van started off briskly. It was quite a walk, but the sun was warm and the sky was soft and blue. Van stared into all the windows, and most of them seemed to have Christmas trees. But he bet they didn't have little glass ponds with skaters on, or great, long electric trains. He whistled jauntily. A tree wasn't so important. Not so *terribly* important.

the play's the thing . . .

At the Colonial, Van noticed that there were quite a lot of people standing around the lobby. Dressed up people. Then he saw his father coming. Mr. Johnson grinned at him, and went to the window. He planked down the usual dollar. The Colonial charged forty cents apiece for matinees.

But the cashier was frowning. "I'm sorry," she said. "We're having a regular stage play this afternoon and evening. 'The Cat and the Canary.'"

"No movie?"

"No. A play."

Mr. Johnson felt an excited tug at his coat. Van was staring up at him anxiously. He turned back to the cashier. "How much?"

"That would be four forty, sir."

"Four forty! That's too steep for me!" He started to leave the window. But Van was tugging again, desperately now.

"*Please*, Dad! A real play! I'll do anything! I'll—I'll even give back my train!"

Never were eyes more imploring. Reluctantly, with a feeling that he was being a soft-hearted old idiot, and with no realization that Fate had a hand in this, Mr. Johnson drew out his billfold. He looked at the tickets which were handed him with some hostility. Four forty—for little bits of pasteboard like that.

Their seats were excellent. Right bang in the middle of the third row. There was an air of subdued excitement through the theater as they waited for the curtain to go up that you never felt before a movie. Van wriggled his toes inside his stout boots. He always wriggled his toes when he was excited. A play! A real play, with actors and actresses!

The curtain went up at last, and for two hours Van was lost in fantasy. His eyes followed every movement on the stage, hypnotized by unreality. He gave a squeal of pure terror when the clutching hand came through the wall behind the beautiful heroine. He lived a whole new life

"Bill and I got another raise!"

"OF COURSE, Bill deserves most of the credit. After all, *he's* the 'bread winner' in this family—and just about the smartest shop foreman this side of Sunday.

"It all started back when Bill was an apprentice. We were having all we could do trying to make ends meet. Then one day I happened to see an International Correspondence Schools advertisement. It told how thousands of fellows were taking special training—in their spare time—to help themselves get ahead. That gave me an idea.

"That night I showed the ad to Bill. We talked it all over and then I suggested that he fill out the coupon and send it in.

"Soon afterwards, Bill enrolled for the Machine Shop Course offered by I. C. S. He studied evenings—while I did the dishes and put the baby to bed. It wasn't long before Bill's boss started taking notice of the way Bill was doing his work. That's when *we* got *our* first raise.

"Maybe you're in the same boat we were in four years ago. If so, why not help your husband the way I helped mine? Clip this coupon and put it next to his dinner plate tonight. It may lead to the chance for which you've both been hoping."

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VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

there on that bright-lit stage and loved every moment of it. As they came out of the theater, he said in a hushed voice, "Dad, you know what I'm going to be when I grow up?"

"Ayah. You told me the other day. A fireman."

Van looked at him indignantly. "That was silly. No sir! I'm going to be an actor."

"That'll be fine," said his father absently. Mr. Johnson had enjoyed the show, but four forty was an awful lot of money. It was probable that if at that moment he could have seen himself twenty years later, riding around in a brand new Nash, the super de luxe model, presented to him by his son, the Hollywood star, he would have fainted dead away.

As it was, still absently, he stuck his key in the door of the Ford and fiddled with it. Nothing happened. It didn't turn.

"Jammed," he said bitterly. "A fine thing. I told you we should have walked."

"Let *me* try."

Van tried, with the same result.

"I'll have to break the darned window," Mr. Johnson decided crossly. That would cost more money to get it fixed. He searched for a rock and found one, a good, heavy one. But Van rushed up breathlessly and headed him off.

"Dad, look!"

Two cars behind this Ford was another Ford, as like it as a double exposure. Mr. Johnson peered at the license numbers, and carefully put down the rock with which he had been about to smash some stranger's car window. He unlocked the door of his own car, climbed sheepishly in, and they drove off.

Van was in a fog of excitement all the way home. He chattered about the play, describing it in every minute detail. Mr. Johnson was puzzled.

"How did you notice all those things, Van? Didn't miss a trick, did you?"

"I've *got* to notice everything if I'm going to be an actor. I've got to learn how. I'm going to plays as often as ever I can the rest of my life."

They drove slowly up Broadway and turned into Ayrault Street. It was dark now, with the quick-falling blackness of a December night. Van looked up at the stars twinkling cheerfully against their black velvet canopy. When he brought his gaze back to earth he blinked, and blinked again. Stars in his eyes, that's what he had! Because there, inside the big front window of their own parlor, he could see a lighted Christmas tree!

"Dad," he whispered, and the words caught in his throat, "Dad, look at that."

"Ayah. Looks good, doesn't it? I told Granny to turn the lights on by the time we got home."

Van scrambled out of the car and into the house like a small whirlwind.

"Gran!" he cried. "The Christmas tree! We've *got* one!"

"Yes, child. A lovely one."

It *was* lovely. Its thick, wide-spreading branches reached almost to the low ceiling. The ornaments which had hung, a little forlornly, from the mantel, now sparkled from the tree's green depths, looking just right.

"Where did it come from?" Van asked in a hushed voice. "Did—did Santa Claus bring it? But there isn't any Santa Claus!"

Mr. Johnson scratched his sandy head. "Well, I'll tell you. I guess it might have been Santa Claus that made me remember a little store down on the wharf, today. Went down and they had two trees left. Skimpy ones. I wired 'em together and brought 'em up while you were on your way to the Colonial."

trader johnson . . .

Van's eyes were wide with admiration. "You mean there are *two* trees there?" He went and looked, and sure enough, you could see the two trunks. He grinned at his father. "You're pretty smart," he said admiringly.

"Nope, I ain't." Mr. Johnson wore the defeated look of a Yankee outsmarted in a horse trade. "Didn't save any money in the end, havin' to buy two trees that way. Good thing Christmas only comes once a year."

It *was* a good thing, Van thought solemnly. Because how could you bear that much joy twice?

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CO-ED

(*Continued from page 12*)

brief talks, to think on your feet, to achieve a poise you've never dreamed possible.

There'll be theater parties, group visits to the star's studio (if you live near Los Angeles), fun that until now you've only read about, but never *lived*. Does it sound good? Well, hold your hats, then, cause we've saved one of the dandiest features of belonging to an MSFCA club till the last. Like dessert. As of this issue of MODERN SCREEN (see "The Fans," page 22), there's to be a monthly page devoted exclusively to our fan clubs. No other magazine offers you such an all-inclusive fan club department, and think what it means. A corner exclusively for you, as a club member. Late flashes about your club; tidbits about club members—and picture the thrill of seeing your very own name in print; news of forthcoming contests for literary work, for bringing in new members, for candid camera shots; and the descriptions of the prizes, all fabulous loot like compacts and watches, will make you drool.

Editing this heaven-sent page is Shirley Frohlich, MODERN SCREEN'S Service Editor and the bright-as-a-button director of MSFCA—the gal who thinks like a college professor and looks like a quite sophisticated bobby-soxer. (At the office here, we're convinced she *is* one, part-time, she knows that much about Van and June and people.) She's the gal who'll help you organize a brand new club (and is that fun!), the babe who'll answer your questions, who'll dream up new ideas to help you put your star on top. We're awfully thrilled to welcome her and her brainchild to the magazine, and we can promise you one thing, you are really going to love that gal!

Gee, we've sort of gone on about this business, haven't we? We couldn't help ourselves on account of we're so impressed with MSFCA clubs in general, and with Shirley's new page in particular. Have we given you the bug too? Then you'll want to turn to our Super Coupon on page 84 where you'll see the name of the chart which will tell you everything you need to know about joining a club. It's "How to Join a Fan Club," and lists names and addresses of fan club presidents, plus such important information as annual dues (usually no more than one dollar) and the name of the club journal. Imagine, if you send for the chart today, you'll be a bona fide club member in just a couple of weeks. Inside of two months you'll forget you were ever lonely, ever bored, ever hobby-less. You'll be a new person. We guarantee it! Try it and see.

LOVE SONG

(*Continued from page 55*)

at her, trying to summon just one glib phrase. "Say, the bar is jammed," he managed finally, "and I thought maybe I could order a beer and have it in here."

She had a nice smile, slow and kind of mysterious. "Why, fine," she said. "Go right ahead." Hardly believing his good fortune, he ordered the beer, then went into the lobby to get a couple of packs of cigarettes for her. He hurried back, swaggering a little, feeling good. And there was the beer, but the gal was gone. It was a pretty bad beginning, with Joanie thinking what a fresh guy Dick was, and Dick thinking what a Class A prune *she* turned out to be. Harry James got them together before long, and now that first meeting is a family joke.

It's a gay marriage, the Haymes'. They kid each other a lot, and—after a bit of trial and error—they've learned what topics are okay to kid about, and which are slightly dangerous. You can tease Joanie about her swimming or her acting, because she's astute enough to know she can hold her own in either field, but don't make light of her cooking.

dick the diplomat . . .

"We ate out quite a little when we were first married, didn't we, honey?" Dick used to say in front of friends.

"Yes, I guess we did," Joanne would return, her voice icy.

"Joanie here," Dick would go on, smiling indulgently, "well, she's awfully beautiful, but what she can do to a scrambled egg—" Joanie wouldn't speak to him for a good half hour.

Kid Dick about his singing or his ping-pong, and he'll laugh his head off, but don't josh about the way he manages his kids. On that subject he couldn't be touchier. Now and then there'll be a day when Noonie, the nurse, and Joanne are out of the house simultaneously, leaving Dick in charge of Skipper, aged four, and Pigeon, aged two. Ordinarily he's an excellent father, sensible and equal to any behavior problem, but there's something about being left to cope single-handed. Everything goes black. While he's getting Skip up after his nap, Pigeon is into Joanne's lipstick and powder. While he's cleaning *her* up, Skip turns a bottle of ink over his head. When, at last, someone comes home and relieves him, Dick is very nearly gibbering, but much too proud to divulge what a time he's had.

"How was it?" Joanne will ask.

"Great," Dick says. "Grand little kids." It's the kids who'll eventually tell how wild-eyed Daddy got that day.

It's unusual that a pair as young and gay as Dick and Joanne should be such homebodies, but now—after all the lean and hungry years in furnished rooms and fifth floor walk-ups—they have their dream house, and they can hardly bear to leave it. It's a Colonial house, beautifully furnished with early American and British Colonial antiques. It would have been a million times easier just to go to a store and buy all the furniture in a single afternoon, but it wouldn't have been nearly as much fun as tracking each individual piece to its lair. Their taste is very much the same, and it was almost uncanny the way they'd pounce on the same piece of furniture at the antique shops.

There was just one piece that they quibbled over. Joanne brought it home from an auction one evening, triumphantly, with an it-was-a-tough-fight look on her face. It was a big mahogany job with a

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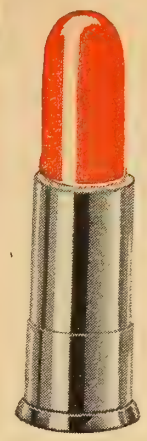

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marble top, and instead of going off his head about it the way Joanne had, Dick sort of leered at it.

"What's the matter?" Joanne said, removing her gloves with small belligerent motions.

"What is it?" Dick asked her.

"What *is* it?" Joanne sputtered. "Why it's one of those old marble-topped—" She stopped suddenly and looked at it in bewilderment. "What difference does it make *what* it is. It's a perfectly beautiful piece."

"What'll we do with it?"

"Listen here, Dick Haymes," she said, biting off her words as if they were pieces of thread. "We found things to do with the old fashioned cradle and all the other stuff, didn't we?" The upshot of it was, of course, that they kept the piece, and they use it as a sort of a small bar.

There is also a regular full-sized bar in front of which are stools topped with alternating English and Western saddles. All the rooms in the house are unusual, but perhaps the most original one of all is the dining doom. It's decorated in English-taproom style, and instead of one large table, it has six little ones covered with red and white checked table cloths. The Haymes like intimate groups instead of mob scenes when they entertain, and this arrangement is perfect for them.

They've thought about this house for five long years, never actually believing that one day they'd be able to build it, but loving the dreaming part anyway, the super-elaborate imaginary plans.

"It'll have a swimming pool," Dick used to say.

"Sure, sure," nodded Joanie, "and a tennis court."

"And a stable full of horses."

"And a big beautiful dog to stretch out in front of the fire." And miracle of miracles, it all came true.

it all came true . . .

There are wonderful sun-drenched hours in the pool, with Pidge intermittently shedding her life-jacket to show off her powerful crawl, and Skipper very definitely and very proudly on his own. There are horseback rides in the cool of the morning, Dick on Pappy, his big palomino, Joanne on her little paint, Skipper straight as an arrow on his small, sure-footed filly. Pidge watches them go and come, a wee bit enviously, and spends all her spare moments supervising the care and feeding of the other small filly in the stable who'll be hers next year. It's all there, just as they used to imagine it, only more so. The garden, the sweeping views, the quiet evenings before the fire. Even the dog has materialized.

He's a magnificent police dog, a gift from Linda Darnell. Skipper took one look at him and christened him Boots, no one knows why. Boots took one look at Skipper and Pigeon and immediately assumed complete responsibility for them. Noonie might just as well go home as far as he's concerned. *He* is in charge. His most unhappy moments are when the two kids are apart. He races from the stable to the pool, from the pool to the stable, terrified lest Pigeon get into mischief while he's watching Skipper, and vice versa. To conserve his strength for his big deals, Boots has taken to lying down while he eats, his bowl between his paws.

Dick has a fabulous collection of Disney movies and other films for small fry which he runs off on the playroom screen a couple of evenings a week, and the kids are crazy about them. They sit in the almost blacked-out room, complete enchantment on their faces. The other night, Bill Burton, Dick's agent and one of his best friends, said, "Why don't you show the kids one of your movies, Dick?" Behind the youngsters' backs, Dick spread his hands in a shut-up gesture.

"What's the matter, kid," Bill asked Dick later. "Are you waiting till they get a little stronger?" Dick laughed and looked a little embarrassed.

"Maybe you'll think I'm nuts," he said, "but you see the kick they get out of a movie. To them it's something kind of out of this world. Magic—or something." Dick smiled, his good warm smile, "I don't want them to know that all those beautiful people they see on the screen are just a bunch of lugs like the old man. Not for a while yet, anyway."

"Like Santa Claus, hey?"

"Sort of."

"What a corny guy."

He is kind of a corny guy, but in such a nice way. He remembers anniversaries and birthdays and things. He's sentimental about the old songs and the Hotel Lincoln. And as we told you, he wouldn't let a day go by when he and Joanie are separated without telephoning her just to be sure that she's okay. Like a kid with a crush. These calls, however, he's thinking seriously of discontinuing, after the fright he got out of one of them while he was playing in Boston this fall.

phone phobia . . .

He sat on his bed at the Ritz, whistling a little as the operator put the call through, person-to-person, thinking how good it would be to hear the cute familiar voice again, thinking about how excited she'd be when he told her he thought it would be a good idea for them to do "Born Yesterday" in summer stock next year, thinking— He heard a lot of confusion and clicking, then the operator said, "Mrs. Haymes has asked to have your call transferred to—" and she spieled off a number that had a vaguely familiar sound. Good Lord, he thought, his mind conjuring up the list of emergency phone numbers on the telephone table at home, That's the doctor's office! There was an agonizing wait, and then the operator said, "That line is busy. We will call you." And Dick sat still, his head in his hands, picturing first an automobile accident, then a fall from the horse. A fire, a catastrophe in the pool . . . The phone cut sharply across his thoughts, and there was Joanie's voice, calm and dear.

"What's the matter?" Dick snapped.

"Everything's all right. Skip cut his head a little, and I brought him over here. I was afraid I'd miss your call."

"You're keeping something from me, Joanie—" His skull was fractured of course. That damn little filly. He'd have her disposed of. He'd—

"Rich, don't be a goon. Here's Skip himself."

"Daddy?" Over the wire came a small, unbelievably wonderful voice, and Dick breathed again, relaxed his clutch on the phone. "Are you coming home soon? Will you fly? Will the plane have two engines or four?"

"How's the head, fella?"

"Will we meet you at the airport?"

"Sure, sure. How did you hurt yourself?"

It was Joanie again. "Fell over his big feet. . . . Rich, are you mowing 'em down?"

"Well, natch," he said. His heart felt as big as a football. His kid was okay, he was talking to his wife, he was going home soon. Gee, he was a lucky guy.

The week in Boston was really something. He broke even Frankie's record at the RKO-Boston. It's reported that that stint will boost his 1946 earnings to $500,000. Funny, Dick thought, as the boys in the back room at the theater were telling him how he'd cleaned up, once upon a time I'd have felt like going out and

celebrating. Now all I want to do is get home." And that's what he did.

They met him at the airport, and then he was home again, catching up on news.

"I swallowed a nail and mommy had to pick me up by the feet." That was poor Skip with a bandage on his head.

"I can swim and dive now." That was Pidge with delusions of grandeur.

"How about you, mom?" Dick turned to Joanie.

"Well, cross your fingers, but the preview didn't look too awful." She was talking about "Abie's Irish Rose" in which, as Joanne Dru, she makes her screen debut.

Dick beamed at them all. "What a gang," he said, hugging them.

With two working folks in the family, the Haymes' have eliminated most of their night life, but to celebrate Dick's homecoming, they called up the gang and drove into Los Angeles for dinner at Romanoff's. Getting ready, Joannie was as excited as a bobby-soxer on her first date.

"What'll I wear?"

"Oh, something black." (He's mad for her in black.)

"Will I put my hair up?"

let your hair down . . .

"Well—" dubiously, "okay, but no flowers in it." (He likes her hair down and uncluttered.) They were off finally, and dinner was superb, and Joanie felt very festive and continental with Dick spouting French at the waiter.

"Rich," she said admiringly, "I'd give anything to be able to carry on a French conversation that way."

It was much too good a chance to miss. "Would you, honey?" Dick said. "Well, look. When he comes back again, you say to him, 'L'addition, s'il vous plait.'" Joanie repeated it, her big eyes shining. She thought it meant "the dinner was wonderful." She caught the waiter's eye and smilingly whispered her message.

"Oui, madame," he said, and from a back pocket he produced the check and handed it to her. She looked up at Dick, and then she had to roar laughing.

Their sprees into town are rare. Most evenings they play gin rummy or else see a movie—either in their own playroom or at a neighborhood theater.

"Although," Dick explains, "the kids prefer the Haymes theater. Three against one."

The kids' friends love it too. The other day, Skip gave a party, and the guests could hardly be pried away from Porky Pig long enough to eat their ice cream.

That was the party at which Joanne decided to take a picture of Skip flanked by two queens, namely Vickie James, Betty Grable's little girl, and Bronwyn Price, Maureen O'Hara's youngster—to show him when he got big. When the picture was developed, you could make out a small sad figure brooding in the background. Little Miss Pigeon, crushed because her beloved Skipper was involved in something without her.

Not long ago, a new friend of Dick and Joanne's remarked to Bill Burton about the youngsters' devotion to each other. "It's kind of wonderful to see a brother and sister who aren't tearing each other to pieces," the friend said.

"Ever notice Dick and Joanie when they think no one's looking?" Bill said. "The look she gives him and he gives her right back, doubled? Notice how neither of 'em likes the other one out of his sight? 'Where's Joanie?' 'Where's Rich?' Casual-like, but not really casual at all. Stick around and watch them. With an example like that, those kids of theirs couldn't be any other way."

"Lucky kids," the friend said. To which we say, Amen.

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MY FRIEND FRANK

(Continued from page 29)

ing to history in the making? They did not. They had started a card game, and I might as well have said "That was John Smith." Let's face it, even Evans didn't realize what was up. Oh sure, I got out my notebook and jotted the name down.

So what happened? Nothing, as far as I was concerned, until a couple of months later. Then I came home one evening and my son, Phil, who was then fourteen, took me aside.

"Dad," he said solemnly, "will you do me a favor?"

"What's the matter? Did you get mixed up in a big financial deal and run short?"

"No, it isn't money. I wanted you to listen to a record of 'Little Town In Singapore'. Will you, dad?"

He turned it on, and I sat there thinking about a certain client that was causing me trouble. All of a sudden I did a complete double take. It dawned on me that (a) the voice singing was really out of this world and (b) that it was the same one I'd heard on that late broadcast. What the devil was his name, anyway?

"Frank Sinatra." I produced it finally.

Phil eyed me with respect. "I've got to hand it to you, dad. You really know 'em. Have you heard him in person?"

"Uh—no, not yet." I didn't admit that Sinatra was nothing but a name and a voice to me at this point.

"I've got one of his recordings made with Harry James," Phil said eagerly. "Honest, I think he's the best band vocalist in the country."

"What is it you find unusual about his voice?" I asked curiously.

"Well, dad, all the other singers are falling over themselves trying to imitate Bing Crosby. But this guy has a style all his own, completely different and original."

And when I think back to that conversation, I feel that the same thing holds true today.

"He's appearing at the Paramount this week," Phil told me. "He's with the Dorsey band. Let's go, shall we, dad?"

We went. The Paramount was jammed with Tommy Dorsey fans, plus a scattering of those more interested in the vocalist. When Frank came on the stage I was immediately fascinated. Here was a man who violated every impression of what a romantic singer should look like. At first glance you certainly wouldn't expect this slim guy with the hollow cheeks to have the qualifications of a matinee idol. But I found my attention held by the personal magnetism I felt from the beginning. I moved from the twentieth row down to the tenth. Then to the second. There was something about this boy that drew me. Yes, he was different, but I understood now why it was that even on the air or on records, his charm came through. Those candid blue eyes told you that he was singing to you and meaning every word he sang. He made the audience listen to the words of a song, even when they had heard them a hundred times before—and not just listen, but feel them!

About this time I was handling Glenn Miller's band and getting fancy results with it. They went up to number one band like a thermometer hitting ninety in July.

One day my secretary told me Frank Sinatra wanted to see me. I grinned happily, lit a cigarette with two matches for luck and called him to come in. Now Frank has never put on an act in his life. He's the most natural, direct guy in the world. He came in, gave me a quick once over with those bright blue eyes and said, "Evans, I hear you get pretty big dough for handling people."

"Depends on the people," I told him.

He didn't beat around the bush. "I haven't got big dough. But I think you and I could really do a job together. If—if you'd like to."

I got up then and looked out of the window. Not stalling, or trying to impress him, but remembering that first night I heard him on the radio, and Phil's records, and the Paramount. I had a crazy feeling that everything had been leading up to this for a long, long time.

"I'd like it fine, Frank," I said. "You're going to be the biggest thing in this country. I've felt that way about you for some time. Let's go on from here."

We shook hands. We were a little solemn about it, because I guess Frank felt the way I did—as if something pretty important had just happened. There have never been any contracts or legal papers between us. Just that handshake. There are loopholes in legal contracts—none in Frank's loyalty.

So we went on from there. One of the first things Frank did was invite me out to his place in Jersey. He and Nancy had just bought their house in Hasbrouck Heights, and he was like a kid with a new sled on Christmas morning.

I'll never forget that first evening. I drove out the winding Jersey highway, wondering a little what kind of set-up I'd find. I found the house, and pulled up in the driveway. Immediately Frank burst open the front door, and yelled "Hi, George!" exuberantly.

I climbed out. "Nice house, Frank." It was. I always liked that friendly house.

"I'm hanging pictures," Frank informed me. "Getting 'em all crooked, Nancy says, so it's a good thing you got here. You can help."

I followed him into the house. The hall was warm and bright and filled with the most mouth-watering smell I had ever encountered. Suddenly I realized I was hungry for the first time in weeks.

"What a beautiful smell!" I said.

Frank grinned happily. "Nancy's making lasagna. Ever eat it?"

"*Eat* it! I never even *heard* of it."

"You don't know what you've missed, bud. It's made with noodles and cheese and sausage and stuff."

Just then the door opened from the kitchen and there stood the prettiest girl imaginable. She had long, soft, black hair and black velvet eyes, and a smile that tangled you up in its curves. Frank went over and put his arm around her.

"Honey, this is George."

Her handclasp was as warm and friendly as her smile. "Hello, Mr. Evans," she said shyly. "I'm glad to see you."

Maybe I wasn't glad to see *her!* My worries vanished like soap bubbles in the sun. Then they took me in to show me the baby, and I fell in love. Little Nancy always has had Frank's charm.

I ate lasagna that night until noodles were coming out of my ears.

Frank kept right up with me.

"How can you stay so thin when you eat so much?" I asked him, puzzled.

"It's because he's so intense," Nancy said. "He goes at everything so hard he uses an awful lot of energy. Every time he sings a song he has to sing it better than it's ever been sung before. He's that way about everything."

Another time I went out to their house one Sunday afternoon. Nancy told me Frank had gone over to the woods for

something. Pretty soon he appeared, carrying a knife and an armful of twigs. He was whistling merrily.

I stared at him. "What are you up to? Run out of matches so you have to make a fire the Boy Scout way?"

"Come on down cellar, and you'll see."

When we got there, he took out a saw. I regarded him forebodingly. "If you cut a leg off with that, it won't be so funny."

"Relax, Junior. Frankie boy knows what he's doing."

He did, at that. He cut a plank of wood into the size he wanted—about two feet long. Then he planed it down and varnished it. While the varnish started to dry, he cut the twigs he'd gathered into short, even lengths. By now Nancy had come down to see what we were doing. She and I craned over Frank's shoulder. Whistling absorbedly under his breath, he began to put the twigs on the sticky varnish, spelling out letters. "W-A-R-M V-A-L-L-E-Y."

"How do you like that for the name of our place?" he asked.

"It's a good name, Frank," Nancy told him seriously. "Just right."

Next day I saw him at the theater, rehearsing. "How are you today, Frank?"

"Unhappy. Somebody stole my Warm Valley sign." He *was* unhappy. That sign had meant so much to him.

Around that time, Hollywood heard about the thin little guy with the black magic voice. They dangled a contract in front of him and he signed it. He signed another one soon, just as important—the contract to sing on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade. I remember how he almost knocked me down running to telephone Nancy.

"Baby, it's happened!" he told her, and his voice was half exultant, half scared. "We're really going places!"

All this time I was getting to know Frank better. We spent long evenings talking together and I soon found out that his main interest was people. His most unhappy moments came when he read or heard of someone's misfortune. He has a quick, enveloping sympathy for those who are under-privileged in any way. Much of it comes from not having had things himself when he was growing up.

Which reminds me of a story that Frank will probably give me a punch in the nose for telling. He and I were on one of our drives through the old Hoboken neighborhood of his boyhood one evening. Suddenly Frank put on the brakes, pulled over to the curb and parked. I looked around. It was a block of modest little stores and at this time of night they were all closed. I couldn't see what he was stopping there for and said so.

"I just remembered something." The kid's voice was unusually serious. "I remembered something I'm pretty ashamed of, and I want to fix it up. Got any dough on you?" As usual, *he* had about sixty cents. He just can't be bothered with money.

"Sure. How much do you want?"

"Got twenty dollars?"

I passed it over. He wrapped it in a piece of paper and got out of the car. I watched him slide it under the door of a tiny shop whose weathered sign read faintly, "Candy. Stationery."

He came back to the car and drove away, grinning.

"What was the big idea?" I demanded. "You just don't care *what* you do with your dough, do you?"

"I always liked the little man who runs that shop. But when I was a kid, we thought it was smart to steal penny candy from him and run like hell. He was lame, see, and couldn't chase us. I didn't like myself much when I was doing it, and every time I've thought of it since, it's

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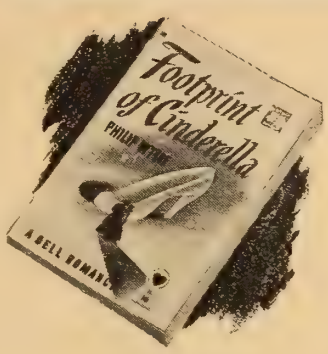

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given me a nasty cold feeling down my back. Now I can forget it."

"But he won't know who it's from!"

"Of course not. But he'll have the dough."

Another time he and I were playing gin rummy in his suite at the Waldorf. It was a Saturday afternoon. Frank wasn't paying attention to the game the way he usually does. Suddenly he threw his cards on the table and got up and walked restlessly over to the window. It was a grey November day.

"Take a ride with me, George?"

"Sure, if you want to. Looks like snow, though. Where do you plan on going?"

"There's a fellow out in Jersey that I've been thinking about all day. He's a musician who used to play around with us. I hear he isn't doing so good lately. I want to look him up."

"Know his address?"

"No, but I remember about where it is."

Well, we drove up and down the streets of Jersey City in a blinding snowstorm. I got pretty well caught up with the deal.

"Come on home, Frank, before you get laryngitis again."

But he was stubborn. "I've got to find him. It's right around here somewhere."

Eventually we found the place. It was practically a tenement. Frank got out and rang doorbells till he found out which flat his musician buddy lived in—they didn't even have cards on the mail boxes. The fellow was home and he was as glad to see Frank as Frank was to see him. They talked about old times, while I fidgeted. Finally I got Frank on his feet—he was due at rehearsal. As he got to the door, he said in a carefully matter-of-fact voice, "By the way, if you'd be interested, we could use some of your brand of music when we're making recordings. How about coming over to CBS Tuesday around two o'clock and I'll introduce you to the boys?"

Frank didn't look at his friend's face as he said it, but I did. I saw the wonder and the glory that spread over it, and I got a lump in my throat. Ever since, that boy has been making recordings with Frank and he's moved to New York with his pretty blonde wife and baby.

During the war things were tough for everybody. They were tough in different ways for different people, and what was hardest on Frank was not being able to get into the service. That perforated eardrum kept him out of everything.

I'll never forget the night I waited on a slip at South Ferry for him to come back from Governor's Island where he had been sent from the induction center. It was two a.m. when Frank's ferry pulled in. It had been one hell of a day. Early in the morning when he had reported to the center, there had been such a mob of fans around that his coat was torn practically off. I myself had been pushed against a wire fence and came out with a long gash on my right hand. Then Frank had been put through the most gruelling examination possible. They weren't going to let anyone say that Frank was shown partiality, so they leaned backward in the other direction. I suppose that was natural, but it was quite a session. Eventually he was sent over to Fort Jay for a continuation of it.

So at two o'clock on a shivery morning, I watched the ferry bang and clang its way into the slip. South Ferry isn't Park Avenue, and the crowd that got off was pretty rough and tough. Frank's face was drawn with fatigue.

I pushed forward to meet him, and he managed a tired grin. "Hi, George. How's the hand?"

It was typical of him that he thought of me instead of himself at this point. "Never mind that," I said. "How'd you get on?"

The blue eyes that looked into mine held a sadness that was hard to watch. "George, I've got a pretty good hunch they're turning me down again. They didn't say so definitely, but I feel it. *What am I going to do?*"

The cry came from deep inside of him. I tried to give him an answer, although I knew there was none for the hurt that was in him. "The taxes you pay, Frank, will buy ammunition to kill a lot of Japs."

"I want to be in myself," he muttered.

I don't think anyone who didn't see Frank the way he looked at that moment could realize *how* badly he wanted it.

"Come and get some coffee," I said, "and we'll both feel better."

We stopped in at a joint on Eleventh Avenue and drank two cups apiece. Color came back to his cheeks, and he gave me a grin, "Might as well get back to the hotel and face the reporters," he said.

We drove across town and up toward the Waldorf. I knew there would be a crowd still waiting to hear the results. I also knew there was nothing we could tell them officially. The problem was solved in a funny way. Just a block from the hotel the clutch on my car went bad.

"I'll get you a cab, Frank," I said. "I can get someone to pick me up."

Frank laughed. "What do you think I am—a sissy? We can push this heap right up to the hotel garage."

There were six inches of snow on the streets. But did he care? He did not. And the reason the reporters never spotted Frank that night was because they weren't expecting to see him pushing a car up Park Avenue through the snow!

In the last couple of years, Frank has had a lot of important things on his mind. Things have been happening in the world that he hasn't liked the looks of. I remember the day he came to me and said abruptly, "George, you may not like this and I won't blame you."

I studied him. His thin jaw was set and his eyes were dark with determination.

"What gives, Frank?"

"Look, when I was a kid in Hoboken, if I saw a big boy pick on a little one, I always got into the scrap. Right now I see people being picked on because they're black instead of white. Or because their name's Levy instead of Smith. Or because they go to the Catholic church instead of the Methodist. I don't like it and I want to do something about it."

I knew that this had been in Frank's mind for a long while. I knew he had broached the subject to various friends and advisers and they had discouraged his attitude. But they didn't know Frank as well as I did. You can't dissuade him when he feels as deeply as he does on this matter. I wouldn't have tried anyway, because I felt the same way.

A few weeks later I had one of the biggest thrills of my life when I heard Frank speak to a jammed audience in Madison Square Garden.

"I have been warned plenty of times," he told us, "that I'm treading on dangerous ground. That a performer has no right to express his views on what is right or wrong, and that it will injure his career if he does. Let me say here that if my attempting to right wrongs is going to hurt my career, to hell with my career!"

There was a roar of applause that swept you away on its rhythm. There were tears in my eyes and I'm not ashamed of it. I had watched the evolution of a little guy from Hoboken into one of the great fighting spirits of our time. He is looking ahead today with the same hope and vision he had when his career began, and take my word for it, he has an even bigger future marked out. Singer Sinatra—now Citizen Sinatra—will never stand still!

MY BEST FINDS OF '46

Lizabeth Scott

(*Continued from page 51*)

was a chance to shake the hooey and show her stuff.

Well, she's had it—in three star pictures since then—and three's the charm. After "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," "Dead Reckoning" and "Desert Fury" (which you'll see before long) what comes up with Scotty is a lot more than mere hubba-hubba—whatever that is. She's a golden girl, the twin terrific of 1946—of Mark Stevens.

Believe me, that's no small order—for any girl in any year—even in 1946 when a bright new star winked in your eye every time you turned around in Hollywood. But Lizabeth led the race all the way. I could have picked her with my eyes closed—and come to think of it—that's about what I did.

I was parked in my favorite chaise longue at home one night, restoring my tissues after a marathon of Hollywood parties, and I switched on the radio. I settled back happily and closed my eyes. Because one of my favorite actresses was on the air—Tallulah Bankhead. I've been a fan of Tallu's for years and I like nothing better than listening to her twist a play script around her terrific talents. So I had a half hour of pure pure listening pleasure—and then I heard the announcer say, "Thank you, Miss Lizabeth Scott—!"

little gal, big voice . . .

I couldn't believe it! I thought there must be a mistake somewhere. But there wasn't, of course. It was Scotty all right, and if she's good enough to fool an old timer like me, she's good. If I had any lingering doubts about Lizabeth Scott they vanished that night. But I didn't have many by then. Straws in the Hollywood winds had been spelling "Lizabeth Scott" to me all year.

For one thing, you don't have to tell Humphrey Bogart who's good and who isn't. There aren't many actresses in Hollywood that Bogie will let take the place of his favorite leading lady, Lauren Bacall. But I happen to know that Humphrey refused to make "Dead Reckoning" until Columbia came up with a lady screen partner he could vibrate to. First to fill that bill was Lizabeth Scott, although she was miles across the ocean in England at the time—and that reminds me of another good reason I'm picking Scotty to lead the list. She's an alert, ambitious girl who knows opportunity when she sees it and says "Come in" at the first knock.

Lizabeth was in London when the transatlantic telephone call came. The phone call brought her the good news that Humphrey had tagged her for his next leading lady. That "Dead Reckoning" started shooting that week, that if she wanted to play with Bogie it was come home quick!

Lizabeth didn't hesitate. She hopped a plane back to America that afternoon. She landed in Hollywood at 7 a.m., two days later, had breakfast on Hollywood Boulevard and at 9 o'clock was at the studio for her wardrobe and makeup tests. That afternoon she was playing a scene with Bogie.

Lizabeth's so supercharged with vitality, she's been matched with nothing but high-voltage males in every picture she's made. That's another reason I say Lizabeth Scott is no ordinary, garden variety of new star. She's a ball of fire, full of the old divine lightning. Bogie's

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a prime example of the kind of competition Liz stacks up against. She'd blitz a Weak Willie right off the screen.

Her boss, Hal Wallis, is the very same producer who boosted Bogart out of low down gangster roles and made him a romantic bad guy—and a very great star. He's the Columbus who discovered Bette Davis—way back when—and snatched her from sassy bit parts to stardom at Warners.

I remember asking Hal, over a year ago —when he told me about this new girl find of his—just what it was Lizabeth Scott had. "She's different," replied Hal. "You can take one look at her—as I did—and tell that."

Hal didn't say his new discovery was the most beautiful doll in the world—and she isn't. He didn't even claim she was an acting smoothie, which Liz Scott also isn't, compared to a dozen other stars I can name. "She's different." That's all Hal said.

I visited Lizabeth's "Desert Fury" set not long ago. It happened to be the day she was doing a red hot love scene with John Hodiak.

that's acting . . .

"Anybody," I ventured, "who can make a brand new bridegroom like John Hodiak forget Ann Baxter for a split second is good enough for me."

Scotty laughed. She's got a good healthy laugh and a swell sense of humor (she'll need that in Hollywood, too!) "Thanks for the compliment, Hedda," she grinned, "but I'm not sure I'm so hot." Then she told me what happened in her first picture, "You Came Along."

Lizabeth spent all one Saturday morning making torrid love to Bob Cummings in that one. At noon shooting stopped and Bob, who had hugged and squeezed Scotty for four straight hours with passionate zeal, said, "Well, so long, Lizabeth, I'm off to get married." That afternoon he eloped with Mary Elliott! That, of course, is Hollywood where acting is only make-believe. But Lizabeth can *make* you believe—that's the point.

I found something else about Lizabeth Scott that day on her set—or rather, I confirmed something I'd already suspected. She's a trouper. Mary Astor, an old friend of mine, and an actress whose word I'll bank on, told me what she'd been doing all the day before—slapping the stuffings out of Lizabeth Scott. Mary plays Scotty's mother in "Desert Fury" and her big scene is where she gives her wayward daughter a merciless pasting. It was a tough scene to get and they took ten takes —until Scotty's cheeks were as scarlet as a spanked baby's bottom. She never called time out, but came right back for more and Mary told me she put everything she had into those whacks. "I felt like a dog, slamming her around the stage when I knew it hurt," sighed Mary, "but Scotty insisted on it for realism."

I had a first hand look at Lizabeth's capacity to take it when I was in England, the same time Scotty flew over for the British premiere of "Martha Ivers" at the Carleton. Lizabeth was fresh from a stop-over in New York City—where she did eight national radio broadcasts and forty-two newspaper interviews—and fresh is what I mean. Bouncy Scotty radiated typical American pep and personality. From the minute she stepped off the plane, she didn't rest a minute. If there was anything Liz missed in her three weeks' stay abroad I can't guess what it was. And if there was anything anyone wanted done she did it. I think if they'd asked her to stand on her head atop Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, Scotty would have shinnied right up.

The result was that staid old London loved her, and even if some critics took British cracks at the artistic merit of "Martha Ivers," they kept Scotty on the front pages every minute.

Her activity wasn't all for publicity purposes, either, because Lizabeth Scott is just naturally as curious as a kitten. She owns a divine discontent and hunger to learn. You can't make Scotty mad when you tell her she doesn't know something; all she does is start learning it. John Farrow flopped in his directing that way when he had Lizabeth in "You Came Along." Johnny's a nice guy but he can be sarcastic on a set and he wasn't too happy about having Hal Wallis hand him an unknown ex-model. In fact, Scotty deserves extra credit for making her first picture under the scowls of a director who wished she was somewhere else. Once when Liz wasn't playing a scene just like John wanted he snapped, "You played that scene like you were still in dramatic school!"

"I still am," smiled Liz.

Liz ran into lots of conversational French in England; like many Americans, she felt like a dummy being a monolinguist. So she's studying French at Hollywood High next semester. When she came to Hollywood she took up photography so she'd know a thing or two about the business she aimed to star in. She's made a bosom friend of Edith Head, Paramount's dress designer, whom she pesters for advice on every fashion move she makes. In short, Liz is just twenty-three and smart enough to know she doesn't know everything. Her fame isn't fooling her.

On her twenty-third birthday, for instance, Scotty stepped out to dinner with —guess who—Barry Fitzgerald. Now, Barry's old enough to be her papa, but you can be sure he doesn't bore young Scotty to tears. Hardly. Barry's a fine actor and Liz is smart enough to cultivate older men, especially older artists like Barry She met Barry through Dorothy Blair, his secretary and Liz's stand-in. He was in Ireland when Scotty was in England and when Humphrey Bogart snatched her back she had a Fitzgerald-conducted tour of Dublin and the Abbey Theater all lined up. Scotty wanted to meet each and every Abbey player and ask questions like mad. Don't think she wouldn't have, too, if she'd had the chance.

no party girl . . .

Lizabeth Scott hasn't cut much of a social rug in Hollywood—not yet, at least—but the days are gone when that makes much difference in film fortunes. Scotty's had some dates with men about town like Helmut Dantine and Burt Lancaster, but she's no party girl and she hasn't teamed up with the younger pleasure set.

Scotty lives in half an old house that she found—by luck and typical Scott directness—on the very day the landlord dumped her clothes out on the sidewalk from her tiny temporary Beverly Hills flat. Liz has battled bravely with the Hollywood housing panic all over town ever since she came West. She found her present refuge by looking in—of all places—the want ads, then running right over and saying "I'll take it." She moved in that night. It's not luxurious and the neighborhood's no longer fashionable. But when real estate agents—scenting her sudden success—tried to tempt Scotty with fancy houses with war-debt rentals she told them off sensibly and fast.

"No, thank you," Liz declined, "Maybe it's not fashionable but I've got a two-year lease and here's where I stay!" And that's where she is and it's okay with her. She has a telephone and a dinky coupe she's learned how to drive and she's happy as a lark. Because what Lizabeth Scott wants out of Hollywood is to make movies. It's the career that counts.

MY BEST FINDS OF '46

Mark Stevens

(Continued from page 51)

It always has and it always will. Believe me, if all those enduring young charms which we gaze on so fondly today—our old standbys, the Gables, Coopers, Colmans; the Crawfords, Colberts, Davises—if they were all we ever, ever had to look at, until death do us part—well we'd probably get so fed up one of these days we'd call it cricket to picket—and go on strike!

Producers know it, exhibitors know it, stars know it (and worry about it) you know it and I know it. But still the deadly discouraging double dare that Hollywood eternally tosses right in the starry eyes of every uppity young actor is,

"So you're good—hey? Okay—*Prove* it!"

talent scouts . . .

That's when a feller needs a friend, when a boost is a break, when a push up the path is pure paradise. At least, that's what Editors Al and Henry and I figured last year and set about doing our best to fix in the pages of MODERN SCREEN! You're in on it, too, because it's always the rave of a fervent fan who starts us off on the track of a new star.

And how're we doin'? Well, one of our biggest producers phoned me the other day. Here's what he said: "Hedda, your Gruen Watch Award series in MODERN SCREEN is helping make more new stars than anything in Hollywood history. Next to an Academy Oscar it's the most valuable recognition a newcomer can get!"

But my blouse buttons really started making like popcorn when the returns came in on one of the very first winners I'd picked. I'll give a hint by saying this was a pure Cinderella natural; as far as experience went he almost thought a dramatic role was some new kind of coffee cake. So he was pretty mixed up about his own chances, thought the star's job they were shoving him in was 'way over his head. His studio didn't and I didn't. I said so in MODERN SCREEN and proved the fans were behind him. When he read that he came to see me. "You'll never know how much confidence that gave me, Miss Hop-

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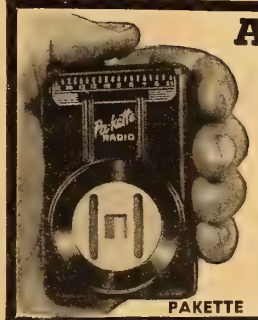

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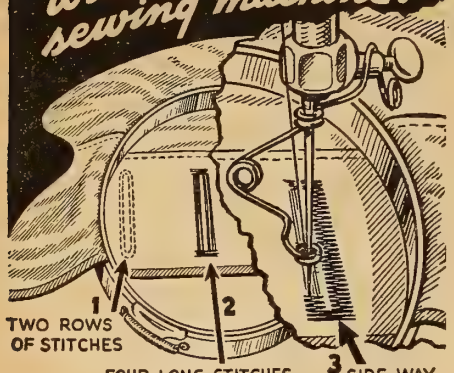

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per," he said gratefully. "I knew I couldn't let you and those fans down."

It was just twelve months ago that I picked Peter Lawford to start the parade of MODERN SCREEN's monthly finds. I'm not saying, "Move over, Elijah, and make way for a new prophet," exactly. But look at the record—

Pete's no longer just a pal of Van Johnson's, along for the publicity ride, slipped into this and that picture; he's one of Leo the Lion's favorite cubs. When I tagged Guy Madison, "the guy" was still a sailor with nothing in the hold but an unbilled bit. He was posing for those beautiful publicity stills at Selznick's and starting a dubious first picture—and that's about all. But now Guy's a full fledged member of David Selznick's elite family of stars—and there's class in that league with Jennifer Jones, Ingrid Bergman, Joe Cotten, Shirley Temple and Company. And notice—I'm not putting Guy last in my future book there. Not with two hit starring pictures under his belt by now.

good sport . . .

Look at Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, coming along neck and neck, like thoroughbreds, at RKO and Johnny Coy burning up the boards at Paramount with his flying feet. Those feet were just barely inside the Hollywood door when we spotted them, months ago. And Marshall Thompson—you should see the plans M-G-M has stacked up for that clever kid whom we caught on the first bounce. Larry Parks—when Larry got his Gruen watch nobody knew, not even Larry, what the future held. He was gambling on one picture and so was I, maybe, when I got on the Parks bandwagon. But "The Jolson Story" is no gamble now and neither is Larry.

But I can hear the howls already—"Hey, wait a minute! Hopper, your memory's failing. You've left out—"

Yep, I know, I know. But that's the dish I'm saving for dessert. There's a prize pupil in Hopper's Hall of Fame. The prince of the pickin's—that's who. And am I proud to present him!

Meet Mark Stevens—MODERN SCREEN's Find of the Year!

It takes a good man to lead that league of young shooting stars—and that's just what Mark is, good as gold. In fact, I'll make a prediction right now that Mark Stevens winds up one of the greatest male stars of modern Hollywood. I sat straight up in my seat the first time I saw Mark Stevens in "Within These Walls." When I met him, I knew I was meeting somebody special. From then on, I've liked everything about Mark. I like how he cinched his big break, how he's handled his success, how he's kept his head, his dignity and his self respect, when Hollywood gave him the works. Especially, I like how Mark grinned right in the face of the bad health that tried to puff out the bright flame of his promise. I like Mark's integrity, his humility, his honesty, his fairness—those attributes of greatness in any endeavor. I like Mark's wife, Annelle, and her sensible grasp of what a girl can do to help a Hollywood husband get started. I like Mark Stevens' chances in every direction—and they aren't just chances any more. Mark was the hard luck star of 1946. But he made 1946 peg his place high in the Hollywood heavens. That's why my hat's off to him; that's why it's Stevens—all the way, for my money, my number one find—and Mark, it makes me happier than it does you!

I stood on the set of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" not so long ago. It was the first picture Mark Stevens made since he spent those long, gritty months in the hospital, having his bad back laid open, and the longer, agonizingly inactive ones when Mark was convalescing at home, dying to get back at work. He still wasn't strong enough. Anybody could tell that. His face was drawn and his brown eyes were too bright. I was asking Mark how he felt and he was lying, "Swell," when Director Lloyd Bacon came by, took a look, and said, "Are you sure, Mark?"

"Sure," he grinned.

"I don't believe it."

"Nothing's wrong with me," insisted Steve.

They sent for a doctor anyway. He stuck a thermometer between Mark's reluctant teeth. It read—temperature, 104! They chased Stevens off the set then and sent him to the hospital. It took penicillin to fix him up.

But what can you expect of a Scotch-Irish guy with the square cut of Mark's jaw, those level brown eyes, that deep, firm voice and those copperish curls?

What makes Mark Stevens tower, head and shoulders, above even the crowd of MODERN SCREEN's watch winners, is a mettle you find only in champions. It's a mixture of confidence, courage, talent and an extra something that pays off in the pinches. It's what Bill Tilden had and Bobby Jones and Joe Louis, too. It marks a man like Stevens and makes him, as his boss, Darryl Zanuck pointed out to me, "a man you see—and you can't forget."

Otto Preminger, one of the best directors at Mark's home studio, spotted it first in Mark. He saw him on the lot, and told him, "I'd like to test you for a part in my picture, 'Fallen Angel.' Chances are you won't get it. I want Dana Andrews if I can get him and I probably will. This test is a long shot for second choice. Want to make it?"

"I sure do," said Mark. And he made such a good test—even though he knew Dana would beat him out—and he did—that the minute RKO saw it they borrowed him for "From This Day Forward," and tried to buy half of Mark Stevens' contract. But by then, of course, Darryl Zanuck had had a peek and he knew what he had when he saw it.

talent plus humility . . .

But with it all Mark has other things that land right right in my column of what-it-takes for Hollywood greatness. He has a sense of honesty and gratitude. He doesn't think he made the world, or even his own career. When Mark was down to exactly three cents in his jeans, he signed with his agent, Nat Goldstone, and took an emergency salary in advance—$50 a week—to live on until he got a job. It was a long time before that happened and Mark got in debt. He hasn't forgotten that favor now that he's clicked. Mark has paid back every cent he borrowed, of course, and the Goldstones are still his agents, with a chance to cash in on their investment. But that wasn't enough for Mark. He pesters every star he knows to sign up with his benefactors. He's already brought the Goldstones three clients, because he's so grateful. Believe me, that's a rare enough virtue in Hollywood. So is humility, in the land where hats rarely fit after the first hit. You know what he told me—the day I complimented him on coming through the toughest year any young star ever faced?

"I'm not kidding myself," said Mark seriously. "The reason I got a chance was because the good stars were off to war." How many other guys who rose to fame because they weren't army material, told the truth like that, admitted the good fortune of their Hollywood timing?

I'm for Mark, and I think I always will be, because I respect real talent. Anyone who can step into shoes designed for Henry Fonda and act scene-for-scene with Joan Fontaine—one of the best—is an

actor. "From This Day Forward" was Mark Stevens' first real chance. But he didn't lose his nerve; he wasn't overawed by either Joan or his good luck. He came through with a performance any seasoned leading man in Hollywood could envy—and he wasn't well, either. He was as sick as a pup in his next one, "The Dark Corner." In the last half of that picture his injured back gave him such agony he couldn't stand up straight. Mark finished the picture knowing the serious surgeon's slicing he faced, and came through again—so much so that Clifton Webb (who certainly is no amateur) couldn't resist one of his witty cracks when I asked him how he was doing in "The Dark Corner."

"Oh, fine," said Clifton languidly. "I'm busy making Mark Stevens a star!"

stuck with a tux . . .

They say a gentleman is one who never takes advantage of a situation. In my book Mark Stevens is a gentleman on a lot of other counts. But that one will do. And what made me think of it is the forthright, honest way Mark Stevens has faced his success at the studio which gave him a break. I happen to know that Mark got bad advice from some friends when "The Dark Corner" gave him two hits in a row. They told him, "Now's the time to strike for a raise. You're not getting enough money. They'll like you better if you make them pay you more."

Mark shook his head. "Not me," he replied. "They're giving me good parts and building me up. When I'm worth it, I'll get more." He did. Just the other day, Darryl Zanuck tore up his contract and wrote a new one for three times Mark's old salary.

Mark's young, but he's adult—in his manner, his thinking, and his acting, too. Henry Hathaway, who directed Mark in "The Dark Corner," told me once, "Mark Stevens has as much authority and poise as Clark Gable or Cary Grant—and that's rare in a young star." That's right, but at the same time Mark has as fresh a boy-next-door appeal to me as Jimmy Stewart ever had.

All Mark Stevens wants is to prove himself an actor. Steve isn't interested for five minutes in anything else about Hollywood. Mark's mastered some frank weaknesses in his twenty-odd years, including a touchy temper and a wild streak. He's had his Hollywood fling and he's cured. Mark came to Hollywood with a thousand dollars he'd saved and a tuxedo. He thought then the idea was to whoop it up and get circulating. So he painted Hollywood red—until his roll was gone and his tuxedo was in Uncle Benny's hock shop. He came to his senses down on the beach with plenty of time to think. And he thought straight.

Mark thought he'd need dress clothes to wear in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." He went to the swankiest tailor in Hollywood and ordered the best in the West, fitted to every muscle ripple. Mark figured for once he'd be the best dressed star on the screen—and at half price. After the picture, he knew, the wardrobe department would buy the dinner jacket from him at a discount. Well—just as the glamor suit arrived they decided to shoot the picture in period costume!

One very good reason why Mark Stevens is a home boy is also one very good reason why he comes up my Man of the Year—although it's a lady I'm talking about now. Mark has the right kind of a wife.

Annelle took Mark Stevens for better or worse when he was out of a job and so broke that after they were married she still had to live in the Studio Club while Mark bunked with a pal—they couldn't even afford an apartment then. She's a Texas girl, and one of the sweetest, prettiest and most level headed I've run across.

Annelle came to Hollywood from Texas University with a movie career on her mind. When she married Mark, she made him her career. Annelle has her own talent and beauty to give the screen—no doubt about that. She's had tempting offers from two studios—RKO and Twentieth Century-Fox—since she became Mrs. Mark Stevens. Both times she said, "No, thanks." Annelle had other things to do she considered more important—like taking care of her husband's health and giving him the family he wants. Off and on all the last year Mark needed a trained nurse. But try and find one. When he came home from both his operations Annelle took over, nursed him, dressed his bandages, cooked him goodies, devoted all her time to bringing Steve back to condition, kept him cheered up when he fretted—although she was in a condition herself that makes most girls cross as a couple of bears.

Annelle has bent over backwards to keep out of the limelight. When Mark was making "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," June Haver and some of the girls at Fox wanted to give her a baby shower. Annelle asked them not to, with thanks. "It might seem too pushing," she explained!

I'm proud of Mark because he appreciates Annelle. A man's always more of a man to me when he's a good husband. Mark's that, too. He never left Annelle's side for one evening all the time she was expecting her baby. He did everything possible to fix up the tiny little guest shack which was all the home they could find. Even when he was weak and wobbly, he started sawing and pounding on a nursery and dolling up the place to make Annelle happier. All the time, Mark kept scouting Hollywood for a better home to start a family. He ordered a station wagon, too, plugging for it to come in time to make a nursery on wheels, something Annelle had her heart set on. He never had much hope that he'd collect either one in time.

But you can't have tough breaks all the time. Just four days before Annelle went to the hospital, the Stevens' moved into their new home—in Bel-Air. And the day of the blessed event the auto agency called Mark and said, "Come get your station wagon."

family man . . .

By then, of course, Mark Stevens was far too busy to pay mind to anything—not even new station wagons—except what was mysteriously going on inside the closed hospital door. He wore out the linoleum on the hall for twenty hours—twelve o'clock to six the next night—until the nurse finally told him, "It's a boy—six pounds, twelve ounces. Perfect weight, perfect baby. Everybody's fine." But when Annelle was ready to go home, she rode in her shiny new wagon, with Mark proudly at the wheel, every inch a family man.

One thing's sure, he'll have a brand new reason to bid for glory. Annelle came through on her job for the Stevens' family, just as Mark came through on his—with what Mark wanted most, a lusty-lunged son. He looks like Mark, and from the way he yells cockily, he acts like him, too! So that's another way Mark Stevens has proved himself Man-of-the-Year. He's sired a son like himself with a name like his own.

Because the name Mark chose for his newest, most precious possession was the name Hollywood gave to him when he was off at last to fame and fortune. That's as good a slant as any on how Mark Stevens measures and treasures his Hollywood future. Mark Richard Stevens, Junior—lucky baby, that little guy.

Someday, I'll bet, he'll be mighty proud of that name!

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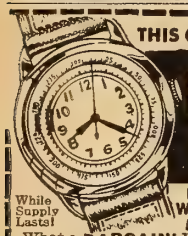

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THE FANS

(*Continued from page 22*)

you could hardly call us yesterday's birthday child. Actually, we're over 3 years old. For most of that time we've been publishing an exclusive little paper—for members only—called, "The Fans." It became so popular with MSFCA-ites that Editors Al and Henry came to us one day and said, "Look here, why all this snobbery? If 'The Fans' is such a good thing, why not share it with everybody?" We bristled a little. After all, we're not exactly the snooty type. "Sure," we said. We liked that fine. So, here we are. We hope you like what we do, too. But, if you don't, speak up. If you're a regular MSFCA-ite, you know we never ignore suggestions.

the msfca—what is it?

Without a doubt, the MSFCA is the only organization of its kind in existence. You know, of course, that MODERN SCREEN was the first magazine to get behind fan clubs one hundred per cent and put all of its vast resources at the disposal of fan clubbers. Each MSFCA club—and there are nearly 500—is an independent, authorized group. And that word, "authorized," is very important! No club is admitted to membership unless the star whom it honors *recognizes* and *approves* its existence. So you can be sure that belonging to an MSFCA club is something special, and that you'll have the full cooperation of your star!

membership sweepstakes winners!

One of the things we go in for in a big way is contests. We even have contests-within-a-contest, and we'll tell you all about the Trophy Cup Awards and the various categories and sub-contests, next month. Right now we want to talk about a little one-shot deal we just completed called the Membership Sweepstakes. If you're like us, you want to hear about the prizes first. And what prizes! A beautiful 17-jewel gold Gruen wrist watch! Two Eberhard Faber Effortless Writing Ball Point Pens! Four Daggett and Ramsdell Travel Charm Kits! Four handsome Volupte gold compacts! And—as additional "consolation" prizes—three genuine leather desk memo pads! All engraved, too, with the names of the winners and "MSFCA."

To start off this first MS fan club column with an exciting exclusive, we want to make the first nationwide announcement of our official Membership Sweepstakes winners. They are: First prize: (Gruen Watch) Norma Winton, Ernest Tubb Club. Second and third prizes: (Eberhard Faber Pens) Myron Welge, Movieland Photo Club, and Kay MacRae, Bill Elliott Club. Fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh prizes: (Daggett and Ramsdell Makeup Kits) Ann Serg, Danny Kaye Club; Blanche Horowitz, Riveting (Andy) Russells; Betty Kurtz, Stardusters; Bonnie Baker, Gene Autry Friendship Club. Eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh prizes: (Volupte Compacts) Janet Wolfenstein, Frank's (Sinatra) Enthusiasts; Geraldine Kee, Marjorie Reynolds Club; Mary Cain, Charles Korvin Club; Loretta Verbin, Jack Carson Club. Twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth prizes: (leather memo desk pads) Mary Ann Ritt, Dick Haymes Associates; Berenice Olson, Gene Autry FC; Raymond Warner, Gene Autry FC.

The idea of this contest was to try to double your club membership. The Danny Kaye and Wild Over (Cornel) Wilde Club found this feat so simple, they went ahead and *tripled* their membership lists in the six months' contest period. Clubs which doubled in membership were: Guy Madison, Johnny Coy (Lanzillo), Keenan Wynn, Evelyn MacGregor, Joe Cotten, Frank Sinatra (Wolfenstein), Stardusters, Sinatra (Schloss), Movieland Photo, Don Defore (Margulies), Doug Autry, Pee Wee King and Marjorie Reynolds Clubs.

andy russell awards prizes!

Now, when you get to know us better, you'll find we don't believe in doing things by half-way measures. We're so proud of our contests, we like to make a big to-do about 'em. (Didn't Dane Clark personally select the model for our Trophy Cup Awards?) This time we phoned Andy Russell, who'd just arrived in town, and blurted out our story. "Well" drawled Andy, evasive-like. He wanted to know who'd won—and what! We went down the list. Nothing happened on the other end until we hit Blanche Horowitz, prexy of the Riveting Russells. "That's enough," Andy interrupted. "I'll be right over." (There's no pride like that of an honorary star in his fan club's accomplishments!) So, it was Andy Russell himself who did the honors of making the official presentations to the New York winners.

club banter

The Club Crosby expects to better its record $215 Sister Kenny Fund collection of last year by Christmas . . . Roy Buchanan, Jr. salutes Ellen Roufs (Jane Wyman, Richard Travis Clubs) as the Queen of Fan Clubs in the first issue of his Agnes Moorehead Journal. Incidentally, it's a knockout . . . The Skippy Homeier and Tommy Dix (Washington branch) Clubs each held successful Charity Bazaars. An amateur show was the highlight of the Dix shindig. They also auctioned off autographed pics of Sinatra, Keenan Wynn, Gregory Peck, Bill Eythe and others, with proceeds donated to the National Cancer Drive. The Homeier bunch, not even waiting for the laurels to fade, is now busy planning its first dance . . . John Raitt's Club accomplished the impossible! A feature story—with pic—in the *New York World-Telegram*. All about their activities as Foster Parents. A swell prestige break for fan clubs . . . Don't miss the Richard Travis and Vincent Price journal covers—each a honey, in its own way. Travis' is a slick printed job, showing a jagged-edged clip from Hedda Hopper's newspaper column, plugging the club, of course. The Price number is hand-drawn by artist Ramsy . . . Pat Bemis and Helen Holbrook went down to Laguna Beach Playhouse for their honorary's (Keenan Wynn) appearances in "20th Century" and "Petrified Forest" . . . Corp. D. Whitfield, Lena Horne Club, says it's not being discontinued, just temporarily disbanded, until his discharge. Meanwhile he's dreaming up some grand new plans and wants to hear from the prexies of all other Horne clubs. Write him at P.O. Box 822, Tacoma 1, Wash. . . .

Now, we know that just belonging to a fan club is loads of fun, but sooner or later, a real clubber gets the urge to start a club of his own. If you're a special fan of Dinah Shore, Kate Smith, Abbott and Costello, or Jack Smith, and want to start a club honoring one of them, drop a note, stating your qualifications and reasons for desiring to run the club, to The Fans, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 76)

YEARS AND YEARS AGO—Dick Haymes (Decca)—The adaptations of classics go on and on, and here we have a number based on Toselli's "Serenade."

BEST HOT JAZZ

SANTA MONICA JUMP—Slim Gaillard (Majestic)—A whole bunch of Slim Gaillard records were bought up from very small labels and re-released by Majestic, after "Ce-ment Mixer" got Slim his big name. The "Santa Monica Jump" label says scat vocals by Gaillard and Brown, but the best thing about the record is that there's really no vocal at all. It's just a series of good jazz solos.

AFTER HOURS—Erskine Hawkins (Victor)—"After Hours" was made five or six years ago, and it features Avery Parrish playing some fine blues—it's his piano solo all the way through. It got very popular when it came out, was in all the juke boxes and so forth. Then, about three years ago, in California, Parrish was in an accident, and was badly cut up, paralyzed. He couldn't do any work at all for a long time, but was recovered enough recently to record the tune again—on the Alert label. Now Victor's reissued this very good original.

THE GENTLE GRIFTER—Artie Shaw (Victor)—Artie Shaw, who has an office in Hollywood, and who's been talking about radio shows and movie scripts, and who's one of the busiest guys alive, has done just about everything lately but lead a band. Nevertheless, he's under contract to Musicraft now, and they're promoting his Cole Porter album. So right in the middle of comparatively little musical news about Artie, and with one Artie album being pushed, out comes Victor with *eighteen* sides that he made back when he was under contract to them. They're flooding the market with Shaw records that were never released before. Artie's probably forgotten he made them.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

DUEL IN THE SUN—Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love: Claude Thornhill (Columbia), Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Martha Tilton (Capitol), Bing Crosby-Les Paul (Decca)— So you go up to your local juke box, and one of the little tabs reads "Duel in the Sun" by Bobby Sherwood, and you put a nickel in, and what do you hear? "Sherwood's Forest" is what, and it has nothing to do with the movie, "Duel in the Sun." The title was changed at the last minute at the request of the movie company, and some of the juke boxes didn't catch it in time. However if you want "Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love," which is the big record from "Duel in the Sun," I recommend Bing's version, accompanied by the Les Paul Trio.

SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—For You, For Me, For Evermore: Artie Shaw (Musicraft); Dick Haymes-Judy Garland (Decca); Changing My Tune: Judy Garland-Gordon Jenkins (Decca); Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did: Peggy Lee (Capitol); Dick Haymes-Judy Garland (Decca)—Peggy Lee made one of her rare trips away from her Hollywood home a while ago, to play six gruelling weeks at New York's Paramount Theater. She thought when she got through that she and her husband, Dave Barbour, would have a week's rest. So what happened? So the very day Peggy closed at the Paramount, the news came through that there might be another recording strike, so Peggy and Dave had to rush to the nearest recording studio and get all the sides possible made before the deadline.

SONG OF THE SOUTH—Sooner Or Later: Will Bradley (Signature), Billy Butterfield (Capitol), Merry Macs (Majestic); Song of the South Album: Tony Pastor (Cosmo)—Will Bradley was a big name when he originated "Beat Me Daddy, Eight To the Bar," and other numbers. But, after a while, he got tired of the responsibilities of leading a band, and went back to the security of being a slide man in radio orchestras. Now, with this record, he emerges again as a big-time recording band-leader, still playing trombone, and we're very glad to see him back.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE A WOMAN—Louis Jordan (Decca), Pat Flowers (Victor), Frankie Laine (Mercury)
AMONG MY SOUVENIRS—Herbie Fields (Victor), Etta Jones (Victor)
BEST MAN (THE)—King Cole (Capitol), Les Brown (Columbia), Sonny Skylar (Mercury)
THE CHRISTMAS SONG—King Cole Trio with string choir (Capitol)
COMO, PERRY—Merry Christmas Album, with Russ Case (Victor)
I LOVE YOU FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS—Ella Fitzgerald (Decca), Deek Watson (Manor), Dinah Shore (Columbia)
IF IT'S LOVE YOU WANT—Louis Jordan (Decca), Red Allen (Victor)
JUST SQUEEZE ME—Duke Ellington (Victor)
MERRY HA-HA—Ella Mae Morse-Ray Linn (Capitol)
SWEET LORRAINE—Bing Crosby-Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

COUNT BASIE—Mutton Leg (Columbia)
SLIM GAILLARD—Santa Monica Jump (Majestic)
AL HALL—Blues In My Heart (Wax)
ERSKINE HAWKINS—After Hours (Victor)
BILL HARRIS—Everything Happens To Me (Keynote)
EDDIE HEYWOOD—On The 88 (Album) (Signature)
J. J. JOHNSON—Coppin' The Bop (Savoy)
STAN KENTON—Intermission Riff (Capitol)
ARTIE SHAW—The Gentle Grifter (Victor)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

DEAD RECKONING—Either It's Love or It Isn't: Pied Pipers (Capitol), Anita Ellis (Mercury), Tony Pastor (Cosmo), Phil Brito (Musicraft)
DUEL IN THE SUN—Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love: Claude Thornhill (Columbia), Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Martha Tilton (Capitol), Bing Crosby-Les Paul (Decca)
HOLIDAY IN MEXICO—You, So It's You: Dinah Shore (Columbia), Miguelito Valdes (Musicraft)
JOLSON STORY—The Whole World is Singing My Song: April Showers: Dennis Day (Victor)
SEARCHING WIND — Title song: Dick Haymes (Decca)
SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—For You, For Me, For Evermore: Artie Shaw (Musicraft), Dick Haymes-Judy Garland (Decca); Changing My Tune: Judy Garland-Gordon Jenkins (Decca); Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did: Peggy Lee (Capitol), Dick Haymes-Judy Garland (Decca)
SONG OF THE SOUTH—Sooner Or Later: Will Bradley (Signature), Billy Butterfield (Capitol), Merry Macs (Majestic). Song of the South Album: Tony Pastor (Como)
THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—A Gal In Calico: Tex Beneke (Victor), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo); Oh But I Do: Tex Beneke (Victor)

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(Continued from page 56)

got into bed. Some other time, please."

"But it is so important, Igor. Please!"

"All right," I said. "Come on up."

I got out of bed, slipped into a pair of trousers and a shirt and washed my face. When they came in, I found myself staring at two young girls, neither of whom, if you totalled their ages, was over 17.

"Igor?" the tinier one with glasses asked.

"Yes. Could I help you ladies?"

"We just wanted to see what Gene Tierney's brother-in-law looks like."

Then they turned heel and fled.

Fortunately, this sort of thing isn't a daily occurrence. Lots of folks don't give a hang what (of all things!) a movie actor's or actress' brother-in-law looks like.

price of fame . . .

In fact, this brother-in-law situation offers both advantages and disadvantages, some of which are slightly on the humorous side. I found that out when I joined the Army. I had hardly finished casting off my civilian clothes when a tough sergeant called me forth from a formation and said:

"Aren't you married to Gene Tierney, Private Cassini?"

"No, sergeant," I began. "I—"

"Then you're her brother," he added quickly.

"Well, not her brother either, sergeant. You see, it's this way. I—"

He cut me off again with: "Oh, a phony, eh? I've seen guys like you before. Posing as something you're not."

I could tell my sergeant was getting mad, and I happened to have been one of a few millions of soldiers who didn't like to make sergeants mad.

"I've been trying to explain, sir—" (rookies always called sergeants "sir") "—that I'm Miss Tierney's brother-in-law. Not her husband, not her brother. But only an in-law."

"Oh, I see," he said. "So you're not a phony after all. I knew you were connected some way."

After which his expression changed to one of friendliness, and friendly, too, was the pat on the back he gave me. And from that day on I was in big with the sarge. But there was a catch. He wanted (and got!) a picture of Gene, autographed especially for him.

Similar incidents occurred frequently during my Army days. Such as that day in basic training at Camp Lee when the regimental C.O. heard that Gene Tierney's brother-in-law was stationed in his outfit. A couple of nice handshakes followed—colonel and private—and from this emerged the idea that it would be swell to have Gene visit Camp Lee, watch a parade or so, then be guest of honor at a nifty officers' dance.

Meanwhile, excitement over Gene's arrival (already they had figured it to be a sure thing) ran pretty high, and I confess I felt the slightest trace of a hint—threat, rather—as to my future plans unless I urged Gene to comply with their plans.

Anyway, Gene couldn't make it—which was somewhat unfortunate, because I spent many an hour over the kitchen pots, whereas I figured I should have rated a "B" for trying.

Gene, at the time, was following Oleg around from camp to camp, just as other wives followed their husbands. Had this not been the case I'm sure she would have come to Lee. Oleg, too—by the way—felt some of the brunt. He had just become a second lieutenant at the Cavalry School at Fort Riley (I was still a private), and was being reminded by the gladhanders that he was Gene's husband.

At least in his case it was excusable. Her *husband*. But I found it disappointing to know that my success as a soldier hinged more on the fact that I was her *brother-in-law* than on my ability.

It was always interesting to me to know what others thought about Gene. Some invariably put their question this way: *"What is she really like?* In one movie she was a terrific siren—and in the other she was a slinky murderess."

Well, film roles fool you. Stars are flesh, blood and nerves just as is anybody else. They most generally like or dislike the same things you do. Of course Gene is not a "siren" or a "slinking murderess." She's a wife and a mother, and her home comes first. She doesn't "live" the actress once she leaves location. Like other stars, she might well like dancing, or picnicking or movies—in short, they're human. They are not far-away celluloid mannequins.

Gene isn't particularly fond of Hollywood. I mean as a place to live. She reminds you that she's an Easterner, born in Dodger-land and raised in Yankee Connecticut. She loves New York, too.

What does she do for a good time?

Take a spin or so at the night spots with husband Oleg; or perhaps visit friends in Long Island where she may attend a party; or go window shopping. About shopping, Gene is not a foolish spender. She's well aware of the value of a dollar and she possesses the keen wit of a Yankee horse-trader when it comes to doling out cash.

Gene also leans toward antiques. This, by the way, is genuine, and not affected. Her favorite style is Early American, and she's one of the few "amateurs" who can spot the difference between, say, an American Windsor chair or one of the Louis Quinze period.

At home she's lots of fun. When she arrives she kicks off her shoes and romps about in bare feet—an old habit. She is very much attached to her family, and takes deep pride in the fact that she could send her young sister, Pat, to school.

I was asked if Gene really likes games. She does. She can hold her own at swimming and plays a whale of a tennis game. Originally she disliked tennis because Oleg played it so much, and he had a habit of getting home late for dinner. Finally Oleg introduced Gene to the courts, and now he can hardly drag her away.

Like most of us, Gene has her favorite film stars. Spencer Tracy stands high on her list, along with Clifton Webb and, of course, Sweden's gift to Hollywood, scintillating Ingrid Bergman, who, she agrees, is a *great* actress.

Among her many habits is that of reading at night before dropping off to sleep. She's a stickler for having windows open while she sleeps, and likes orange juice and eggs for breakfast.

fence sitter . . .

If you want to argue politics with Gene, you must go elsewhere. She doesn't use them. She won't line up on either side publicly, and her ideas remain secret.

As for languages, she holds her own with French—which she and Oleg use to engage in heated arguments (and who doesn't have them?) while the servants are nearby. Gene learned her French in Switzerland, and I'm quite sure at that time she never dreamt she'd be *the* Gene Tierney of movie fame. And I'm even more sure that I never dreamt I'd be a brother-in-law to such a swell girl.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

(Continued from page 53)

are to go on acting in pictures, and to gain some weight. That's where we left him. Early in '41 he was stuffing himself with spaghetti three times a day, seven days a week, and dunking his breakfast doughnuts in half-and-half. Having been turned down for enlistment, he made it for the draft by one skinny pound, and the whoop he let out you could hear in Catalina.

The day he docked, Leland Hayward met him at the pier, his mother and dad waited in a hotel, and he made three calls to California.

One was to Fonda. "Can I stay at your place a few days till I get a hotel?"

One was to Frank Capra. "Can I have a job?"

One was to Billy Grady, the gruff-talking, warm-hearted Irisher who runs Casting for M-G-M and loves Jim like a first-born. Grady had business in the east that he'd been putting off till Jim arrived, so they could travel back to Hollywood together. No words were wasted—"Hi, Bill!" and "Hi, Jim!" and a couple of masculine endearments like horse thief and baboon.

Homecoming was something like a serial, told in instalments. The first instalment was when the Jap war ended. Instead of Okinawa, you were headed for America the Beautiful and you did mean Beautiful. The second instalment was when you got on the boat, after weeks of waiting and three false alarms. The third instalment was the Statue of Liberty . . .

For the rest, Jim's high spots were the same as any vet's—reunion with family and friends. With Leland Heyward on the pier, Mother and Dad at the hotel, Maggie Sullavan Heyward and the three kids in Connecticut, his sisters down in Indiana, Pennsylvania. Then back to New York where he met Bill Grady, and on to California and the Fondas, with a stopover in Washington for Army separation.

It was a handsome welcome. Even Brooke and Bridget and Bill, the Heyward hopefuls, jumped at him with glad cries of recognition. The fact that young Bill at least must have been coached into remembering him did nothing to dull the edge of his pleasure.

He enjoyed the home town reception, too. The morning after they got in, his father woke him. "Go look out the window—"

The house, built on Vinegar Hill, commands a view of the heart of town and its tallest building—the courthouse topped by a small clock tower. To the side of the tower facing Jim's window someone had tacked a white sheet with printing in bold black letters: WELCOME HOME, JIM.

"Who did it?" he asked cautiously.

"Nobody knows. Courthouse people can't figure how anyone got up there—"

He relaxed, grinning. That made it the perfect greeting—warm but anonymous, a friendly hello from all. . .

For two weeks he loafed and invited his soul, fished in the reservoir, sauntered down Main Street, admired the spruced-up store fronts, and rejoiced secretly in the fact that his father's hardware store looked just the same. Chewed the fat with neighbors downtown and with his sisters at home. Enchanted his mother by the quantities of food he consumed and was in turn enchanted by his five-month-old niece.

Someone asked him if he'd ever doubted during the war years whether the movies would want him back.

"No," he replied, not being the coy type. "I always figured I was a good enough actor to get a job—"

Remembering "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" and "You Can't Take It With You," he wanted to make his first post-war picture with Capra. When he phoned from New York, Capra said: "I've got a story. How soon will you be out?"

A few weeks later you might have seen them together in a Hollywood restaurant, Capra pouring cascades of words into the ear of a somewhat bewildered Stewart. "And that's the story," he concluded. "How do you like it?"

Jim shook the daze out of his eyes. "Do *you* like it?"

"Would I be making it otherwise?"

"Think I can play it?"

"Don't ask foolish questions—"

"Okay, that's good enough for me—"

"Yeah, but do you *like* it?"

"How do *I* know?! I can't make head or tail of the damn thing—"

So they signed a contract for "It's a Wonderful Life." Shooting wasn't to start for four or five months. During that interval Jim discovered parties.

He'd never gone to parties before. Either he'd be working and couldn't stay up late, or he wouldn't be working—in which case he'd go to New York or home. This was his first crack at leisure in Hollywood. People asked him to parties and he found them enthralling. For the first time in his life he got himself a date book.

One night he was having dinner with Cary Grant, Eddy Duchin and John McClain. "I've been to so many parties," he said, "I ought to give one—"

It seems he'd taken the words right out of the mouths of his pals. They *all* ought to give a party. Why not give one together? Terrific idea—

"Now wait a minute," said Grant. "You can't just *give* a party, you've got to worry first—"

"What about?"

"Food. Entertainment. Guests—"

"Okay, let's start worrying now and get it over. Where'll we throw it—?"

"Clover Club—"

"All in favor? Unanimous. Write it down, Jim—"

"Eats by Romanoff—"

"What about the band—?"

"Let Duchin worry. That leaves people. Whom do we ask—?"

Names started popping. Jim dropped his pencil. "Who do we think we are, picking and choosing? Let's ask everyone—"

"Sure. Write it down. Everyone—"

"Hey, fellas, we forgot decorations—"

"Tell 'em to drape gardenias all over the place. Anything else—?"

They couldn't think of a thing.

The invitations, signed by all four, went out by wire. "It's about time we gave a party. Let us know quick, because we're nervous. Black tie and low-cut dresses—"

home away from home . . .

By many it was voted the party of the year, and at least one of its features was unique—a reception line of four gents who'd never looked handsomer, and who couldn't have been more perfect hosts. Romanoff outdid himself. The pickup band was a honey, composed of fellows they all knew, and it played on and on. But the best part came around six when everyone was tired, and Hoagy Carmichael sat himself down at the piano while Bing and Danny Kaye sang all sorts of old songs to a lot of dreamy people. . . .

Jim's reasons for staying with the Fondas were simple and logical. His own house

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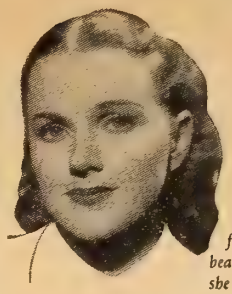

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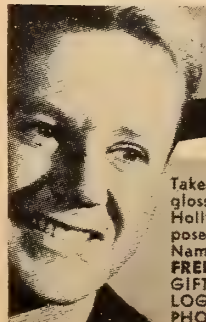

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was rented, and the people in it were looking for another place to live. He'd had every intention of finding a hotel, but why change when you're comfortable? "Their home's so wonderful," he explains, "they've got two wonderful children and Frances Fonda's such a wonderful girl, that I never offered to leave and they were too nice to ask me. On the other hand, you've got to look at all sides of a question. I didn't give them much trouble. I slept in the playhouse and picked up my own clothes. I changed the Victrola records myself. I even saved them the trouble of mixing my drinks—" He looks at you like a bland owl. "They appreciated that—"

He and Hank Fonda, just out of the Navy, made a good team. Their ideas on what constituted diversion were identical. If anything got them more steamed up than building model planes, it was flying kites. They put one together that was so sensational, they decided it couldn't be desecrated by common string. So they went to a fish line store on Santa Monica Pier for something special.

"What kind of fish are you going after?" asked the man.

"Uh—herring—" said Hank.

Jim noted that the guy looked startled. "And striped bass," he added.

"That's a funny combination. Anything else—?"

"Well—some kitefish maybe—"

He gave them both a dirty look and started toward the back. "Hey, wait a sec," yelled Jimmy in desperation. "It's not for fishing, it's for flying kites—"

"Who flies 'em?"

"We do—"

He opened the door and closed it behind him fast. They waited five minutes. "Come on," said Hank. "He thinks we're loony—"

"You think he's wrong?" asked Jim.

He'd planned to sell his Brentwood house when the tenants got out, but they left it looking so shiny and beautiful that he wavered, and Daisy's offer to come back as housekeeper turned the scales. Bidding the Fondas farewell, he moved in under his own roof-tree.

There was a time when Daisy would have sympathized with the fish line man. She comes from the midwest. To her, movie stars used to be a race apart—a shade less strange and fearful than headhunters maybe, but really not a great deal to choose between them. When she first went to work for Stewart, it was with one foot in the crack of the door as it were, ready to flee. But from the day Jim's mother and dad came out to visit, Daisy relaxed. "You're not movie folks," she told Mrs. Stewart. "You're just folks—"

terrible trio . . .

All musical sessions she takes in stride. Once Jim, Hank and Billy Grady got to worrying about what would happen to Bob Hope if the Pied Pipers couldn't sing any more. . . .

"Poor Bob. He'd sure need another trio bad—"

"And where would he get it? All the good ones are tied up—"

"Let's us start one for him—"

By the end of the evening they'd worked up three numbers—"Mary," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," and "My Gal Sal." These they sing whenever they find themselves and a piano together. People have been known to lock pianos at their approach. Jim's original compositions share a similar fate. He's written several songs, which he tries out on Grady, whose verdict never varies. "Believe me, boy, they *stink!*" Still he sings them at parties, hopeful that someone will come along and appreciate them. They all sound alike. The way Jim sings, you couldn't tell the difference between "Annie Laurie" and "Mr. Five-by-Five" except by the lyrics.

He was crazy to get back to work, and jumpy as a flea. Acting's a craft. You can forget things—timing and stuff like that—just as you can forget how to play the piano. He'd been away five years—

"So have I," said Capra. "It'll be tough at first, but we'll work it out—"

They started with crowd scenes, where Stewart had little to do. "But what's for tomorrow?" he'd want to know every night.

"A big scene—"

"Which one?"

"The subtle one. Where you fall in the water head first—"

blind trust . . .

But the day came when he *did* have to act, and it *was* tough at first. He kept blowing lines, didn't know what to do with his hands, fell over his feet and wondered how much he could earn as a circus tumbler. After a couple of weeks, though, tension eased and sureness began stealing back. Capra watched the transformation, and came up behind him one day as he raved over the picture—

"Thought you couldn't make head or tail of it—"

"I can't," grinned Jim, "but it's a wonderful life—"

Throughout the long shooting schedule, he had only two days off. Now he's deep in the heart of Bob Riskin's "Magic Town," playing opposite Jane Wyman. Then he goes right into another Capra film. You won't hear him kicking.

Hollywood's as curious as it was five years ago about whom he'll marry, but so far as the nosey eye can reach, there's no lady in sight. He continues to pal around with the Fondas and Wassermans, with the Heywards when they're in town and with Billy Grady. When he takes a girl out, she's one of the gang.

Like parties, sports are a new project with Jim. What he lacks in skill, he makes up in enthusiasm. All of a sudden nothing would do but he had to go tuna fishing. Chartered a boat, ran around buying up all kinds of tackle and bait, talked Fonda and Ward Bond into going along. Grady declined. "I get seasick—"

"Nobody gets seasick going to Catalina—"

"Look, I get seasick reading 'Field and Stream'—"

They got Daisy up at 2:30 to cook their breakfast—(this they were gonna do by the book)—they left the house at 3:30, they sailed out of San Pedro harbor at half past five. No sooner had they passed the breakwater than Jim turned green and stayed that way the whole weekend. The other two came home with a fine string of fish. Jim came home so pasty faced that Bill couldn't even rib him.

The one subject they don't discuss are Jim's war experiences. In all the months he's been back, and close as he is to Grady, he's referred to them only twice, both times indirectly. Seeing how willing he is to be done with them, Bill asks no questions.

But he did ask a question of General Doolittle once. That was in June '45 when Los Angeles welcomed two famous sons, Patton and Doolittle, with a grand pageant at the Coliseum. Making his way toward General Patton's side, Doolittle caught sight of Grady and stopped to shake hands.

"How's my Jim?" Grady asked.

The other Jim smiled. "Do something for me. Tell all his friends to be very proud of Stewart—"

Knowing Stewart, you wonder out loud if he'd want that story used.

"He can't stop me," snorts Bill. "I tell it to everyone. Orders from Doolittle—"

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 41)

groom wears or what's new for Spring for the male contingent. But I must say, your "choice of the year" looked grand. He had a new suit in blue, and with it he wore a lighter shade tie that just matched his eyes.

I stopped at Cornel Wilde's table to say hello to him and his lovely wife, Pat Knight. Cornel was having a hectic session at that time with his studio, 20th Century-Fox, over playing in "Forever Amber."

But after a brief twenty-four hours, Cornel returned to the studio and to the arms of the waiting Amber. (Remember—Linda Darnell is playing the amorous lady.) He admitted having asked for more money during the quarrel, but he was very bitter over an article I had written saying he had asked that his wife be promised star parts at his studio.

"Pat is a fine actress," he told me. "She was very successful in New York on the stage. All she needs is a chance at 20th. She is already under contract there.

"I resent very much that anyone should think I am trying to use my own career as a weapon to push her ahead."

As I sat with them for a brief moment, I almost dropped my own coffee cup in surprise—Cornel was pouring his cup of coffee over his ice cream and cake.

"That's the most unappetizing dish I've ever seen," I told him.

"I always pour coffee over my dessert," he said. "I call it 'Hungarian Delight.'

"Have some," he laughed.

"Not me," I answered. "I take my coffee straight, not even with cream and sugar."

Shirley Temple, who always looks to me like a little girl playing at being married, and her husband, John Agar, were sitting with Janet Blair and her husband, Louis Bush. The two husbands had been playing golf together and had returned home very late. As punishment, the girls said the boys had to stay until the very last and dance. I must say, the husbands didn't seem to mind it in the least.

Deanna Durbin, whom I had seen only the day before on the set looking very glamorous in a trailing black off-the-shoulder evening frock, came straight from the studio. This time, she wore a plain little brown dress and looked very tired.

I hoped her eyebrows, which were too heavy and gave her young face a too sophisticated expression, were a part of her makeup. She hadn't worn them that way when I saw her at the studio.

"How's the baby?" I asked her.

Her tired little face brightened up, "Oh, you've just got to come and see her. She is so darling. You were the first to write about me when I was a little girl, and you must be the first to tell about her."

Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell sat at a table for two, as happy as two turtle doves should be, for just two weeks later they were married at Las Vegas.

They excitedly whispered the news of their wedding plans to me at the MODERN SCREEN party.

"We have our house," Bob told me, "it's in the Valley, and we want you to be the first to know."

Two nights after their marriage, I saw them again at the marvelous surprise party William Dozier gave for Joan Fontaine, his bride. The party was held at Romanoff's and there were almost as many stars as there were at the MODERN SCREEN party.

Bob and Cleatus danced every dance together at Joan's party, and I knew as I watched them that they were remembering the big costume party Mike Romanoff gave. That was when Bob went home with Lana Turner and for nearly a year, he and Lana were everywhere together. But it was Cleatus he loved, and as I have said all along, I believe all their battles, or most of them, are in the past.

At the MODERN SCREEN party, Lana, whose hair is now much darker, sat very near Bob and Cleatus. She bowed and smiled. Lana is unhappy if anyone is cross at her. She is like a child that way.

She came to the party with Mrs. Keenan Wynn and Peter Lawford. What a bored young man he is. He kept rushing to the telephone. He must have telephoned everyone in town. At least, everyone who wasn't at the party.

Since Evie and Keenan Wynn parted, there have been many rumors that she would marry Van Johnson when she is free. Evie herself denies it, but I have lived in Hollywood too long to take much stock in any denials from anyone.

Keenan brought Evie to the door. He was appearing in a play at the new El Patio Theater, a stock company of Hollywood stars, and couldn't come in with her.

"You are still going places with Keenan?" I asked Evie.

She frankly said she and Keenan would always be good friends, but their marriage was definitely over. I thought I had never seen Evie Wynn look so nice. Her large beige hat with beige plumes exactly matched her smart frock.

The Gary Coopers were having fun in their sedate, quiet way. Rocky Cooper, who always champions the cause of the wife in any separation, gave a party a week later and among her guests was Nancy, Frank Sinatra's pretty wife. Nancy never looked prettier nor had as much attention.

I remember when Errol Flynn first married Nora, and Hollywood was a little slow in greeting her, Rocky Cooper was the first to go to a luncheon introducing Mrs. Flynn to the film colony. She has been Nora's steadfast friend in good and bad times, and now it seems the bad times are over for the Flynns, who appear to have resolved their matrimonial troubles and settled down to peaceful domesticity.

Dorothy Lamour, glowing in a red and green creation, looked smarter and prettier than I had ever seen her.

"Done up like a Christmas tree," I accused her.

"Don't you dare call me a Christmas tree," she said. "This is my best dress."

It was a great tribute to the Delacortes that although an M-G-M star was chosen, every studio was represented at the dinner. This feeling of good sportsmanship is what we need, with less envy and jealousy. With so many strikes and bitterness in the world, it's important for Hollywood to have a united front.

The Dane Clarks came in ravenously hungry after a five-mile hike around Bel-Air. Dane and Margo have done a lot of their own landscaping and even laid cement walks themselves around their Bel-Air property. Mrs. Clark is very good for Dane, who has a tendency to grow cocky once in a while. It's her level head that keeps him steady and he didn't need to tell me how much he adores his "Red," as he calls her. It was written all over that impish face of his.

Cary Grant was so engrossed in the wonderful music of Carmen Cavallero and his orchestra that Mark Stevens called, "Hey, Cole Porter, how about a song?"

And speaking of enthusiastic fathers, you should hear that Stevens boy rave over his new son.

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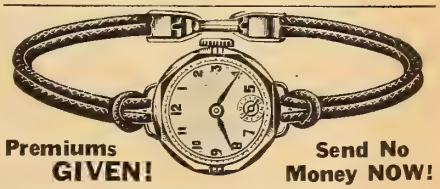

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"If Mark, Jr. wants to be an actor," Mark told me, "I'll give him all the help and encouragement I can."

"Isn't he a little young to decide?" I teased. "After all, most babies a few weeks old aren't interested in careers."

But Mark is sure his son is the exception. He, himself, still looks pale and thin from his recent illness.

"I have to rest," he told me, "so I am going home to bed and to see my son at his ten o'clock feeding time."

Dinah Shore and her husband, George Montgomery, sat at a table where they could see everything.

"Why don't you two dance?" I asked.

"Because this is our first visit to a night-club in a year-and-a-half," Dinah said, "and I want to see the 'cee-lebrities'."

There were no better dancers on the floor than Ginger Rogers and her tall husband, Jack Briggs. They do a mean rhumba. This marriage apparently has worked out very well. Everyone who knows young Biggs likes him. He is trying to stand on his own two feet, a difficult thing with so famous a wife.

Johnny Coy, who dances for a living on the screen, hardly left the dance floor. He and his pretty wife, Dorothy, were grace personified. I loved watching them dance. I almost said, they dance like professionals, but then they are just that, having danced together in a Paramount picture before they were married.

Charles Korvin, who I hear is excellent in his new Universal picture, "Temptation," with Merle Oberon, is a real music lover and not one of these synthetic kind who pretend to like music because it's the thing to do. How do I know? Because Charles and his lovely blonde wife whispered to me that they were leaving the party for a short time but would return later. When they came back, they confessed they'd gone to a concert of the Budapest String Quartette and loved it.

It was a grand party all the way through for the young people as well as for the more settled group. June Haver, in a sensational black satin dress, was beaued by Bob O'Neil, a wealthy young Texan. When I asked June if it were serious, she smiled and whispered, "I will always tell you first."

Just a short time ago, June went into court and had her contract approved. Her salary was given as $2,500 a week, not bad for a girl still under twenty.

She is so career conscious, I doubt if she will be in a hurry to marry. Still you can never tell—she breathes, eats, and is completely career conscious. "Three Little Girls in Blue" makes me feel that one of these days little Miss Haver will have few equals as a musical comedy queen.

Looking at her slim young figure, encased in an ankle length black dress, cut low, I thought to myself, "It's difficult to realize that that pretty thing is so overwhelmingly ambitious. But she is and plenty smart with it all, too."

Joan Crawford, who sat with Edith Gwynn, the columnist, looked stunning. When Frank Sinatra moved over to Edie's table to pose for photographers, they both called me. I was happy to be photographed with them. Edie is one of Frank's staunch friends. If the stories she's written about him were placed in one line, they'd reach around the world and back. She has that loyalty for him that she has for all her friends, and loyalty is such a great quality.

Joan's current swain is Greg Bautzer. Recently, she presented him with diamond studs—an engagement present? Yes, there is little doubt that when Joan is free in April, she'll marry the lawyer who was once in love with Lana Turner and after that, Dorothy Lamour's steady escort.

Joan and Greg battle like mad and then kiss and make up. Only two people as much in love could get into such a temper at the other's actions.

Jeanne Crain sat very demurely in a corner with her bridegroom, Paul Brinkman. There was a reason for Jeanne keeping on that new mink coat all evening other than a desire to show her coat off. Little Jeanne is to have a baby in March, and although she was just beginning to show her condition, she was a little embarrassed.

She had hoped to make one picture before the baby news came out, but I am sorry to say, I spoiled it by announcing the good news to the world. Jeanne denied the stork news until, as Sheilah Graham said in her column, "it is obvious she is approaching motherhood."

Bob Mitchum, one of the favorites on the MODERN SCREEN poll, and his wife enjoyed the dance music to the utmost.

"We had to get a sitter for our two boys," Mrs. Mitchum said, "but this party is well worth it."

A few days later, Bob and his wife parted, but I am happy to say it was only for a few days. They had the usual family spat. Only in Hollywood, a husband and wife cannot have a good old-fashioned fight without the whole country knowing it. Unfortunately, the Mitchum separation was printed, but by the time it appeared in the newspapers, they were back together again.

MINK'S A MINX

You can't buy a mink coat—more's the pity!—for five dollars, but you can buy a warm and purty sweater for that sum. Your fairy godmother, MODERN SCREEN, is anxious to finance the deal. In fact, we're just sitting here eagerly, waiting to hear the humorous or unusual anecdote about what happened on that rare day when you met a real, live movie star. Read the other "I Saw It Happens" in this issue, and then typewrite (or legibly write) your own tale to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If we print your piece, we'll send you $5.00—and p.s.—you don't have to spend it on a sweater!

At a party of this kind, you can always spot the romances that are beginning to bloom. And you know me—always on the lookout for my MODERN SCREEN readers to be the first with the newest heart interests. When I first saw Nancy Guild dancing with Frank Latimore, I knew they liked each other. When Frank danced by my table and lifted the "Reserved" sign and placed it around Nancy's neck for everyone to see, I said to myself, "Looks like the real McCoy."

Guy Madison never left Gail Russell's side. What an attractive couple! Too bad that Gail's lovely coloring doesn't come through on the screen in black and white. I truly think this pair is in love and will be married when and if Guy's studio gives its consent. With so much depending now on the fans' approval of Guy as a young unattached male, his advisors feel it would be unwise for him to marry.

I caught a glimpse of pretty Diana Lynn with Tad Von Brunt, and I must say Diana seems unlike her old self since she broke off her engagement to Henry Willson. Diana's sincere eagerness to marry, settle down and be happy may be due to parental interference, as I have heard, at home.

She is one of the most talented young stars in Hollywood, such a fine pianist and a tremendously effective little actress. I hope she will find the happiness which she deserves.

Tom Drake came stag and had the most marvelous time table-hopping, visiting all his pals and telling some very amusing stories. Marguerite Chapman, pretty as a picture, came with Kurt Krueger. Mark my word, one of these days, you fans will be selecting Kurt as your favorite. He is such a fine actor, and he is going far.

I saw Bill Williams and his winsome little bride, Barbara Hale, wandering around arm in arm. I wondered again when I saw Farley Granger, why he hasn't been given a movie job. He's been back from overseas too long to be idle. He was with cute little Nancy Walker. I saw him lean over and kiss her.

"Wait," I said, "is this a real attachment, or a movie scene?"

"Neither," said Farley, "we are old friends and can't a fellow kiss a pretty girl like Nancy without all this fuss?"

He can indeed—and he did indeed.

Lon McCallister is another ex-service man who enjoyed the Delacorte hospitality to the fullest. I saw Mrs. George Delacorte's eyes light up when I introduced her to Elizabeth Taylor and her pretty mother. Mrs. Delacorte has a young daughter just the age of the charming little Taylor girl.

Elizabeth and that cute Peggy Ann Garner became acquainted for the first time, and it was amusing to hear the little sub-starlets discuss their careers. Each has become extremely important to her studio.

Kathryn Grayson, who recently said she would marry singer Johnny Johnson as soon as her divorce from John Shelton becomes final, was, of course, with her fiance. When I asked Kathryn if it were true that she and Johnny had gone to Mexico and were married, she said, "Of course, it isn't true. Why, I haven't been out of Hollywood in months. I'll marry Johnny right here in my own home when I am free but not before."

After her stormy experience with John Shelton, Kathryn is certainly entitled to happiness. They separated five times and planned divorce three times before she finally filed suit against Shelton. Both claimed too much temperament was the cause of their continued marital unhappiness.

On the way out—and how I hated to leave the fun—I ran into Hurd Hatfield. Hurd told me the picture he'd traveled to Paris to make was never made after all. But he did tell me of his plans to appear on Broadway. He will be starred in a musical comedy.

Sonny Tufts strolled over while we chatted, and I was surprised to discover Hurd and Sonny had never met. I had supposed everyone in Hollywood knew everyone else.

Sonny was having himself a fine time wandering from group to group.

"This is a grand party," Hurd said. "Even in Paris, I didn't taste such delicious food."

I must say again before I sign off, the MODERN SCREEN party was one of the best ever given in Hollywood. The Delacortes know the real secret of hospitality. Everyone had a good time, which is a real tribute to good planning, especially when a party is not given in a private home.

I am really looking forward to next year's MODERN SCREEN Award party—for these affairs have now become an annual event to be looked forward to by all the "cee-lebrities."

And just a word to my readers: Please continue to write and tell me whether you want parties, production news or chit-chat or a combination of all three. I promise faithfully to try to the best of my ability to give you what you want.

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GIRL: No, I'm not *hungry*. Just *looking*.

CUPID: *Just looking*, she says! "Lovelorn Maiden Gazes Yearningly at Valentine, and says she's—"

GIRL: Smart-aleck! Know-it-all! Instead of poking fun at me, you might try to *help!*

CUPID: *Me* help *you?* Why don't you stop moping long enough to help yourself? *Smile* at men. *Gleam* at 'em, give 'em the old glitter. They'll eat it up!

GIRL: And then have stomach-ache! You should see my smile, Cupid. Looks as though it got dragged along a country road. I clean my teeth faithfully, but—

CUPID: No sparkle, eh? And "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, now that I think of it—

CUPID: *Now* that you think of it! You beanhead! "Pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*. Let *him* figure out what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then, as I'm walking out, he'll hand me a box containing one bright smile—

CUPID: Nitwit, bright smiles depend largely on firm, healthy *gums*. Ipana not only cleans teeth—it's designed, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, start right in ... and Baby, you'll be on the way to a smile that'll have men eating their hearts out for you!

For the Smile of Beauty—

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This is the year of "The Yearling" and this month we're going to let a number of America's famous authors tell you about M-G-M's finest picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

All these writers saw the preview of "The Yearling" and it's a privilege to have them as our guest columnists.

THORNTON DELEHANTY of "Redbook Magazine": "Heart-warming story, and superb acting and production. 'The Yearling' is an enthralling film, a masterpiece."

★ ★ ★ ★

LOUELLA PARSONS, Hollywood's famed columnist: "A tender, true and really lovely picture—one you will thank M-G-M for making . . . I laughed at it and wept at it and loved every minute of it and I think you will too. Claude Jarman, Jr., as 'Jody' is great!"

★ ★

URSULA PARROTT: "An enchanting background of woodland and wilderness, photographed in Technicolor so subtly perfect it deepens and intensifies every mood of the story."

★ ★ ★ ★

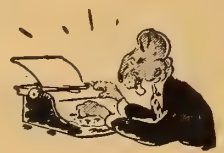
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN: "The outstanding feature of 'The Yearling' is (to my way of thinking) the superlative performance of Jane Wyman as Ma Baxter. She plays an exacting and difficult role with superb restraint and dynamic power."

★ ★

BENNETT CERF, author and columnist: "If there is any justice in Hollywood, 'The Yearling' should waltz off with just about all the Oscars in sight."

★ ★ ★ ★

And that's why: This is the year of "The Yearling"!



—Leo

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Yearling", starring Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, is a Clarence Brown production. The cast also includes Claude Jarman, Jr., as "Jody", Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly, Forrest Tucker. Screen play by Paul Osborn, based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Directed by Clarence Brown, produced by Sidney Franklin. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in Technicolor.

FEBRUARY, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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You'll share the intimate secrets of an amazing love affair!

M-G-M PRESENTS

CLAUDETTE COLBERT · WALTER PIDGEON
JUNE ALLYSON

"The Secret Heart"

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

with LIONEL BARRYMORE · ROBERT STERLING · MARSHALL THOMPSON

Screen Play by WHITFIELD COOK and ANNE MORRISON CHAPIN
Based Upon an Original Story and Adaptation by ROSE FRANKEN and WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY
Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD Produced by EDWIN H. KNOPF • AN M-G-M PICTURE

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

and party postscripts

ONCE AGAIN, OUR OWN INCOMPARABLE LOUELLA PARSONS COMES THROUGH WITH THE INSIDE, INTIMATE INFO IN THAT ETERNALLY FASCINATING QUESTION, "WHAT'S NEW IN HOLLYWOOD?"

One and all were invited to the Press Photographers' Ball at Ciro's with the request that you "come dressed as your suppressed desire." Here, E. Williams and hubby Ben Gage make like a siren and a schoolboy.

Sonny Tufts insisted that gaucho Cesar Romero join him in making a gruesome twosome as a pair of high flying deep sea divers. P.S. Sonny's gone gunning for a fox on his farm—with a bow and arrow!

■ If you believe all you've read about the separations of Ty Power and Annabella and Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini, you must be as mixed up as a jigsaw puzzle.

In all my years of covering movie news I've never read so much "stuff" without an ounce of truth. Oh, some of the yarns skimmed around the truth, but in my book, a half-truth is no better than an out and out lie.

Take that well splashed yarn that Ty and Gene would be married as soon as they were free from their respective mates. As the fellow says on the radio, DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

It made a hot story, I'll admit, that Ty and Gene had fallen "madly in love" during the making of "The Razor's Edge."

It also made a sizzling yarn that Oleg Cassini would set off plenty of firecrackers in his divorce action.

So I asked him pointblank if he thought Gene and Ty had fallen in love during the making of their biggest picture together.

He said, "I do not. Louella, this is what I believe: I think both Gene and Power had their hearts wrapped up in the roles they were creating. With so many deep and real love scenes to portray, it was natural that a genuine sympathy should spring up between them and that they might lunch together and have many conferences about their script."

As for Oleg setting off a powder keg when Gene files for divorce, he says, "Nonsense. I shall put nothing in the way of her obtaining her freedom. Gene and I were happy for many wonderful years. If that happiness has fled, there is nothing to be done about it except for both of us to pick up the pieces and make new lives for ourselves."

Why were Gene and Oleg so long in separating after the first rumors of "trouble" broke? I, personally, believe that their child held them together for as long as possible.

No matter what reason is ever given for the break between Ty and Annabella, I'll always believe the real one was the long enforced separation the war years brought to them.

Tyrone came back from the war a different boy than the one who went away. Before his days in the service came, I think he had been dependent on Annabella. But the war gave

"Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum . . ." Two dashing desperadoes—Mr. and Mrs. Desi Arnaz. At long last, Lucille's gotten boss Louis Mayer's permission to go east next year to appear in a play.

Lay that whistle down, June Haver—David Rose is a musician, remember? Girl Scout Junie wears the uniform bestowed by her Rock Island friends on her recent trip home.

him a new self-confidence. He came back to Hollywood a far more mature person mentally, spiritually and physically than when he went away.

Meanwhile, a new career and interest on the stage had sprung up for Annabella. Her closest friends were people who lived in the East—particularly the Vincent Astors. The big comfortable home where the Powers had entertained so often was boarded up.

Several times after their break, Ty was seen dining with Lana Turner. But I wouldn't put too much stock in THAT romance, either.

If there IS a new, big romance in Gene Tierney's life, I think you will find that the man is a well (*Continued on next page*)

June Allyson's no glad-hander, but the cute little "Shriner" was kept busy all evening greeting the many Powell friends. Chivalrous Dick, who loves the sea, sold his yacht 'cause wifie got so-o-o seasick.

After four months of wedded bliss, Bob Hutton and "the woman I love," Cleatus Caldwell, still have that honeymoon glaze. Though Bob came as a sheik, he had eyes for no one but his personal harem favorite.

With the birth of her baby one month off, Jeanne Crain made a lovely Gold Rush gal. Hubby Paul Brinkman is thrilled over it, but objects to Mrs. B.'s new pet—a lion cub which waits for them in their car!

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

and party postscripts

Jimmy and Harry Ritz surround sombrero'd Tony Martin, who, in turn, surrounds pretty Wilma Francis at the opening of a new night club, "The Stables." Tony's been seen with Florence Pritchett and Linda Brent.

known millionaire who has been carrying around a frustrated love for her for several years.

STRONG-MINDED JUNIE . . . Little Junie Haver called me to say that everyone can stop guessing about whom she is going to marry—and when.

"I am not marrying Dr. Duzik," she said, "and I am not marrying Dave Rose. In fact, I have made up my mind that I won't marry anyone for five years."

June is a youngster who knows her own mind—but I've heard girls say that before and then get married within five weeks or five days.

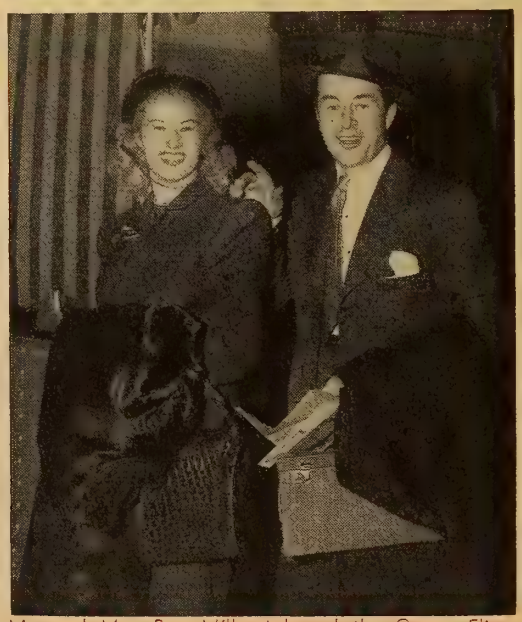
HUTTON HAM . . . Never let it be said that Betty Hutton hasn't a wonderful sense of humor. A few days before her baby was born, Betty said:

"Louella, what do you bet this baby isn't such a big ham it waits until a Sunday to be born so it can get a break on your radio show?"

One of the cutest presents Betty received at her baby shower was a diamond engagement ring which Ridgely Howard, son and heir of Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard, presented to her. So Betty's girl baby is probably the first young lady in the world, outside of royalty, ever BORN engaged.

(Continued on page 8)

Dorothy Lamour took her son, John Ridgely Howard, to Betty Hutton's baby shower, and showed off his miniature platinum cuff links. Lucky little John has his own circus: It's painted on the walls of his nursery.



Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland board the Queen Elizabeth for a long-promised trip to Europe. Ray bought a house in southern France, spent a month in Paris.

There's more to "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"...than meets the eye!

Shameless?
Blameless?
Nameless?

BETTY GRABLE *and* **DICK HAYMES** *in*

MUSIC BY George Gershwin
LYRICS BY Ira Gershwin

"FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOR EVERMORE"
"CHANGING MY TUNE"
"AREN'T YOU KIND OF GLAD WE DID?"
"WALTZING IS BETTER SITTING DOWN"

The Shocking MISS PILGRIM

IN TECHNICOLOR

20th CENTURY-FOX

with
ANNE REVERE · ALLYN JOSLYN · GENE LOCKHART

Written for the Screen and Directed by GEORGE SEATON Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

From a Story by Ernest and Frederica Maas · Dances Staged by Hermes Pan · Costumes Designed by Orry Kelly

Have you seen Darryl F. Zanuck's production of W. Somerset Maugham's "THE RAZOR'S EDGE"?

Gary Cooper's deep in thought as Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford chat during a Screen Actors' Guild meeting. Claudette's planning to play a murderess in her next pic, "The Endorsement," just bought a $3,000 red leather upholstered car.

Danny Kaye tuned his "A" string with Vaughn Monroe when he appeared on V's radio program. Danny's excited about the many roles he plays in his new "Mitty" pic, more excited over role of a soon-to-be father.

The Brown Derby nearly had a barber shop quartet when this gang got together: Reg Gardiner, Ronald Colman and Adolphe Menjou. Ronald plays his first role in 2 years as the lead in "The Late George Apley."

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

and party postscripts

GODDARD VS. HAYWORTH! . . . The battle of the "Carmens" is on. One studio is determined to make it with Rita Hayworth as the star and an independent producer is just as sure that his version, with Paulette Goddard, will be tops.

Both would be good as the undying "Carmen" although entirely different. Which is your choice?

HUTTON'S HAPPINESS . . . SOME frustrated love stories eventually get around to happy endings. I'm speaking, particularly, of Cleatus Caldwell and Robert Hutton who, I believe, were in love for two years before they got around to that Los Vegas elopement.

Certainly, there was never anybody really important in Cleatus' life. With Bob, it was different. For a little while, he thought he was very much in love with Lana Turner.

When that flame finally died down, he made every effort to get Cleatus back. But her pride was hurt. Although she loved him, she couldn't bring herself to forgive and forget.

And, then, one night I ran into them together, again, at a party. I've never seen two people so happy. They had gotten together and decided that they were acting like kids.

Bob told me, "That's all behind us now. If Cleatus will say 'Yes' we're headed for a minister." I couldn't have been LESS surprised when they eloped to Las Vegas ten days later.

I believe they will be very happy. Cleatus is a very beautiful girl and she is constantly getting offers to test for the screen. But she isn't interested. She (*Continued on page 10*)

He's a hit with the misses...
They go for his kisses...
He's the Woman's Home Companion!

Eddie's a howl as the oil well millionaire who becomes first prize on a radio show . . . and the boy friend of 5,000,000 husband-hunting females!

"Ladies' Man"

Wait till you SEE Spike Jones play "Cocktails For Two" and "Holiday For Strings" in the year's first romantic-musical fun riot!

starring

Eddie BRACKEN · Cass DALEY · Virginia WELLES · and Spike JONES and his City Slickers

with Johnny COY Virginia FIELD

Produced by Daniel DARE · Directed by William D. RUSSELL

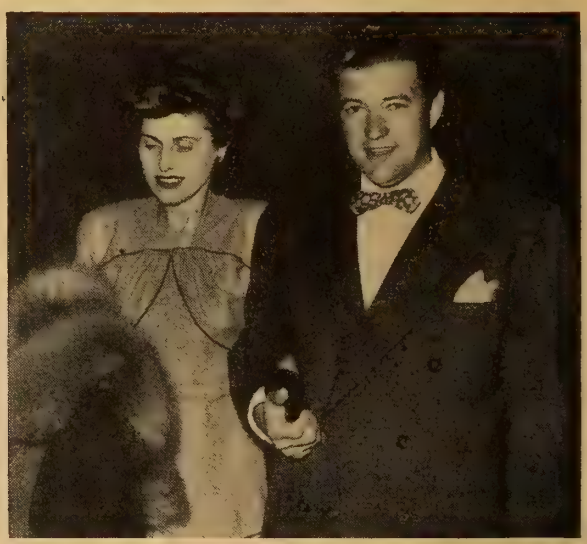
Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Jack Rose and Lewis Meltzer · A Paramount Picture

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

and party postscripts

Trying out Charles Coburn's monocle at the Screen Guild broadcast is Shirley Temple, who's been married over a year now, and asks her directors to please call her "Mrs. Agar!"

Sonja Henie and beau Stewart Barthelmess went western at the "Stables" opening in Palm Springs. Sonja, a popular gal, had been going with Van Johnson and Cary Grant before she started "going steady" with Stewart.



Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Morgan attended the Ice Follies opening, gossiped during intermission about Dennis' new picture, "My Wild Irish Rose." Ruptured ear drum won't interfere, says D.

(*Continued from page 8*)

wants to devote her time to being Mrs. Bob Hutton and to her two children by her previous marriage to Ken Murray. This is the right way to handle Bob, if you ask me. I think the trouble with his marriage to Natalie Thompson was that she was overly eager for a movie career of her own during the time they were married.

Guess who was the first to send them a wire of congratulations after the wedding? Natalie, herself—the former Mrs. Hutton.

PHOTOGS GO PARTYING . . . The candid cameramen and—BABIES, of all people—held the social spotlight in Hollywood this month, and I'm not kidding. In going over my date book I noticed one baby "shower" after the other and I can tell you that all the cute baby shops in these parts were practically sold out, what with the rush to buy presents for the new arrivals or about-to-be arrivals.

We'll get around to the infants in just a minute.

First, I want to tell you about all the beautiful babes who showed up for the annual blow-out hosted by the Society of Hollywood Press Photographers at Ciro's, their old stamping ground.

The invitations read, "A costume affair—come dressed as your suppressed desire—or what you would like to have been if you weren't what you are."

(*Continued on page 12*)

Just two years ago, Mrs. Rex Harrison (Lilli Palmer) was having her baby during a London blitz. Now she's safe in H'wood (here at the Crillon) and starring in "Cloak and Dagger."

"There ought to be a law
AGAINST KNOWING THE THINGS I FOUND OUT ABOUT MEN!"
THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT LOVE.. THE MORE YOU'LL LOVE THIS PICTURE!
IDA LUPINO · ROBERT ALDA
ANDREA KING · BRUCE BENNETT
"The Man I Love"
WARNER HIT
Hear and hum! 'The Man I Love' 'Lisa' 'Just My Bill' 'Why Was I Born' 'Body and Soul' 'If I Could Be With You'
Directed by RAOUL WALSH
SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY • ADAPTATION BY JO PAGANO AND CATHERINE TURNEY • FROM A NOVEL BY MARITTA WOLFF
Produced by ARNOLD ALBERT

Come Join Us

it's the BEST thing that ever happened

MYRNA LOY

FREDRIC MARCH

DANA ANDREWS

TERESA WRIGHT

VIRGINIA MAYO

HOAGY CARMICHAEL

and introducing CATHY O'DONNELL

Great ENTERTAINMENT

Yvonne De Carlo's doing the town with Turhan Bey now, but for competition, there's Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, Howard Hughes.

That certainly gave the boys and girls plenty of leeway and don't think they didn't take advantage of it.

There were at least a dozen shieks in the crowd, and very good looking ones, too. I didn't recognize Bob Hutton with a pointed beard. His bride, Cleatus, was at his side as a harem favorite and Cleatus is just the girl who could have made the grade, too! Another sheik floating around was Charles Korvin and I heard Bob tell Cleatus to be careful she remembered which harem she belonged in.

Jane Withers, who looked prettier than she ever looked in her life, was Madame Pompadour. "I always wanted to be Madame Pompadour," little Janie said, "a siren, a lady of the court"—and she looked it. She was as cute as the proverbial bug's ear.

In extreme contrast was Shirley Temple, who came as Alice in Wonderland with a very long, blonde wig. She was much blonder than the color of her hair now and Shirley admitted that when she was a little girl she had hoped to retain her very blonde locks. "But they went and turned dark on me," she admitted with that famous Temple pout.

Shirley was dancing with her boss, David Selznick, and let me say that David, who got in so bad with photographers a few months back, was given a royal reception by the boys. To say the producer of "Duel in the Sun" is a good sport is putting it mildly. He took a full page ad in the program with Bruce Bailey's picture saying, "Producer with a short right will shortly return to his home gymnasium to make a Selznick International picture." Bruce is the boy who is supposed to have traded a few impolite punches with Selznick several months ago.

Dorothy Lamour came as a bearded lady, of all things. She was all done up in spangles, all right, but she didn't have the nerve to take the beard out of her pocketbook. Every once in awhile she would take it out and wear it as a "bracelet" over her wrist.

Apparently, every young girl in Hollywood wants to be a siren, for there were plenty of them in the crowd. Beverly Tyler was dressed

to the teeth as Catherine of Russia. She was with Rory Calhoun, who was all done up in a western costume, along with another good looking cowboy, Guy Madison.

Andrea King looked out of this world as Lillian Russell on the arm of her husband, posing as Diamond Jim Brady. Cesar Romero, just back from South America with Ty Power, wore a gaucho costume he bought there, complete with a whip and everything. Glenn Ford was just "a sporty guy" while Eleanor Powell was a modest little Chinese gal.

The funniest costume was worn by Joan Davis—a plain skirt and a sweat shirt and she labeled herself "A sweater girl." "If you don't think that's a supressed ambition, you're crazy," she yelled.

Sonny Tufts wore a deep sea diving costume and I kidded him, saying, "Bet you wore that to cover up your added avoirdupois." That same night I had scolded Sonny on the radio for putting on so much weight. I tried to encourage him by saying I thought he looked thinner than in his new picture, "Swell Guy." "It's just an optical illusion," he sighed, "but I am dieting—as of your broadcast!"

Jackie Cooper was a "grown-up" Skippy in a costume exactly like the one he wore as a little boy. And there was no more beautiful girl present than Ann Rutherford, who looked ravishing as a Star and Garter girl. It was her first appearance since she announced her separation from her husband, David May, and her escort was Rand Brooks.

Turhan Bey expressed himself as an African hunter and if you want to know, he was romantically stalking pretty Audrey Totter all evening. These two seem to have discovered each other, but probably by the time this is printed, it will be a romance of the far away past.

Bonita Granville, so happy and in love she can hardly keep her feet out of the clouds, came as a cigarette girl. She was with the wealthy Texan, Jack Wrather—and they are a love match if I ever saw one. That's why she came as a cigarette girl—it's a "match"—get the point? I suppose I could add, that "Smoke (*Continued on page 86*)

Mrs. Richard Green didn't mind Dick's growing a mustache for his "Forever Amber" role, but she does dislike that patch on his chin!

... and it happens to YOU in

"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

Produced by SAMUEL GOLDWYN
Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Screen play by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
From a novel by MacKINLAY KANTOR
Released thru RKO Radio Pictures

IN THE *Goldwyn* MANNER!

dorothy kilgallen selects "humoresque"

■ It is a difficult fact for the average Saturday night moviegoer, the average $40-a-week shoe clerk, or the average budget-weary housewife to recognize with much enthusiasm, but there does exist in this world a group of people who are wretchedly unhappy because all they have is money. They live in sparkling splendor, they ride in gleaming motor cars, their wrists flash with gold and there is always more where that came from—and as they pass by, it is only natural for the man on the curbstone to look with envy and wistfully sigh: "What a life!"

Yet, impossible as it is to say without pitching into a quagmire of clichés, often these rich are desperately unhappy, often they cry into their silken pillows because they do not own such unfashionable properties as honesty and unselfishness and usefulness and true devotion, which they have found to be unpurchasable in the stylish world they whirl about in.

This is the "message" of "Humoresque," Joan Crawford's newest picture. Put in a few words, it sounds a little saccharine, but on celluloid, in the script devised by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold, it is an (*Continued on page 24*)

Helen Wright (Joan Crawford), fabulously wealthy patron of the arts, is at first only interested in Paul Boray's (John Garfield) career as a volinist, but later falls in love with him. Paul's best friend (Oscar Levant) and his parents (J. Carroll Naish and Ruth Nelson) vehemently veto the match.

"You can't push me around!"

Directed by
JOHN CROMWELL
Produced by
SIDNEY BIDDELL
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

movie reviews

by virginia wilson

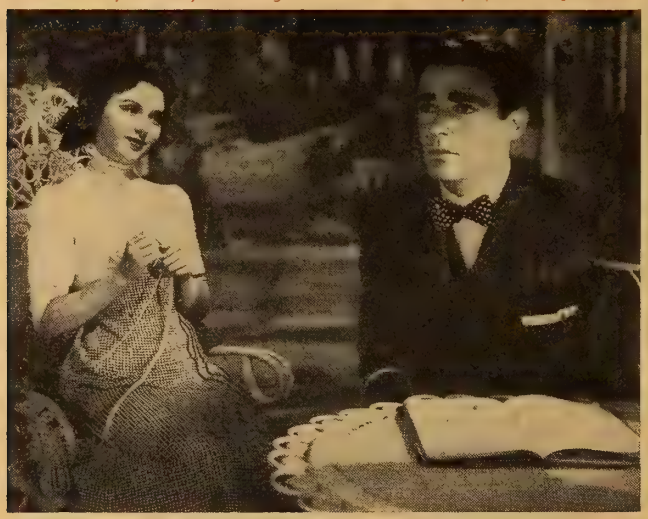
"MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES"

■ Maybe you don't think a little boy can talk to horses—and have them talk back. But you'll believe it when you see Lewie Penrose (Butch Jenkins) do it. Let me tell you how it happens, back in 1909.

The Penrose family have lived in Baltimore for a long time. When Mr. Penrose was alive they had lots of money, but now they only have what John (Peter Lawford) makes as a bank clerk, and that isn't much. Of course there's the board money Mr. Puddy (O. Z. Whitehead) pays them, but he's irregular about it. Puddy is an inventor, and he's working on an edible beer bottle. So far, it has resulted only in a series of explosions, and the loss of Mrs. Penrose's (Spring Byington) best Lowestoft platter. John, too, is working on an invention. Radio, he calls it. Everybody thinks it's sort of a silly name.

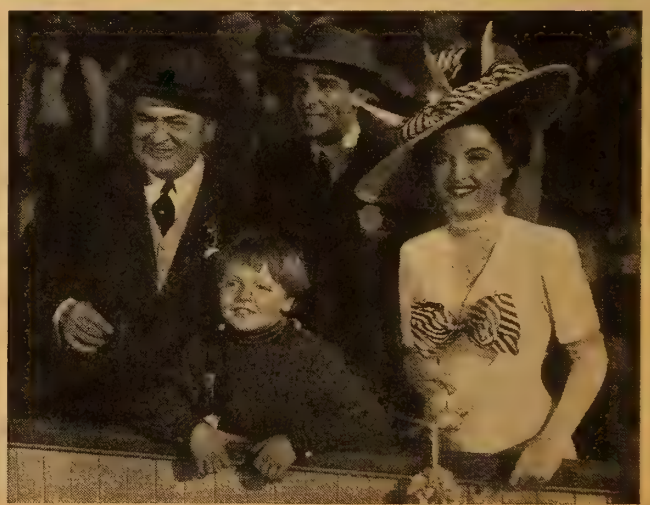
Not Lewie, though. Lewie thinks everything John does is just right. He loves his older brother so much that he even confides in him about the (*Continued on page 18*)

John Penrose (Peter Lawford) has been engaged to Martha (Beverly Tyler) for two years, but they can't get married till John earns more money. Everyone laughs at his invention, "that silly radio."



Little brother Lewis (Butch Jenkins) has always been fond of animals, so he isn't too surprised to find, one day, that horses will talk to him.

Big brother John isn't too excited about Lewis' talent until Lewis explains that race horses confide in him who's going to win each race.



Race horse owner (Edward Arnold), John and Martha (for whom the money would come in handy) are wild with suspense at the track. But not Lew. What's so odd about talking to horses???

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GREGORY PECK
JOAN BENNETT

in Ernest Hemingway's

"The Macomber Affair"

Only Ernest Hemingway, author of "The Killers" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" could have written of love like this!

Also starring

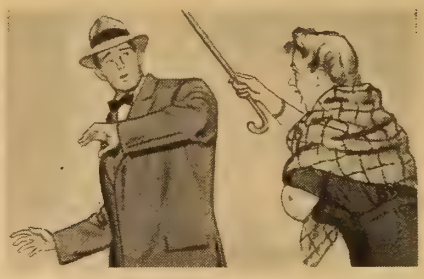
ROBERT PRESTON with REGINALD DENNY · JEAN GILLIE · Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and CASEY ROBINSON · Released thru United Artists

I never should have said...

"What kind of Kleenex do you want?"

NOW I've heard everything! jeered the little woman. Maybe you think *all* tissues are Kleenex*, but my *skin* says different! If *you* had a faceful of makeup you'd insist on a *soft* tissue—and you'd *know* there's no other kind of Kleenex!



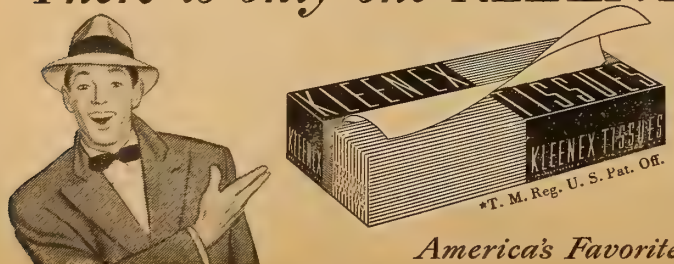
Clowning again snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over. Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like *any* tissue. Well, my *nose* knows there's *only one* Kleenex. You'll learn!

It's a greenhorn you are about tissues, sir! smiled our Nora. What other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? *None but Kleenex!* 'Tis by that Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only *one* Kleenex. But whish-h-t! There's still another way . . .

Your eyes tell you! Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Divil a bit! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—so you're sure Kleenex *must* be *heavenly soft.* And *husky!* Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no tissue just like Kleenex!

Now I know better...

There is only one KLEENEX



America's Favorite Tissue

(*Continued from page* 16)

horses. "They talk to me," Lewie says. "They tell me things."

"What kind of things?" John is skeptical.

"Well, if they're milk wagon horses, they tell me how hard they've been working. If they're race horses they tell me who's going to win the race."

John is interested, but not impressed. He has something more important on his mind—Martha (Beverly Tyler), his fiancée. They have been engaged for two years now, and it looks as if they might stay engaged forever, since they have no money to marry on. Now if someone rich would just see the possibilities of John's "radio!"

Lewie, with his passion for horses, persuades John and Martha to go out to the race track one afternoon. He picks all the winners, by asking the horses about it. This simple device attracts the attention of some professional gamblers, with extraordinary results all around.

I suppose you'd call this a fantasy. But it all seems completely real and heart-warming when you see it on the screen.—*M-G-M*

THE WICKED LADY

Wicked she was, but fascinating too, this lovely lady turned highwayman. She lived in England's seventeenth century, along with a handsome rogue called Captain Jackson (James Mason). Her name is Barbara Worth (Margaret Lockwood), and she's a woman men fall in love with too quickly for their own good. She is passionate, yet ruthless, seizing life greedily, selfishly.

She is invited to the castle of Sir Ralph Skelton (Griffith Jones) to be the maid of honor at his marriage to her best friend, Caroline (Patricia Roc). But when the marriage takes place a week later, it is Barbara who is the bride, while the broken-hearted Caroline serves as maid of honor. Barbara doesn't love Ralph, only the money and position she can have through him. She takes him from Caroline as coldly and calmly as she later snatches rings from her robbery victims.

Barbara turns highwayman by accident. The one thing she values is a diamond brooch left her by her mother. When she loses it gambling, she disguises herself as the notorious Captain Jackson, who is the best known highwayman of his day. Then she holds up the coach of the woman who won it from her. She gets the broach back, plus some other jewelry, but the important thing, she finds, is the thrill of power it gives her. She loves danger.

Soon Barbara is leading a completely double life. By day she is the gracious Lady Skelton, dispensing alms to the villagers. By night she is a slim, masked

Wicked Lady: Capt. Jackson (James Mason) woos dashing Barbara Worth (M. Lockwood).

highwayman on a big, black horse, bringing terror to travellers. It is inevitable that she and Captain Jackson should meet, and when they do, they join forces. Jackson falls in love with her, which is a bad mistake for any man to make.

Soon murder enters the picture. Murder by gunshot, murder by poison, murder by knife. Barbara herself is in love now, with Kit Locksby (Michael Rennie) and there are so many people who stand in her way. Ruthless as ever, she determines to dispose of them all.—*Univ.*

THAT'S A JOKE, SON

Not since General Lee or Scarlett O'Hara has there been as famous a Southerner as Senator Claghorn. One Sunday night he boomed "That's a joke, son!" into Fred Allen's microphone, and the whole country roared with laughter. Kenny Delmar, who plays him on the air, is now starred in this picture about the man who thinks South Dakota ought to be moved down with the rest of the solid South.

Claghorn is just plain mister, not Senator, when the story opens. He isn't even a politician—just a mighty big talker. Not even that, when his wife, Magnolia (Una Merkel) is around. Magnolia stands for no nonsense from the rest of the family. That includes forbidding her daughter, Mary Lou (June Lockhart) to see her best beau, Jeff (Kenneth Farrell).

"*I* married a penniless good-for-nothing," says Magnolia grimly, "and I'm going to see that my daughter doesn't make the same mistake."

Jeff may be penniless, but he's not a good-for-nothing. His war record is fine, and all he needs is a little financial backing to get started in business. He wants to run a frozen food truck, and has it all planned out. Only the money is lacking.

One day the members of Magnolia's Women's Club accidentally get full of bourbon due to Claghorn's mistaking it for the grape juice he was supposed to put in the punch. They decide to run Magnolia for Senator. Meanwhile, Claghorn, also full of bourbon although not accidentally, gives Jeff fifteen hundred dollars—all the money he has in the world—to start in business.

That leads, surprisingly, to Claghorn running for Senator. Not that he wants to—he's too afraid of Magnolia. But things move too fast for him. Dan Healey (Douglas Dumbrille), the local machine boss, suspects that Claghorn may be elected. His somewhat unorthodox campaigning methods seem to be winning an amazing amount of support. So Healey has him kidnapped. It takes a dog named Daisy, and Magnolia's complete change of heart, to achieve a happy ending.—*PRC*

It's A Joke, Son: Senators' Claghorn (Kenny Delmar) and Leeds (Jimmy Conlin) plot politics.

You can catch a cold shoulder in mink, Pet!

YOU *should* be a heartthrob in mink, Honey. But that dreamy coat can leave you out in the cold if...

If you forget that even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. For odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And heavy furs... warm woolen clothes... increase your chance of offending.

So *always*... after your bath washes away *past* perspiration... guard against *future* underarm odor. Use Mum.

Mum better because it's Safe

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3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or all evening.

• • •

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even *after* you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.*

Head of the Class

For *you* (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat and sweet to see ... You'll rate A-plus with that dreamboat sitting next to you in class ... and what more can a girl ask?

Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to *DeLong* Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a

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SANITARY BELTS

The Shocking Miss Pilgrim: Cynthia (B. Grable) spurns John (Dick Haymes).

13 RUE MADELEINE

This saga of the Office of Strategic Services plays it straight, with a documentary but exciting effect. It follows the career of four recruits in the dangerous O.S.S. from the time they enter it until their objective is achieved. By then one of them has proved a traitor and another is his victim.

The four are Bob Sharkey (James Cagney), Suzanne De Bouchard (Annabella), Bill O'Connell (Richard Conte) and Jeff Lassiter (Frank Latimore). Suzanne hopes she will eventually be sent to her native France where she may find out what happened to her husband, reported missing. Young Jeff is anxious to do anything, anywhere. He has been turned down by the other services as 4-F, but he has qualities the O.S.S. can use. Sharkey is in charge of the group. He takes his duties and the rigorous training seriously. It's an intensive course, and it's made more serious by the fact that Sharkey has been told there is a German agent among them.

"You'll have to spot him for yourself," Giblin (Walter Abel), the boss, tells him. "And watch out for him. He knows what he's doing."

It's that which tips off Sharkey to the fact that Bill O'Connell is the agent. Bill is just a little too fast on the trigger, too sure of himself, to be new at the espionage game. When he and Jeff are sent on a test job, to steal papers from a defense factory, Bill accuses Jeff to protect himself. It's a typically German reaction.

But Giblin sends O'Connell to England along with the rest of the group. Through him they will feed false information to the Germans. The burning question is where the Second Front will be, and the Germans are making every desperate effort to find the answer. O'Connell and Jeff are sent together on a mission to Holland, because Sharkey hopes to convince the agent—and his higher-ups—that the Second Front will come there. On that mission, Jeff is murdered, because he suspects O'Connell. After that, Sharkey takes over. He'll get O'Connell if it's the last thing he does—and it almost is.—*20th-Fox*

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM

The latest Betty Grable-Dick Haymes musical is based on as unlikely a subject as you can imagine: Women's Suffrage, no less, with la Grable making speeches about Rights For Women. And Dick singing songs to prove that woman's place is in the home. It's all very gay, if a trifle unexpected.

Miss Cynthia Pilgrim (Betty Grable) is the first graduate of the Packard Typewriting School in New York. In 1912 there were only a few typewriters in the country, and even fewer people who knew how to use them. The school gets a fine position for Cynthia as secretary to the head of the Pritchard shipping firm in Boston. But when she arrives she finds that John Pritchard (Dick Haymes) was under the impression that she was a man.

"I don't believe in women working in offices," John says firmly. "They're an upsetting influence." John's aunt Alice (Anne Revere), a militant suffragette who owns most of the company stock, overhears this remark. She is furious, and makes him hire Cynthia immediately. The men in the office resent her at first, particularly Saxon (Gene Lockhart) the office manager. He almost succeeds in getting her fired. Probably would have, if Cynthia hadn't gone walking Sunday on Boston Common. She meets John, who does a triple take, because Cynthia in a light chiffon dress with her blonde curls soft around her face, is quite different from the severely garbed Miss Pilgrim of the office. John falls in love.

Okay, that's fine, up to a point. Cynthia goes for her handsome employer, too. But then Suffrage rears its ugly head. Aunt Alice has found that beautiful Cynthia makes more converts to the Cause with one speech than Back Bay feminists do with a dozen. So Cynthia has to go on spending her evenings making speeches instead of making love, and John becomes more convinced than ever that a woman's place is in the home. For a while it looks as if they'd just never get together. Believe it or not, it's a small pocket knife that does the trick.

Gershwin melodies, and some particularly lovely Technicolor almost make up for the long skirts Betty wears throughout the picture.—*20th-Fox.*

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY

If anyone brings up that old heredity-versus-environment argument, you might point out the case of George Apley. George (Ronald Colman) is completely the product of his environment, which is Boston in the early 1900's. Smug, punc-

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DEVIL-MAY-CARE Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans, with a ten-dollar gold piece, a pearl stick-pin—and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth and power—won the blue-blooded Odalie—then her sister, Aurore—and finally, the sultry Desiree.

"As sheer entertainment it will take backwater from nothing."—*Chicago Sun.*

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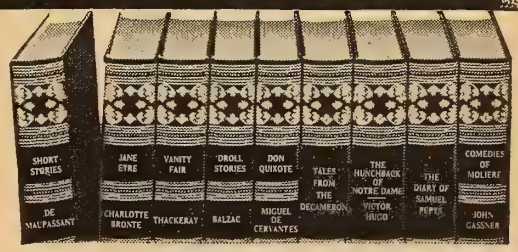

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tilious, narrow to the point of stuffiness—that's George Apley. Yet underneath it all is a genuine love of people, and a desire to do what's best for everyone.

He is devoted to his calm, sweet wife, Catherine (Edna Best), and manages to be patient with his domineering sister, Amelia (Mildred Natwick). Yet he refuses to understand the wilfulness of his daughter, Eleanor (Peggy Cummins), who shocks him continually by her disregard for tradition. She has been known to proclaim that Boston is just like a savage tribe, with its worship of ancestors, and Harvard for a fetish.

At present Eleanor is absorbed in a young man named Howard Boulder (Charles Russell). He is an instructor at Harvard, which is good, but he went to Yale first, which is bad. Also, he is from New York. George Apley disapproves of New Yorkers—a flighty lot, with no morals or background! John (Richard Ney), Apley's son, has been worrying his father lately, too. Instead of dutifully becoming engaged to his third cousin, he has fallen in love with a girl from Worcester. He wants to marry her. In vain his father tells him the story of his own youth, when *he* wanted to marry an Irish girl from South Boston.

"You might have been very happy with her," John says rebelliously. George is shocked by this. One doesn't marry to be *happy*. "After all," he tells his son, "happiness is a very rare commodity. Especially in New England."

It is after George is turned down for the office of president of the Sunday Bird Watchers Club that he begins to have doubts of his infallibility. Perhaps John and Eleanor have the right to make their own decisions. . . .

The cast of "The Late George Apley" is superb. It includes Richard Haydn, Percy Waram and Vanessa Brown, as well as those already mentioned. Peggy Cummins makes a lively Eleanor, and Charles Russell is effective as her handsome, sardonic beau.—*20th-Fox*

SONG OF THE SOUTH

The new Walt Disney picture is a fascinating combination of live action and animated cartoons. It's in the cartoon sequences about Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit that the Disney genius shines brightest, however. They are based on the old Uncle Remus tales, which you've probably known and loved all your life.

Little Bobby (Bobby Driscoll) goes with his mother (Ruth Warrick) to visit his grandmother's plantation. Bobby is pretty unhappy because they've left Daddy at home, and what do a lot of women know about important things like fishing? The first night, he decides to run away, and go back home. The plantation turns out to be a lot bigger than he thought, and he gets lost. He wanders under the live-oak trees, a small, frightened figure, until he meets an old Negro whose name is Uncle Remus.

Uncle Remus (James Baskett) is as wise as he is old. He takes Bobby to his cabin, and tells him an absorbing tale about Br'er Rabbit. (Here's where we get into animation, and it's wonderful!) This rabbit is a cocky little creature, who spends his time outwitting his enemy, Br'er Fox. Sometimes his cockiness gets him awfully close to turning into rabbit stew, but he's a glib talker and a fast runner, and he always manages to get back to the briar patch where he was "bo'n and raised."

Bobby, fascinated, forgets about running away, and from that night on he is devoted to Uncle Remus. But things are tough, just the same. When a pretty little girl from down the road (Luana Patton) gives him a puppy, his mother won't let him keep it. Instead of taking it back, as he's told to do, he hides it in Uncle Remus' cabin. That gets them both in bad. To make matters worse, Bobby and his little girl friend sit listening to the fabulous story of the tar baby, when they should be at a party up at the big house. Verdict from mamma: No more stories. Then, like Br'er Rabbit, Bobby comes close to getting into a really fatal jam. . . .

You'll love the music, especially "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" and James Baskett, as Uncle Remus, emerges as one of the new personalities of the year. But it's Br'er Rabbit's picture.—*RKO*

CALIFORNIA

"California" is as big and beautiful and gaudy as the state for which it's named. The picture is a Technicolor pageant of the days when California was still "settlers' country" and you made the trip across the continent by wagon train instead of on the Super Chief.

The particular wagon train we're concerned with has as its guide Johnny Trumbo (Ray Milland), a tough, cynical ex-cavalryman. The man who organized

Song of the South: Uncle Remus (James Baskett) spins tales for Bobby (B. Driscoll).

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MARGARET LOCKWOOD as BEDELIA who had more than her share of men, jewels, and love — and wanted more, more, more!

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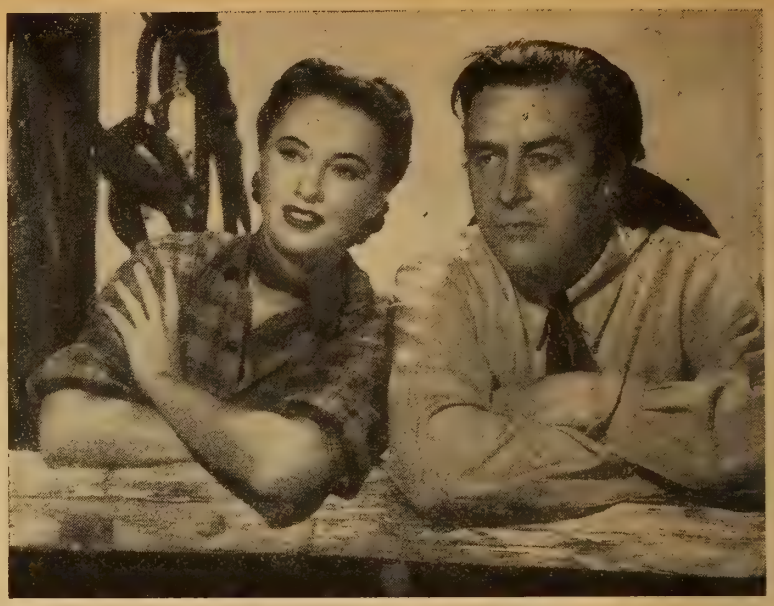

California: Lily Bishop (B. Stanwyck) first hates John (R. Milland) then loves him.

the expedition is a wise old farmer named Michael Fabian (Barry Fitzgerald). It's Fabian who makes Trumbo take on a new passenger at Pioneer City. Trumbo takes one look at her and predicts trouble. He's probably right, at that. Lily Bishop (Barbara Stanwyck) isn't the quiet type, and the kindest thing the ladies of Pioneer City say about her is that she's a professional gambler.

There is a deep antagonism between Lily and Trumbo from the start. Not just because she takes him on at blackjack and wins every cent he has. It goes deeper than that. It goes, in fact, right to their hearts, where hate can be very close to love. Lily isn't popular with anyone, except Fabian. He understands the driving force that motivates her.

When the rumor of gold found in California reaches the wagon train, one group after another deserts it to rush madly ahead. Lily is one of the first to go, and one of the few to cash in on the gold rush. Not that she turns miner. She puts her savings into a gambling hall which she names the "Golden Lily." She buys it from sinister Captain Coffin (George Couloris), one-time slave trader, who now dreams of making California an empire with himself as its ruler. And Lily as his wife.

There are two people in the way of these ambitions. Fabian stands between Coffin and his empire, for Fabian wants California to be part of the United States. Trumbo stands between Coffin and Lily, for Lily's heart is traitor to her cool calculating head. So, decides Coffin, these two men must die. . . .—*Par.*

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "HUMORESQUE"

(*Continued from page 14*)

impressive and vastly entertaining story, told with intelligence and wit and great respect for the dimensions of living people.

It is a perfect vehicle for the "new" Joan Crawford. Now that Joan's ability to play a role other than Cinderella has been recognized by the sagacious Warner Brothers, she is being permitted to reverse the ancient Crawford tradition and portray women rich in worldly goods and poor in soul—a combination which it must be admitted makes richer screen fare than the vice versa.

Miss Crawford's ability seems to grow with every film. As the beautiful and damned Helen Wright, she balances emotional power with intelligent restraint and creates a smooth, believable portrait of a cynical, alcoholic and unmoral society woman who comes upon the first honest emotion of her life when it is too late for her to do anything but renounce it. In my opinion she given an even finer performance in "Humoresque" than the one in "Mildred Pierce" for which she won last year's Academy Award.

Her partner in all this excellence is John Garfield, and although offhand you might never have thought of pairing them, it turns out that they go together like dynamite and a lighted match. Her smoothness, his roughness: her glitter, his quietness; her curried glamor, his brutal sex appeal, make an electric combination. And his portrayal of Paul Boray, the young violinist whom Mrs. Wright annexes on a whim, is splendid—tender and hard and completely real. Mr. Garfield, of all actors, seems to have been invented for the purpose of Clifford Odets dialogue; he speaks it as if it came from his own head, and it never sounds better than when he is the one saying it. Mr. Odets should be grateful for him and the rest of the cast.

Stealing "Humoresque" from Crawford and Garfield would be like stealing the Empire State Building from the corner of 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, but Oscar Levant comes as close as a human creature could come to doing it. Playing a character listed in the program as Sid Jeffers—but better known to friends of Oscar Levant as Oscar Levant—he moves through the picture with his own peculiar brand of friendly bitterness, scattering some of the fastest dialogue of the season and now and then taking to the Steinway to abet the wholly brilliant musical score. A strange thing has happened to Oscar, that most professionally pained inhabitant of Broadway. He has become such a cinematic ray of sunshine that audiences gurgle when he appears.

The Warner Brothers have themselves a real picture in "Humoresque." Women will love it, of course, as they love all Crawford pictures—and for once the men will be delighted to have been dragged along.

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INFORMATION DESK
by Beverly Linet

STEPHEN BEKASSY, who scored as Liszt in "Song to Remember," will soon be seen in "Arch of Triumph." He was born in Hungary on Feb. 10, 1910. He's 6' tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Is married to Hagar Wilde, and has a daughter, Steffan. Write to him at Enterprise Productions, Universal City California He has no fan club

BARBARA LAWRENCE, who was Jeanne Crain's rival in "Margie," was born in Carnegie, Oklahoma, and is in her early twenties. She's a blue-eyed blonde and is 5' 7½" tall, and weighs 124 lbs. She's unmarried. Write to her at 20th-Fox, Beverly Hills. No club yet

STEVE COCHRAN, who appeared as Speed in "Kid From Brooklyn," and Eddie in "The Chase," was born in Eureka, Cal. on May 25. Real name is Robert. He has dark brown eyes and brown hair, and is 6' tall. Is married to Fay McKenzie, and hails from the stage. Write to him at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Hollywood, Calif. Shirley Ann Brightrose, 29-47 W. 29th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has his fan club.

Terry S., Hollywood: Rudy Wissler did the singing for Scotty Beckett, who played the young Jolson in "The Jolson Story." Scotty was born in Oakland, Calif., in Oct. 1930. He's growing, and has brown eyes and hair. Write to him at Columbia Pictures, Hollywood. Larry Parks was born in Olathe, Kansas, on Dec. 13, 1914. He is 5' 11", 160 lbs., and has brown eyes and brown hair. Is married to Betty Garrett, and can be reached at Columbia Pictures, Hollywood. Bev Davis, 2937 W. 31 St., Brooklyn, has his club.

Pauline B., Canada: Theresa Smith, 2114 Lancaster Avenue, Wilmington, Del., has the Skippy Homeier Club. Lee Garber, 2137 Cropsy Avenue, Brooklyn, has Kenny Bowers', Barbara MacEvoy, Box 611, Quogue, N. Y., has Elizabeth Taylor's, and Helen Russ, 177 Peabody, San Francisco, Cal. has Richard Conte's.

Helen Murphey, N. J.: Richard Webb, who was Parker in "O.S.S." was born in Bloomington, Ill. on Sept. 9, 1915. He is 6' 1" tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. Is married to Elizabeth Sterns and has two children Write him at Paramount.

COME ON NOW! You must have some questions to ask. I'm waiting for your letters, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, sent to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, *MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16. N. Y*

To our Readers...

■ I address this page to our more near-sighted readers who didn't happen to notice that this issue of MODERN SCREEN sports a very gay and completely different cover. Get out your little jeweler's eye gadget, and study us deeply for a minute. Were we ever lovelier? . . . A profound change has come over MODERN SCREEN. The technical age has got into our blood. Time was when posing for our cover was as simple as dabbing a suggestion of soap and water on your face and beaming at the photog's little bird. Now it's become an involved process . . . Our Art Director, Otto Storch, confers with Cover Designer, Lester Beall, in a modernistic, air-conditioned studio, while a finely constructed Powers model takes shorthand. The talk flies high, wide and handsome. Eventually a sketch is made. Only it isn't a sketch. You call it a "visual" if you know the score. After the visual comes a comprehensive. Our photographer, Nick Muray, then pockets the comprehensive and hops a plane for the Coast. June Allyson is posed front face, semi-profile and dead man's float for the various units of the cover. Old Nick takes one last anxious look at his comprehensive and rushes back to have June put together again. And there you have your Technical-Age MS cover! . . . If you ask me (and of course you shouldn't ask me), I think it's great. It sparkles, it's radiant, it does everything but talk. But after all, what do you want for fifteen cents—talking magazines?

bless their little pointed heads!

by June Allyson

AS TOLD TO JEAN KINKEAD

■ When your editors asked me to do a story about my best friends, I thought, "Gleeps! Who are they? Let's see, there's Richard and my mother and—umm-mm—Richard. And that is positively all." First I thought I'd have to make up some friends because it's so wall-flowery to say right out in a magazine that you only have two friends, and one of them your own mother. But then I calmed down and thought about old Jeanie. *She* was certainly a friend. And Jane Wilkie. And Marie. Oh golly, they've been such perfectly wonderful friends, but I've been going steady with Richard for so long now that sometimes I can't seem to think any further than him.

Richard, of course, is my dearest, truest friend. He's the one person in the world I couldn't live without. That is very corny, isn't it, but it is true. Quite aside from being nuts about the guy, I respect him and like him so much. I think that just about the most thrilling moment of my whole life was when I realized that Richard and I were friends. It wasn't right off the bat, of course. That may be the way of love, but not of friendship. We had been going out together for a long time, and I was so completely crazy about him that it never really occurred to me to criticize the places he took me. I didn't like night clubs, but if he did, then they were for me. Smoke in our eyes and a loud band and okay—I like it here. Then one night he said wistfully, "Too bad you're such a one for the clubs, Stinky." I turned and looked at him hard. "*Me!*" I said. "Oh Richard, honey, you're wrong. Why, I like walks in the rain (*Continued on page 31*)

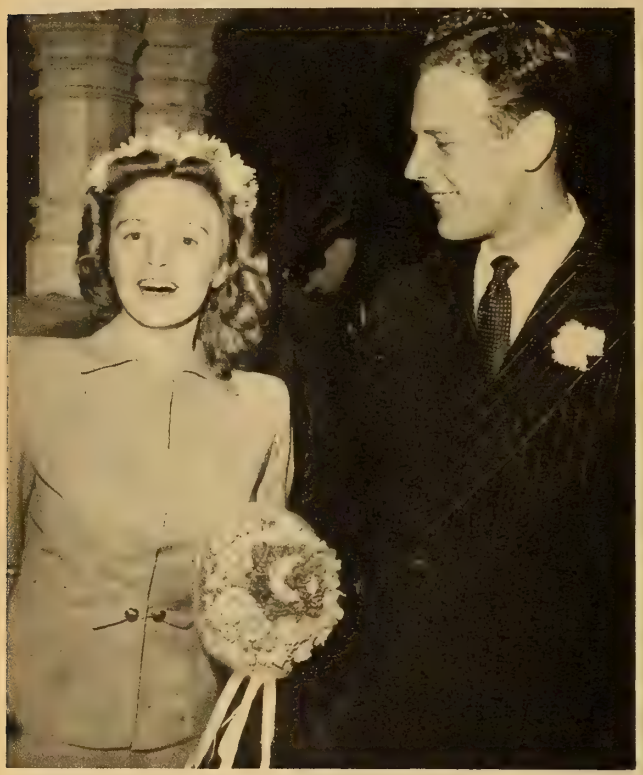
She's so-o-o-o domestic, that Mrs. Powell, what with making breakfast for Dick every morning, spending all her free time in the kitchen, and specializing in fancy salad dressings! June relaxes by shopping, collects antique silver-trimmed bottles.

▲ That look you see is known as "joy unconfined," which is how June felt when she got back home after her New York visit. She and Dick spent the first evening sitting and gazing lovingly at their house.

▼ French poodles Casey and Pat are new arrivals. Casey's not been clipped yet, because June thinks he looks cute with the fringe over his eyes, although she worries that he can't see what's going on.

SOME PEOPLE SAY, "BLESS YOUR LITTLE HEART." BUT WHEN JUNE ALLYSON LOVES YOU, SHE WHISPERS FONDLY, "BLESS YOUR LITTLE POINTED HEAD."

Jittery Junie, at whose home M.S.'s Western Editor, Jane Wilkie, was married, forgot the cake and gibbered, "Don't be nervous," at the brand new Mrs. Robert Botwinick (here, with her hubby).

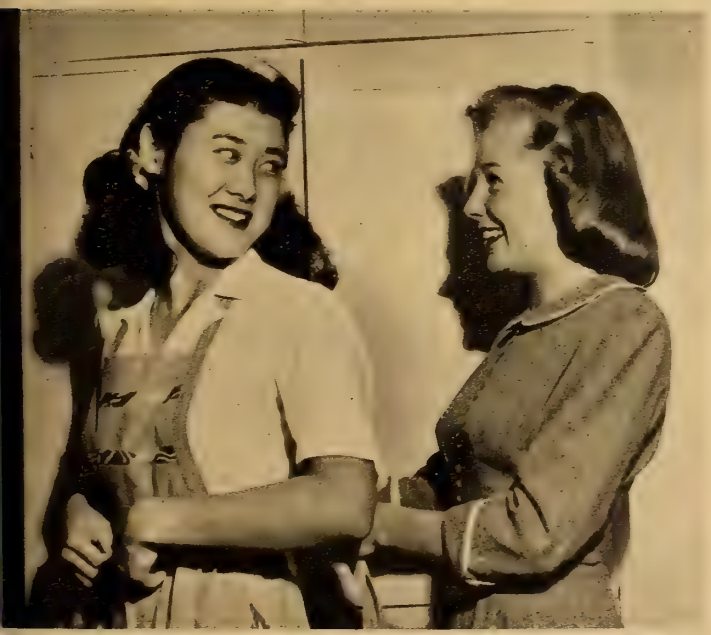


"The gal with the tiniest waist in H'wood," as designer Irene has dubbed her, has developed into a shopper. Watches avidly for sales, then trots home with loads of stuff she didn't need anyhow!

bless their little pointed heads!

Having just finished "The Secret Heart," popular June's slated for "Virtuous," wherein she'll upset all type-casting rules by playing a hard-hearted glamor gal. The first day's shooting on any new Dick Powell pic finds wifie present with her lunch—3 bananas and milk!

Young Mrs. P. startled Bunny Waters and Esther Williams when, at a recent hen party, she murmured, "I want a baby more than life itself." (Here, with Walter Pidgeon and Dick at the Ice Follies premiere.)



One of June's newest friends is her maid, Tehru, a charming Japanese girl whose husband was with the U. S. forces in the Pacific. Keeping a file of Dick's old pic scripts is Tehru's greatest thrill.

and football games and riding with the top down . . ." He stared at me and stared at me, and then he said, "You, too," in a kind of new, gentle voice. "Well, gee." And I looked at him and said, "Gee." We walked out of that place so fast, and when we were out under the beautiful black night sky we held hands very tight, and I knew that we were friends.

After that there wasn't anything about myself I couldn't tell him. I turned the pockets of my soul inside out so he'd know everything I am. Good and bad. And one afternoon I told him about my phobia, and he cured me. You see, I used to be a frightful hypochondriac. I was sure I had every disease in the book and a couple they hadn't discovered yet. "Richard," I said to him one day, "I'm not at all well. Not at *all* well. You may as well know it." "'Strouble, honey?" he asked, concerned, but not frantic. That in itself soothed me. "Heart, I think," I said. "Or it might be my lungs." *(Continued on page 100)*

THERE'S NO BITTERNESS IN TY POWER'S HEART TOWARD ANNABELLA; ONLY A GREAT SENSE OF GROWING UP AND HIGH HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

End of a Dream

by HEDDA HOPPER

Before their separation, Tyrone Power and Annabella attended this party for Marlene Dietrich. Ty's settled most of his things on Annabella, including their beautiful home. He denies rumors that he'll marry Gene Tierney, his co-star in "Razor's Edge."

■ Tyrone Power looked at me straight out of his honest black eyes, as he always has. He said, "Hedda, right now the greatest thing in the world to me is freedom. I'm free—that's all that matters."

I searched his face. It was as handsome as ever—handsomer because it was stronger. There were lines that hadn't been there before, lines that betrayed the strain he'd been through. His dark blue suit was loose on a frame thinner than it should be.

I thought, "This shouldn't happen to so nice a guy."

It was the day after Ty stepped off the plane that brought him back to Hollywood from New York, where he'd announced soberly, kindly and with dignity that the song had ended for himself and his wife, Annabella. That their marriage was through.

Ty had stepped off to face a swarm of crazy, heartless rumors. They made him out a home wrecker; they plunged him into scandal headlines. They seized on pure coincidence to brew a romance between Ty and another man's wife, Gene Tierney—all because Ty and Gene had professionally acted a romance on (*Continued on page 88*)

Panamanian fans kept Ty and Cesar at the desk although the boys yearned to explore the country. They toured South America and Central America, where C.'s pic, "Carnival in Costa Rica," takes place.

"Saludos Amigos!" was more than the name of their plane; John Jeffries (co-pilot at left), Ty and Cesar really meant the "Hi, neighbors!" the title implies. That's a flight map Tyrone's consulting.

by CESAR ROMERO AS TOLD TO JERRY ASHER

"THE FLYING FILTHY FIVE"

CESAR ROMERO SAW IT HAPPEN: THE HEARTWARMING WELCOME SOUTH AMERICANS GAVE TO THEIR FAVORITE "YANQUI" STAR—TY POWER.

■ Nothing ever looked so inviting as that long, lonely stretch of glistening beach. Tyrone Power dashed toward it first, peeling off clothes that marked a path of progress right down to the water's edge. The rest of us needed no further encouragement. There was co-pilot John Jeffries, now a wardrobe man at 20th Century-Fox; Jim Gallagher, Ty's secretary of many years' standing; Jim Denton, studio publicity man, and George Sanchez, our Mazatlan host. It was our first stop on the start of a fabulous flight through Mexico, Central and South America. The heat was intense, dust filled the air. The "Flying Filthy Five" we called ourselves!

Our hot, sticky bodies practically purred as we floated around in the lazy Mexican sea. The water, like sapphire blue velvet, was soft and soothing after that wild ride from the hotel through corrugated streets, where bare-bottomed urchins narrowly escaped our wheels and barking dogs, honking horns, pigs, goats and flies startled us. It was Ty who snapped us back to reality.

"Look! There's a girl up there on the beach, sitting next to our clothes. You speak Spanish, Butch, tell her we aren't wearing bathing suits and can't come out of the water until she goes away!"

Coming in as close as the laws of decency permitted, I shouted and shouted. If the girl heard me at all, she didn't bother to turn her head. Finally we were forced

Just before Tyrone left for his air cruise, he gifted Gene Tierney with earrings made in the form of razor edges, and gave himself matching cuff links. Ty and the gang covered 20,000 miles on trip, spread good will every mile.

to swim around until our bodies tired, as it began to grow late. The girl still remained, so after a nautical consultation we decided there was nothing to do but call her bluff.

Slowly we approached, covering ourselves as best we could, pretending to be as nonchalant as if we were on Hollywood and Vine. Just before we reached her side, she stood up and casually removed her dress. She was wearing a bathing suit underneath. Still ignoring us, she sauntered into the water and swam out to sea. Propped up against Ty's shoes was an autograph book and pencil! Where she came from, how she knew who we were and that we were there—we never (*Continued on page 130*)

Big event of the trip was the boys fishing excursion at Acapulco, where they caught three swordfish. They also were guests on a yachting trip. Boys boast that they don't get seasick—or airsick!

There's just no use in Van's trying to persuade Keenan Wynn that he can grow a mustache, too. Ever since Van had to wear a fake beard for "High Barbaree," K.'s been teasing him.

by
ed
sullivan

about van, evie and keenan

Van's amiable disposition shines right through into his voice. He's just completed recording an album of kiddie songs and stories, and says he only hopes the kids have as much fun listening to them as he did making them.

Van and Evie Wynn (here at Ciro's) held hands at the El Patio Theater during Keenan's act, then went back to congratulate him.

■ For the first time in his career, Van Johnson has been cast as the Menace, "typing" that is so contrary to Hollywood's passion for script formula that the movie colony and moving picture fans are still dazed and baffled by it. And what a Menace! No plain, ordinary M-G-M menace, but something special, a Menace who busted up the home of his best friend, Keenan Wynn, alienated the affections of Mrs. Keenan Wynn and bought the former Cedric Gibbons' home in which to install the ex-Mrs. Wynn as the first Mrs. Van Johnson. You can pardon the agonized gasps of bobby-soxers at the revelation that their Van, in real life, was playing the sort of cad that George Sanders plays in reel life. To compound confusion, every crackpot in Hollywood, yielding to the temptation to get into the act as noted by Jimmy Durante, has added innuendoes until the thing has become an indictment, not only of individuals, but of the industry.

Hollywood gossips point out that by the time this reaches print, Eve Abbott Wynn will be within a few weeks of her February divorce, in Nevada, and then will become Mrs. Van Johnson. That *may* happen, but with this correspondent refusing to bet a plugged nickel on California weather, OR California romance. Whether or not Van and Eve get married, it is high time that some chronicler in possession of the facts, usurp the detective duties of Sherlock Holmes, and throw a spotlight on the three characters in Hollywood's own real-life triangle. My magnifying glass, Watson . . .

"Van Johnson and Eve certainly have been given a bum rap in this," Keenan Wynn tells me. "I've read that Van waited until I went to New York in November, and then started romancing (*Continued on page 107*)

BUSINESS STOOD STILL AND SCHOOLS

WERE EMPTY AS ALL OF ROCK ISLAND WENT WILD—

BECAUSE ITS OWN JUNE HAVER WAS HOME!

By Abigail Putnam

WE'RE PROUD OF YOU, JUNE

■ As far as June's concerned, it started with Harriet Jeanes, movie editor of the Rock Island Argus. She came to Chicago for an interview while June was there for the opening of "The Dolly Sisters."

"Why don't you come on home?" she asked. "They'd turn the place upside down for you."

"I'd settle for right side up," answered June. "But there just isn't time. I've got to get back to work."

She was working on "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" when Herbert Grove paid a visit to Hollywood. Herbert Grove, in case you don't know, is manager of the Tri-States Theaters located in the Tri-Cities. The Tri-Cities, in case you don't know, are Rock Island, Moline and Davenport, the first two in Illinois, the third in Iowa, and all you have to do to get back and forth is skip across the Mississippi via a beautiful bridge. So says Rock Island's proud daughter, Junie Haver.

Mr. Grove told June how Rock Island felt about her, not to mention Moline and Davenport, who consider themselves aunts. How, when her pictures played, Haver was the only name on the marquee. How nice it would be if she could come home for the Harvest Festival. How they'd hold up the preem of "Three Little Girls in Blue" till she got there—

"Golly, Mr. Grove, you don't have to sell it to *me!*" she enthused. "Let's *both* go and sell (*Continued on page 94*)

All smiles, June Haver received a football autographed by players of the Rock Island and Moline High Schools just before the big game. Pigskin's a combined gift of coach Stuart Armbruster (left) and Moline coach Ralph Stevens.

June drove the train (with help) from Rock Island to Moline, was thrilled but nervous.

◀ October 31st, 1946, will always be remembered as "June Haver Day" in Rock Island. Junie holds the golden key to the city as she arrives at the fan-jammed Fort Armstrong Hotel.

▲ June (now in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now") was guest of honor at the Harvest Festival. Her time schedule was disrupted by signing autographs, but J. didn't even care.

Ann Gray, of the Rock Island Girl Scouts, presented June with a floral tribute at a luncheon given by the local Chamber of Commerce. June's all better, now that she's rested after her near nervous breakdown.

By BILLY ROSE

none but

■ I know a girl who's in love with Cary Grant. Deeply, madly in love with Tall, Dark and Handsome himself. Now don't go telling me she's no different from fifty million other women. She's plenty different. Janice is a smart babe, sort of an Oscar Levant in lace panties. I've heard her out-witty Moss Hart, and talk horses with Swifty Morgan. She's been around, and gets a deep bow from headwaiters at the Ritz in New York or the Ritz in Paris. She's pretty as a toothpaste ad, and her eyes jolt your head back when she looks at you. She knows lots of movie stars, and they rate with her like floorwalkers.

But when it comes to Cary Grant, she's like your dopey little niece who cuts pictures out of movie magazines. She just doesn't make sense. I've seen this hep chick look up at the evening sky and say:

"Star light, star bright
First star I've seen tonight
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight."

Eleanor tells me Janice writes little notes to Cary and puts them under her pillow, and my wife says if you do that you dream about the man the note is addressed to.

On the way home from the theater the other night, I started to kid Janice about her crush on Grant. I got the wifely nudge to the rib which means, "Keep your big mouth shut." Back at the house, Eleanor said, "You mustn't needle her about Cary. I'll tell you the story if you promise you'll never breathe a word."

the lonely heart

I crossed my heart and gave her a columnist's promise. Here's the story:

Some months ago, Janice was out in Hollywood visiting friends. One night she was invited to one of those parties where people keep dropping both in and over. Janice wore a gown made of dream-stuff—she had been told Cary Grant was going to be there. Behind her earlobes she had dabbed a bit of the perfume that makes the violinist kiss the piano-player. The thirty-room Bel-Air bungalow was crowded with famous stars. Jimmy Stewart was plunking the piano. Edward G. Robinson was defending Impressionist art. Two blondes kept chasing Harpo Marx. Jimmy Durante was doing an impersonation of Jimmy Durante.

It was eleven-ish when Cary arrived. When he was introduced to Janice, he turned on his famous lopsided grin and gave her the up-and-down. They made chitchat for a few moments. Cary fetched her a drink and sat on the arm of her chair while several of the local gals watched her with admiring hatred. Janice did her best to be casual. "You're a big girl now," she said to herself. "Easy does it."

But she didn't fool Cary a bit. He sensed the five alarm fire inside her. A moonstruck girl was not a novelty to Public Dreamboat No. 1. He was flattered, amused, but it had happened too often for him to be intrigued. But to Janice, this was it. She pinched herself, felt it hurt, and thanked the evening star she had wished on so often.

Parties break up early in hard-working Hollywood. Around midnight, Cary politely offered to drive her home. When they got into his car he kissed her. A thousand fiddles played for a moment, then they stopped, and Janice woke up. This wasn't her first kiss. She had been kissed before, and once or twice by men who loved her. She realized Cary had kissed her only because he was a nice guy, and thought it was expected of him. He had done it very much as one might ask his hostess for a dance. She was too much of a gal to settle for that.

A few minutes later the car rolled up in front of his home. She knew what he was going to say, and he said it. "Would you like to come up for a night-cap?"

Janice managed a smile. "Not tonight, Stardust," she said.

For the first time Cary was interested. He flashed the carefully careless smile that's good for two million domestic. "I don't get it, Sugarplum," he said. "What's the story?"

"It would bore you," said Janice, clenching her fists to keep from reaching out and touching the smile-crinkles around his eyes. "Be a darling and drive me home."

And that's all there is to the story. Janice came back to New York the next day. She tells my wife it was one of those things, and says she never thinks about Cary any more. Well, I'd believe her, except that she looked up at the sky the other night, and I'm betting it wasn't William Bendix she was thinking of when she murmured:

"Starlightstarbright
Firstariseetonight . . ."

By Jane Wilkie

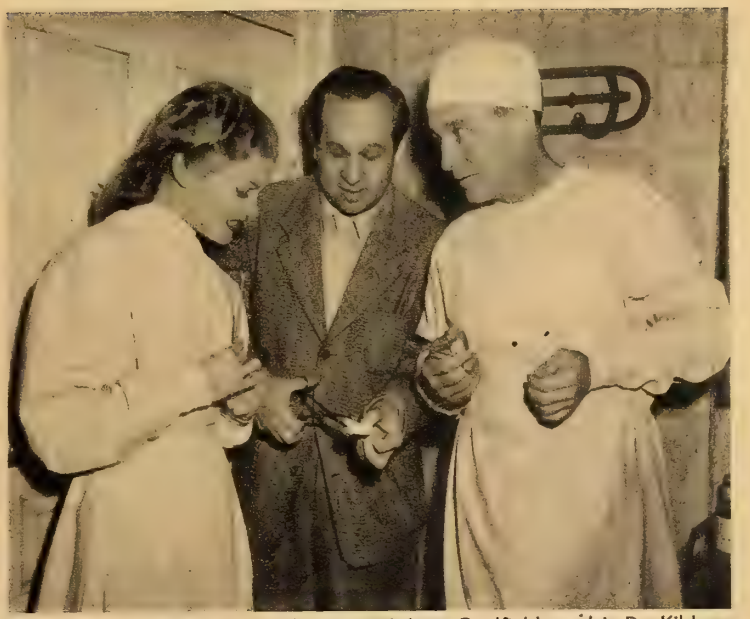
HEARTS, MR. CROSBY FIRMLY BELIEVES, WERE MEANT TO BE HIDDEN. BUT SOMEHOW, BING'S ALWAYS KEEPS SHOWING . . .

Bing lends an ear to the warbling of Olga San Juan as they rehearse scenes for "Blue Skies." An English film critic who gets reactions to American pictures, says Bing's tops with Britons!

Helping Bing pick a winner in the Racing Form is Fred Astaire, no amateur with horses either. Fred's deserting his stables to establish the Fred Astaire Dance Studios. First one's scheduled to open January in New York.

Unsentimental gentleman

This rugged, outdoor character is Rancher Crosby at his Elko, Nevada ranch, which he uses as a retreat. The ranch has no phone or radio, explains Bing, so he can't listen to his own transcriptions!



Scalpel, forceps, suture . . . All Bing and Joan Caulfield need is Dr. Kildare to add the finishing touch, as technical adviser Dr. B. Sachs instructs them in surgical procedure. Bing plays a doctor in his next pic, "Welcome Stranger."

■ One night in New York about a year ago, Bing Crosby stood in front of the Sherry Netherlands Hotel, waiting for a friend. He was idly watching a man who, although obviously headed for the hotel entrance, was taking the long way home by covering more ground to port and starboard than forward. The inebriated gentleman eventually reached the revolving doors, and just before flowing through them, caught a glimpse of Bing. He stopped abruptly, approached Crosby, slapped him on the shoulder and wheezed "Hiya, Bing!" Then, wonderfully pleased with his own humor, he continued, "Bet that's not the first time people called you that."

Crosby is seldom recognized in any city other than Hollywood, for the simple reason that no one ever expects to see him. His name a household word in every American home, he is too mythical a man to appear before the average citizen without warning and not create disbelief in his identity. Although he is mobbed in small towns when word flies ahead of his approaching arrival, he usually goes unmolested through the large cities. An inveterate walker, he often scorns cabs in Manhattan, and once walked, lugging two suitcases, from the Waldorf-Astoria to the Essex House without being recognized (*Continued on page 114*)

Be my Valentine!

A KITTEN, A MISDIRECTED LETTER AND A RADIO—ON FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH THEY ALL BECAME VALENTINES!

The age of 12 is in reality a tender one, and often the year for the first pangs of love. It was for Yvonne de Carlo. Her attention was split between a yearning to own a cat, and adoration of a curly-haired boy in her English class. She had to forego the cat because of a flattened allowance, but waited breathlessly for St. Valentine's Day. The students would exchange valentines in class, and Yvonne knew that if there was even a spark inside the boy, she would have some sign of it that day.

He gave her a valentine, but one which sent her into a flood of tears. It depicted her as a bow-legged girl with stringy hair and a wart on her nose, and Yvonne spent the afternoon sobbing into her handkerchief.

At home that night, she answered a ring of the doorbell to find no one there—but at her feet was a small crate. Inside was a coal black kitten, and the card attached bore the name of her blond Casanova. Yvonne learned then and there that no girl can know a man's heart by his valentine.

Joe Kaufman

Bob Mitchum wasn't the only problem child in his family. His brother John was equally endowed with cussedness.

When Bob was in his early teens he was enamored of a blonde girl who lived in the same block, but he kept his crush to himself. Or thought he did. John, of course, had found out about it. As Valentine's Day approached, Bob spent long hours whipping up a lacy little number for his girl friend. Confined to the house with the flu when the romantic day rolled around, Bob speculated on the problem of presenting the valentine. The only solution was the use of his brother as a messenger. He approached John with what he thought was nonchalance.

"By the way," he said, "would you drop this envelope up at Nancy's house? It's some homework I promised to help her with."

"Oh, sure," said John, and promptly delivered it to another girl in the neighborhood. A dark-haired girl named Dorothy Spence, who in time became the present Mrs. Mitchum.

Three years ago Ben Gage was in the service of his country. He had just met Esther Williams when he was confronted with Valentine's Day, and the pay envelope marked "Sgt. Ben Gage" contributed little to his dilemma. Then a game of Abyssinian polo, that which is played with two square cubes and well known to GIs, happened along in the nick of time and Ben's pockets were reimbursed somewhat. He bought Esther a second-hand radio-phonograph and presented it to her at her parents' home in the middle of a clan gathering.

The card read: "This is for St. Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Memorial Day, The Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Also your birthday, darling. It'll just have to last. Love, Ben."

The Gages still depend on that same radio for ether wave results, and find themselves giving only small remembrances on the bigger holidays and concentrating on Something Special in the way of valentines.

Man Hunt!

■ The man across the big desk was younger than you would expect. A lot younger. He had friendly dark eyes, and brown hair in a crew cut. He looked as if he knew exactly what he was doing—and what he wanted me to do. His name was Al Delacorte, and he was the executive editor of MODERN SCREEN magazine.

"I have an assignment for you, Virginia," he said. "It may be a tough one. Not the writing part, but getting the story in the first place."

THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW

A PACKAGE OF HERSHEY BARS WON

MODERN SCREEN THE FIRST AMERICAN

INTERVIEW WITH JAMES MASON.

Rehearsing his part for a broadcast of "Bill of Divorcement," James Mason clung to his cigar—and script. James may accept RKO's offer to star with Rosalind Russell in "Mourning Becomes Electra."

▲ Penelope Ward, now on Broadway, took time out to co-star at the broadcast. Playing J.'s daughter, she said, "What a handsome young father for *any* girl to have!"

➤ "You see," explains Pam Kellino, "I can't help it if we look more like brother and sister. I'm *still* his wife!" Pam's co-author of James' next pic, "The Upturned Glass."

By VIRGINIA WILSON

"Never mind. I'm too broke to quibble over things like that," I told him. "I just bought a fox coat I haven't paid for."

He laughed. "I'm glad it wasn't mink. We're supposed to show a profit at the end of the year. Here's the assignment. James Mason, the English star, is coming in on the Queen Elizabeth. We want you to get hold of him for an interview, but I understand he's pretty elusive."

"From what I hear, that's the understatement of all time. What do I use—a butterfly net? And I hope you're providing me with a revolver for defense. I don't want to be hit over the head with a riding crop."

"He may not be like that off screen, although I wouldn't want to make any guarantee. There seem to be two schools of thought on the Mason personality. One holds that he's a complete stinker and the other contends that he's the most charming man in the world. But one thing everybody agrees on. He *is* fascinating to women. I want to know why. Why do they flock to see him in every picture? What's the secret of his charm?"

"I'm normal. If I react, I'll let you know." But I didn't expect to react. That riding crop angle left me cold. Oh well, I was getting paid for this, wasn't I?

Al handed me a picture. "Just in case you haven't seen 'The Seventh Veil' or 'Man In Grey,' here's what he looks like." (*Continued on page 104*)

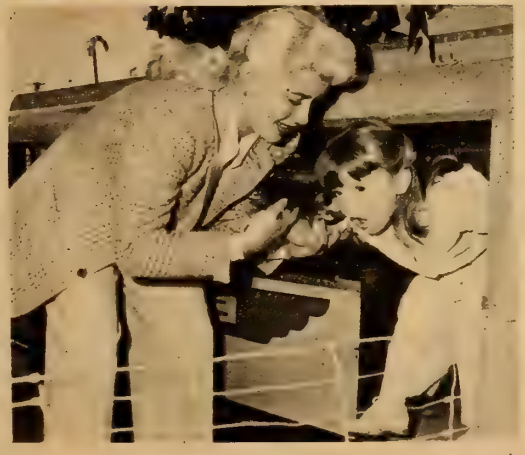
This is Lana!

AT THE MOMENT, SHE'S HEART WHOLE AND FANCY FREE. BUT FOR LANA, TOMORROW IS JUST A BIG UNOPENED VALENTINE

By Ida Zeitlin

ound and 'round it goes—also Mom and Cheryl!

Here's a whopping 'burger for a tiny tot.



"Duck—low bridge!" at the gay Lilliputian Carnival.

■ Her hair in pigtails, Lana sat cross-legged on the couch in her dressing room and plied the man with questions about his kid, who was Cheryl's age. For an hour they exchanged eager notes on bringing up baby, then the guy—a visiting newspaper man—rose to go.

"Look, maybe I shouldn't get personal," he said, "but you're hard to believe. I expected—"

"I know. A sultry siren with a long cigarette holder. Trouble with you fellows," she pointed out sweetly, "you get to believe your own publicity—"

Miss Turner's got something there. The facade built up by the word-slingers doesn't have much to do with the girl behind it, and we hope you won't misunderstand that statement. We're not out to deglamorize Lana, if only because we're not the kind of dopes to attempt the impossible. Lana and Glamor are practically one and the same, you can't divorce them. Whatever it is in a girl that bowls men over—call it Magnetism, S.A., Personality or the Fourth Dimension—Lana's got it and to spare. Granted. But that wasn't the whole, even of Helen of Troy. There must have been times when the ex-Mrs. Menelaus got good and sick of being a legend and longed to prance around as a plain human being. Okay, not *too* plain . . .

It was (*Continued on page 121*)

Their new home, which once belonged to musician Max Steiner, is being redone in a Chinese mood, has 1000 albums in the music room.

■ One day, right after Glenn Ford's baby boy, Peter, was born, Glenn rushed into the hospital room where his wife, Eleanor Powell, was in bed.

"Ellie," he cried impulsively, "what kind of flowers do you like? I'm gonna fill this whole room with flowers!"

Eleanor had to laugh at Glenn's new-papa enthusiasm. "Darling," she cracked, "just bring me a dandelion."

"A dandelion you shall have, Little Mother," promised Glenn, catching Ellie's gag on the first bounce.

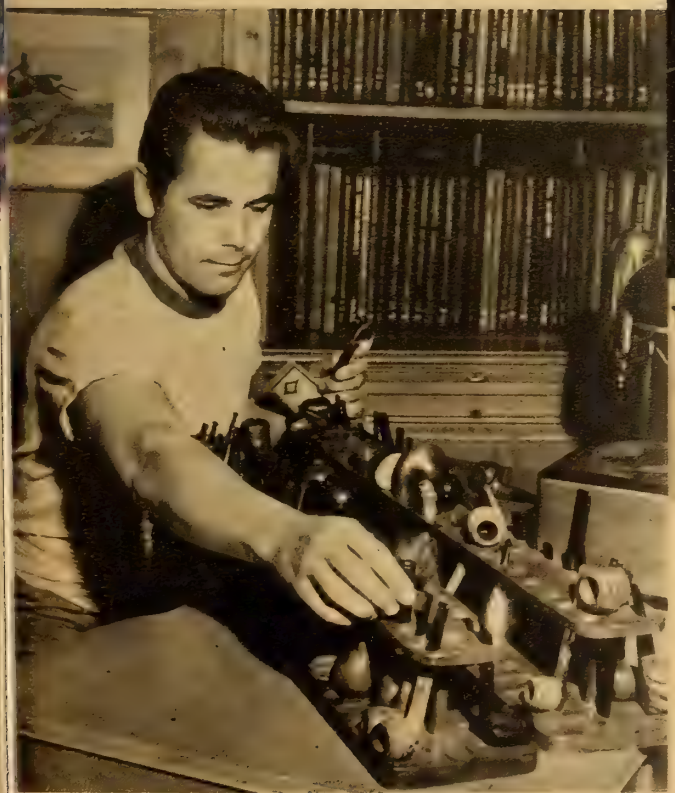
Glenn called up every florist in Beverly Hills. They laughed at him. "Dandelions? Are you kidding? We don't carry dandelions!" He raced around the yards in his neighborhood. He couldn't find even a bud. A gardener tipped him off. "Dandelions don't bloom this time of the year." That didn't stop Glenn.

He hopped in his car and toured up and down the Beverly streets. If he saw anything suspiciously yellow on a green lawn, he stomped across and investigated. Dogs barked, kids stared, irate householders rattled up their windows and demanded what the heck he wanted. "I'm hunting for a dandelion for my wife," grinned Glenn. They stared at the big, grown-up lug and shook their heads. They thought he was nuts. Glenn scoured a half-dozen districts that afternoon. Finally, in a little town twenty miles away, he spied a weak, out-of-season yellow bud. He nipped it off and raced back to the hospital. It wasn't visitors' hour at all, but Glenn broke in proudly with his prize. "Here it is, honey," he caroled triumphantly, "from me to you!" (*Continued on page 53*)

wanted: one guardian angel

HE FEELS LIKE ABE LINCOLN ON A DANCE FLOOR, NEVER REMEMBERS TO EAT AND THANKS GOD FOR BEING AN ACTOR. NO, GLENN FORD'S NOT CRAZY—JUST ALIVE.

Peter Newton Ford (the Newton's after his grandpop) loves to dress up in costumes, thinks overalls are "babyish." His favorite sports are horseback riding from his dad's lap—and eating from his mother's!



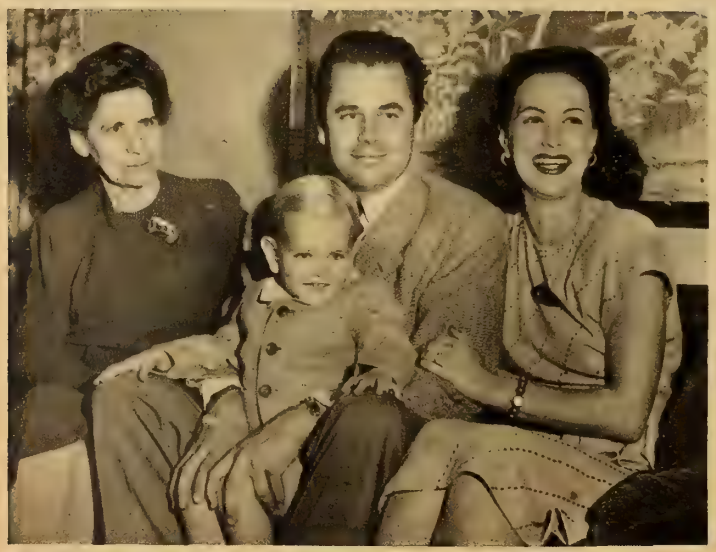
Glenn is perpetually puffing at a pipe, has 2 racks of over 75 of 'em. He's lucky, has a wife who doesn't mind his smoking in the house, but does insist he confine his target practice to the garden.

By GEORGE BENJAMIN

Glenn's given up wishing for a white Christmas in sunny (?) California, so when he and Ellie yen for a skating spree, it has to be at the local ice skating rink—fun, but no atmosphere.

wanted: one guardian angel

Rumors of a separation don't faze the Fords in the least—*they* know it's not so. A wild bout of their favorite backgammon, however, has been known to have one or the other threatening mayhem.



At the tender age of not-quite-two, young Pete is a clothes horse, has a rain coat, a slew of hats and a jaunty windbreaker which he refers to as "See? Baker!" (That's Glenn's mother, Mrs. Newton Ford, at his right.)

After 2½ years in the Marines, Glenn has a trusty aim; he and his Colt .38 can now hit 8 bulls eyes out of 10. Since he socked Rita H. in "Gilda," his mail's upped into the 1000's.

Glenn (who's in "Framed") and Ellie have collected records for 8 years, have some discs which music authorities say are priceless.

Glenn draws more kicks out of his daily life than a Missouri mule. He collects more interests than a loan shark, has his fingers in more pies than a baker boy. His big brown eyes spark eternally with the joy of living and the wonder of the world.

If Glenn isn't knocking his big Lincoln convertible to pieces in the garage and rebuilding it, he's digging up his back yard to plant something or other. If he isn't hot on the trail of a rare stamp for his collection, he's playing a game of chess by mail with a Marine buddy stationed in China. If he isn't leaning over the Malibu pier casting for halibut he's up on the Columbia ranch teaching Pete to stick on the back of a pony. If he isn't rallying the Beverly Boy Scouts together as Neighborhood Commissioner, he's huddling as a board member of the Screen Actors' Guild or playing an Armed Forces Radio Show. If he isn't whisking Ellie up to San Francisco to do the cafes, he's out in his own kitchen whipping up some outrageous concoction and driving the cook mad.

Glenn Ford couldn't be bored in a jail cell. Since he's not there but in Hollywood, he can't see how anyone can. His pet peeves are young Hollywood stars, struck by lucky lightning who, as he says, "act like actors" and go around yawning at their sudden success. He thinks everyone in pictures, including himself, is the luckiest guy in the world.

"Each night," grins Glenn, (*Continued on page 128*)

"Sure. I'll talk about Guy"

By HENRY WILLSON

■ Sure I'll talk about Madison. First, he's under contract to David O. Selznick. Second, he's a friend of mine. Third, he's an interesting character.

Three years ago they were calling him the bewildered gob. Well, he's not bewildered any more. That was only a surface confusion anyway. Pick anyone out of his accustomed spot and plant him in a strange new world, and his head'll spin for a while. Madison's quit spinning sooner than most. Maybe because his feet grip the ground harder.

He's adjusted, but not married to Hollywood. There's a difference. Guy will never go sophisticated. I'm as sure of that as I am that the sun will rise, and it's not intended as either a biff or a bouquet—just a statement. He's not the sophisticated type, and could no more pretend to be what he's not than a fish could walk. As far as any one trait can explain a man, that explains Madison. He's as real as a coin out of the U.S. Mint.

By the same token, what he values most in others is sincerity. He doesn't make friends lightly but, once made, they're likely to be for good. Take Howard Hill. He's the archery expert you've seen in so many shorts. You've seen him in big pictures too—doubling for the hero who thinks bows and arrows went out (*Continued on page 125*)

Guy, who made his first hit as the young sailor in "Since You Went Away," is keeping his fingers crossed that appearing with Shirley Temple again in "Honeymoon" will make history repeat itself. As to personal romance, Cathy Downs seems to have supplanted Gail Russell.

When MS gifted Guy last Xmas with an all-'round game kit, little did we realize it would provide him with a poker game that nearly "wiped out" Rory Calhoun. Rory, (of "Adventure Island") loves boogie-woogie, can only play the bass as yet.

WHAT GOES ON BENEATH THE BLOND HEAD AND SERIOUS BLUE EYES? HERE'S THE REAL GUY MADISON—AS ONLY HIS BEST FRIEND COULD KNOW HIM.

Wayne, who (hubba-hubba) resembles his brother, is still at school, gets help from Guy. The Navy man who rented them their house is returning, so the Madisons will be house hunting.

Archery enthusiast Guy pulls out some of his collection of 100 arrows, raves to Henry Willson, young Selznick executive and Guy's discoverer, about new method for sharpening the tips. Later, Henry and Rory (center) joined in making quivers.

By HOWARD SHARPE

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DUCK!

"It Happened In Brooklyn" is the pic, but Hollywood's where Kathryn Grayson has her hair done. K. would like to take her dog to work, but he's as big as his name: Throckmorton!

"DUCKS CAN'T DROWN," KATHRYN GRAYSON INFORMED HER LITTLE NIECES. BUT THAT'S WHAT *SHE* THOUGHT . . .

■ In the enormous living room of Kathryn Grayson's enormous Brentwood house—a living room large enough to accommodate a concert grand piano, two organs and a Scotts-Farnsworth—Miss Grayson and her singing coach, Earl Brent, sat on the ten-foot couch having tea. There was little else in the room, since furniture ordered for it was still being made and could not yet be afforded in any case, but neither the singer nor her instructor felt any lack in the furnishings.

The afternoon was bright, Kathryn had never been in better voice, and the tea was a rare blend. Mr. Brent, a worldly man, as persons who have coached divas and singing stars of the motion picture world are wont to be, sipped his tea appreciatively.

He raised it to his lips, and abruptly set it down again.

"Got a fly in it?" Kathryn asked, absently.

"I'll never touch another drop of tea," said Brent. "You may believe this or not, as you choose, but I just saw three ducks."

"In *here?*" asked Kathryn, a note of alarm in her voice.

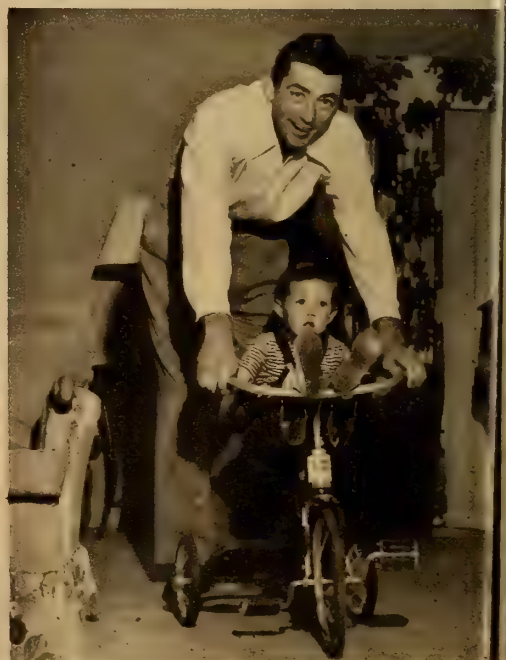
"Passing the window."

"Not unlikely. We have three ducks."

"Oh." Mr. Brent (*Continued on page 120*)

Greg and Greta Peck are such happy homebodies, it's unusual to find them cheek-to-cheeking like this (at Ciro's). While a struggling actor, he modeled for cigarette money, was so embarrassed his teeth chattered!

With three pix canned—"The Yearling," "The Macomber Affair" and "Duel in the Sun"—Greg's got a fine chance to cop 1946's Oscar. (Here, in a scene with Jennifer Jones in "Duel.")



Though he vows he's "no sissy," Jonny often begs for a bedtime song, which pop, who once sang in a show with Jimmy Savo, does beautifully!

gregory peck life story

THE FIRST DATE HE HAD WITH GRETA, TWO OTHER GUYS HORNED IN. "THEY'RE MY COUSINS," SHE DIMPLED. SO HE MARRIED HER—TO SAVE HER FROM HER "COUSINS!" (PART II)

By Kirtley Baskette

■ June was bustin' out all over New York when Gregory Peck's train from California dumped him in Pennsylvania Station. He gripped his suitcase like the wariest tourist and let the crowds swirl him out on 34th Street, and the noisy symphony of the Big City crashed around his excited head.

Greg let the sidewalk crowds buffet him, just looking and exulting. A tingling excitement ran up him from somewhere down inside and gripped his throat. "This is it," he muttered, sweeping the scene with eager eyes. "My town. My life. And I'm actually here." He laughed at an impulse to grab the next passerby and tell him, "Hey, I'm Gregory Peck. I'm going to be an actor. What do you think of that?" Instead, he snapped out of it, hoisted his bag and crossed the street. He checked in at Sloan House, the YMCA hotel, on 34th Street and Eighth Avenue.

It was the only Manhattan hotel Gregory Peck knew. His personal acquaintance was just as limited. Of all the millions in New York City he knew exactly one person, Cray Denton, from the California University Little Theater. Cray had gone on to dramatic school in New York the year before. Greg called him before he unpacked his bag.

"Come on over," invited Cray, "and meet the people—you big, (*Continued on page 64*)

In "the old days," Greg used to pawn his gold ring for 20 dollars, his lighter for 10, to provide coffee and cake money. Now he's signed for 9 pix, hopes to appear in one he's written "before I'm too old."

Joan Bennett kibitzed on location for "Macomber Affair," squealed as Greg crept up for candid shots. He's been offered 50% of the gross to appear in a sequel to the pic—*if* author Hemingway will write it!

ELIZABETH TAYLOR DREAMS OF BEING WISE AND WORLDLY, BUT SHE STILL HATES SCHOOL AND LOVES WIENIE ROASTS AND THINKS FOURTEEN IS VERY "FEMME FATALE."

By Irene Kane

Liz, whose dad is an art dealer, got her first equipment and criticism from him, now has a "studio" just for littering up with paints, canvases, etc. She's semi-grown up for "The Rich, Full Life."

Little Miss Breathless

■ She patted her stomach in the black dress, and studied herself in the mirror. People would think she was at least sixteen, she decided, and turned to her mother.

"How do I look?"

Her mother said, "Gruesome," cheerfully, and they both laughed. She looked fine, and she was waiting for Fred, who was eighteen, to come and take her out.

It was all unbearably exciting. Her first unchaperoned date, and they would be going to the Starlight Roof of New York's glamorous Waldorf, and there would be beautiful people, and soft music, and white linen on the little tables . . .

"Mother," she said, "may I wear the jacket?"

The jacket referred to is a lovely little white broadtail affair of Mrs. Taylor's. "Certainly not," Mrs. Taylor said. "We're going to the Colony, and I'll need it."

At that point, Fred arrived. Fred used to be called Sonny, and after that Freddie, but he'd decided neither one of them had enough dignity. He listened (*Continued on page 79*)

June Lockhart, pretty daughter of Gene Lockhart, poses in mock misery to show us how unhappy a gal can become when her curls are left neglected.

June's coif has noticeably perked up and as a happy result, so have her spirits! You will soon be seeing the blonde and curly-haired June in "It's a Joke, Son!"

Use your head!

By CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR

■ Sometimes feel that your hair doesn't do right by you? Do you gaze with rapture at the way your movie pet wears her tresses, go home and try to copy her coif, only to find that *your* hair has a mind of its own and isn't taking directions from you? Pretty discouraging, or so it appears. June Lockhart in a frivolous moment mussed up her blonde hair, put a scowl on her pretty puss and slumped before our camera to mimic how depressing this temperamental-topknot business can be. But the pictures of June all slicked up show how wondrous hair can look.

So perhaps if your hair is the kind you "just can't do a thing with," mayhap I have the answer for you. Could be that yours really isn't problem hair, it's just misunderstood. Perhaps it will behave and will comb into the (*Continued on page 117*)

BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH YOUR HAIR?

WELL, HERE'S A COLLECTION OF HOLLYWOOD-ENDORSED ANSWERS FOR YOU!

Helen Neushaefer, color authority...stylist...searches for new colors at private exhibit of precious porcelains.

miracle ingredient PLASTEEN gives your nails the lasting beauty of ovals of rare porcelain

From fabulously precious porcelains, came Helen Neushaefer's inspiration for her new nail polish. For she knew the ancient porcelain art owned a priceless secret . . . *how to make brilliant colors last.* Now, after years of searching to capture in nail polish this same precious quality, she has a secret of her own . . . PLASTEEN . . . a miracle ingredient to *help shock-proof your nail-do against chipping and to add amazing new brilliance.* You'll find enduring loveliness in any of her 12 breath-taking colors . . . and for only ten cents . . . at all chain store cosmetic counters.

Helen Neushaefer

NAIL POLISH

It lasts so long . . . it looks so beautiful

The Secret of PLASTEEN

. . . is its miraculous power to "weld" color to the nail. But just as startling is the shining, jewel-like brilliance and the smoother flowing qualities Plasteen gives to Helen Neushaefer's Polish. *And to hers exclusively!*

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GREGORY PECK

(*Continued from page 47*)

beautiful West Coast hick!"

Greg didn't mind barbs like that. He accepted the gruesome fact that he was a callow nonenity. But he didn't shrink from the stage-wise kids Cray introduced him to, either. He enjoyed them, took them in, analyzed them. All, like himself, were out to act. Some were in school, others in stock or cracking Broadway in bits. All were terribly important—to themselves—and wise beyond words.

But he had to eat and he had to work if he were to stay in New York and Greg was determined to do that—until he'd learned what he came to learn. He dragged out the letter his stepdad, Joe, had given him, addressed to a Manhattan real estate man. One day, Greg presented it. Mr. Gaskins, the realtor, was pleasant.

"You want to get into the real estate business?"

"No," Greg corrected him. "I just want to stick in New York until I can get started in the theater."

Mr. Gaskins looked puzzled. "That's not my line—"

"All I want," explained Greg, "is a job—any kind of a job."

"Oh, I see. Well," said Mr. Gaskins, trying to reconcile show business with his business, "I've got $10,000 invested in a concession at the World's Fair. I'll give you a note to my partner. Maybe he can use you." That was the summer of 1939. Out on Flushing meadows the biggest world's fair of them all was opening. Greg took a train out and found himself confronting an energetic little Cockney Englishman on the Midway, beneath a huge sign that read, "The Meteor Speedway." It was a big wooden bowl about fifty feet wide. Inside, a car was fastened to an electric arm that roared around and around climbing up the side and slipping down again with the varying speed.

The little Englishman sized Greg up. "Sure," he said, after he'd read the note. "I can give you a job—taking tickets, $18 a week. Barking—$25. Which you want?"

"The $25," said Greg.

"Can you bark?"

"Sure," lied Greg.

"All right," said the hard-headed Cockney, "let's hear you."

Greg's bluff was called. He thought on his feet. "Give me a few minutes to work up a routine," he said. "I'll be back." He slipped out the door. He hotfooted it up and down the Midway, his eyes and ears open, watching the barkers before the sideshows give their pitches and rinds, catching their acts and spiels. He came back and put on his first professional audition. He wound up and let go a spiel for the Meteor. The Englishman stopped him halfway through.

"Okay, you're hired. Get outside and go to work."

Twelve hours a day was a long grind and it took Greg an hour-and-a-half each way on the subway to reach the fairgrounds from the little furnished room he'd moved into way up on West 114th Street. He paid $6 a week for the bare cubicle to sleep in, ate his meals at Riker's and other economy cafes early in the morning and late at night—too late, Greg reasoned. Heck, he just slept in New York with his odd hour job. He wasn't really living there. He wanted to get back from Flushing meadows and start going to town.

He'd barked for a couple of months when he ran into this guy on the subway whom he'd met at Cray's. A stage-ambitious character like himself, who also had to eat. He said he was working at Radio City, conducting tours, and dragging down $50 a week. That was exactly double what Greg Peck was earning and the nice part was—you were right in the heart of town, you could work day or night, whenever you could make it, since you got paid by the tour—$1.50 a circuit—if you could get on the team. On his next day off from the Meteor, he went over to Radio City and filled out an application. They called him up that night. "Start work tomorrow." And that put Greg Peck on the spot. He'd never been inside Radio City himself, and here he was booked to guide tours!

He quit his barking job and hustled down to Rockefeller Center next morning. They sent him out on a tour to learn the spiel technique. That night he lugged home a pamphlet of vital Radio City statistics.

Greg crammed all night and the next day, in his trim uniform, he took his first tour—and he came through. The barking experience helped; he could fake any sort of a spiel by now and soon he learned his stuff. That gave him a handy meal ticket for the next couple of years, when he needed it.

He took as many tours as they'd let him have and as soon as he could handle it easily, he went over to the Neighborhood Playhouse. That was the drama school he'd decided on. Cray Denton went there and the famed Sanford Meissner taught acting. Tuition was $500 a year and it might as well have been $5000.

He stated his case bluntly to Mrs. Morgenthau, who sponsored the school. "I want to learn to act. I need to go to school. But I haven't any money. Can I get a scholarship?"

"We have a lot of applications," she replied. "But we're always interested in talent. If you'll sit and wait a few minutes, we'll give you an audition."

Greg sat all morning. That afternoon the voice teacher and Meissner tested him. He waited some more. Toward evening, Mrs. Morgenthau called him in. She regarded him severely.

"You know," she began, "I don't think you ought to go in for a stage career."

Greg's heart plummeted. "Why not?" he came back.

"Well," Mrs. Morgenthau shrugged, "you haven't much chance of success. There are thousands of young men in New York with just as much looks, just as much talent, as much ambition as you have. You have one chance in a thousand to make good. My advice to you is to go back to California and do something else."

acid test . . .

Greg's lip protruded stubbornly. "Thanks," he said. "Maybe you're right. But I'm here and I'm going to take a crack at it. I'm going to learn right."

To his surprise, Mrs. Morgenthau laughed. "Okay," she said, "you win. I'll confess—I always say that to everyone we've decided to enroll. If they take my advice and walk out, we don't want them. But if they stay in spite of it, then they have a chance."

So Greg won his scholarship and entered the Neighborhood Playhouse. But this posed a perpetual problem for Gregory Peck—how to eat and pay his rent. Greg moved all around town from one barely furnished room to another. He ate in automats and cellar restaurants and shopped at delicatessens. The more time he put in at school, the more his job income dropped. For a long time he conducted the Radio City tours at nights—6 to 10—but as the tourist season dropped off, the tours turns were scarcer and scarcer. Sometimes Greg could pick up only $10 a week. He remembered his stepdad Joe's offer and more than once checks came on from San Francisco when the sheriff was breathing right down Greg's frayed collar. But he always found some way to make a quick check. Like modelling.

But there was one thing Greg Peck

"Thanks!"

steered clear of—pounding Broadway. He knew that a Broadway play was not for him then. That's where he was smart.

He made lots of contacts with Broadway-wise people, and some important ones, too. They liked him and could have done him good. Some even suggested introducing him around to the big producers, but Greg always declined with thanks.

He was one of those people who have to get where they get by pure merit. That's how he won the summer stock course at the Barter Theater, which Gregory Peck still looks back on as one of the swellest experience-packed times in his life.

The Barter was located down south near Abingdon, Virginia, but the project was organized and run by a New York office. Greg learned about the scholarship tryout just as his first year at the Neighborhood Playhouse came to a close. Each year the Barter outfit chose the best actress of the year. They gifted her with a ham, an acre of land in Virginia and a plaque. And they let her judge the contest to pick out a girl and a young man to attend the Barter Theater tuition free. That year Dorothy Stickney from "Life With Father" was the honored actress and judge.

The line stretched clear up the block from the Empire Theater where the tryouts were held. They lasted three days and 260 anxious young actors like Gregory Peck made their bids. Greg read a scene from Maxwell Anderson's play, "Gods of the Lightning," and won Dorothy Stickney's nod. Pretty soon he was on a truck, helping escort scenery south to old Virginny and the Barter Theater.

jacks of all trades . . .

The drama students, like Greg, ate the country food. All students bunked together in dormitories. They built the scenery, designed the costumes, took tickets, put on the play themselves. Greg was busy day and night, because while one play was playing, another was rehearsing.

Greg played in seven out of the twelve plays the Barter put on that summer—things like "Family Portrait," "Accent on Youth," "The Lees of Virginia," and even Shakespeare's "Richard III."

All this was wonderful experience for Gregory Peck. He started back to New York that fall confident he was at last qualified to call himself an actor.

He returned that fall to the Neighborhood Playhouse School and buried himself again in his stage studies. Greg was no spring chicken — twenty-three — and maybe that's why he had the sense to take his work super seriously. It was no collegiate lark to him—he'd been through all of that at Cal. He wanted to learn.

Because he was perennially flat busted, Greg had to figure rackets to see the current Broadway hits and he got pretty smooth at slipping into a theater. His dodge was to wait until the first act broke and the crowd trailed out into the lobby to smoke. At the buzzer he joined them and drifted in, tossing a cigarette away or reading a program when the usher reached for his stub.

Greg Peck stuck with the Neighborhood Playhouse until he graduated in the spring. The school staged a big play to cap the year's work. It was rumored that Broadway producers, agents, and even Hollywood talent scouts "caught" the play, looking for new talent. Greg played a leading role and the next day came back to the Playhouse for the "death watch." That was the time when, if any offers were to come for anybody in the show, they'd come. The whole Playhouse class clustered around the switchboard in the outer office, and the minute it buzzed, dove for the receiver, like hungry wolves.

Not many calls came. When they did they were from somebody's mama or aunt. But the suspense was terrific. After all, it *might*, it *could* happen. For Greg it did.

"Peck," said the switchboard girl, "for you."

"This is Guthrie McClintic," the voice said. "Can you come up to my office right away?"

Every dope knew who Guthrie McClintic was. He was the great Katharine Cornell's husband; he produced all her plays.

"Y-yes, *Sir!*" said Greg.

He shot out the door like a rocket and although the Playhouse was on 50th Street and McClintic's office on 46th, Greg swears he got there before Guthrie hung up the telephone.

Mr. McClintic smiled at Greg's breathlessness. He was brief and to the point. "I saw you in your play last night," he said, "and you were all right."

"Thanks," was all Greg could pant.

"How'd you like to go on the road in 'The Doctor's Dilemma?' "

"You don't have to ask me that twice!" panted Greg.

"Wait a minute—it's just a small part—four lines in the third act."

Greg wasn't even listening. A chance at the Road with the great Cornell in a Bernard Shaw play! What a break!

"Fine," said McClintic. "Rehearsals start September 8th. We open in Philadelphia the 15th. Have a good summer."

He got a real live Broadway agent on the strength of that. Maynard Morris—who's still his agent—promptly fixed Greg up for a busy summer season in stock.

He started rehearsals for "The Doctor's Dilemma" in the fall of '41. McClintic handed Greg a pass to see the show on Broadway—the first time he'd walked in without ducking an usher—and afterwards took him backstage to meet the star. He was never so scared, so awed, so sure Miss Cornell was the most beautiful woman in the world. She received him in her dressing room and again he floated out on air. He thought she was the most wonderful woman in the world—until the day the troupe took the train to Philadelphia. Then his eyes wandered and lit on a blonde—and they've never wandered away since.

The show group was waiting to get in the train gate when Greg first saw Greta. He was pretending to read a book nonchalantly at that point. He wore glasses and looked very sober and intellectual. He also wore a suit he'd bought for $27. He really wasn't absorbing a line he read. And Greta knew it.

She was Katharine Cornell's personal makeup and hair-dressing expert, a pert, flaxen blonde of Finnish extraction. She had a merry twinkle in her eye when Greg's slipped off the blurred pages and caught hers. She smiled. Greg cleared his throat and bent back to the book.

He kept up the act all the way to Philadelphia, and it was tough work because the pretty blonde sat right across the aisle. That night, when the play opened, she was backstage and so was Greg most of the time, nervous as a flock of witches. Because, besides playing a British art gallery manager in the third act, Greg was also assistant stage manager. The only one who had time or occasion to notice his sweaty shakes was Greta. She thought it was funny—but she liked it. And she was sympathetic.

He finally got up nerve enough to introduce himself and ask for a date in Pittsburgh. His first weekly paycheck—fifty bucks—was safe in his pocket and he felt recklessly prosperous. He walked up to Greta, being as debonair as possible. "I'm Gregory Peck."

"I know."

"You're Greta Rice."

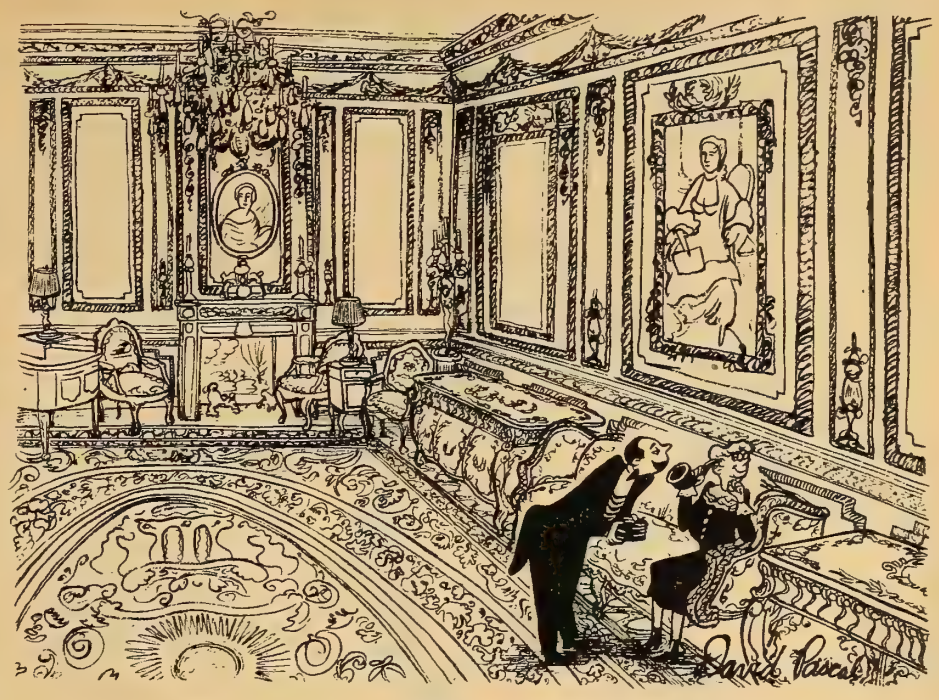
"Yes, I am."

"I—uh—how about a drink and a dance at the William Penn after the show tonight?"

"I'd love it," said Greta, "how nice!"

Greg tripped through his work that night on another fleecy cloud. He felt not only courtly, gallant and grand but a little magnanimous, too. After all, outside of Cornell, he and Greta were about the only non-British members of the troupe. She was probably lonely, poor girl. A date would make her very happy.

After the show, Greg hustled into his $27 suit, slicked his hair and showed up at the rendezvous by the stage door. "Hello," smiled Greta, "you know Mr. Fletcher, of course."



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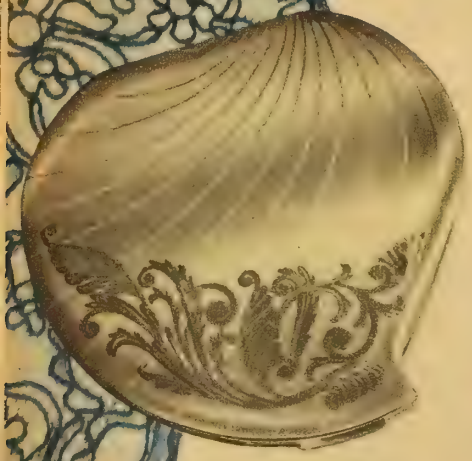

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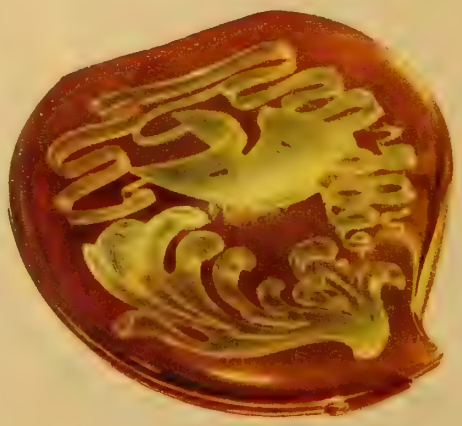

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Greg shook hands with Bramwell Fletcher, Cornell's leading man. "Well," he said, "let's go on over to the William Penn."

"Good idea," said Bram Fletcher. They started, and he walked along. They entered the hotel and he kept right by Greta's side. Greg thought he'd certainly say good night when they took a table in the supper room. But no—Bram sat right down, too. He even whirled Greta around for the first dance, while Greg burned.

He got Fletcher aside. "Say," Greg demanded, "what's going on here, anyway? I've got a *date* with Miss Rice."

"So have I."

"What!"

"Certainly. What are you doing here?"

"*I've* got the date!" stormed Greg.

"When did you make it?"

"Why, tonight."

"I made mine yesterday," said Bram. "Sorry, old chap." It was too true. Greg glowered but he couldn't shake Bram. They took turns dancing and split the check. They walked her home together and that was the payoff.

It was two a.m. by then and at Greta's hotel another guy was waiting around, hopping mad and ready to fight. He had a date that night with Greta, too!

Greg dated Greta regularly after that—and alone, too! So it wasn't much of a surprise to Greta when Greg blurted one night in San Francisco, "When we get back to New York, what do you say we get married?"

To his relief, she smiled, "Yes."

He couldn't afford an engagement ring. In fact, viewed logically, Gregory Peck had as much right to contemplate marriage at that point as a churchmouse.

Katharine Cornell was getting a new play together in San Francisco to follow "The Doctor's Dilemma." "Rose Burke" would play in the Bay City before heading East on tour. Greg inherited the job of assistant stage manager in that and the two-toned job of understudying Jean Pierre Aumont, in the lead, and Philip Merivale. It was Jean Pierre's first American appearance, and he had a thick French accent and a bad habit of taking cat naps before curtain time. The combination conspired later to give Greg one of the most awful evenings of his life.

"Rose Burke" played nine weeks in San Francisco. Pearl Harbor happened while Greg was there and the first blackout, but the threat of Jap bombs didn't scare Greg half as much as the awful prospect of taking over if Pierre didn't show up.

curtain going up! . . .

One night in Detroit, Greg, whose job was to see that all the cast was on hand well before curtain time, realized with horror that it was 8:15 and Jean Pierre Aumont was nowhere around the theater. The curtain went up at 8:30. Panicked, he raced out into the streets and over the half-block to Jean Pierre's hotel, to find him peacefully snoozing away in bed. Greg routed him out, helped him throw his clothes on and hustled him outside. Well, it had rained that day and then frozen. The sidewalks were like ice. Jean Pierre took a couple of strides and z-z-zip his feet flew out from under him, and he lit right on his face on the cement, out cold.

Greg's heart turned icier than the Detroit streets. He thought Jean Pierre was knocked out, possibly crippled. He was horrified, frankly, not for J. P.'s health, but because he knew an accident meant he'd have to play the tricky part, and he knew he'd murder it. "I'm fired," he gasped, "I'm through, I'm ruined!" Luckily, Jean Pierre tottered to his feet and Greg got him on stage in time, a little dizzy but there.

"Rose Burke" folded in Toronto with-

out a Broadway opening and Greg found himself back in New York, engaged to be married, broke and out of a job. But he was a member of the Cornell-McClintic team, more or less, by now, and when McClintic presented Jane Cowl in "Punch and Julia," Greg had the juvenile lead.

The billboards were all printed and even pasted up at the Henry Miller Theater on Broadway, but Greg's chance at the Big Street died again in Baltimore. "Punch and Julia" opened in Washington, got the worst reviews known to mortal man and hastily retreated to Baltimore. There they were even worse.

His agent landed him a job at Cape Cod, in the Dennis Playhouse (where he recently returned from Hollywood to star). Greg didn't star that summer, but he gathered a sockful of experience. After six weeks on the Cape, Greg moved over to Martha's Vineyard to help put on USO benefit shows, because by now Uncle Sam had turned thumbs down on Greg's shaky sacroiliac and made him a Four-F Charlie. His dramatic godparents, Guthrie McClintic and Katharine Cornell, came up to lend a hand and Greg actually sang a comic duet with the glamorous Kit. What was more thrilling to Greg, McClintic bought a play to produce while he was up at the Cape, "The Morning Star," which the British playwright, Emlyn Williams (the "Night Must Fall" genius) had played to a smash hit in London.

He'd tried to get Williams for the lead, and Franchot Tone and a half dozen other established stage names. But all were busy so the idea struck McClintic to try young Gregory Peck.

When he learned the good news was definite, Greg ran down to see Greta. "This is it," he told her happily. "My real chance. Nothing can stop me now. We'll get married right after the play opens." Greta nodded happily but the twinkle in her eyes was still wise. She'd heard Greg say that before.

Greg was in fast acting company and his part was all-important. It carried the whole play. "Morning Star" was due to open on Broadway in September. Again McClintic took the show down to Philadelphia first.

Greg worked like the devil, but he was dramatically muscle bound. He took Greta down to Philadelphia for the opening and for moral support.

MODERN SCREEN

CLEOPATRA KELLY

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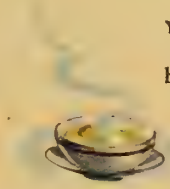

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Your baby's digestive system is delicate, so the three Gerber's cereals are finely strained. They mix creamy smooth, with uniform texture for easy digestion.

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Gerber's makes three different cereals: Cereal Food, Strained Oatmeal and the new Barley Cereal. Many mothers find that serving all three cereals turnabout helps baby's appetite. Be sure to get Gerber's cereals, with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the front of each box.

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After opening night, they sat in their hotel room with a veteran actor named Nichcolas Joy, waiting for the morning papers. It was another "death watch" for Greg Peck. At three o'clock in the morning, Nicholas Joy went down and came back with the newspaper reviews.

"You read 'em, Nick," pleaded Greg. "I just can't."

Nick had been through things like this a double dozen times. It was old stuff. He draped himself in an arm chair and rattled the critics' judgments off. Mercilessly his voice pronounced what Greg considered a drumming death sentence.

"Obviously out of his class" . . . Nick droned, "inexperienced . . . incompetent . . . can't speak his lines . . . awkward . . . stiff . . . inept . . . amateurish. . . ." Greg listened in stony silence, but he was thinking, "This is really the end."

Greta read his thoughts in his face.

"You can do better," she said.

"I can't. I can't," sighed Greg. "I've given it all I had."

Greta shook her head. She wasn't an actress, but she'd been around the stage a lot. "Look," she said, "isn't it a lot more important what happens in New York than what happens here?"

Greg nodded, "Of course, but—"

"You've got a week's run in Philadelphia. Can't you improve in a week?"

"I don't know. I suppose—"

"Come on," said Greta, "let's work."

They made a stage out of their hotel room that minute. Greg read his lines to Greta and she and Nick kibitzed. They worked all night and far into the morning before they flopped, exhausted, in bed for a nap before show time. Every day that week, fourteen hours a day, he rehearsed with Greta in the hotel room all day and played that night.

The following Monday night "The Morning Star" opened on Broadway. Greg Peck took a deep breath before he went on stage and gritted to Greta, "This is really it. After tonight, either I catch a train for California—or I go on from here."

He went on from there. The Broadway critics liked him. Not that the play was a world beater for Broadway. But he knew he had made a step forward with "Morning Star," even though it lasted only a month, and even though, at $100 a week, he had only $400 saved up.

So, even before the show closed, Greg had the marriage license. When "Morning Star" folded, he didn't let it upset him. He knew he could handle a star part now and also that his ups and downs might go on indefinitely. Greta was thinking the same thing.

One October Sunday, after the show closed, they went out to the Yankee Stadium with a couple of friends.

As the crowds started filing out in the ninth inning, Greg and his party rose. Greg turned to his friends, "How'd you like to witness a wedding?"

"A wedding—migosh, when?"

"Right now," said Greg.

"Yes—right now," smiled Greta.

Greg ducked into a phone booth at the stadium and called up a pretty Methodist church on Park Avenue which they'd spotted long before. He made a date with the preacher and corralled a cab.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck moved into their honeymoon castle. It was really just Greg Peck's fourth floor walkup room on East 40th but to Greg and Greta it was twice as heavenly as a suite at the Waldorf. It was their home.

Greg woke up without a job and busted as usual but he didn't have a worry in his gay head. He knew there'd be something; the worst was over. And it was. That winter he played the lead with Martha Scott in "The Willow and I." Again it was no hit, but Peck was a man to remember.

Then Maynard Morris, who had helped Greg along so much in his early stock and Broadway jobs, joined the big Leland Hayward agency. He put in some good licks around the studios about the terrific movie possibilities of Gregory Peck.

One day Leland Hayward was in his Hollywood office when the telephone rang. It was Samuel Goldwyn.

"This fellow Peck," began Sam.

"Who?" asked Hayward blankly.

"Gregory Peck, this young actor of yours —how much do you want for him?"

"Oh, why—uh—$3,000 a week," stammered Hayward.

"Okay," agreed Sam, and hung up.

Leland Hayward grabbed his phone and called his New York office. "Who the heck," he asked, "is Gregory Peck?"

So while Greg hadn't made such a big noise along Broadway, the movie scouts certainly had their eyes on him.

Pretty soon Greg and Greta were on The Chief headed for Hollywood to meet the people—this time the Hollywood people. That was Leland Hayward's idea; for Greg to come out, look Hollywood over and prove for himself that he had a future there as well as on Broadway, because Greg Peck was still subborn that way. He had set out to make a hit on the Broadway stage and he still hadn't made it. He was sorry about Hollywood.

But it was pretty hard to say "No" to the delayed honeymoon he and Greta deserved, especially with all expenses paid and a chance to see his Dad and Mother.

When he left Hollywood, Greg carried back a contract with RKO to make a picture a year for four years. The rest of the time he could chase his Broadway star. Greg had a contract to make "Days of Glory" for Casey Robinson, a movie producer whose style Greg admired. And he had a $5000 bonus in his pocket for signing. For the first time in his life Greg had both money and leisure.

He got off the train in Phoenix, Arizona, checked in at Camelback Inn and spent heavenly days loafing in the sun with Greta, swimming and riding all over the desert. He hadn't had a vacation like that since he was a kid in San Diego.

So, being Gregory Peck, he just had to set up a hurdle for himself.

His Hollywood advisor, Leland Hayward, told Greg he was just plain crazy to sign up for the play "Sons and Soldiers." But Greg had time on his hands before his Hollywood debut, months away.

"What in the world do you want to do a play for?" Hayward puzzled, exasperated. "You've got everything to lose and nothing to gain! You've got one of the best new Hollywood contracts ever written. After you make a picture, maybe a play—sure—but right now it's not only useless—it's risky."

Greg wasn't listening.

"Suppose," argued Hayward, "the play's a flop. Suppose you're terrible and the critics murder you. Then, maybe Hollywood will change its mind about Peck!"

Greg said, "But I've never had a real hit on Broadway."

"So *what?*" Hayward threw up his hands. "Neither has Clark Gable!"

Greg just grinned and shrugged.

He went into "Sons and Soldiers," an artistic Irwin Shaw play and Max Rheinhardt's last production. These facts alone stacked the cards against it for popular success, but all Gregory Peck was gunning for were the critics. He missed again. But by following his star away from Hollywood, Greg Peck got his biggest break in pictures!

Because, if he hadn't played in "Sons and Soldiers" on Broadway, then Darryl Zanuck, on his way back from the war in Africa, certainly wouldn't have seen him in that play and spotted him as the perfect Father Chisholm for "Keys of the Kingdom." And Greg was going to need just that kind of a break in Hollywood, because his first picture was a dud.

Gregory Peck hasn't seen himself in "Days of Glory" to this day. It was just one of those movie ideas gone wrong as far as he was concerned. If Greg had had time to fret about that flop he'd certainly have headed right back to Broadway. Luckily, though, Darryl Zanuck called him before he could get the train reservations.

"How about starring for me as Father Chisholm in 'Keys of the Kingdom?'"

Greg had just read the book. Typically Peck, he argued honestly, "I'd love to. But I'm not the type." The description stuck in his brain—"short, red-headed, freckle-faced Scotsman."

"You don't need to be a type," said Zanuck. "You're an actor, aren't you?"

"I try to be," said Greg.

"The Keys of the Kingdom" proved Greg was—for Hollywood's money and the world's, too. That added another contract, a starring one at Twentieth-Fox. "Spellbound" tacked a Selznick contract to Gregory Peck's collection. Soon he won another at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with "Valley of Decision." If Greg needed any confirmation that he was the brightest new star in Hollywood, he has found it in "Duel in the Sun," "The Yearling," and "The Macomber Affair"—the most expensive prestige pictures Hollywood made last year.

And Greg has collected much more in Hollywood than contracts, four-figure salaries, critical raves, prestige and fame. He's collected a happy private life with Greta and the two boys, Jonathan and Stephen, born under the sunny California skies of his own nativity. He's collected a home of his own and a host of friends. But —being Gergory Peck—he's not entirely happy.

Because Gregory Peck will never be happy until he gets what he set out to get when he left college for New York, the success on the stage he dedicated his life to.

Maybe his dreams will come true next year when Thomas Wolfe's, "The Web and the Rock," is dramatized. Already Greg has his eye on playing that tempestuous genius. Already he's worrying about it.

"If I'm ever going to be a great actor," he told me, anxiously, "I've got to start working. I've got a lot to learn!"

I've a hunch Gregory Peck will never find his dream—on Broadway or anywhere else. Because, deep inside him he carries a secret standard. A standard that has made and will keep him great—"Not Yet."

June Haver . . .

soon to be seen in 20th Century-Fox's "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." June poses for MODERN SCREEN in the suit of the season—the wonderful figure-moulding swallowtail with a jacket that dips in back, and buttons that are replicas of old French coins.

On her shoulder—what we predict will be THE jewelry fashion of the year—a shining epaulette, with dangling chains like a general's. Watch for this epaulette—we're betting you'll be pinning one on your own shoulder in no time at all.

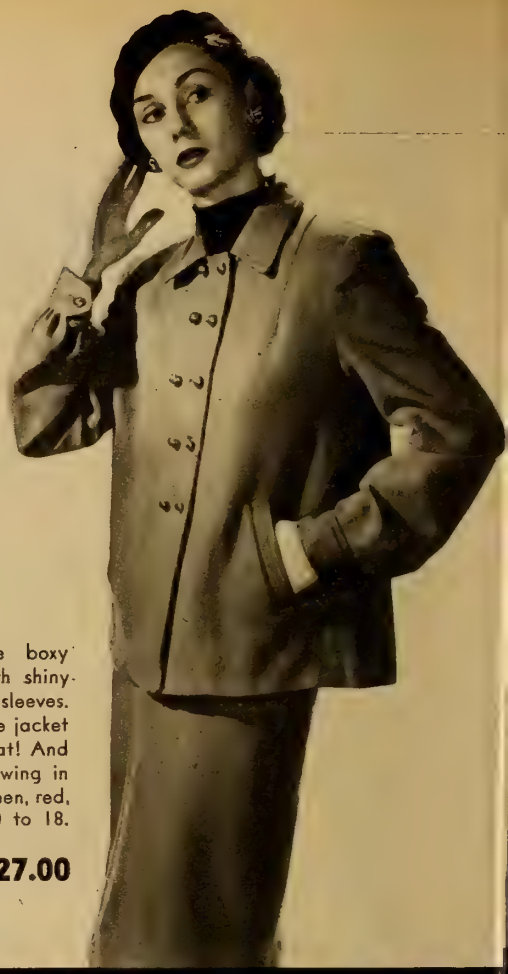
The Gladdy Colleen suit is rayon gabardine, and comes in royal blue, aqua, oyster, terra cotta and very light shades of rose, grey and blue. Sizes 10 to 18. $25.

To find out where you can buy this suit, turn to page 77)

Modern Screen
fashions

Nifty liftle bolero suit that looks as if you've inherited money. Grey wool flannel —dreamy background for any accessory color you care to mate with it. Of course you can wear skirt separately! Sizes 10 to 18. By Henry Rosenfeld.

$17.95



The suit with the boxy jacket—dashing with shiny buttons and cuffed sleeves. And you can use the jacket as a short extra coat! And it has a beautiful swing in back! All wool. Green, red, all pastels. Sizes 10 to 18. By McArthur.

$27.00

Knockout date dress—you know how black and white stands out in a crowd. Notice the sleeves—swinging deep from the shoulders and making your waist look incredibly tiny. Smooth rayon crepe. Sizes 9 to 15. By Jonathan Logan.

$12.95

Date dress that looks simple, then grows and grows on you. That hip draping is handled very cagily—and what it does for the figger! Wear with long pearls, please. Navy Romaine crepe. Sizes 10 to 18. By Winfield.

$14.95

By CONNIE BARTEL, FASHION EDITOR

WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T BE WELL-DRESSED ON A BUDGET?

Office, school, even dates—where can't you wear this shirt-sleeved sweetie? One of those good-looking, good taste basics smart girls swear by. Rayon crepe, in all pastels. Sizes 9 to 15. By Jonathan Logan.

$12.95

To find out where to buy these fashions, turn to page 77.

LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH ONE

Black Sweater!

Glentex scarf, worn military-fashion over one shoulder—$2
Criterion Belt with loops to pull scarf through—$3
Shell pin and earrings by Jordan—$3 per set

4

2

Glentex scarf, knotted like a bolero—$2
Criterion belt—$3.50

1

Black wool sweater by Featherknit—$4
Wool hood by Glentop—$2
Striped scarf by Glentex—$2

3

Gold braid collar by Ross—$4
Gold kid belt by Criterion—$2
Coro bracelets—$3.50 each
Coro drop earrings—$2

5

Two Glentex solid-color scarves, braided together into a collar—$2 each

To find out where to buy sweater and accessories, turn to pages 77 & 78

Glentex plaid scarf, draped into a bustle—$2
Three initials in gold by Jordan—$1 for three

6

Timely's white collar with bow (plus matching cuffs)—$2

There are a few basic pieces of clothing that you simply can't go wrong with—and a black sweater is one of the best. All by itself a black sweater is *right*—you can wear it very smartly with a skirt, a suit, or over slacks. Plus some well chosen glitter, you can even team it fashionably with an evening skirt. Besides all that, a black sweater is a super background for practically any and all accessories. These pages, based on one black sweater by Featherknit, prove that a good basic can be sporty, glamorous, sophisticated or demure.

7

WEAR THE SKIRT WITH THE BRIGHT Red LINING

■ We're heartbroken—but heartbroken—that we can't show you this skirt in color. It's grey wool flannel (yummy!)—and the lining is bright scarlet (wow!) And it has five cute little scarlet flowers at the waist. It's the twirlingest, whirlingest skirt we've ever seen—with a pirouette power of ninety-four inches—(*that's* how wide the hem is). And when it twirls and whirls—you see red!

On top of all that—both the flannel and the cotton airplane cloth lining are waterproofed, which makes it just the thing for skating. And no matter what size or shape you are, there's a skirt to fit you—see list below. You can get it in grey or black flannel, or in wool plaid. And it's such a hit, there'll be a spring version later. How much? About **$9**

Skirt by Summit Sportswear
Sizes 7-14 (for you young 'uns)
Sizes 9-15 (for juniors)
Sizes 10-16 (for teeners)
Sizes 10-18 (for misses)

To find out where to buy this skirt, see store list on page 78.

DD
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. . . it's a Brighton fabric. Black
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LOVE LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Hello! . . . and it feels lovely to be the brand-new fashion editor of MODERN SCREEN.

We're more than excited to have the chance to talk about fashions to all you clothes-minded gals who read MS—because we know you're smart and lively and up-and-coming, and naturally you're interested in looking terrific.

So here's our new fashion policy, which begins with pages 69 to 78 of this very issue: We're planning to show you the best-looking, cutest, gayest and most useful clothes you can wear . . . (and here's the *big* point) . . . *at prices that won't cause you any pain at all.*

Needless to say, we know you have taste and you know fashion and that it's no trick at all for you to waltz into a store and pick out a dress or suit that makes you look out of this world. But we also know that very often the dress that makes your heart beat faster is the dress whose price tag makes your heart sink right down to your toes.

But we further know—and this is gospel—that any girl can look just plain wonderful, regardless of what she has to spend. *If* she knows how.

So from here on in, our Fashion Section is out to prove that a knockout wardrobe has nothing to do with knockout prices.

For example, we hope to show you lots of slick-looking day dresses under $15. And we're out to snag suits that make you look like a success story at the most attractive prices we can manage—(the one June Haver wears on page 69 costs exactly $25). Same goes for accessories. We're after the last word in gloves, scarves, belts and jewelry—at prices that will give you change from a five dollar bill.

How does that sound? Suit your fashion approach? Fit your budget? We hope so.

So, until next month . . .

Yours for looking like a million on whatever you have to spend . . .

Connie Bartel

BUYING GUIDE

BLUE SWALLOWTAIL SUIT (page 69)
By Gladdy Colleen

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.

OR WRITE TO GLADDY COLLEEN, 1400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

GREY FLANNEL BOLERO SUIT (page 70)
By Henry Rosenfeld

Detroit, Mich.—Himelhoch Bros.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

OR WRITE TO HENRY ROSENFELD, 498 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

SUIT WITH THE BOXY JACKET (page 70)
By McArthur Ltd.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Greensboro, N. C.—Meyer's
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins

OR WRITE TO MCARTHUR LTD. SPORTSWEAR CO., 1372 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

BLACK AND WHITE PRINT DRESS (page 70)
By Jonathan Logan

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Broadway Dept. Store
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier

OR WRITE TO JONATHAN LOGAN INC., 1375 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

NAVY CREPE DRESS WITH HIP DRAPING (page 70)
By Winfield

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Blum Store
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer Bros.

OR WRITE TO WINFIELD DRESS CO., 498 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

BUTTON BASIC WITH SHIRTSLEEVES (page 71)
By Jonathan Logan

Boston, Mass.—Peter Flynn
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—D. J. Healy
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier

OR WRITE TO JONATHAN LOGAN, 1375 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

BLACK SWEATER (page 72)
By Featherknit

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Frederick Loeser
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Snellenberg's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

OR WRITE TO BROOKLYN KNITWEAR, 1372 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

ACCESSORIES SHOWN WITH BLACK SWEATER
Picture #1 (page 72)
Wool hood by Glentop

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson

"DAISIES WON'T TELL"... A Carole King Original printed with romantic little conversation pieces... all leading up to a tiered side drape and a waistline bouquet of daisies quaintly tied with black velvet ribbon. Of Nanking rayon crepe. Junior Sizes 9 to 15. About $15.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

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ACCESSORIES SHOWN WITH BLACK SWEATER

Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #1 (page 72)
Striped scarf by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #2 (page 72)
Scarf by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—J. Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #2 (page 72)
Belt by Criterion

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The Broadway Dept. Store
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.

OR WRITE TO SLOTE & KLEIN, INC., 16 EAST 34TH ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #3 (page 72)
Gold braid collar by Ross

Boston, Mass.—R. H. Stern Co.
Chicago, Ill—Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.
San Francisco, Calif.—Livingston Bros.

OR WRITE TO ROSS MFG. CO., 34 WEST 33RD ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #3 (page 72)
Gold kid belt by Criterion

Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor

OR WRITE TO SLOTE & KLEIN, INC., 16 EAST 34TH ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #3 (page 72)
Gold bracelets and earrings by Coro

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley Carew & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Ernst Kern Co.
New York, N. Y.—Stern Bros.

OR WRITE TO R. M. JORDAN CO., 377 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #4 (page 72)
Shell pin and earrings by Jordan

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxon Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.

OR WRITE TO R. M. JORDAN CO., 377 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

ACCESSORIES SHOWN WITH BLACK SWEATER

Picture #4 (page 72)
Scarf by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—J. Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #4 (page 72)
Belt by Criterion

Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.

OR WRITE TO SLOTE & KLEIN INC., 16 EAST 34TH ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #5 (page 72)
Scarves by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #6 (page 73)
White collar by Timely

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Dallas, Texas—Titche-Goettinger Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.

OR WRITE TO TIMELY ACCESSORIES INC., 15 WEST 37TH ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #7 (page 73)
Plaid scarf by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #7 (page 72)
Initials by Jordan

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxon Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.

OR WRITE TO R. M. JORDAN CO., 377 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

THE SKIRT WITH THE BRIGHT RED LINING (page 74)
By Summit Sportswear

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.

OR WRITE TO SUMMIT SPORTSWEAR CO., 1384 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

LITTLE MISS BREATHLESS

(*Continued from page* 49)

politely, as Mrs. Taylor gave instructions that they were to be home by midnight.

Then he helped Elizabeth into the white broadtail jacket, and they left.

Mrs. Taylor went to the Colony in an old black coat she'd traveled with. After all, you're only *that* young once.

Miss E. Taylor and escort made a stunning entrance at the Starlight Roof, walked composedly to their table, sat down very hard on their chairs, and tried to look blasé. No go. After a minute or so, they gave it up, and peered around like mere children. They even grinned.

Once Fred looked down at her. "How old are you, anyway?" he said.

"Guess." She tossed the cloud of black hair back the way she imagined Hedy Lamarr would do it, and looked mysterious.

"Sixteen?"

At that point, she was feeling at least 25, so the triumph hardly even excited her. Her clear, 14-year-old eyes danced. "A woman should never tell her age."

After Fred brought her home she threw herself across her mother's bed, and sighed happily. "Such a wonderful vacation!" Wednesday night, she and Fred were going to this place on Long Island, to a ball, and then they were going to stay at this girl's house, and go yachting on Thursday.

same old grind . . .

Back home in California, life isn't nearly so worldly. For one thing, Elizabeth goes to school, which is ghastly unsophisticated.

When she's not in a picture, she goes to the studio school. Fourteen M-G-M kids are enrolled there, including Jane Powell and Dean Stockwell and Butch Jenkins. "And Margaret, only she doesn't come," says Elizabeth.

"Margaret" is Miss O'Brien, who's tutored in her dressing room.

Elizabeth loves her teachers, and hates school. All very normal. She detests homework and despises tests and wishes vacations would go on and on.

Aside from school, California is delightful. The Taylors are looking for a place now where Elizabeth and her brother Howard can have a real rumpus house, since they have lots of healthy young friends.

Mrs. Taylor loves them all dearly, but the wear and tear on the furniture is ridiculous. Elizabeth and Howard approach her sometimes with that party look, and her heart sinks. "Let them want a barbecue," she prays. "Let them want to roll eggs on the lawn. Just so it isn't a dance."

"Mother," they say, "we'd like to have a few of the kids over for some dancing—"

And she has to say, "But I'm still having the floor fixed from the last time, darlings. You left nineteen holes, just like a golf course."

Even before dancing, comes Elizabeth's love for animals. The Taylors have three horses—King Charles, Prince Charming and Sweetheart. They have three dogs named Spot, Twinkle and Monty. They have three cats named Jeepers, Creepers and Cuddles. They have a bird, a cockatoo, it is, named Chiquita Juanita Pepita Pedro Taylor. They stuck the Pedro in because they weren't sure of the sex.

And of course there's Nibbles, the chipmunk.

The menagerie was almost joined by a soft-shell crab, too. It was when Elizabeth was up at her uncle's place in Fairfield, near Westport, Connecticut, during the early part of her vacation.

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E-Z HAIR REMOVING GLOVE

A HELEN NEUSHAEFER PRODUCT

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A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

She and Uncle Jack and a girl named Joy went crabbing, and they got a whole lot of fine husky hard-shelled specimens for dinner. And then Elizabeth caught this poor scared little soft-shelled character who was obviously in the wrong place or the wrong month or the wrong season.

She picked him up, and he didn't bite or anything. "Oh, you poor little thing," she crooned. "You cute, poor little thing."

And then when they got home, by mistake, he was cooked, along with all the others. Mrs. Taylor was delighted, since she had already begun to conjure up a trip back with, item: One crab.

Elizabeth refused to come to the table though. They all coaxed her, but she wouldn't come. She just stood there staring at them, and muttering, "You're just a bunch of cannibals, that's all!"

There was the time Elizabeth went to a party given by Atwater Kent. It was a fabulous party, with animals rented from a circus, and clowns, and other circus performers, and Elizabeth fell in love with a tiny lion cub.

He was so sweet, and so gentle. "May I hold him?" she asked Mr. Kent, and Mr. Kent gave him to her, and he nuzzled on her shoulder, and chewed at her dress, and stole her heart completely.

Mr. Kent, watching, said, "You can have him, Elizabeth. I'll buy him for you."

And Elizabeth, her heart pounding, said goodbye, and went tearing home to ask her mother.

Her mother said no.

Her face fell. "But Mother, he's so cute."

Mrs. Taylor pointed out that he wouldn't stay so cute, and what in the world kind of household pet would a lion make?

wanted: spot remover . . .

So Elizabeth gave up. Later, when Mrs. Taylor took Elizabeth's party dress to the cleaner's, the man couldn't figure out what the stain on the shoulder was, and asked.

"Lion drool," said Mrs. Taylor sweetly.

The man shook his head. Such a pretty woman, and she looked quite normal. "Maybe you better come back next week, lady," he told her. "Next week we got a specialty. Lion stains removed free."

She couldn't convince him, either.

It pleased Elizabeth and Howard enormously. Elizabeth and Howard are good friends, which is fairly odd, because most guys his age think most sisters her age are swift pains in the neck. They've always been good friends, too, partly due to the fact, Howard claims, that he's had to save Liz's darn old neck so many times.

The first rescue job he ever did on her took place at the Taylors' country place in Kent, England, when Elizabeth was three.

Howard was six, and he and she both had whooping cough. They couldn't play with other kids, naturally, and they were out sunning by a pond.

The pond had been getting too full of water, and an irrigation ditch had been dug next to it, to drain some of the water off. The ditch was about three feet deep.

Howard and Elizabeth decided to explore for tadpoles. Elizabeth plopped herself down by the side of the pond. "I bet I find one first."

"Why, you're just a baby," said Howard. His eyes searching the muddy water, he stretched his hand across the narrow ditch. The slope on the other side was very slippery, he discovered.

"Don't put your hand there; it's slippery," he said importantly.

Elizabeth of course got up and waddled over and attempted to put her hand there. She went into the ditch, head first, and got stuck completely in the thick, grey mud. All Howard could see was two small feet waving frantically in the air.

He planted his fat six-year-old legs solidly in the earth, and grabbed at her

ankles. After that, he hollered. Loud, too.

"Mother," he screamed. "Mother, Mother, Mother—"

Mrs. Taylor came tearing down from the house, got a load of the hysterical Howard, and the pitch-black Elizabeth, and told herself to be calm.

After a while, she got them both home, and gave Elizabeth a hot bath and put her in bed, and called the doctor.

When the doctor came, he said Elizabeth had a fever, but she'd be all right. At least no complications were going to develop with the whooping cough. "If Howard hadn't acted so quickly," he said, "the baby would have suffocated."

Howard was unimpressed by his own heroism. All he knew was that he'd warned Elizabeth, and she'd ignored him, and he kept talking about it in an aggrieved tone of voice. "I tole her not to put her hands there," he kept saying. "I tole her, Mother, I tole her."

And there was the time she was on her way home from school, thinking dreamily of the best way to talk an ice cream sundae out of her mother that afternoon, and she passed a gas station when a car was backing out of a driveway.

no men, no makeup . . .

Howard gave her a shove that almost knocked her over the state line and when she turned around to slam him back playfully, she noticed the car. "Oh," she said, in a small voice.

"Oh, what?" said Howard bitterly. "I'm going to make Mother raise my allowance. For being a bodyguard in my spare time."

Actually, he likes her. He likes her and all her girl friends, and she and her girl friends like him and all his boy friends, and the whole crowd chases around together, swimming and riding and fishing.

Elizabeth plays the piano poorly, and Howard does much better, which she will admit behind his back. To his face, she will make scathing remarks such as, "Excuse *me*, Mr. Paderewski."

"That's quite all right," Howard says smugly. "We can't all be talented. When I think of the sort of people they have in the movies now—tsk, tsk."

Lovely boy, Howard. Elizabeth's best *girl*-friend is Anne Westmore, Wally's daughter. Anne has brown hair and blue eyes and is pretty, and she and Elizabeth have long daily conferences.

Elizabeth thinks twenty-five is a splendid age for marriage, which is a perfectly safe thought for her to hold. She also thinks she will be able to combine a career with marriage (when she's twenty-five, that is).

"No man is going to boss *me*," she tells Anne.

And Anne grins. "You'd better wait and find out if one wants to."

Also, Elizabeth is given to sweeping statements. "I," she says, "will never wear any makeup except maybe a little lipstick."

And Anne, who is Mr. Westmore's daughter, smiles wisely.

Elizabeth's absent-minded to the point where she sat on her mother's best hat and almost demoralized that bonnet, and her favorite actors are Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper.

"For real acting, that is," she says. "But I guess my favorite person in the movies is Van Johnson."

Anne, asking about her New York trip, discovered the principal thing that had impressed Elizabeth was that so many women walked around with false braids on their heads.

"All that hair," she said, "and none of it their own. I guess they think they can fool people."

But they couldn't fool her. No sir, not Taylor. Smart as a chipmunk, that kid.

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

■ We'd heard so much about Gene Autry's personal interest in the GA Friendship Club, we were beginning to envision him as the guy who personally licks the stamps on every out-going copy of "Autry's Aces" and tucks all paid-up members into bed at night. So when Gene's Rodeo hit town, we hiked up to Madison Square Garden (in a taxi, that is) to see how a busy singer-actor-cowboy keeps up with the activities of 2,000 special fans. In Gene's huge, barn-like dressing room (the four walls literally lined with his 150-odd colorful Western outfits), we found Catherine Nuessle and Pearl Wieder, two GAFers from Buffalo, waiting for Gene. We discovered that all Autry club members were invited to his quarters, below the Garden arena, and they'd been dropping in in droves from all over the Eastern seaboard. We'd just missed the Boston bunch, headed by Berenice Olson (who took the pic below), Beverly Kimball and Gladys Green. The previous Sunday had been Gene's birthday and Mrs. Helen Brown supplied a birthday cake. It had been open house all day and, since it was Sunday, he took the whole gang to CBS for rehearsals and broadcast. The wonder of it is that Gene remembers the name and face of every Autry-ite, and usually the circumstances of their previous meetings.

Gene came in shortly, wearing a blue business suit, offset by a white ten-gallon hat and fancy riding boots. While he lunched on New York hot dogs and coffee, we went into a long discussion of the value of fan clubs. Gene is well up on the activities of his GAFC and is genuinely appreciative of each member. He is always eager to meet and talk to every one, or to explain patiently for the umpteenth time just how Champion and Champion, Jr., were trained for their amazing performances in the Rodeo.

Later in the week, Bonnie Baker, Canadian chapter head, came down from Toronto and brought members Jane McQueen, Betty O'Neill, Bernice and Audrey Sellers with her. They dropped in at MSFCA quarters one afternoon and we chatted wildly about the club. We also admired their various wallet-sized collections of autographed Autrys. For our part, we dragged out an advance copy of the November MS and showed off our "Flying Cowboy" story on Gene. A fair exchange, the gals thought.

—AND IN CHICAGO . . .

While Gene was taking New York by storm, Chicago fans were attending the first national convention of the Roy Rogers Club. Roy. (*Continued on page 118*)

In Chicago, Roy Rogers hosted RRFC convention delegates (and their youngsters!).

In N. Y., it was "open house" for GAFers in Gene's Madison Sq. Garden quarters.

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Associate Producer: HOWARD CHRISTIE · Adapted by FELIX JACKSON

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Deanna Sings

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"GRANADA"
"BRAHMS' LULLABY"
"IT'S DREAM TIME"

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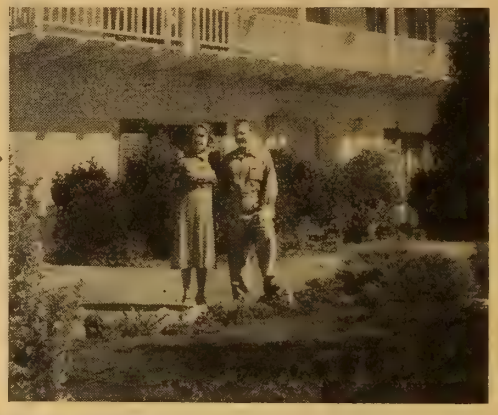
FIBBER'S HUMOR IS HOME-

SPUN AND MOLLY'S NAME IS PLAIN, BUT

THE McGEE POPULARITY—FABULOUS!

Tain't so funny when the McGees had to live in a trailer until their new home was completed!

This isn't 79 Wistful Vista, but is the real home the McGees have just sold for a smaller one.



You know 'em as Fibber McGee and Molly, but they're really Jim and Marion Jordan, with daughter Kathryn.

ed sullivan's radio award

■ Twelve years ago, on a tour of personal appearances in vaudeville with a big Broadway variety revue, I was booked into the tremendous Detroit Fox Theater, managed by Dave Idzal. "If I might make a suggestion," said Mr. Idzal, "I'd like to add an act to your show, which the theater will pay for—think it might help you do business out here."

What kind of an act did Mr. Idzal have in mind? "Well," he said, "it's a little radio team that's starting to catch on in the midwest, a little on the 'corny' side as humor goes, but people seem to like them a lot." With the utmost patience, I explained to Dave that what I had was a smart, sophisticated revue that you might find in a big Broadway night club, and that a corny little midwest radio team hardly would fit into the Sullivan "Dawn Patrol" pattern. Besides, I had Artie Auerbach for comedy.

"Maybe so," said Mr. Idzal, unruffled, "but I follow radio very closely, and this little team is going to go places. This is a chance for you to get in on the ground floor."

"What's the name of the radio team?" I asked, politely. "You've never heard of them," he said, "Fibber McGee and Molly." The Broadway columnist backed away from the Detroit Fox Theater manager in some alarm. "Fibber McGee and Molly! !" No act could have a name as silly as that. No, no, a thousand times no, that sort of thing just wasn't being done in big time vaudeville, direct from Broadway. "It's up to you," quietly observed Mr. Idzal, "But I still think you're making a mistake, because people out this way like Fibber McGee and Molly, and they're going places."

I'm not exaggerating this story. It happened just as I've related it here. Of all the blunders I've made, this easily is one of the most notable, in my personal collection. It takes rank with my prediction about "Tobacco Road," when that hill-billy shocker opened in New York. After the show opened, I sat with Producer Jack Kirkland (*Continued on page 86*)

JAMES DUNN
in his first role since "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn."

(*Continued from page 84*)

in The Tavern, on West 48th Street. "What do you think?" he asked. "It will last about a week, Jack," I consoled him. "It's too dirty, too rough on the ears." The last time I heard about "Tobacco Road," it had played not less than nine years.

Had I known Dave Idzal better, at that time, I wouldn't have refused to add the unknown Fibber and Molly to my Detroit Fox unit. Idzal is a short, husky little genius of show business. He knows what's cooking in night clubs, in radio, in television, in circuses, in summer stock theaters. His test of all performers is as simple as the yardstick he applied to unknown Fibber McGee and Molly: Does the public like them?

It was just that quality about Fibber and Molly that accounts for the national popularity they've enjoyed in the past 12 years. The little team from Peoria, Illinois, had a particularly homespun American crackerbox type of comedy that reached deep into the heart of America. It was written by Don Quinn, a discouraged cartoonist, and it was interpreted by Jim and Marion Jordan, the real tags of Fibber and Molly.

If Irving Berlin or Ethel Merman ever want any additional choruses of "There's no business like show business," the Jordans could supply some ideas. Ideas based on their own struggles. Fibber could go back to 1917, when he landed his first professional job as top tenor with a broken down vaudeville act billed as "A Night With the Poets." Despite that pleasant and beguiling billing, Jordan found that "A Night With the Poets" was a series of sleeper jumps, cheap hotels and poor food. In August, 1918, he was back in Peoria to marry Marion, before shoving off on a troop train heading for Camp Forrest, Georgia. From there he shipped out to France, and Marion supported herself by returning to her piano teaching chores.

Rehabilitation in 1919 for Pvt. Jim Jordan was just as tough as the GIs are finding it today. In succession, he became a machinist's helper, a salesman of washing machines and vacuum cleaners, a day laborer and then an insurance salesman. They needed insurance—daughter Kathryn arrived in 1920. But the show business yen was still very much alive, to the extent that shortly after, they borrowed $1,000 for a vaudeville tour that lasted four months in tank towns. This act clicked, and served as a springboard into small time vaudeville. In 1923, a son was born.

Marion Jordan went back to Peoria to raise the children; Jim wandered on to Chicago, in search of bookings in vaudeville. Shortly after, a flop, back he went to Peoria, where he got a job as a clerk in a dry goods store, $10 a week. They added to that by playing club dates—Elks, Lions, Moose, K. of C.

They were conducting a Gallup poll all their own, and when radio beckoned, in 1927, Jim and Marion Jordan were better than green hands. And when, four years later, they met Don Quinn, in 1931, and started their first NBC serial, "Smackout," they had a background of experience that could only have been acquired in the gloomy, dreary precincts of show business.

There was another element involved, the element of public acceptance. The Chicago radio stations had access to a listening audience that accurately cross-sectioned American taste. If a performer clicked over the Chicago stations, it meant that his or her type of material would be acceptable to a majority of Americans. When Dave Idzal said, of Fibber and Molly, "The public out here seems to like them," he was issuing a blank check, negotiable on demand.

So this month, the MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan gold plaque of excellence goes to Fibber McGee and Molly, the Peoria, Illinois, products who have become an American institution.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 13*)

Gets In Your Eyes" was their favorite tune to dance to—but has this gone far enough?

The busiest guy in the whole room was Bill Holden dressed up as a waiter—and as soon as anyone spilled anything, there was Bill to wipe it up. His only complaint was—NO TIPS! Bill's wife, Brenda Marshall, looked beautiful in a spangled gown. She said she wasn't "anything in particular." Unusual to meet a lady without a suppressed desire, but I guess Brenda is just plain happy being a contented wife and mother.

As cute as peanuts was June Allyson who came as a Shriner with a little Turkish fez, the size of a teacup, on her head.

Kay Kayser was Casey Jones, and sitting with Kay and his lovely Georgia was Greer Garson, looking perfectly beautiful as a Western dance hall queen. She told me she was afraid to sneeze because the top of her dress was glued to her. Richard Ney, who, I must say, is Hollywood's most devoted husband, was also Western—a cowboy.

Diana Lynn came with her ex-fiancé, Henry Willson, but Diana whispered to me, "Doesn't mean a thing." She was lovely as a ballet girl of the late '90's and unless my eyes deceived me, Henry's "suppressed desire" was that same little ballet girl!

When it was time for me to go home and get a little of my own suppressed desire—a little sleep—they were still pouring in for the cameramen's highly successful party.

FEUDIN' WITH FRANKIE? Well, whom do you think I'm having one of "them" famous so-called "Parsons feuds" with? Frankie Sinatra, no less—although, for the life of me, I can't get as mad as I'm cracked up to be.

There's something about a young man who loses his temper as explosively as Frank must have when he sent me a telegram burning up the Western Union wires, that hands me a few chuckles.

The spark that brought on this blast was an item, printed in my daily column, saying that Sinatra had been difficult on the M-G-M lot, pouting particularly because he had been refused the rights to a song he sings in "It Happened In Brooklyn" and adding that the Voice could stand a bit of talking to. Yipes!

By return carrier Pidgeon, I received the following eye-popper—and I mean eye-popper, which I herewith reprint in the vital points:

Bearing no greeting, not even a raspberry, it goes: SUGGEST YOU READ THIS TELEGRAM WITH YOUR ARTICLE OF NOVEMBER 14th IN YOUR OTHER HAND. I'LL BEGIN BY SAYING THAT IF YOU CARE TO MAKE A BET I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE YOUR MONEY THAT M-G-M AND FRANK SINATRA DO NOT PART COMPANY, PERMANENTLY OR OTHERWISE.

SECONDLY, FRANKIE HAS NOT BEEN A VERY DIFFICULT BOY ON THE LOT. FRANKIE HAS ONLY BEEN HEARD FROM WHEN IT CONCERNS THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE PICTURE, WHICH YOU WILL FIND HAPPENS IN MOST PICTURES WHERE YOU USE HUMAN BEINGS . . . . . YOUR ARTICLE CLAIMS MY POUT WAS CAUSED BY SOMETHING ABOUT A SONG. REGARDLESS OF WHERE YOU GOT THIS INFORMATION, FROM SOME GOSSIP MONGER OR OTHERWISE, YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT IF I POUTED AT ALL IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR A MUCH BIGGER REASON THAN A BROKEN DOWN SONG . . . . . AS AN ADDED THOUGHT, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST STALWART DEFENDERS OF THE PHRASE "NOBODY IS INDISPENSABLE," SO APPARENTLY YOUR LINE ABOUT MY BEING IRREPLACEABLE WAS ALL WET.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, IN THE FUTURE I'LL APPRECIATE YOUR NOT WASTING YOUR BREATH ON ANY LECTURES BECAUSE WHEN I FEEL I NEED ONE I'LL SEEK ADVICE FROM SOMEONE WHO EITHER WRITES OR TELLS THE TRUTH. YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO PRINT THIS IF YOU SO DESIRE AND CLEAR UP A GREAT INJUSTICE! FRANK SINATRA (it was signed).

Well, the irate Frankie can never say now I wasn't fair enough to give his side. But, after that bombshell, mine is this:

I obtained my information that Frankie was being difficult on the M-G-M lot straight from headquarters—the M-G-M lot. As for my right to "lecture"—I've been covering the Hollywood scene for many years and I reserve the right to call the shots as I see them.

When young actors have gotten out of line from time to time, I have said so and many of those who have been criticized have later thanked me—the bigger they are, the better they take a friendly tip, I have found out. Recently, when Clark Gable was going 'round and 'round with M-G-M, I said I thought he should think it over. And when I ran into him at a party during the midst of my campaign, he chuckled and said, "Louella, you and Louis B. Mayer are going to get me in 'The Hucksters' yet. I wasn't satisfied with the first version of the script—but I've thought it over and decided the way to settle our problems is to talk them over—not walk away from them." So, as you know, Clark is now back in "The Hucksters" and he and M-G-M are just like THAT again.

If I were the only newspaper person under fire from Frankie's wrath, I might start wondering. But other writers and publications have commented on what is unmistakably a very high-handed attitude coming from The Voice. So I'm takin' it easy—coasting along. At least, I'm distinctive. I'm probably the only fan of Sinatra's voice in the world having a feud with the Swooner. Marie, put my bobby sox away for awhile.

YOU'LL BE GASPING FOR BREATH AT THE END OF
"THE CHASE"
Seymour Nebenzal
presents
ROBERT
CUMMINGS
in
"THE CHASE"
with
MICHELE
MORGAN
STEVE
COCHRAN
and
PETER
LORRE
Screenplay by
PHILIP YORDAN
Directed by
ARTHUR RIPLEY
Released Thru UNITED ARTISTS

END OF A DREAM

(*Continued from page 33*)

the screen. And all this on the premiere eve of "The Razor's Edge," Tyrone Power's first picture since the war, and the greatest performance of his life.

I thought, "What a home town reward for an ex-Marine! What a homecoming for Hollywood's good-will ambassador to South America! What a shame!"

I knew Ty would tell me the truth. I've known him a long, long time. That's why I wanted to see him at once. That's why I'll stake my reputation on what he told me.

But even I was surprised at what I saw in his face. There was no bitterness there, no resentment, no anger at the outrageous rumors. He repeated:

"I'm free, Hedda. And I'm not in love with anybody!"

I said what was on my mind, "Ty, you've grown up."

He grinned and his eyes twinkled wisely. "I'm thirty-two. Wouldn't you say it was about time?"

I nodded. Already my mind was reeling back to the Ty Power I'd known in Hollywood for the past ten years. And especially to the time, eight years ago, when Ty had hopped off from Hollywood on another flying South American movie good-will tour.

That time he came back to Hollywood facing a honeymoon. This time Ty is back facing a divorce. Neither time was anyone in Hollywood surprised.

You can't keep secrets in Hollywood. And Ty's not good at masking his feelings. He's too straightforward, sensitive and sincere. Everybody knew, eight years ago when he hopped off from Hollywood, that Annabella Charpentier Murat had him hook, line and sinker. But the fact that he'd fallen hard enough for matrimony was a surprise. Somehow worldly, sophisticated, French Annabella, and fresh, American, naive Ty just didn't match up as a team.

I remember the first time I ever saw Ty on the screen. I went to a preview of "Girls' Dormitory" and it was a pretty important preview to Hollywood. Darryl Zanuck had imported the saucy French actress, Simone Simon, and was going to make her an American star, or else. "Girls' Dormitory" was her first picture, and like anyone else, I was all agog.

I didn't stay that way long. The picture was sorry and you couldn't understand what Simone was saying. I fidgeted in my seat until the last few feet.

in walked youth . . .

Then a door opened and—like a gust of fresh air—in blew a breezy American boy, with black, flashing eyes and the USA written all over his handsome young map.

All he said was, "Well—here I am!" And there he was—for sure. Everybody knew it: You could hear the whispers run all up and down aisles, "Who is he?"

I knew who he was. I'd seen him as a kid. But I sat through that dull picture twice—just to see him again. When I left, I was telling myself and anyone who'd listen,

"There's your new America's Boy Friend!"

I'm not bragging. I was no lady Columbus. It wasn't my secret. Darryl Zanuck knew it as well as I did, and so did everyone else with half an eye to personality. Walter Winchell cracked in his column the very next day: "Who's Hollywood's biggest star of next year? That's easy—Tyrone Power!" Okay, America.

Ty's popularity zoomed higher than Buddy Rogers' ever did. He was America's boy friend in hit picture after picture. But in his private life it was different. A foreigner took him over right away. Sonja Henie landed, and soon had the situation well in hand. Maybe Ty was *too* American—he was a sucker for an accent.

I won't go into the first Hollywood romance of Ty's except to say it was a "publicity" affair from the start. And, although they liked each other, it was the same thing in the middle and at the end.

We all had Ty Power practically married to Janet Gaynor right after that. Janet had just made her amazing comeback in "A Star Is Born" and Ty was riding his road to fame high, wide and handsome when they discovered each other. Janet was petite, thoroughly American, sweet and a charming knockout (as she is still today) and she was fancy free after her divorce. It looked like an ideal match. For Janet, experienced and mature, with a wise knowledge of Hollywood values, was just the girl for Ty to team with. Remember, Ty Power's success was swift and heady. He was fairly bursting with life and a longing to capture all the things of life he didn't know about. Maybe that was the trouble. He'd known girls like Janet all his life. He'd never seen one like Annabella before.

I remember when Tyrone left for his desert location on "Suez." Janet Gaynor was the last girl he saw. It was her last date with Ty, too, although she didn't know it. Janet didn't know what had happened on a Twentieth Century-Fox sound stage a few weeks before, either. It was a test stage where the fatal collision occurred. Ty was on his way in for a makeup test; Annabella was on her way out from the test that put her with Ty in "Suez." They bumped, "met cute" as the Hollywood script writers say, apologized to each other and a makeup girl came to the rescue with introductions. And Ty fell like a ton of bricks.

I'm not saying Annabella married Tyrone Power to kick along her career. I don't believe that. But I wonder if she was ever as deeply in love with him as he was with her. Annabella is French—she's practical. She's not one to let her feelings go to her head, like a glass of champagne. She loves with her brain as well as her heart. She'd been married twice before. She was still wed to Jean Murat, a French actor, when Ty saw moonbeams around her blond head. She had a daughter. Ty was in his early twenties and Annabella—well, Annabella was older. Already, Annabella had had a career in French films. She had been around on the Continent. She knew the score.

two worlds . . .

All this and the complications to marriage meant nothing to Tyrone then. Annabella completely charmed him—and that she has—charm. I remember interviewing her when she first came to Hollywood. Her English was broken enough to be irresistibly cute. She was *distinguée*, sophisticated, smart, attractive. She was and is, blessed with all the feminine charms that are supposed to be natural to Frenchwomen. She represented a new, thrilling world to Ty, and Ty was eager for new worlds.

So Annabella travelled back to France to get her divorce and bring her daughter to Hollywood. Ty hopped off on his first good-will air tour of South America. No Hollywood star ever had a more triumphant one. Latin America loved his boyish, American personality and Ty loved Latin America. The exotic thrill of that experience only fed his love for exciting, foreign Annabella. She sailed to Rio de Janiero to meet him, they flew together back to Hollywood and the wedding bells tinkled. Charles Boyer, a Frenchman, gave Annabella away and his wife, Pat Paterson, an Englishwoman, was maid of honor at the ceremony. On Ty's side, it was All-American. Patia, his mother, and his sister, Ann, were there and Don Ameche stood up with him. They spent their hurry-up honeymoon at the Grand Canyon, but their real honeymoon came next year when they went to Europe.

I'm not saying Tyrone didn't love every bit of it, the titled foreigners Annabella introduced him to, the smart European circles he travelled in, the sights he saw, the thrill of having a smooth, sophisticated wife to show him around. Ty was happy as long as the honeymoon lasted and longer. They came back and did a play together in Eastern summer stock, they made plans for a movie together, but it didn't come through. Ty's career went on brilliantly—but Annabella's dropped away.

That wasn't the trouble in Paradise, though. You can't blame a divergence of careers for their separation, despite Ty's gallant "conflicting careers" announcement in New York. They didn't grow apart because Tyrone Power became one of the greatest of Hollywood stars and Annabella didn't. That's a trite but true enough reason for many a Hollywood split-up, but not for Tyrone Power's.

The truth was that deep inside, Tyrone and Annabella were as different as night and day—as different as an ingenuous, wholesome American young man and a sophisticated, mature French woman can be. After the honeymoon wore off, there was no real companionship to bind them together. There were no children of their own, only Annabella's daughter by another man. No mutual career. No mutual country, friends, hobbies or interests. Not real ones.

Tyrone Power is really a very plain, sincere, and sentimental man underneath. Glamor has gilded him but he's a Mid-

A FIVE DOLLAR VALENTINE

Red satin hearts with white lacy ruffles around the edge are awfully pretty, but we kinda thought the valentine you'd rather receive from MODERN SCREEN would be a crisp, yellow check for five dollars. How to become our valentine is simple as eating ice cream. All you've got to do to win this easy-earned money is to write us a true anecdote about the time you met a movie star. Of course we don't mean a commonplace asking for an autograph; we prefer unusual items which—to show you what we mean—you'd *enjoy reading in this magazine. To see what we like, why not read the two "I Saw It Happens" in this issue? Then write your own brief account neatly and mail it off to our "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If we decide to publish it, there'll be five dollars winging its way to you!*

Ellie, the dissatisfied eyeful...

NOW ELLIE HAD...

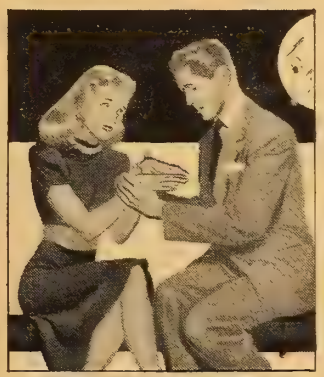
ARTICULATE ANKLES...

NIFTY KNEES...

AND A TERRIFIC TORSO!

YET ELLIE, OF ALL PEOPLE, WAS STILL DISSATISFIED WITH HERSELF! AND HERE'S WHY!

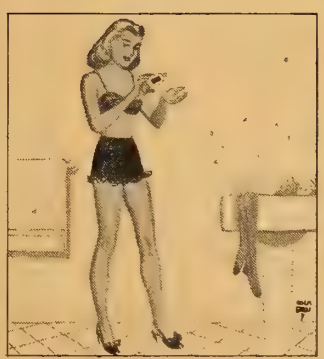
TRY AS SHE WOULD, ELLIE COULDN'T MAKE HER HANDS GIVE OUT GLAMOUR LIKE THE REST OF HER! THEY'D GET DRIED OUT, CHAPPED AND ROUGH...



SO SCRATCHY, IN FACT, THAT HALF THE TIME ELLIE'S PUBLIC THOUGHT THEY'D GOT HOLD OF A PORCUPINE!

THEN ONE DAY, NELLIE TOLD ELLIE ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT HAND LOTION! THE **BEFOREHAND** LOTION... **TRUSHAY!**

SO ELLIE SMOOTHED CREAMY, FRAGRANT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS EVERY DAY BEFORE SHE TACKLED THE DISHES... BECAUSE **TRUSHAY** GUARDS HANDS EVEN IN HOT, SOAPY WATER!



WHAT'S MORE, ELLIE PUT ON **TRUSHAY** BEFORE SHE DUNKED HER LIGHT LAUNDRY — AND **TRUSHAY'S** SPECIAL "OIL-RICHNESS" HELPED PREVENT THE DRYING DAMAGE OF THAT SOAP-AND-WATER TASK, TOO!

WELL, AS YOU CAN SEE BY THE ABOVE, ELLIE GOT SPLENDID RESULTS FROM **TRUSHAY'S** SPECIAL BEFOREHAND PROTECTION — AND ITS WONDERFUL SOFTENING HELP! YOU WILL, TOO!

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

P. S. Trushay's grand for softening hands at *any* time. Wonderful, too, for rough, dry elbows and heels... as a powder base... before and after exposure to weather. Trushay contains no alcohol, is not sticky. Begin today to use Trushay.

west kid from Cincinnati, Ohio, just like the nice boy you know next door grown up. Basically, Ty has always clung to old friends, old associations, old memories. Bill Gallagher, his remote cousin, has been close as a brother to Ty for eleven years. Tommy Noonan, an old Cincinnati schoolmate, has been his stand-in almost as long. Henry King, who started Ty to fame in "Lloyd's of London," is still his best Hollywood adviser and guide.

I've known Ty for a long time and I knew his father before him. I know what kind of stuff Ty's made of. I know his feeling for his own origin and his character. Let me tell you a story:

One day, not long after Ty had made his hit in "Lloyd's of London," I met his mother, Patia, on the street in Hollywood. We hadn't seen each other for a good twenty years, not since the days when our husbands, De Wolfe Hopper and Tyrone Power, Senior, were in Hollywood, mixing silent movie parts with stage plays. We gossiped about the good old days and I happened to mention a Tyrone Power play, "The Servant in the House."

"How did you happen to remember that one?" exclaimed Patia.

I explained: It was well etched on my memory because of a tiff I'd had with my late husband. He was a soft touch by nature and finally he'd promised to lend no more money to anyone without huddling with me first. But one day he came in and confessed he'd met an old pal of his, Tyrone Power, and lent him $500 to help finance "The Servant in the House" company. That broken promise made me mad, but what made me madder was that that day was my birthday—and my husband had forgotten it! I laughed out this story to Patia, and thought no more about it.

A few weeks later, she called up, invited me to lunch and handed me a check for $500, signed by her son, Tyrone, Junior. I was speechless (and that's something!). I couldn't believe it. I had never run across any such exhibition of sentimental honor in all my years in show business. Ty no more owed me that money than you did. What's more, he couldn't afford to pay it then. But that's the kind of a guy he is.

Ty came to a party at my house not long after he came back from the South Pacific. My son, Bill, was there, too. Bill was in underwater demolition during the war. Ty spotted him, greeted him, to Bill's surprise, with, "Why didn't you look me up on Guam?"

Bill was baffled, "Were you there?"

"Sure," said Ty, "I heard your boat was coming in, so I stayed over there three hours hoping you'd look me up." And Bill didn't even know Ty knew he was on a boat! That again is typical Ty Power. He's genuine. He's no snob.

too slick . . .

I wouldn't say Annabella was, either. But her sophisticated tastes were not Ty's. The big white mansion on Saltair Drive in Brentwood they bought from Grace Moore and remodelled to Annabella's formal tastes, never had the kind of warmth and informality I know Ty Power would have liked it to have. Annabella held herself largely aloof from Hollywood and from many of Ty's old friends. Gradually but inevitably she narrowed the Powers' social circle down to the people she liked—a few of Hollywood's cosmopolitan upper crust.

Ty can handle himself in any circle, but the tight little, right little group is not his style. And there was another important difference. Annabella could never share Ty's outdoor life. Most American girls can adapt themselves to their husbands' leisure interests. Carole Lombard did when she married Clark Gable, although Carole could be just as sophisticated as Annabella. But it was beyond Mrs. Power's native abilities to swim along with him, play tennis, sail and fly—as Ty loved to do. She could no more have camped in the mountains on a hunting expedition or wet her feet fishing than fly.

He had lots of time to think all this over during the war. Over three years of it. Flying over lonely Pacific wastes, there isn't much else to do but think. The war changed a lot of men from the USA, made them face up to realities and ask themselves the question—"Am I really happy?" Tyrone didn't know for sure when he came back. Except for scattered leaves, he had gone his way and Annabella hers all those three years. She worked on many a GI benefit show, sold bonds, worked in the Red Cross, appeared in a New York show.

But the old life wasn't what Ty Power wanted to come back to. It was as simple as that. There were no other girls to push Annabella out of his heart; there aren't any girls in the South Pacific. I heard Annabella's name coupled with this and that escort in Ty's absence, but if there's another man in the case, it's news to me.

Certainly no separation could have been more amicable. The night after Tyrone gave the papers the news in New York he was out with Annabella to El Morocco in Manhattan. He's still living in the Saltair mansion—Annabella's mansion now—where Annabella's mother lives. He'll stay there until Annabella finishes the Broadway play she's starting. He had only the nicest things to say to me about his wife. There are no hard feelings there.

But both Ty and Annabella must have known the truth when he flew into San Francisco Bay and she met him. For a time all seemed peaceful and quiet in Hollywood and Ty made outward attempts at least to pick up his old life. But the growing restlessness within him was fanned by two events since his return.

One was the tragedy that froze Ty's first attempt to relax and be gay in the old Hollywood way. The party was at his house and it was festive. And the fun and festivity led directly to the shocking accidental death of Primula Niven, the lovely wife of one of Ty's best friends, David Niven. That jarred Ty far more than people know. I saw him right afterward and he looked like a stricken man.

The other revelation to Ty's soul was his job in "The Razor's Edge." When Tyrone Power went into "The Razor's Edge," it was more than any mere starring part in a comeback movie. He was asking himself the same question that troubled *Larry*, Somerset Maugham's spiritual young hero: "What are the realities of my life?" Ty played the young man who seeks the ultimate truth against a background of sophistication for the greatest performance of his life. It was no accident. That questing *Larry* was Tyrone Power, himself. Just as it's a million other ex-soldiers in these United States trying to find the answers, the true answers of the better life they dreamed about.

no smoke, no fire . . .

So it ended, this time in New York with the words everyone expected to hear, heralding a new, a free and a forward looking Tyrone Power. I asked him when the divorce would be and where. He said, "That doesn't matter. It's all over now and what the courts do can't possibly make any difference." I know that Ty gave up most of the wealth and possessions his fame has brought him through the years. He did it gladly. But when you do that you want your freedom pretty bad.

Which brings up the subject of Ty Power and Gene Tierney. Are they in love? Will they get married? Sometimes I can hardly believe my eyes when I read the nonsense in the newspapers. Think how Ty Power must have felt when he read what I read right after he'd announced honestly that he and Annabella had decided to part. One headline screamed, "Film Love Real Thing Now For Gene and Ty." It began:

"A screen romance begun before the grinding cameras of a Hollywood movie set has swept sultry-eyed Gene Tierney and handsome Ty Power into a real life love tangle that had this jaded film capital agog today," it bleated. It went on to say that only the fact that both Ty and Gene were still married to somebody else kept them from flying to each other's arms.

Well—!

The day that was printed I was talking to Ty—and I want to tell you how this very nice guy reacted to all of that vicious hooey. First off, he told me honestly, "Sure I like Gene. I've worked with her in two pictures and she's a grand little actress, a swell and brave girl. I'd do anything in the world to help her. But I'm not in love with her. I'm not in love with anybody. This sort of stuff," he muttered wonderingly, "is so darned ridiculous!"

You can take it from me and Tyrone Power that he won't marry Gene Tierney. He won't marry anybody for a long time. He hasn't a romantic thought today in his head. It's filled only with thoughts of his new freedom and a desperate desire to get away from Hollywood and think things out for himself and for the future.

He'll get that chance soon when he goes to Mexico to make "Captain From Castile" with Henry King, the director who discovered him years ago. He'll be away from Hollywood for months and when he comes back, I know that straight thinking Ty, who's as honest with himself as he is with everyone else, will have the answers to his future, private and professional.

So the wheel turns full circle for Ty. Seven years, they say, is a full chapter in a man's life. Every seven years he changes, and so does his life.

It was just seven years ago that Tyrone Power and Annabella were married. That chapter is closed, and for keeps. There will be no reconciliation. Ty told me so. He is starting out on the path of his new life and his new dreams, and for him there's a rainbow at the end.

It's a new chapter Ty Power looks forward to eagerly. Call his broken home a war casualty if you like. Maybe so. Or call it just Tyrone Power coming of age. It doesn't matter. All that is behind him and he isn't looking back.

So I say—and I know the world will join me—good luck and Power to you, Ty!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While sitting in a Boston restaurant, I looked up and saw several men approaching a nearby table. One of them was easily recognizable as Bing Crosby. A little, white-haired old lady, seated opposite me, looked up and gasped, "Why, it's Father O'Malley!" Bing turned, his blue eyes twinkling, doffed his hat, and winked wickedly at the delighted little lady.

Ann Waldron
Taunton, Massachusetts

On Valentine's Day, as on all days of importance through the year, a greeting card will speak your innermost thoughts.

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WHETHER YOU'RE NOBODY'S BABY OR ANYBODY'S GAL, CHANCES ARE YOU'VE GOT A MAN-PROBLEM. AND THAT'S OUR SPECIALTY—MAKING MOLEHILLS OUT OF MOUNTAINS.

by Jean Kinkead

co-ed

■ Who *hasn't* got a man-problem, and is there anything more bewildering or insomnia-making? Take poor Kate. She's frantic 'cause she has no man at all. Then there's Janie who's losing sleep 'cause she has too many beaux. And look at Bets, she has a perfectly adorable fella and she still isn't satisfied. What's to be done? Fortunately, there's a solution for all of 'em, so if you're a Kate or a Janie or a Bets in need of some quick first aid, keep reading.

She's Nobody's Baby: Look, how do these things happen? Kate's a cute-looking gal, and she knows a lot about jazz and basketball, and she can whip up a Sunday night supper that simply kills the people. Yet the guys just don't know she's There. She lacks that indefinable business that makes 'em stop, look and whistle. What can she do about it? Oh, lots of things. First she should double-check on her grooming. (Cleanliness rates higher than cuteness, didja know?) Are her teeth scrubbed clean? Is her hair polished and her skin a-glow? Are her sweaters and skirts band-box fresh? Then she might give her personality a once-over. Is she so shy that people think she's a snob or a dope? Or so loud that you need ear muffs when she's around? Is she smart-alecky and always belittlin'? Is she so catty that no one can trust her? Is she so opinionless that talking to her is like talking to yourself? Let her acknowledge her defects to herself and then go about patching them up. After that she starts promoting herself. In a nice lady-like way she should let people know what a dream girl she's become. She should set her cap for a boy in the band or one on the basketball team. Why couldn't she drop a note in study hall to the cute guy who plays such beautiful piano telling him he's bettern' Eddie Heywood or Mel Henke. (Yum—have you heard him?) Couldn't she walk up to the shy lanky center on the basketball team and tell him what a gorgeous game he played Saturday night? Mentioning specific plays? How're the lads to know a gal knows anything about stuff like that if she doesn't speak up? After she's enchanted them with her interest in them, she could Sunday-night-supper them. (Not both the same night, natch.) Sort of the left hook to the jaw once she's got them groggy. Betcha it wouldn't be long before Kate was somebody's baby. Moral: If you're without a swain, it's probably because you've been making passes at all the wrong men. Find a boy with interests like your own and watch things buzz!

She's Anybody's Gal: Janie was so anxious to be popular that she wasn't very discriminating. She'd date anyone from the class rowdy to the town's bad boy. Now she's older and wiser and mad for a sweet, sweet lad in her class, but he can't see Janie for her shady reputation. Is there any way she can start all over again? Sure there is, if she has patience and a good strong will. She can stop going out with the wrong kind of boys and begin going places where she'll meet the right kind. How about the extra-curricular clubs at school that she's let slide all these years; and young people's groups at church? How about revising her clothes and makeup and too-bright line of chatter so that people will have a chance to see what she's really like? Why doesn't she take one of the gals who's both popular and respected in her (*Continued on page 94*)

Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. goes to a theatre première

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

Charming young Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. is greatly admired in New York society for the camellia perfection of her skin. "Always when I'm dressing for an important evening," Mrs. Gould says, "I give my complexion a refreshing pickup with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. I know of no beauty treatment that pays such quick dividends as the 1-Minute Mask! Right away, it makes my skin look brighter and clearer—and so much softer! After a Mask, make-up is simply no problem at all. It goes on easily, smoothly—and *clings!*"

Smooth on a Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave one minute. "Keratolytic" action dissolves off stubborn dirt and dead skin particles! Tissue off. Quick reward! A brighter, smoother skin!

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give your hair—
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SPARKLING COLOR—let Nestle Colorinse take away that dull-drab look. You'll be thrilled when you see how Nestle Colorinse gives your hair richer, warmer color.

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KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢

Nestle HAIRLAC

confidence. Explain to her how foolish she's been and ask for her moral support. *That* girl will tell others, and after a while the boys will hear, and well—Janie'll be all set. Moral: The world judges us by the company we keep, so when it comes to friends let's look for quality rather than quantity.

She's All Bill's: Bets doesn't quite know how it happened, but they'd hung out a fancy moon that night, and Bill had on a new sports coat with shoulders like *this*, and when he said, "Let's go steady," she had apparently said "Yes." For a month it was heaven. They were Romeo and Juliet. Ingrid and Cary. But now the whole thing is hanging a little heavy, and how is she going to get out of it? If she has any character, she'll do it the hard way. No buck-passing. No little white lies. She will swallow all her pride and tell Bill that she made a mistake. Not about him. Nope—him she likes. But about herself and her fickle eye-fickle eye. She'll tell him frankly that she's just not ready for the pipe and slippers routine yet. If she makes it clear that *she's* the flibberty-gibbet, the whack who doesn't know her own mind—and that *he's* divine, in fact out-of-this-universe, there'll be no hard feelings. He'll keep coming around, even though she's Tom-Dick-and-Harrying it again. Moral: Don't decide to go steady on the spur of the moment, and when and if you do, give some thought to the cut of his soul as well as his jacket.

WE'RE PROUD OF YOU, JUNE

(Continued from page 39)

it to the front office—"

Which they did. And that was the prelude to three days she'll never forget. "The most emotional three days I ever spent," sighs June.

In fact, the emotion started ahead of time—when she told the family. Dorothy, married and expecting a baby, couldn't go, but June took it for granted that everyone else would. It was their home town too.

Mother was pleased. Evvie went out of her mind. Not only did she have lots of friends back in Rock Island, she had a special beau whose name nobody believes because it's Don Whan. "For me it's the perfect setup," said Evvie. "June'll do all the work and I'll have all the fun—"

Grandma's voice broke in and it sounded plaintive. "When I used to take Junie to benefits in Rock Island, I always dreamed of going back with her when she made good—"

"And now you're going—"

"Am I?"

Something in her face sent June leaping to her side. "Well, you didn't think we'd leave you behind, did you?"

"Well, you never asked me—"

"Well, I thought it was under*stood*. You know they'd turn me out if I showed up without Alice."

the beautiful people . . .

So they all shed a couple of tears and got *that* out of their system. Those were the first tears. They weren't the last. . .

June likes to live it all over again in her mind. The idea is to start at the beginning and take it, step by beautiful step, to the end. But before she gets very far, the whole thing's a swirling kaleidoscope of laughter and thrills and lumps in the throat and people. Especially people. Lovely warmhearted people, her friends and townsfolk, smiling at her.

She always starts with Chicago. And Harriet Jeanes again. This time Harriet telephotoed a picture of June ahead, so there she was in the Argus, leopard skin coat and all, before she even arrived. The reason they weren't flying all the way was by request of Rock Island—

"After all," said Rock Island, "the airport's in Moline, and you weren't born in Moline. *Our* pet's the Rock Island Rocket. Would you ride the Rocket from Chicago to here—?"

She wouldn't have missed it. From a train you can see landmarks—the same landmarks she'd seen going the other way five years ago. Five years ago she'd been June Stovenour, leaving Rock Island with Ted Fiorito and his band, having made a little name for herself singing at benefits and on local station WHBF. Helen Gannon, Dorothy's best friend—they'd worked as phone operators together—had sent her a corsage of baby roses: "May this be the first of many steps up on your road to success—"

June, aged 15, had put the card away with her treasures. "If I ever get discouraged, Mother, this will remind me that my friends are hoping for the best."

Now she was June Haver, going home, eyes glued to the landscape. Every tree looked good to her. At Bureau an advance man came on with the schedule, said the Rock Island High School band would be out to meet them. She and Evvie made bets about what the band would play, and settled for the Cheer Song. Suddenly her eyes bugged out—

"Mother, I think I'm taking this too calmly—" She'd been hopping around like a Mexican jumping bean. "All your life you read about people being met by brass bands. How can it be happening to me—?"

Her hand went to her throat, partly because it felt sore, partly to keep the pulse from thumping. How excited can you get—?

old friends . . .

The crowd at Moline where they stopped for a few minutes. Then Rock Island, and the band playing the Cheer Song. The huge bouquet of red roses from Mr. Grove and his daughter Marjorie. Mayor Melvin McKay—later described by June as the "sweetest little mayor in the world who does plumbing on the side"—presenting her with the key to the city and being kissed in return. Best of all, so many familiar faces. Wherever she looked, faces of people she knew. Hi, Chuck Harrison!—Dorothy used to go out with Chuck—now he was holding the portable mike.

"I'm so happy to be here—" No speeches, June, she'd told herself. You can't make speeches anyway. Just tell them what's in your heart, and they'll understand. "It's so wonderful to see you all."

Riding through town perched on back of a car. The cops on their motorcycles ahead. "Even when generals come to town, we never gave 'em eight motorcycle cops--" It was like Christmas. WELCOME, JUNE HAVER on every lamppost, photos in the shop windows, people waving from the doors—she'd bought candy from this one, ties for her dad from the other—

"Hello, Nancy Plantz!" She almost fell off the car—

"How did you remember—?" Nancy called back.

How could she forget! They'd been like her own family—Mother and Dad Plantz, Sonny and little Nancy. But especially Helen. No sisters could have been closer

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MRS. RONALD COLMAN
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No wonder this new queen of the reds—Tangee Red Majesty—is a sensation in New York and Hollywood. It's that rarest shade of all—a truly royal red. *And you'll love what it does for your lips!*

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than she and Helen—they'd double-dated, lived at each other's houses—it was the kind of friendship only small town girls can have—

"Where's Helen?"

"At college, but she's coming down to see you—"

. . . The Fort Armstrong Hotel where she'd sung so often. The flower-filled suite with its new drapes. "The place doesn't look the same," a friend had written, "but they'll be very nonchalant about it. Take the cue from them. Admire, but don't be overwhelmed—"

Claus and Smitty, the cutest bodyguards, parked outside the door. *Sergeant* Claus Miller and Glenn Smith, but she'd gone to school with Claus's sister, so you couldn't have any great formality. Bodyguarding was new to them, but they did it as to the manner born.

Wires and calls and relatives coming in and "Where's Evvie?" It got to be a gag. The minute they hit town, they couldn't find Evvie. She'd bob up at intervals—with Don Whan who'd come in from Northwestern—but the next time you turned to look, she was gone again. . .

. . . 7:30 at the Fort Theater across from the hotel, where they were doing a Grauman and casting her feet in cement. June in a white strapless evening gown and long white gloves, orchids from the Chamber of Commerce fastened to her ermine stole. Laughing as she clung to the mayor and stuck both feet in the cement—

"I knew if I held on to this job long enough, something nice would happen—" That was the mayor kidding with the audience.

"Better than plumbing, huh, Mayor?" they kidded back.

Chuck Harrison holding the mike for her. "When I was a little girl," said June, "I loved Rock Island. Now that I'm grown, I hope Rock Island likes me—"

. . . Over to the Capitol Theater in Davenport by way of the Centennial Bridge. Arching the entrance to the bridge, a huge floodlighted banner—WE'RE PROUD OF YOU, JUNE.

You don't know what something like that does to you. She and Evvie had helped to dedicate the bridge. Evvie'd twirled in the parade. June had sung "God Bless America" with Freddy Martin's band, which happened to be in town. Now look—

"Even sitting down, I feel weak in the knees, Mother—"

. . . The big moments made your spine tingle, but the little private moments when you met old friends face to face, turned your heart over—

It was ten before they got through at the Capitol, and they hadn't eaten. June wanted a great big steak, so they went to the Hollywood Supper Club, which was new since she'd left and whose name tickled her. Imagine having your first Rock Island dinner at a place called the *Hollywood* Supper Club.

who's hungry? . . .

As they waited to be served, the boys started coming up to Claus and Smitty. Boys she used to date. Boys who used to come to the house for cokes and cookies. So shy and cute. "Would it be all right if we asked June for a dance—?"

"She has to eat," said Claus.

"I'm not hungry," said June. "I'm too excited to eat. I'd rather dance—"

It was dreamy and sweet and even a little sad, like dancing with your past, except your past isn't really sad at 21. And it had a topper. A call from Bob Goodell, leader of the school band she used to sing with. He was playing the organ in a little nightclub down the street— "I know you're awfully busy, June, but we'd sure appreciate it if you could stop by for a minute and say hello—"

Of course she could. But when he asked her to sing, she had to say no, her throat had been sore since they got off the plane.

"You do something for me instead. Play my favorite song. Only I bet you don't remember it, Bob."

He didn't answer—just smiled and started playing "Embraceable You." June thought it was a lovely way to end the evening.

haver day . . .

Next day was Hallowe'en all over the country, and June Haver Day by proclamation in Rock Island. The way Mayor McKay read it out, it even *sounded* legal. . .

But that came later. Thrill No. 1 was Lucia Thompson Clarke, who lived in Cedar Rapids now with her husband and two little boys, so June hadn't expected to see her. But in the midst of breakfast with the press, all of a sudden there stood Lucia, and the reunion was slightly damp, even though public. "Excuse us," said June, "but for five years we went everywhere together. I'd emcee the program, and she'd play the piano, and she'd get three dollars and I'd get five—"

That morning they went to the Harvest Festival together, and to their alma mater, station WHBF, where Miss Polly interviewed them for an informal broadcast in their same old Studio A—

"Remember the party they threw when you left, June?"

"Remember the watch they gave me?"

Ben Potter, owner of the station, drew them out to the lobby. "Remember this girl?"

Pictures of June—skinny legs, awful-looking bob, and all you could say for the clothes was, they covered her. She eyed her younger self appraisingly. "If they could turn *that* into glamor, there's hope for everyone—"

. . . Back at the hotel. Dressing for the Chamber of Commerce luncheon. Elsie Rogers coming in. For years Elsie'd planned all the banquets at the Fort Hotel. "You never thought we'd be fixing one up for you, did you, June?"

"I should say not—"

She cupped her palms round June's ear. "Don't tell anyone, but it's the best we ever had here—"

For June it was the crowning event of her trip. Not because she was guest of honor at the flower-decked table. But because all these people had thought enough of her to come. Dr. Barding, who'd brought her into the world. Earl Hansen, superintendent of schools. Looking out, she saw teachers who'd taught her, parents of boys and girls she'd played with. Seemed as if the whole dear town had turned out.

. . . Mr. Hansen telling about her at school. "—These aren't things I had to look up. I knew June—I remember—"

Mr. Claude Lee, a high-up man at Paramount who was passing through town and had kindly agreed to speak. "I never met June Haver till today. But from what they tell me, here's a striking example of how Hollywood can be maligned. Her friends seem to think she's pretty much the same as when she left—"

Mayor McKay proclaiming June Haver Day. Little Barbara Ann Pruden, a scout from June's old troop, presenting a bouquet of yellow roses and dyed green chrysanthemums—the girl scout colors—and a miniature girl scout pin.

June sitting there feeling shyer and humbler by the minute. How would she ever be able to thank these people? Where would she find the words?

As she rose, a face way at the other end of the room smiled at her—Helen Gannon's face—and she found the words. Told about the corsage from Helen five

Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop ? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart—can you? See the answer below!)

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Take a tip from the Toni Twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago . . . give yourself a Toni Home Permanent today . . . and look lovelier tonight. It's this easy:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, dabbing on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
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With your hair set, step to the mirror and admire your new Toni Permanent. See the deep, wonderful waves. Feel the silky softness of your hair. Notice its radiant natural luster. Toni is a *Creme* Lotion that gently coaxes your hair into deep waves that are frizz-free and easy to manage from the start. And they last as long as a $15 permanent.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. Every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. So ask for the *Toni* Home Permanent Kit. On sale at leading cosmetic, drug and notion counters.

Kathleene, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent is on the right above. Did you guess?

Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in

Toni HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

$1.25 *plus tax*

years ago. About all the wires and flowers, the good will and good wishes when she left. "Only out of kindness to one of your Rock Island girls. Well, now that I'm back, I'm still your Rock Island girl—who sang at so many banquets in this very room—I still can't believe it's me at the big table—" Tears stinging her lids, blocking her throat—"I'll never forget you—" Brimming over—"I'm sorry, I can't go on—"

Dead silence for a moment—("we were all sniffling," said Mother afterwards, "even that supposedly hardboiled newspaper crew—") Then applause and babble and the usual relief after tension, and people asking for autographs, and somebody saying, "We're on a time-table schedule," and June putting her foot down. "I don't care what the schedule is. I want to sign every autograph anybody wants—"

Kids filing past the big table. So many she knew. "Don't give me that Miss Haver stuff, Don, I can't take it—" "Oh Peg, you don't want my autograph, I'm Junie Stovenour, we used to go halves on all-day suckers, remember—?"

After that, it was really a whirl, like a movie montage. To the firehouse, where they made her honorary chief. To the corner drugstore, where she used to have chocolate sodas, and they photographed her having a chocolate soda. Next day there was a sign in the window. "Kilroy was here. So was June Haver—" Two personal calls she had to make, no matter what. The Plantzes—and little Ann Potter, Ben's daughter, down with rheumatic fever. She had a little kitten in bed with her, so June sent her some flowers in a kitten bowl. . .

. . . Franklin Junior High, and that was really going home. From the first minute. Because who should be at the door but the same old janitor who used to open her locker whenever she lost her key, and she was forever losing her key. Beaming at her—"Do you have your key with you tonight, Miss Haver—?"

Nancy Plantz introducing her. Mrs. Lindquist, the principal: "We wanted to give you what nobody else could give you, and you're the first girl it's ever been awarded to. But you used to be our cheerleader, so in a way that makes it legal—" Of course it was the school letter—

June telling them about her own days at Franklin. Interrupting herself to call to people she knew. "Hello, Mrs. Louisberg, remember the time I was "Sunbonnet Sue?" Looking for faces she missed. "Is Miss Zeroth, my old home room teacher here?" And Miss Zeroth calling back from way up in the balcony—

. . . Last stop, the Elks Ball. Mayor McKay was an Elk, and June used to sing at all their parties. By now they were calling her and the Mayor the double act of Rock Island, or Romeo and Juliet. Suddenly, from behind her—"Want a ride on my bike?" She whirled. Another face, and another picture from the past. Dick Gutzweiler riding her round on the handlebars of his bike. She'd had such a mania for riding on handlebars. "How about it?" he smiled. "Little too dressed up for a ride. And a little too tired," she confessed.

. . . Frances Willard School, where she'd taken the fifth and sixth grades. June found herself dreading it. Just before leaving Hollywood, word had come of the death of its principal, Miss Gertrude Hickman, whom June had dearly loved. She wished that somehow they could have skipped Frances Willard—

Which goes to show that cowardice doesn't pay. Miss Hickman's brother gave her a hand-painted plate from his sister's collection. "She loved you too, June. When you marry, I wish you'd put a piece of wedding cake on this plate. In that way, she'll be with you—"

. . . Home for a nap before dressing for the game. She was nearly asleep and thought she was dreaming when suddenly there stood Helen Plantz in the doorway, and just said Hi!

She'd had trouble getting to see June. So she wandered out and, luckily, Mother—about to drive off with a relative, caught sight of her—. "Helen! How wonderful! Have you seen June?"

"No, they wouldn't let me—"

Well, Mother fixed that, but she sent Helen in alone, which did more to rejuvenate June than twenty naps.

Before the game, the two coaches gave her a football, autographed by all the players. After the game, she felt like any Rock Islander. Rock Island lost. . .

But she'll remember Ralph Slentz longer than she will the score. Ralph's the boy she sat next to in study hall at Franklin High, and copied algebra problems from. She caught sight of him on the sidelines as they went driving round the field. "Hi, Ralph! Come on over and see me—"

He seemed shy at first, but got over it quickly. There was so much to reminisce about, so many questions to ask and answer—

"Remember our dates on the Rock Island-Davenport ferry—?"

"Oh Ralph, that's the only thing that went wrong in the whole three days. I'd so looked forward to just one trip on the ferry—"

"Why didn't they take you?"

"It's out of commission—"

"They should've told me," grinned Ralph. "I'd've fixed it for you—"

They left by the Rocket next morning.

. . . At home there was a beautiful letter from Lloyd Keepers of the Chamber of Commerce. "We all want you to know that, aside from the publicity—and every town likes it—it was wonderful having you back, and we all loved you and we hope you'll come again. If you want the fanfare, we'll give it to you. If you want to slip in quietly and see your friends, you can do that. Claus and Smitty will take care of you—"

Next time without the fanfare. Such an experience can't be repeated.

But you can live it all over again in your mind. Start at the beginning and take it step by step, and each time you remember something new.

Which is fine with June. She can always start all over again at Chicago. That way, it'll never end.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Did you know that every MODERN SCREEN reader is actually a member of our editorial board? Here's what we mean: You read each of the stories and features in this issue carefully, give us your candid opinions via the Questionnaire below, and we pass along *your decisions* to our editorial staff. Results: 1. You lend us a guiding hand in making future story assignments. 2. You may be one of the lucky 500 who'll receive a three months FREE subscription (March, April, May issues) to MODERN SCREEN!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd AND 3rd CHOICES—AND THAT'S ALL!

Bless Their Little Pointed Heads! (*June Allyson*) ☐

Wanted: One Guardian Angel! (*Glenn Ford*) ☐

About Keenan, Van and Evie (*Johnson-Wynn*) ☐

Unsentimental Gentleman (*Bing Crosby*) ☐

None But the Lonely Heart (*Cary Grant*) *by Billy Rose* ☐

We're Proud of You, June (*June Haver*) ☐

Be My Valentine! (*B. Mitchum, E. Williams, Y. de Carlo*) ☐

Gregory Peck Life Story (*Conclusion*) ☐

Little Miss Breathless (*Elizabeth Taylor*) ☐

End of a Dream (*Tyrone Power*) *by Hedda Hopper* ☐

The Flying Filthy Five (*Tyrone Power-Cesar Romero*) *by Cesar Romero* ☐

This Is Lana! (*Lana Turner*) ☐

"Sure, I'll Talk about Guy" (*Madison*) *by Henry Willson* ☐

Man Hunt! (*James Mason*) ☐

It Shouldn't Happen To a Duck! (*Kathryn Grayson*) ☐

Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

Which one of the following four female newcomers would you like to read about in a future issue (Check One): Viveca Lindfors (Warner's new Swedish discovery) ☐; Dorothy Malone (Cole Porter's cousin in "Night and Day") ☐; Martha Vickers (Lauren Bacall's sister in "Big Sleep") ☐; Janis Paige (Joan Leslie's girl friend in "Two Guys From Milwaukee") ☐; Would not be interested in *any* of these. ☐

Which one of the following four male newcomers would you like to read about in a coming issue? (Check One): Steve Cochran (Fighter in "Kid From Brooklyn") ☐; Kirk Douglas (Stanwyck's husband in "Martha Ivers") ☐; Douglas Dick (Robert Young's son in "Searching Wind") ☐; Dean Stockwell (Tom Drake as a boy in "Green Years") ☐; Would not be interested in *any* of these. ☐

My name is.....

My address is..... City.....Zone.... State.....

I am ..... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

College girls learn something NOT IN THE BOOKS!

IN TESTS AMONG COLLEGE GIRLS— 99 OUT OF 131 REPORT NO CHAFING WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

College girls from coast to coast recently learned something *not* in the books. Something that will make happy reading for every girl who chafes.

Here's the story . . .

Interviewers asked college girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

Naturally, the girls weren't told the name or brand. They were simply asked to try this new napkin—to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

At the end of the test, 99 out of 131 girls reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess.*

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many college students found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges!*

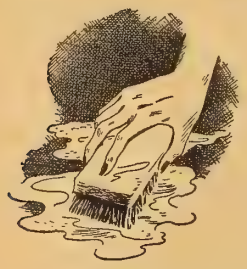
Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton helps create an "absorption control." This acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! Every *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. A fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you flower-fresh, too! And never a telltale outline—Modess is *silhouette-proof!*

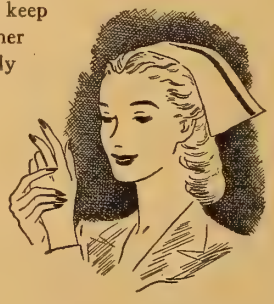
Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.

Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-Stride Modess!



Don't let housework be unfair to your hands

Yes . . . housework *can* leave your hands rough, red, and dry as dust. But . . . don't blame the housework . . . blame *yourself* for not taking care of your hands. Pacquins helps keep your hands looking smoother and whiter in spite of daily hard housework.



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Doctors and nurses scrub their hands in hot soapy water from thirty to forty times a day. Pacquins was first made especially for them. If Pacquins can help their roughly treated hands . . . imagine how much it can do for *your* hands!

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HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth, fragrant . . . *not* sticky, *not* greasy, More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.

BLESS THEIR LITTLE POINTED HEADS!

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Is it a pain?" He inquired, still calm, still interested. I tried to explain to him how it was. "It's not really a pain. It's more of a feeling that to-day's the day I keel over with thrombosis." He didn't laugh at me or pamper me. He just asked me if I'd seen a doctor about it, and I said, "*A* doctor! I have seen at the very least thirty-five doctors." "Then look, hon," he said, "now why don't you try this. Instead of ruining your life with constant worry about keeling over with this or that, make up your mind to enjoy yourself to the fullest while you have your health, then—when and if you do keel—go about doing something to get yourself well." It made sense to me. Richard changed my whole outlook on life, bless his little pointed head. (If one more person says to me, "But his head isn't pointed," I'll screech. I know it isn't, but I just like the sound of bless his little pointed head.)

a friend in need . . .

My idea of a friend is someone who loves you when you look awful, who bears with you when you're in a black mood, who lets you have things your way now and then. But a really good friend isn't a sucker or a yes-man. A good friend tells you off when you need to be told and isn't too everlastingly pussy-footishly subtle about it. Take my husband Richard. Now *he* is a good friend. . . . I usually wash my own hair, and then I put it up and I look like a peeled onion. I'm not awfully beautiful to begin with, and I do need my hair to sort of doll up my face. Well, anyway, you know what Richard says to me when I have my hair up and couldn't look worse and am very much depressed with myself? "Stinky," he says, "you're cute and I love you." It does things for a woman's morale. And he *does* give me my way, too. This fall we went East for a little vacation. We dreamed about it for months, and in my dreams we'd always be staying at the Waldorf, and in Richard's we were at the Sherry-Netherlands. But we went to the Waldorf. He's the most unselfish, the most adorable man in the whole world. And Allyson's got him. Gee.

He's strict with me, though, and he tells me off, too. Which is good. I'm so grateful that he bothers to. Last Christmas, Jane Wilkie—Modern Screen's cute Hollywood editor—gave me a cocker spaniel. A lovely, soft-eyed champagne-colored fellow by the name of Heathcliff. He was absolutely irresistible. That animal was out of this world. But he wasn't the least bit smart. In fact we don't think he had any IQ at all. I tried to keep it from Richard that he was such an utter dope, but it was pretty obvious, what with his inability to grasp even the rudiments of house-breaking and not even coming when you called him. He chewed slippers and knocked over lamps and did all the things that are so cute on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post, and so infuriating when they happen to you. One day Richard said, "We're getting rid of that dog." Heathcliff put his head on his paws and did those Charles Boyer eyes at us. I couldn't bear it. "Richard dear," I said. "Please let me keep him. He's so beautiful, and I love him so." Richard said he'd give him one more chance. He gave me one month to train him. And I failed. I was busy with other things and that whole month I didn't train Heathcliff at all. So at the end of the month, we gave him

away. I wept over him, but I know Richard was right. I wanted the fun of a dog, the pleasure of looking at him and patting him, but I was too immature to assume any responsibility for him. We do honestly think that I'm more grown-up now, and the other day Richard gave me two miniature French poodles named Casey and Pat. They are canine Einsteins. We practically have to spell things we don't want them to understand. Imagine. Those darling bell-bottomed trousers, and all those brains too.

There was one time that Richard told me off that I shall never forget. I guess the day it happened I learned the hardest lesson of my whole life, and though Richard tries to tell me it hurt him more than it did me, I doubt it. It was gruesome. Well, as you probably know, before I got to be a movie star, I didn't have very much money. I learned to outfit myself on next to nothing. When I came to Hollywood it was awfully hard to realize that now I could afford forty-dollar blouses if I wanted them, and for a long time I clung to my old thrifty ways. Then, after the salespeople began to recognize me when I came into the stores, I got feeling embarrassed about pricing everything, and eventually I'd buy boxes and boxes of stuff without any idea in the world what it all cost. Then Richard found out about it. I bought a white wool dress and had it sent home, price unknown as usual. That night I tried it on, and my fella fell in love with it.

"How much was it?" Richard asked me casually, after admiring it at length. "Why, I honestly don't know," I told him, still twirling in front of him. He put down his newspaper. "You mean to say you don't know what it cost?" He didn't raise his voice, but he didn't need to. There was such a quality in it. Of disgust and unbelief. Of disillusionment in me. I stood still. "No, I don't, Richard," I said, and suddenly I wanted to cry my eyes out because I'd disappointed him so. "You'd better take it off," he said then, "and in the morning take it back to the store." My heart broke for my beautiful dress, but more than that, for Richard's loss of faith in me. Afterwards he talked to me about false pride, about my sense of values, and the next day I took the dress back and discovered that it cost six hundred dollars!

"Are you going to read all night again, or are you coming to bed?"

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Permanent Wave

YOU EVER HAD AT ANY PRICE!

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FOR EASIER HOME USE

Takes only 2 to 3 hours at home!

The soft, lovely permanent that *he* finds enchanting . . . is yours so *easily* with Chic. Chic Aluminum Curlers are so easy to wind and lock . . . never break off or become soggy . . . can be used over and over. And what a beautiful permanent you'll have. Rich, abundant curls . . . the kind *men* love . . . and deep, lustrous waves that look so gloriously natural. You'll say it's the finest permanent you've ever had. *He'll* say you've never looked so lovely.

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Please send me (HOW MANY?) "Chic Trial Kit" containing 12 Aluminum Curlers and everything I need to try CHIC permanent on my end curls. I enclose 25c for each kit to handle postage and mailing.

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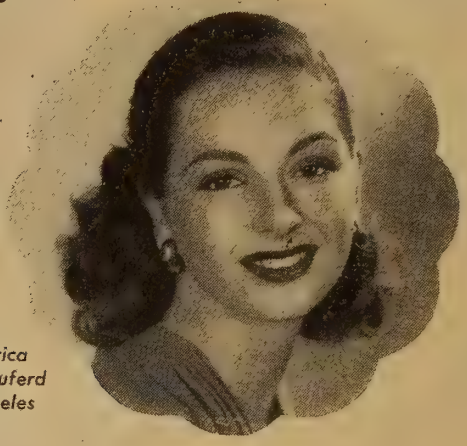
Glamorous Hair Invites Romance



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NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

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Enhance and glorify the *natural* beauty of lovely nails . . . Hollywood's *own* daily nail-care with easy-to-use applicator. Nails stay lovelier *longer* . . with *TUFFENAIL*. 25¢

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"Richard," I told him when I got home, "Can you imagine it. Six hundred dollars! Sweetheart, I'm so glad you made me take it back." He whistled softly under his breath. And then he said, "Six hundred dollars is a heck of a lot of money to spend without knowing what it's for."

Most good friends have their heated battles, but so far we've honestly never had what you could call a real fight. Oh, I get absolutely purple at him when he wins my whole allowance from me at backgammon, then lures me on to play some more, but as for screeching at each other and getting all in a big stew, it just doesn't seem to happen. What really could we argue about? He doesn't run my career or even advise me on it, and I have no finger in his. That way there's no chance to say, if things go wrong, "Well *you* said to take that part," or "That was your idea." We've never had any in-law trouble Richard's dad, who died last year, was the darlingest man in the world, and Richard is crazy about my mom. Not to mention vice versa. When she visited us last Spring her parting shot was, "Don't you ever do anything to hurt that husband of yours. He's one man in a million." I said, "Gee, mom, I'm not such a bad kid myself," to which she replied, "You're all right, Junie, but he's something pretty fine."

Jane Wilkie and I had our little spats, but we always managed to patch them up. I remember when I first came to Hollywood, she was one of the first writers to interview me. I was awfully thrilled. And then the story came out, and she hadn't made me sound like me at all. She had me sounding like her. "Hey, look," I said, "This is *your* line, I don't say that. And all this business—why the whole thing's like your autobiography." We were both getting a speck huffy about it when it suddenly struck us funny. Later we decided that actually we are alike in a lot of ways. We're both kind of slap-happy and sentimental. We're both pretty high-strung. Fortunately, our nerves act up at different times. Jane was my bridesmaid, and a week or so before the wedding she moved in with me to help me keep cool and to take care of last minute details. I was like a flibberty-gibbet, and she was a rock of strength. The eve of the wedding, *her* nerves snapped, whereas a deadly calm came over me. *She* took the sleeping medicine she'd brought to knock me out. I put the nail polish on *her* palsied fingers, gave her stuff for *her* nervous stomach. In her state of nerves, she forgot to bring either the rice or my going-away bag to the reception. Don't know why, but I still love that gal. She doesn't believe this, but I know I'm responsible for her marriage. Last year I gave her a set of dishes for Christmas. "These will be for your house," I told her, and she said, "All I need now is The Man." "First dishes," I said, oracle-like, "then a man." Practically the very next day she met her dream boy, and now she s Mrs. Botwinnick. She was married from our house on October 27th, and I'll never be the same. Now I know that it's two billion times more nerve-wracking to marry someone off than to get married yourself. Jane's wedding was at half-past nine at night, which gave us all day in which to lose our minds. At one I went over to her house, and we jittered pleasantly all afternoon. Casey and Pat didn't help at all, although obviously they were trying to give last minute suggestions They kept getting under our feet and tripping us, and feuding with Jane's beautiful Irish setter, Corky. At six, Jane's mom fed us a magnificent chicken dinner, and after that the flowers for our hair came, and we fussed with them and fussed with them. Just try to fashion a chic little hat some time with ten thumbs on your hands. In the end we got slightly wild and tore the

flowers apart, emerging with two small flower gadgets instead of the divine daisy hats we'd visualized. It was a beautiful wedding in spite of us, and Jane and Bob looked so earnest and so happy. When it was over we went to our house for the reception, and wait till I tell you the frightful thing I did. Me, the gal who never forgets a face. Never muffs a line. I had completely forgotten to pick up Jane's wedding cake, and there was just a great void on the table where it should have been. Have you ever, ever heard anything more awful? Jane whispered in my ear, "Getting back at me for the rice, hunh?" which got us both giggling, and I made amends by bringing the cake to a luncheon someone gave for Janie later.

Jane and I met after we were both fairly prosperous so that, although we share secrets and giggles, we don't borrow each other's clothes or money. I went through all that with Jeanie Phreaner Copeland when we roomed together for two lean years in New York. She was an art student and I was in the chorus of various shows, and the first time I saw her in the American Women's Club, I liked her. She looked smiling and warm and not all sharp edges and high polish like a lot of the career gals who lived there. A boy who knew us both introduced us, and we roomed together for two years.

We couldn't have lived a less plush existence or a more wonderful one. It was so heavenly having Jeanie for a room-mate, because eighteen is such an enchanted age and you shouldn't have to share it with just anyone. There was the whole wide city to have fun in. The Museum of Modern Art and peanut-gallery seats at "Hamlet" and "Life with Father;" Fifth Avenue bus rides and exciting afternoons poking around Washington Square and fifteen cent Automat suppers. But there was one thing that she did for me that changed my whole life. I didn't know it then, and I don't suppose I ever even said thank you. I'm not too good on the sloppy talk, but hey, Jeanie, thanks chum, for making me wait for Richard.

Y'see, back in those days I had a very heavy beau. Jeanie went up to Wood's Hole, Mass., one summer, and in her absence I got engaged. I wrote her about it, and she wrote back that she wished me all sorts of bliss and couldn't I come up the next weekend. I went, and when I came back to town I broke my engagement. By the subtlest possible means she had made me see that he wasn't for me. She never once said, "I don't like him," or "You'll never be happy with him." She just painted a glowing picture of our sophisticated, fast-paced marriage and while it was an exciting picture, it wasn't in the least what I wanted, and that foxy grandpa knew that it wasn't. But for Jeanie, I'd have married the man, and there'd have been no Hollywood and no Richard. No Richard. I can't even think about that.

There was a cameraman on the set of "Two Girls and a Sailor." One day he saw me looking sort of wistful while they shot candid after candid of Glo De Haven. "I know I'm ugly," I was thinking, "but if they'd just take me *once*. Even if they never developed it." And this lad came up to me and said very quietly, "Whatcha bet I'll be doing you in kodachrome one of these days?" "Chum," I said, and I felt all soft inside.

There are all you fans who take the trouble to write and say you like me.

There are such *nice* people, and gosh I'm so lucky to have run across so many of them. And to be married to the dearest, to the sweetest, the most pointed of head. Which is just about where you came in, isn't it?

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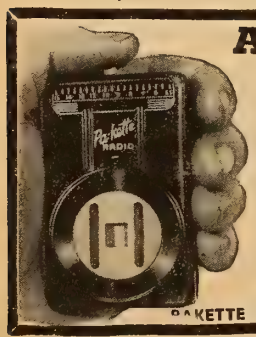

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MAN HUNT!

(Continued from page 47)

What he looked like was my dream man. I remembered hastily that this was business, and thrust the picture into my bag.

"Operative 66 starting work," I said, and went out, feeling very cheerful. It didn't last long.

The Elizabeth docked at noon, pier 90, Fiftieth Street and the Hudson River. A mob-sized crowd milled around in the street outside the pier building, flourishing autograph books and shrieking to each other. I stood by the dock and looked up a hundred miles or so at the enormous grey hulk looming above me. The smoke stacks were freshly painted orange and black, and the super-structure was glossy white like spun sugar on a wedding cake. It was the biggest boat I had ever seen. There were, I knew, over two thousand passengers aboard, and I was supposed to find one dark haired guy who would probably not be carrying a riding crop for identification purposes. There must, I thought, be easier ways of making a living. Still, that picture. . . .

I went into the building, up the stairs and over to the press desk by the gangway. A pleasant, blond young man asked what he could do for me.

"I'm looking for James Mason."

He grinned. "Who isn't?"

"But this is business. I'm from MODERN SCREEN. Can you tell me his stateroom?"

He consulted a neat red diagram. "Mr. and Mrs. Mason are in M73 and M75. They aren't," he added thoughtfully, "coming out for some time."

"I can wait."

I waited. Four hours. By that time most of the passengers had gone ashore. But not Mr. James Mason. I parted with a fast five bucks expense money to the steward who took care of M73 and M75.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mason," he said, "have been waiting for the crowd to disperse."

"They should live so long. That crowd's going to have Mason's autograph if they have to tear his hair out to do it."

The steward smiled gently. "I doubt it, miss. Mr. Mason is not one to be bullied. And he keeps himself *to* himself."

That was great. So helpful.

"Anything special happen on the trip across?" I asked. "Any excitement in Mason's suite?"

"Nothing happened, miss. They're very nice, very pleasant. Of course the cats were a bit seasick at first, you know."

"Cats? Cats on a boat?"

"Yes, miss, four cats. Three Persians, one Siamese. Very good cats, they were, but I don't think they cared for the sea."

"How about the Masons? Were they seasick?"

"No, miss. But then, they didn't eat much. I only served two meals to Mr. and Mrs. Mason the whole voyage."

"Did anyone try to bother them on the way over? Ask for autographs?"

"Well, you see, miss, his name wasn't on the passenger list. People did ask me now and again what room James Mason was in, but I pretended I didn't know."

"You mean they didn't go out of their suite at all?"

"No, miss."

That was just dandy. That gave me a lot of clues.

"He's kind, you know, Mr. Mason is," the steward was saying hesitantly. "My wife, now, she fair idolizes him on the screen. I wouldn't half be in wrong if I'd come home without a picture of him. So he gave me this one, autographed."

He showed it to me proudly. It wasn't

like the one I had, but it was just as good. Good, heck, it was terrific. Then I pulled myself together and said briskly, "It's almost six o'clock. They can't stay on the boat all night, can they?"

The steward's blue eyes surveyed me serenely. "Oh, they've gone now, miss. I told you, he's a very clever man, Mr. Mason."

I went to the nearest telephone and called Al Delacorte. I didn't bother with alibis. I didn't have any.

"I lost him," I said. "In fact, let's face it, I never found him. He's off the boat and by now he may be anywhere from the Battery to Bronx Park."

"He isn't," Al said. "Or rather, he is, but I know where. The Plaza."

"Thanks. Going right up," I screeched.

You know the Plaza. Pleasant and courteous and unhurried. That's the way they were when I asked them about James. They gave me wide, innocent glances, and denied that they'd ever heard of him.

I got hold of a bell hop—more expense money—and found out that Mason had gone to a rehearsal of the Theater Guild of the Air. He was to do "Bill of Divorcement" Sunday night for them. So I went and hung around outside the theater.

In about half an hour, the mob suddenly tensed.

The stage door opened. There was an "A-a-h!" from the kids. I caught a glimpse of a downturned hat, an upturned coat collar. Also a copper-haired girl. Mr. and Mrs. Mason? I didn't have a chance to find out.

I decided to call in some expert assistance. I telephoned MODERN SCREEN'S Beverly Linet, of the Information Desk.

"Beverly," I said, "could you help me track down James Mason? He's the world's most elusive man."

"You mean he's here in town?"

"So the rumor goes," I said grimly.

"But how wonderful! I'm dying to see him. He wrote me such a sweet letter about those chocolate bars."

"He—what?"

"Wrote me a letter. Do you want an interview with him? Where's he staying?"

"At the Plaza."

"Fine. I'll call you tonight."

She called. She said, "Virginia, you're to have tea with Mason at the Plaza tomorrow afternoon. Okay?"

"Okay," I said weakly, and hung up.

The next day at five I appeared at the Plaza. I still had a sneaking suspicion that this was too good to be true.

But I was told to go right up to 1714. The elevator went both too slow and too fast. Now that I'd found the man, I was terrified.

I knocked on the door and there was the copper-haired girl I'd glimpsed the day before. She smiled at me and said, "Do come in. I'm Pamela Mason."

Then I was inside and everything was suddenly warm and friendly and all right. My dream man rose from his seat at the desk and shook hands. The impact of that personality is really something. What you get on the screen is only a watered down version. Face to face, it's hypnotic.

We sat down and before I had a chance to start being afraid again, or wonder what to ask them, they had started asking me questions.

They wanted to know what plays they should go to.

"I'd like to see a typical Broadway musical," James announced. "Lots of music and color and rhythm—something really hot, you know."

I suggested "Annie, Get Your Gun." We went on to a discussion of other plays. James knew about most of them.

He finds New York almost too exciting, but he likes it.

Pamela wanted to do some shopping,

Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...

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but said ruefully that she hadn't had time yet. They had gone from the boat directly out to the house they had rented in Connecticut, because of the cats.

"They wouldn't let us keep them here in the hotel," he said. "And the cats don't like being away from us. You always hear that cats are attached to places, not to people, but it isn't true of ours. They're happy as long as they're with us."

"How about on the boat?" I asked.

He gave me the quick smile. "They were a bit melancholy the first two or three days," he admitted.

"Seasick?"

"Only slightly. About one little 'sick' per cat. After that they adjusted."

"You did have rather a stormy crossing."

"Yes, I think we'll wait a bit before we go to Bermuda. I've had enough of the sea for a while, haven't you, Pam?"

Pamela definitely agreed.

James wore a gray suit that had obviously been tailored by a genius—not that he needed it—and a dark blue tie.

"How do you manage to buy such clothes in postwar England?" I asked.

"Being a cinema actor helps, because after all, you can't appear in a picture in a barrel, now can you?"

We talked about some of his pictures then. He was pleased with "The Seventh Veil" but was unhappy over his performance in "The Man in Grey."

"Stewart Granger was magnificent, but I was so bad I can't understand why people went to see it."

"I do think, though," Pamela remarked, "that it's rather unfair to release those awfully old ones now. Jimmy has changed and developed so much since his pictures of say, five years ago."

I asked about the one, "I Met a Murderer," which James and Pamela had collaborated on some years ago.

"It was good, I think," James said. "But the collaboration almost killed us both."

Now Pam and Johnny Monaghan had collaborated on the new Mason picture, "The Upturned Glass."

"Are you as brutal in that as you are in your others?" I asked James.

"Oh, I'm not brutal at all. Very well behaved. Of course," he added thoughtfully, "I do murder my wife."

Whoever dreamed that up about the English not having a sense of humor? I decided it would be all right to bring up the subject of all the trouble I had reaching him.

"Were you deliberately being unapproachable or did it just happen?"

He was honestly surprised. "I'm not unapproachable. I gave an interview to the press when the Elizabeth docked. I signed dozens of autographs."

"But when I tried to reach you I couldn't. They said you were out of town. Oh—" I did a double take—"you were weren't you? In Connecticut."

"Yes, most of the time. We did stay in town last night. We thought it might be fun to go downstairs to the Persian Room and hear Hildegarde, but when we called they told us they had no tables."

This time I did a triple take. "Did you tell them who you were? James Mason, the English star?"

"Well, no, I couldn't say that, could I?"

This was the guy who had been called difficult and conceited and various other uncomplimentary things, yet he had just told me a few moments before that he was quaking with nervousness over his coming radio appearance on the Theater Guild of the Air. He was being as charming to me as if I were Queen Elizabeth. In fact, he was without doubt one of the most attractive men I ever met or saw or heard. Suddenly I remembered that what Albert wanted to know was *why* he was so attractive. I went into a phone booth and called Al.

"Look," I said, "you can say the sun is a planet so many miles and a half from the earth and that its surface temperature is so many thousands of degrees Centigrade or whatever it is, but does that explain how it feels when you sit in the sunshine on a nice Spring day?"

Al said, "Virginia, do you feel all right?"

I told him I felt fine. "I'm just saying you can't explain James Mason either," I said and hung up.

Probably I'll get fired. Mason was worth it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The airport lunchroom was almost deserted when I dashed in to get a sandwich before plane time. When the only other customer finished his hamburger and rose to pay his check, I was startled to recognize him as Cary Grant. Then the glass door swung shut behind him and the waitress, in a happy daze, asked me if I had recognized him. But her face changed when she went to clear away his dishes and saw two pennies lying beside the plate. I glanced at the door, and there was Cary, watching with a wicked grin. And I knew the reason why when the girl lifted the plate and found a half dollar underneath!

Jim Ellyson
San Francisco, California

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ABOUT VAN, EVIE AND KEENAN

(*Continued from page 37*)

my wife. That is the stupidest thing I've ever heard, and I'll tell you why, Ed. Actually, there was nothing sudden about Evie and me splitting up. You can trace it as far back as March of 1945, about the time my motorcycle crashed into a car and tossed me into the Santa Monica Hospital with a fractured jaw, concussion of the brain, a wrenched back and miscellaneous bruises. That happened just before I was to go into the Navy, and the first wire I got was from Navy Commander Gene Markey: 'Dear Keenan, Sort of a shoddy way to escape Navy duty, old boy.'

"If it hadn't been for that accident, I think Evie and I would have split up then. You see, Ed, I'm not an easy guy to get along with. Actually I'm not selfish, in the true meaning of the word, but undoubtedly I am thoughtless, and whether you call it selfishness or thoughtlessness, the net effect is that a wife resents it. Particularly so, because Evie is brilliant, and accustomed to lead rather than follow. I liked to go whizzing around Beverly Hills on my motorcycle, and after the accident ended that phase, I became just as intense about my repertory theater at Laguna. So it was a series of little frictions of temperament that started building up to a big one."

leave of absence . . .

Keenan Wynn dug into his shirred eggs and speared up a forkful.

"It was Evie's loyalty that averted a split-up at that time," he continued. "I was in the hospital, all beaten up, and she wouldn't walk out on me. Then I got out of the hospital, and again she stood by, instead of quitting, because as a result of the accident and the crack on my head, I suddenly decided that I'd drink all of the bonded liquor west of the Rockies."

"You found out that was mathematically impossible?" I asked. "Uh, huh," he smiled. "I've been on the 'wagon' for the past ten months, and I'm staying there."

At what point did Van Johnson enter the picture?

"As one of my closest pals, Van was in the picture ALL the time," explained young Wynn. "All of us were together all the time. And it was wonderful, because while I was being thoughtless, and concentrating on my repertory theater idea, Van was available to take Evie around. He likes to do the sort of things which she likes—hunt up odd restaurants, putter around in the garden—all of the things which I dislike intensely. So for anyone to suggest that Van has been a false friend is idiotic."

What about the Hollywood insistence that Van and Eve would get married?

"I really don't know," said Wynn. "Personally, I don't think so. I think, however, that at the end of a year, you'll find Evie and me re-married. What's going on now with the two of us, is a period of readjustment—I guess you might call it a legalized Sabbatical holiday."

Had Mrs. Wynn exerted the influence on Keenan Wynn's career that popularly has been ascribed?

"Definitely," said Wynn. "But to explain her influence, Ed, I've got to go back to the night in 1938 when we first met. I was playing in Garson Kanin's 'Hitch Your Wagon,' at the 48th Street Theater, and sharing a dressing room with Jimmy Backus. Jimmy told me that he was expecting a visitor after the night show, so I got dressed in a hurry. I'll never forget it, because my Dad was taking me out and I was togged out in white tie and tails, hot stuff. At that moment, in came the loveliest looking creature I'd ever seen, and

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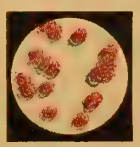

Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

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TABLETS

Jimmy introduced her as Eve Abbott. Holy smokes, she was really a knockout. You just jumped to the conclusion that anybody as gorgeous as this one couldn't be quite bright in the head, but suddenly she said to me: 'You probably aren't aware of it, but you are really quite good. Why don't you take the stage seriously?'

"Well," remembered Keenan, "we got into the darndest coffee-klatch. For fifteen minutes we had a big discussion on the theater, and she was as smart as a whip. 'What about you and me carrying on this conversation in the immediate future?' I proposed, and she told me to call her. I did. I think I got more solid and skilful theater advice from Evie than from anyone else I'd ever met. She insisted on an improvement in my diction—I was passing through that phase when young actors want to talk very Long Islandish, slurring words and giving the 'a's' the Boston treatment. She was a perfectionist, loved the theater deeply and she communicated it to me. It had been latent—after all, I'm of the third generation of the theater—going back to my grandfather, Frank Keenan, but Evie set it on fire. It was a cinch that we'd get married—and we did."

fire meets fire . . .

Well, then, with this background of mutual interest and co-operation, at what point did the two start tugging apart?

"Probably, it was happening imperceptibly," said Keenan Wynn, "but I first became aware of what was happening when I was in the hospital. I had a lot of time to think. By the time I came out of the hospital, I'd decided that from then on, I'd do the things I wanted to do. There was the rub—Evie's accustomed to authority, accustomed to making decisions, and when you have two in the same family, there's bound to be a clash of wills and temperaments. And that, I guess, is what happened."

What is this burning ambition on the part of Keenan Wynn that is spurring him on?

"It's twofold," he grinned. "I'd like to become a movie director, with a clause in my contract that would permit me to go back to Broadway once a year and act. That's the reason I love my M-G-M setup. It's the one studio where, if you're steamed up about the business, they'll let you direct a screen test. At night, you'll find me in one of the projection rooms running old Metro pictures, learning the technique that made great directors click. That's my whole life; I'm daffy about any phase of acting."

How has his famous Pop, Ed Wynn, reacted to Keenan's movie success?

"I think he's relieved," smiled the third generation. "You see, years ago, when I started on the stage, naturally I was lucky to get one-line parts. At night, when I'd come home, Dad would adjust his eyeglasses, and say kindly to me: 'Well, Keenan, shall I cue you?' I always dreaded it, because the same thing always happened. He'd take the one page of script and he'd say: 'Another one-line part?' Then he'd look at me accusingly. 'Frank Craven's son has quite a big part in this play, Son.' By this time, my stomach would be doing nip-ups, and then he'd ask me to read my broken-down line. I'd read it, and Dad would say: 'Is THAT the way you'll do it on the stage, before an audience?' I'd say 'Yes.' He'd shake his head: 'When you make your entrance, attract some attention, Son. Perhaps you could fill your mouth with beans. Then, as you come through the doorway, pull a fake collision with the doorjamb and blow the beans out of your mouth. That is always good for quite a big laugh, and the audience will remember you.'

"I can't do that, Dad," I'd protest. "The director wouldn't like it, and besides my line is quite sad. I have to say: 'Madam,

your husband has just died in an auto crash.' Dad would look at me, sadly, and he'd say: 'Son, you just don't belong on the stage. Isn't your name listed in the program? It says Keenan Wynn, son of Ed Wynn. Well, believe me, audiences expect you to make them laugh.' I'd try to argue with him, try to explain that his instinct for comedy was one thing, my effort to develop technique was another thing. 'But young Owen Davis isn't reading one-line speeches, he'd say. 'And mind you, he's not the son of a performer; his father is only a playwright.'"

Keenan Wynn chuckled at the recollection: "Probably you couldn't blame Dad. I was in more flops! One night, so help me, the show folded after the second act. It was the third night, and nobody was in the audience, so after two acts, the producer told us we could go home."

Then, I asked, it wasn't a bed of roses to be the son of a famous father?

a rose by any name . . .

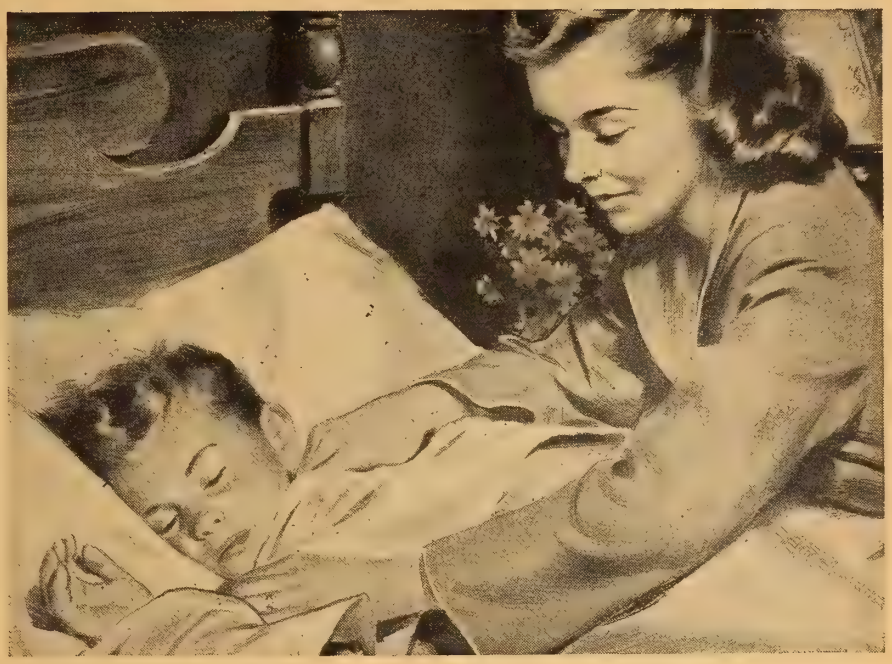
"I should say not," he said. "Right off the bat, your name puts you behind the 8-ball. Inevitably, they compare you to your father. If you're any good, they are shocked. If you stink, they let you know that famous fathers always have jerk offspring. And if you finally get work, they say: 'But why are you taking the bread out of the mouths of actors who need it?' A stage 'name' is wonderful, but only for the one who created it. It's a real handicap to the children. I think, probably, that it was the realization of this, as a kid, that turned me to flying and speedboating. I think, subconsciously, I wanted to excel at something that my father hadn't beaten me to—I wanted to be an individual, in my own right. Actually, I must have been quite an impossible young jerk, but I took the cure one day, in an airplane hangar. As I came into the hangar, one of the mechanics called up to a flier: 'Hey, Charlie, this is Ed Wynn's kid.' I waited smugly for the flier to express adequate astonishment, but he floored me: 'Yeah, what does that make me, an Elk?' From that point on, I was aware that probably there were a lot of people equally unimpressed. It was a good thing to learn—that guy and I became fast friends."

Was Keenan Wynn satisfied with his career, to date? "I'm making progress," he said, "but I figure it's going to take 10 years more. By the time I'm 40, I ought to reach the position that I'm aiming for. What I'm working for is change of pace. The three 'drunks' I've done in the movies have been different types of drunks, and that's what gives me a kick, to know that I'm doing things in different ways. For the same reason, that's why I got such a tremendous rap out of Anne Baxter's performance in 'The Razor's Edge.' She is a wonderful little actress. In that hospital scene, she actually cried three times, and each time, she expressed a different meaning. Those are the things which indicate a performer's capacity, and understanding."

Was every youngster in Hollywood as intent on his goal, and as conscientious in improving himself as Keenan Wynn?

"Sure," he assured me. "Van Johnson, for one. Out of 30 years, I'd say that Van has devoted 22 years to making a success. When other kids spent their money for candy, Van spent his for dancing lessons, and things like that. He worked through the mountain borscht circuit, he played bits in vaudeville and in night clubs, danced in roadway choruses—all he thinks of is how to improve himself. Gene Kelly is another with tremendous ambition and will-power. I don't know what Gene wants to be eventually, but whatever it is, he'll achieve it. There's no stopping that sort of determination. As a matter of fact," smiled Keenan, "I feel that way myself."

If Your Little One Has A Cold-



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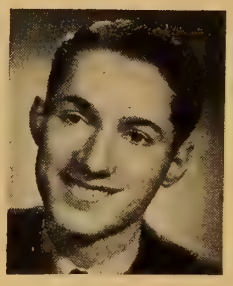


BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ You may all stand up now and take off your hats, because this is Salute to Louis Armstrong Month. Louis is celebrating his 30th anniversary as a musician, and he's just made "New Orleans," the picture in which he has his biggest part to date (it'll have its world premiere in New Orleans, Mardi Gras week) and he's giving his first Carnegie Hall concert in February, and later this year he's going to Europe.

After all these years, he's still one of the greatest musicians and one of the greatest people I've ever known. His records got me started as a jazz fan in high school and I still get a thrill out of every new disc he makes.

As for the best records of the month, how about King Cole's sentimental "That's the Beginning of the End" for your popular choice and Stan Kenton's sensational album for your hot jazz. Both, coincidentally, on Capitol records.

BEST POPULAR

CARNIVAL IN RIO—Desi Arnaz (Victor)—Lucille Ball sings on this, but that information is in very small type on the label. Which just goes to show (as my lawyer always told me) that it pays to read small type. The way it all happened was that Lucille was in the studio when her husband, Desi Arnaz, was making the record. He was singing in Spanish, but there was a little interlude, an extra vocal passage, that called for some fast double talk, and in stepped Lucille. If you listen very carefully, you'll hear her singing eight bars in a voice that sounds like Donald Duck. If you listen even more carefully, you'll hear that she's singing "Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers." So it isn't edifying; it's fun. GUILTY—Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Tony Martin (Mercury), Artie Shaw (Musicraft)—The Margaret Whiting version of "Guilty" is probably done with a lot of special feeling. "Guilty" was composed by her late father, Dick Whiting, who wrote "My Ideal" and "Poor Butterfly."

The Artie Shaw rendition has Mel Torme and the Meltones singing the vocal. And speaking of Artie, did you know he was being referred to as Young Manville With a Horn? Incidentally, it's a dirty lie that Kathleen Winsor is Artie's fifth wife. She's not; she's his sixth. Lana Turner was his third. Betty Kern (Jerome Kern's daughter) was his fourth. And Ava Gardner was his fifth. All I know about the first two is that one of them was a nurse. I've only met Artie with his fourth and fifth wives, and he seemed very happy both (*Continued on next page*)

A rose between two horns is singer Billie Holiday, making music with "Satchmo" Armstrong and Barney Bigard on the set of "New Orleans." Picture's a jazz saga.

times. I hope this one lasts.

WILDER, ALEC—Frank Sinatra Conducts (Columbia Album)—This is all music written and arranged by Alec Wilder, who has done tunes and arrangements for Benny Goodman, Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey. (His best-known popular song was "I'll Be Around.") Frankie got interested in Wilder when he heard some transcriptions of a couple of the pieces that are in this album. He was playing the Paramount at the time, and he met Wilder after that, and the album was the result. Frank really conducted—it's no publicity gag—and even though he'd never led an orchestra before, he proved himself a good enough musician to turn in some constructive work. Except for swing passages in the last two of the six 12-inch sides, it's all classical, with the Columbia String Orchestra and woodwinds. The Frankie angles are played up, with a big picture

(*Continued on page 114*)

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

CARNIVAL IN RIO—Desi Arnaz (Victor)
GUILTY—Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Tony Martin (Mercury), Artie Shaw (Musicraft)
HE'S JUST MY KIND—Peggy Lee (Capitol)
SEPTEMBER SONG—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Dardanelle Trio (Victor), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo)
SONATA—Perry Como (Victor), Larry Green (Victor)
THAT'S THE BEGINNING OF THE END—King Cole (Capitol), Perry Como (Victor)
THERE IS NO BREEZE—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Alvino Rey (Capitol)
WHEN YOU MAKE LOVE TO ME—Bing Crosby (Decca), Bob Chester (Sonora)
WILDER, ALEC—Frank Sinatra Conducts (Columbia Album)
YEARS AND YEARS AGO—Les Brown (Columbia), Phil Brito (Musicraft)

BEST HOT JAZZ

ALBERT AMMONS—Swanee River Boogie (Mercury)
DIZZY GILLESPIE-COLEMAN HAWKINS—52nd St. Jazz Album (Victor)
EDMOND HALL—Ellis Island (Continental)
LIONEL HAMPTON—Tempo's Birthday (Decca)
J. C. HEARD—Bouncing for Barney (Continental)
WOODY HERMAN—Ebony Concerto (Columbia Masterwork)
EDDIE HEYWOOD—You Made Me Love You (Decca)
BILLIE HOLIDAY—Good Morning, Heartache (Decca)
STAN KENTON—Artistry In Rhythm Album (Capitol)
OSCAR PETTIFORD—Somethin' For You (Manor)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA—Mi Vida; Another Night Like This: Dick Haymes (Decca)
DEAD RECKONING—Either It's Love Or It Isn't: Frankie Carle (Columbia), Larry Green (Victor), Lily Ann Carol (National)
IF I'M LUCKY—One More Kiss: Harry James (Columbia)
KERN, JEROME—Album of Songs: Bing Crosby (Decca)
LYNN, DIANA—Piano Album (Capitol)
MARGIE—Title Song: Eddie Cantor (Decca)
Ray Anthony (Sonora), Tony Pastor (Cosmo)
SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—For You, For Me, For Evermore: Benny Goodman (Columbia); Aren't You Kind Of Glad We Did?: Gene Krupa (Columbia)
SMASH-UP—Life Can Be Beautiful: Harry James (Columbia)
THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—A Gal In Calico: Bing Crosby (Decca), Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Tony Martin (Mercury), Louis Prima (Majestic); Oh But I Do: Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Harry James (Columbia), Skinnay Ennis (Signature), Frances Langford (Mercury), Gordon Mac Rae (Musicraft); Through a Thousand Dreams: Dinah Shore (Columbia)

IT'S THE NEW
RCA VICTOR
"Dream"
ALBUM!

66 VAUGHN MONROE'S Dreamland Special"

I'll See You in My Dreams • Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland
Drifting and Dreaming • Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?
My Isle of Golden Dreams • I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams
Dream • My Dreams Are Getting Better All the Time

Smooth, danceable arrangements, featuring Vaughn's romantic baritone voice, the Moon Maids and Norton Sisters. Ask for Album P-160, $3.15.

"...MORE NEW RCA VICTOR HITS!"

"On the Moon-Beam" by Vaughn Monroe and his Orchestra. Includes *Paper Moon, Racing with the Moon, Moonglow, Moon Love,* six other "moon" hits. Album P-142, $3.75.

"New 52nd Street Jazz" by Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins and their All-Star Orchestras. Includes *Night in Tunisia, Say It Isn't So, Ol' Man Rebop, Low Flame,* four others. HJ-9, $3.75.

Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye: *Zip-A-Dee Doo-Dah; Sooner or Later.* Both from "Song of the South." With vocals. RCA Victor 20-1976, 60¢.

Perry Como: *That's the Beginning of the End; Sonata.* 20-2033, 60¢.

Tex Beneke with the Miller Orchestra: *Uncle Remus Said* (from Walt Disney's "Song of the South"); *Anybody's Love Song.* Both with vocals. RCA Victor 20-2017, 60¢.

• RCA Victor Records are recorded by the latest electronic methods—their tone is wonderfully true to life! And be sure to hear them on a new Victrola* radio-phonograph with the exclusive "Golden Throat."

All prices are suggested list prices exclusive of taxes
*Victrola—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON
RCA VICTOR RECORDS

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Photograph courtesy Margarine Mfrs. Assn.

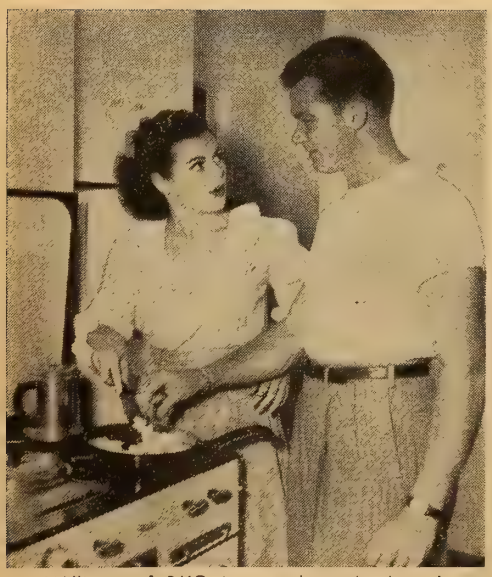
Chinese Pepper Steak is a six-lane highway to any man's heart! It's really yummy and there's nothing to cooking it. Use less expensive cuts of beef, but do simmer it gently until tender.

Photograph courtesy Ore.-Wash.-Calif. Pear Bureau

Beauty and the feast—some lovely, red-cheeked ripe pears and an assortment of fine cheeses make a very tempting dessert. It's so easy to serve you'll have plenty of time for primping!

"Feed the brute!" is ancient but still sound advice to a gal who is trying to impress her very favorite man! • By NANCY WOOD

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART



Mr. Williams of RKO is not above hooking home-fries right out of the pan! Mrs. Williams, also of RKO, permits it because he's her Valentine!

■ It's getting near St. Valentine's Day so we ought to say something about *Love*. Newlyweds Bill and Barbara (Hale) Williams have the leading roles in our little one-reeler entitled "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth." The plot is this: Barbara, as decorative as she is useful in the kitchen, is a really wonderful little cook. She adores trying new recipes and takes special delight in a perfectly flavored sauce. What perfectly flavored sauce doesn't call for at least a sniff of one of the onion family? Meanwhile, she discovers that her otherwise happily omnivorous Bill is allergic to onions! But love is stronger than onions, so Barbara now omits that tear-jerking bulb and our plot ends happily.

That just shows you—you've got to cater to men! Here are some recipes for the kind of dish they particularly like:

VEAL PAPRIKA

2 lbs. veal, cubed (breast of veal most frequently used)
Garlic salt
Pepper
1 large onion, finely minced
3 tablespoons fortified margarine or butter
1 fresh tomato or 1 tsp. tomato powder
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 tablespoon paprika
¼ cup cold water
1¼ cups meat stock*
¼ cup dry red wine
¼ to ½ cup sour cream

Rub cubes of veal with garlic salt and sprinkle with pepper. Saute veal cubes and minced onion in margarine in heavy pot or frying pan over low heat until a delicate brown. Add finely chopped tomato or powdered tomato flakes. Mix cornstarch and paprika; add cold water slowly and mix smooth. Add stock to starch mixture and stir. Add this liquid to meat with the sherry or dry wine. Turn heat low, cover tightly and cook 1 hour, or until very tender. Just before serving, add sour cream and stir over low heat until cream is bubbly and nearly melted. Serve at once with riced potatoes. Serves 6.

---

* Or use hot water and 2 bouillon cubes.

CHICKEN MUSHROOM SALAD

- 2 6-ounce cans broiled-in-butter mushrooms
- ¼ cup French dressing
- 1 8-ounce package elbow macaroni
- 2 cups diced, cooked chicken
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup chopped chives or 1 tablespoon finely minced onion
- ¼ cup chopped green olives
- 1 teaspoon salt

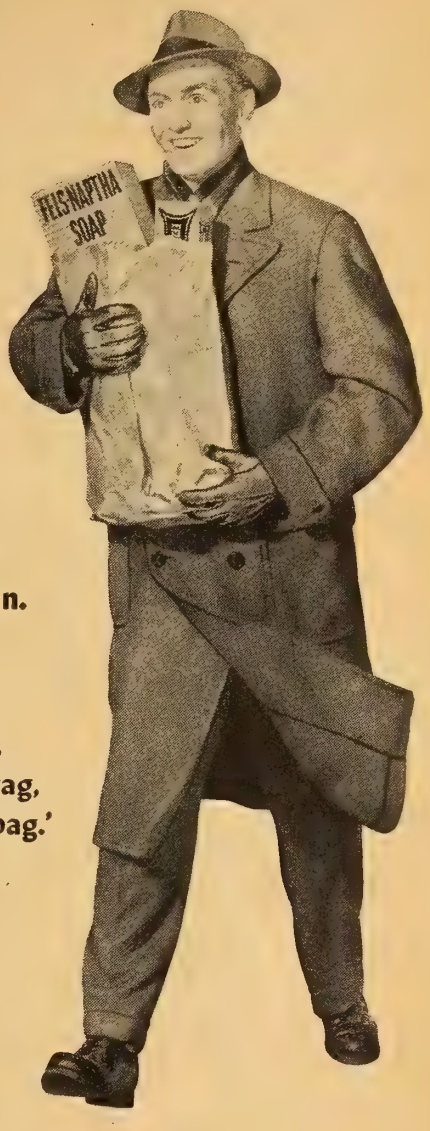
Drain and quarter mushrooms and place in a bowl. Sprinkle with French dressing. Meanwhile cook elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, rinse with cold water and drain thoroughly. Place in bowl with mushrooms and toss lightly. Allow to chill in refrigerator. Add chicken. Blend together mayonnaise, chives, olives and salt. Combine with salad. Garnish with water cress. Serves 8.

CHINESE PEPPER STEAK

- 1 lb. chuck or round steak
- Flour, salt, pepper
- 2 green peppers
- 2 large onions
- 4 stalks celery, optional
- ¼ cup fortified margarine
- ½ teaspoon celery seed
- ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Juice of ½ lemon
- 1 cup boiling water

Cut beef (or other lean meat) in strips. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Cut peppers, onions and celery (if used) into strips. Melt margarine in heavy frying pan and brown meat. Take meat from pan and keep hot while vegetables are sauteed in same pan over low heat for 8 to 10 minutes. (Add a little more margarine if needed.) Return meat to pan. Make a mixture of spices, sugar, salt, lemon juice and boiling water and pour over all. Cover and simmer until meat is tender and well cooked. Serve with mashed potatoes or rice. Serves 4 to 6.

The Good Provider



Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

★ ★ ★

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's *back* from hunting,
He landed 'baby' modern swag,
He has Fels-Naptha 'in the bag.'

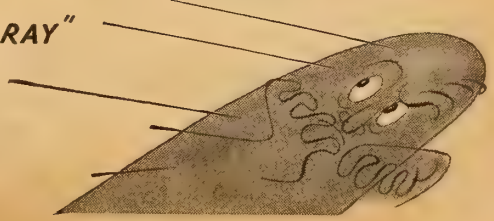
Even if a man can't manage mink these days, he might do a fair job just keeping 'the little woman' in Fels-Naptha. To a housekeeper faced with a big wash this grand laundry soap is almost priceless.

There's magic in the simple word *naptha*—when it's blended with good mild soap, the Fels way. Magic that makes dirt do a disappearing act—that makes your washing machine a 'quick change' performer.

When buying laundry soap means hunting instead of shopping—Fels-Naptha is the prize 'catch.'

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

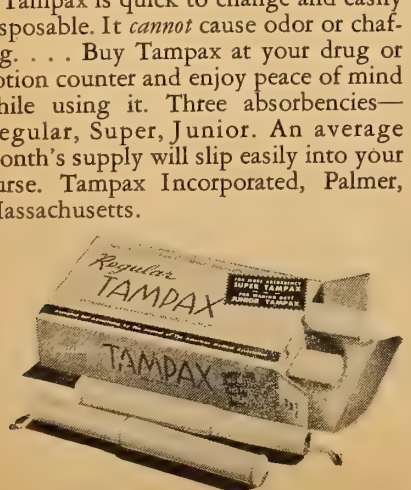


Tampax is a modern application of an old medical principle

Not a novelty, nothing tricky, Tampax is a simple and natural method for obtaining sanitary protection each month without resorting to the usual belt-and-pin arrangement supporting bulky outside pads. . . . It is just the well-known principle of *internal absorption* put to new use for the convenience of normal women at those "trying times" of the month.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure absorbent cotton throughout. It is so daintily inserted with patented one-use applicator, that your fingers need not touch the Tampax. . . . When it's properly in place you cannot *feel* its presence and other people cannot *detect* its presence, because Tampax causes no bulges, no wrinkles, no ridges to "show through."

Tampax is quick to change and easily disposable. It *cannot* cause odor or chafing. . . . Buy Tampax at your drug or notion counter and enjoy peace of mind while using it. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply will slip easily into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(*Continued from page 111*)

of him on the album's front cover.

BEST HOT JAZZ

DIZZY GILLESPIE-COLEMAN HAWKINS—52nd St. Jazz Album (Victor)—Here are four sides with an octette led by Coleman Hawkins. Charlie Shavers is on trumpet, Mary Osborne on guitar, and Pete Brown on alto sax. The other four sides have an all-star group led by Dizzy Gillespie, with Don Byas on tenor sax.

EDMOND HALL—Ellis Island (Continental); LIONEL HAMPTON—Tempo's Birthday (Decca); J. C. HEARD—Bouncing For Barney (Continental)—These three numbers are grouped together for sentimental reasons. "Ellis Island" was named for Ellis Larkins, who wrote it, and who played on it. "Tempo's Birthday" was named for Lionel Hampton's dog. And "Bouncing For Barney" was named for Barney Josephson of Cafe Society Downtown.

WOODY HERMAN—Ebony Concerto (Columbia Masterwork)—There's been a lot of talk about this three-movement concerto. It's on two sides of a twelve-inch record, and it was written especially for Woody's band. It's very unusual music.

STAN KENTON—Artistry in Rhythm Album (Capitol)—Here's the Artistry man, and in this album you get "Artistry in Bolero," "Artistry in Percussion," and "Artistry in Bass." One of the highlights is June Christy on "Willow, Weep For Me," but the whole album is sensational. Stan shares the credit for this album with Pete Rugolo, who wrote five out of the eight arrangements. Rugolo came out of the army last year, and he's an extremely talented, but shy young man.

UNSENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN

(*Continued from page 43*)

by a single soul. Even at home in Hollywood, where he has ambled the eight miles from his home in Holmby Hills to Paramount Studios, natives do not place him until their cars have passed him five hundred yards. Someone says, "Wasn't that Bing Crosby we just passed?"

"Couldn't have been," comes the flat reply.

This is a common occurrence, even though Bing carries with him a distinctive trademark, a golf club, which he swings rhythmically as he walks. He is, of course, mobbed by fans at any planned occasions, such as broadcasts or recordings. But unlike Sinatra, who is a man of habitual routine and therefore easily located by fans, Bing consistently refuses to observe any set schedule for his daily life.

he's just bing . . .

A restless man, his friends find him difficult to describe.

"He's—well, he's just Bing. That's all," said one man. "There isn't any one else like him."

"He changes roles every day," says Johnny Burke, the lyricist. "On Monday he might be all wrapped up in a golf game, and talks of nothing else. On Tuesday, he'll be making a recording for his broadcast and as far as he's concerned, that's the only thing going on in the world. The next day he devotes to plans for his ranch, and after that, his horses.

He is endowed with a phenomenal memory which never fails to amaze his coworkers. Having read a script once or twice for approval, he ignores it from that time on until the picture starts shooting. Each morning he reads his lines for the day, and without further reference to the script, proceeds to emote for nine hours.

Considering that he is snowed under by activities and has a multitude of irons in the fire, plus the fact that he is seldom alone, people wonder where he finds time to think. It is obvious that he *does* think, as he is an astute conversationalist on a variety of subjects. His mind works rapidly and Bing refuses to clog it with details. Where the average Hollywood business man spends hours in conference, Crosby makes his decisions simply. He may be teeing off at Lakeside Country Club and will look up at his companion.

"Would you like to do a picture?"

If the answer is yes or no, Bing merely nods and proceeds to swing. As far as he's concerned, that's the answer and all there is to it.

His conversation on a golf course, or anywhere else, is the same; a bland chatter filled with beautiful rhetoric and thoroughly seasoned with his own unique slang. When he has displaced a divot, he picks up the clump of turf, throws it to the caddy and says, "Here—file that!"

His singular command of the language has always been one of his fortes. Men who played in the old Paul Whiteman band can remember being stumped by his vocabulary, and Kate Crosby still has letters from her son written twenty years ago with the same easy flow of words.

His conversation is humorous and always marked by its casualness. A naturally amusing man, born with an Irish sense of humor, his ability to ad lib is in a class by itself. Such as the quip used on this season's air show when his voice lost the meter and slid past the orchestra. Without batting an eye, Bing said into the microphone, "Was anybody hurt?" and picked up nonchalantly where he had left off. He handles any situation with complete poise, such as the air show which occurred on his birthday last year. Bob Hope, who was not scheduled to appear on the program, walked on stage in the middle of the show, bearing a huge birthday cake flaming with 900 candles.

"You shouldn't have put my correct age on that thing, Robert," quipped Bing. "You'll burn the place down."

easy does it . . .

Seeing Crosby show signs of uneasiness is as unlikely as roses blooming at Christmas. Studio audiences at his radio programs remark time and again that everyone on the show seems nervous except Crosby. Some mistake his habit of tapping his foot in time to music as a sign of nervousness, probably because of the singular manner in which he does it. While most people tap their heel or toe up and down, Crosby does it from side to side, crab-wise, but this is merely an idiosyncrasy and not a matter of nerves. Al Rinker, one of the old Rhythm Boys, has seen Crosby nervous only once. That was just after Bing had left the trio and was contracted to star in an air show for the first time. He was so upset that he caught a cold and after giving proper notice to his sponsor, disappeared for three days. Johnny Mercer remembers that on one of the opening Kraft shows of a new season, he saw Bing's hands shake and has never forgotten it.

At the time the Crosby home in Toluca

Lake burned to the ground, Bing was lunching at the Brown Derby. Contacted by telephone, he rushed home and found Dixie and the boys, plus a roomful of friends, gathered in the neighboring home of Bill Goodwin. As Bing came into the room, somebody said, "Hi, Bing. What's new?" The humor of it struck Bing so forcibly that they had to pound him on the back to keep him from choking to death. His own first remark was typical.

"Did you save my tuxedo?" he said. Anyone who knows Bing knows that his tuxedo is the least treasured of any of his possessions. Clothes to him are merely something to keep him warm. Friends often figure that Crosby must actually work at some of his combinations. The truth is that he opens a closet door and grabs for the nearest thing. His wardrobe closet is hung with myriad sweaters of all colors and shapes, rare old slacks used for golf or evening, levis by the dozens and, strangely enough, dozens of well-tailored suits. For each movie that he makes, Bing is outfitted with a wardrobe, and these suits are taken home and hung in his closet, sometimes to be forgotten and never worn. He has occasionally appeared in a suit with matching coat and trousers, which is every bit as unintentional as his unique sports outfits. Less frequently, he is obsessed with a suit and wears it constantly with no thought of changing for days at a time. Some of his more outlandish costumes are the result of the fact that Bing is partially color blind.

old-timer . . .

Crosby never wears a watch because timepieces annoy him, but is unfailingly and miraculously prompt for appointments. A sixth sense of perfect timing guides him through his daily routine, and companions are constantly bewildered when he will say, "Guess we're going to be a little late," and steps on the accelerator. He always arrives on the dot, and has little patience with others who are tardy. If he has an appointment with someone for five o'clock, he arrives when the minute hand is straight up. If the associate has not arrived in ten minutes, Bing leaves. He is not angry, and never refers to the occasion, but figures that if someone is that late, they don't intend to arrive at all. He possibly also feels that his time is too costly to spend in idleness.

Despite his crowded calendar, Crosby seems to find time for everything and everyone important to him. He never visits Spokane without stopping off at his alma mater, Gonzaga University, and talking with the students. A fluent correspondent, Crosby writes scores of people, and always in longhand. He writes even business letters in longhand, then gives them to his secretary to be typed. He takes time out, and always has, to help anyone whom he considers talented along the way to success, including writers, actors, arrangers, singers—anyone in show business who is floundering for want of a helping hand. Performers enjoy working with him because his poise is infectious and they know that if they fluff, Crosby will instinctively cover up for them with one of his best ad libs.

He finds time for his home and his sons, and is one of Hollywood's best hosts. The food is always the finest to be had, and the atmosphere is totally informal. Bing often sings for guests in his home, but never as a soloist. He is particularly fond of harmony and more often than not will get together a group to sing some of the old fashioned songs, always taking the bass part himself.

His sons are an integral part of his life. All of them chips off the old block, they have their own repertoire of songs and jokes. Bing has no particular plans

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JUDY CLARK

Featured in Monogram's "In High Gear," a Jan Grippo Production.

So Easy to Have Lovely Hair

The undertones of beautiful hair glow with rich, radiant color; fleeting, brilliant flashes shimmer in the high lights. Its tresses are soft, silky, snarless and easily arranged. People say, "Oh! What *lovely* hair! Isn't it beautiful!"

If that's the kind of hair you want, *you can have it—today!* But you will have to do something more than just wishing and shampooing to get it.

The right shade of Golden Glint will set free the true beauty of your hair as silver polish reveals the true luster of silver or as bluing brings out the true whiteness of linen. Golden Glint rinses come in 12 shades. They are harmless, quick and easily removed. Why not have beautiful hair today?

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2–Does not leave a mask-like appearance . . . just sheer, transparent loveliness!

3–Use this glamourizing lotion skin aid as a powder base and complexion beautifier day and night.

4–You will look lovelier after the first application!

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for the boys to grow up into show business, but prefers to have them choose their own vocations and has no intention of interfering. He worries about them much the same way as any other father, separates them occasionally because he thinks it's good for them, sending one or two up to the ranch, and puts Gary on a diet when the boy shows signs of plumpness. He dislikes publicity in connection with the boys, and has a particular horror of their becoming too smart for their britches. When any one of them gets out of line, Bing handles the situation briefly by saying, "Get back in your trunk, junior."

As the boys grew older, Bing saw to it that each of them studied a musical instrument, and they now play the trumpet, the piano and the trombone. On Christmas Eves, Bing and the kids make a tour of the neighborhood, singing carols and tooting their trumpets. After each rendition, the kids hold out a hat for contributions, and at the end of the evening, Bing painstakingly counts the money, divides it into five parts, winks at the kids, and pockets his own share.

A man of great earning power, Crosby seemingly pays little attention to money. Actually, he is a shrewd business man and makes all major decisions himself.

tough—like butter . . .

An incurable giver of gifts, which he sprays liberally among his circle of friends, Bing is sometimes hard put to hide the sentiment he has put into his purchases. He usually covers up by presenting a gift package and saying to the recipient in an offhand manner, "Here. For you. Something a fan sent me and I thought you could use it."

His dislike of obvious sentiment is shown in the songs he sings, particularly the ones written especially for him. He refuses to sing any tune whose lyrics are maudlin, and has managed quite well through the years with this policy, inasmuch as he is beyond doubt the most versatile singer of songs in America today. John Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, who write songs for Bing's Paramount pictures, find him extremely easy to write for due to this versatility. A born minstrel, Bing *likes* to sing. He starts the minute he wakens in the morning and continues throughout the day, sometimes humming, sometimes blasting with the full power that few people realize is in his voice. He rambles from a popular tune of the day to an obscure Irish folk song, and has at times been seen riding a bicycle through the Paramount lot, unconcernedly singing a tune.

His modesty is starkly unbelievable and yet is evident in everything he does. He pays no attention to publicity, and has never had a scrapbook of clippings in his home. He never plays his own records and when listening to playbacks of his voice at the studio will cover his face with one hand and mutter unprintable criticisms. According to his older friends, Bing never expected to be a success, and today is torn between not believing the accomplished fact and trying to ignore the obvious adoration lavished on him by the public. Jim Van Heusen says that Bing was sincerely surprised at winning the Oscar last year. He kept repeating, "It's Barry's picture, it's Barry's picture," and when presented with the statue, told the radio audience, "It's a great America when a guy like me can win an Academy Award. Fact is, there's hope for everybody."

Manhattan's Stork Club has a rule that no guest may smoke a pipe, yet when Crosby appeared there, took his pipe from his breast pocket and lighted it, not a word was said. Unaware of the rule, and the last man to ask for special privileges, Bing would have been quick to cooperate, but the management hesitated to approach him with a reprimand. This type of deference amazes Bing, yet his poise and complete self-confidence render most people incapable of criticizing him. His disbelief in his own success and the casualness with which he accepts it make him the master showman that he is. The question of his eventual retirement goes unanswered, by both the industry and Bing himself. No one knows if he wants to retire, but the odds are against it. He is too restless a man to be without his present interests and he is a going concern whose momentum has become too great for him to control.

His fans are greatly responsible for the force behind his activities. Crosby is a rarity in show business, in that both men and women all over the world admire his personality and his talent. The affection which they lavish on him is often embarrassing to Bing. Take the young flier who, in the early days of the war, met Bing on a movie set.

"I joined up for you, Mr. Crosby," said the boy. "I'm going to shoot down enemy planes—and every one will be for you, because you represent America to me."

Bing turned five colors.

Years later, the boy came back and managed to see Bing again. He had shot down eighteen enemy planes and was hung with ribbons and medals.

"You see, Mr. Crosby," he said. "I told you I'd do it."

Although not usually so vehement, the admiration of Crosby continues by all who know him, either personally or professionally. Johnny Burke sums it up by saying, "If anybody said he didn't like Crosby, he'd be a faker looking for attention. And if anybody *really* disliked Bing, he'd be afraid to say so because he'd probably get a punch in the nose. At least he would if I heard him."

Support the 1947 Red Cross Fund

THE JOB AHEAD . . .

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in peace as in war,
in the quiet of the hospital,
in the fury of the hurricane,
the veteran at home,
the troops overseas.

GIVING

necessities such as clothing, shelter, food, and medicine in time of disaster.

TEACHING

Home Nursing, Nutrition, Accident Prevention, First Aid, Life-Saving.

LEADING

millions of women in volunteer services in their community . . . millions of young people in the Junior Red Cross crusade.

HELPING

sister Red Cross Societies, so that kindness, mercy, and mutual aid may bind together the people of this planet.

DEPENDS ON YOU!

USE YOUR HEAD

(Continued from page 62)

hairdo of your dreams with just a little of the right kind of attention.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE IT'S SO THIN

Have permanents more often, either the store-bought type or the kind you give yourself. Curl gives a bulky look to hair and so just naturally makes it seem thicker. For the thick look, keep your hair cut in uneven lengths or, if you prefer it long and in an "updo," back-comb your curls to make them look fat and heavy.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE IT'S SO THICK

Have your hair thinned regularly by a hairdresser who can do it so ends don't poke through the longer hair. Don't wear fluffy hairstyles which make your head appear too large, but rather go in for close-to-the-head, straight hairdo's like the barretted pageboy or the smooth short bob.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE IT WON'T CURL

Try rolling your hair on ribbons or strips of cloth torn to even lengths. Divide your hair into about eight sections around your head, dampen each section slightly, then starting at the tip ends of the hair, roll each section over the cloth or ribbon till the curl reaches the scalp. Tie the cloth ends together to hold the curl firm until it is dry. If you want very tight curls, leave your hair rolled up over night, but 30 minutes setting time will produce a soft curl which is what most gals want.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE IT JUST WON'T GROW

Chances are that your hair is split on the ends and breaks off, keeping your hair at a constant length. Avoid having too many permanents and always have the old permanent cut off before you subject your hair to more curl. Brush your hair regularly and use brilliantine or a hair cream on the ends to counteract dryness. Avoid using combs with broken teeth, or sharp hairpins or curlers. If your hair is split so badly that ends look discolored, better have them cut, then embark on a be-kind-to-your-hair campaign.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE YOU JUST WASHED IT

Try using a liquid shampoo with hair conditioning action for greater manageability. If your hair is unusually dry, rub brilliantine or a hair cream into it right after the shampoo.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH IT BECAUSE YOUR HAIR IS SO CURLY

Curly hair has a will of its own, so set it in the direction it wants to go. Use a very heavy wave lotion for the setting and don't comb your hair until it is thoroughly dry. Wrap your head in a heavy towel when you bathe. This will keep the steam from undoing your precious set.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE YOU CAN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND HOW TO WEAR IT

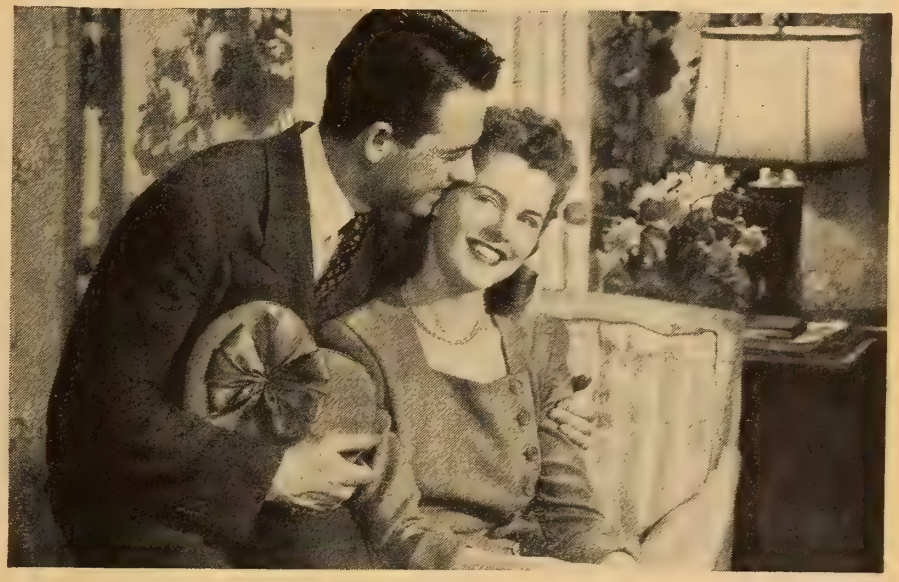
Watch for the new short hairdos, very youthful and flattering. Started last spring with the revival of the 1920 bob, the trend for short hair seems more popular than ever. The 1947 version is slightly curled, with the front hair cut to the tip of the ear, while the back hair dips to almost shoulder length.

* * *

You have another problem? Drop me a note telling me all about it and as your Beauty Editor, I'll be happy to help you overcome that bulging waistline or that spotty complexion. My address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

"Divided hearts at our house . . ."

Somehow, somewhere, we'd lost our lovely, thrilling *oneness.* I didn't realize that *I* was at fault. Sure, I knew about feminine hygiene . . . or so I thought. But finally I learned, from my doctor, that the careless, *now-and-then* care I'd trusted to, was a frequent cause of marriage failure. He said a wife can't afford such neglect . . . advised my using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"Now it's one heart again"

"Two hearts that beat as one"—that's *us* again! I wouldn't have believed *careful* feminine hygiene was so important in married happiness. But my doctor was *right!* I always use "Lysol" for douching, now, and can recommend its thorough yet gentle cleansing. "Lysol" is thorough—far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. It's a proved *germ-killer*—it *works*—and it's so easy and economical to use.

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 4: CLEAN ODOR—"Lysol's" clean, antiseptic odor disappears quickly after use. Being an effective deodorant, "Lysol" helps to solve an important problem of personal daintiness.

Note: Douche *thoroughly* with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

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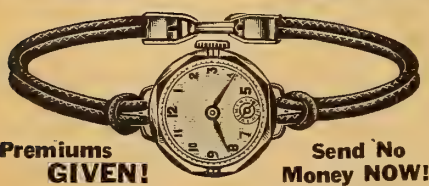
WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.

NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET



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THE FANS

(Continued from page 82)

whose own Rodeo packed the Stadium there, played host to 350 club delegates at a reception at the Ambassador East Hotel. Dale Evans and the Sons of the Pioneers helped Roy entertain the delighted guests.

msfca diary . . .

Jeanette MacDonald's appearance on the Family Hour brought Marie Waddy and Martha Farrington to town and we club-talked over luncheon at the St. Moritz . . . Anne Boeger, prexy of the Wilbur Evans Club, dropped in to tell us about the theater party which Theatre Consolidated is planning in conjunction with several clubs for legit stars . . . Ed Dukoff, Danny Kaye's manager, called to say that Danny and Sylvia are now so far behind on the mail, they hope you Kaye clubbers will understand and be patient . . . Roddy McDowall, in town for a p.a., phoned to put the official stamp of approval on a new club in his honor . . . the Evelyn MacGregor Club's birthday party for Evelyn at the Barbizon was another gay and charming success for that club.

the msfca trophy contest . . .

The coveted MSFCA Trophy Cups are awarded every six months to the three fan clubs which MODERN SCREEN's editors judge the most active and outstanding among the 503 MSFCA clubs. (And the competition is really tough!) The clubs are rated on the basis of points scored in a series of monthly contests.

All MSFCA clubs are fairly divided into three leagues. League One includes those clubs having 600 or more members; League Two covers those with a membership of from 200 to 599, and League Three is for the under-200 classification. One cup winner is selected from each league.

getting to the points . . .

Here's how to score in the Trophy Cup race: 1. "This Is My Best" Contest. Six articles and/or poems selected from your journals each month, each 100 points. 2. Six Candid Camera Contest winners each month; first prize, 100 points; five others, 50 points. 3. Best journal of the month (one in each league), each 500 points. 4. Best editor of the month (one in each league), each 250 points. 5. Best original piece of art work (one each month), 150 points. 6. Best cover of the month (one in each league), each 250 points. 7. Most worthwhile club activity of the month (one in each league), each 250 points. 8. Greatest percentage increase in club membership each month (one in each league), each 100 points. 9. Best MS correspondent of the month (one in each league), each 50 points. 10. For each regularly scheduled edition of a club journal, 100 points. Next month we'll announce the winners of the fourth consecutive Trophy contest for the Winter, 1947.

and prizes, too! . . .

Now just take a gander at the precious loot we've scared up for you lucky winners: to the authors of the six best articles and/or poems (as selected from your club journals by MS's editorial staff, in our "This Is My Best" contest) will go gorgeous gift-combos of Faberge's famous perfumes and colognes! M-m-m! Tweedy Woodhue, man-menacing Tigress, sophisticated Aphrodisia and saucy Straw Hat! For the guys, we've got the wonderful new Faberge Men's Cologne. But there's more! Each month's best editors will receive a

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lush box of glamor-goodies especially packaged for us by the Ponds people! (*They're* lovely to do that, no?) Also in line for prizes are the monthly creators of the best original art work. For them—the smartest-looking makeup kit ever—the Tangee Trip Kit, bulging with lipstick, rouge, cologne, pancake, etc! (Note: suitable prizes will be substituted for male winners!) And there's a fair share of booty waiting for the six winners of our monthly Candid Camera Contest, too! More about this next month!

club banter . . .

Didja know that every edition of the Nelson Eddy Golden Notes (NE International Club) is on file with the Library of Congress? . . . Jackie Jerrolds of the Gene Autry Club, was chosen Queen For A Day, on that well-known program . . . John Carbone, movie reviewer of the Gene Kelly Club News, doesn't use stars or bells to rate films. He uses flowers: Orchids for the best; then, gardenias, lilies and petunias in descending order . . . N. Y. chapter of the Dick Haymes Associates (Edith Pell, chairman) is seeking to combine all local branches of Dick's clubs into a co-operative group . . . Jive, journal of the Bob Crosby Club, announces the results of its third annual members' poll (Bob was exempt): Favorite band, Tommy Dorsey; musician, Harry James; male singer, Bing; female singer, Dinah Shore; actor, Bing; actress, Bergman . . . A poll of Allyson Clubbers reveals these faves: Actress, June and Bergman; actor, Van and Pete Lawford; male vocalist, Bing and Frank; female vocalist, Dinah and Jo Stafford . . . John Raitt Club is running a baby contest. The three members judged to have been the cutest babies (via infant photos) will win prizes from Johnny . . . Joe Beasley, prexy and editor of the Pee Wee King Club, is a sports reporter for his local newspaper . . . Chuck Rini is looking for a capable prexy to take over his Alan Ladd Club. Please send your qualifications to The Fans, care of MS.

msfca club plugs . . .

Each month we'll try to plug as many qualified MSFCA clubs as we have room for. Each of the following clubs has published at least one journal; some are established clubs of long standing. Write to The Fans, care of MS for their addresses: All Stars (Sylvia Pall); Harry Babbitt (Jean Kurowsky); Joseph Calleia (Ena Svedise); Chopin Music Club (Philip Swindell); Perry Como (Bella Conover); Lloyd Cornell (Viola Myers); Bing Crosby (Philomena Vendetti); Ken Curtis (Bernice Harbaugh); Don DeFore (Delores Privitera); Jimmy Dorsey-Bob Eberle (Lorraine Brault); Tommy Dorsey (Marilyn Stevens); Joe Dosh (Arlene Maxon); Jessica Dragonette (Florence Brubaker); Bob Eberle (Virginia Wellington); Nelson Eddy Music Club (Rita and Jo Mottola); Vincent Price (Amena Peacock); Basil Rathbone (Margie Goode); Margaret Whiting (Ann Paparello); Jack Berch (Ginger Bagnall); Vivian Blaine (Shirley Weis); Kenny Bowers (Lee Garber); June Christy (Mary Downey).

MARCH ISSUE

Gable's back—and *nobody's* got him on their cover but our own March MODERN SCREEN. If Clark's the guy you dream about, he'll be on your newsstand on February 11th—all yours!

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These famous
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THE SKIN SOFTENER

Millie was a morning glory...

neat at nine. Her hair combed and curled—every strand in place. On her way to work, she caught admiring glances and a few low whistles. But look . . .

tousled at twelve. After a few hours, Millie's hair-do just seemed to 'come apart! Drat . . . no lads looking now . . .

'til she discovered Nestle HAIRLAC
— the delicately perfumed hair lacquer

Now Millie pats a few drops of Nestle Hairlac on her finished hair-do and presto! she's all set for a whole day of blissful hair-smoothness. Follow Millie's example to keep your own hair neat and shining *all day long*. Get Nestle Hairlac at your drug or dept. store.

KEEPS HAIR UNDER CONTROL AND LUSTROUS

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DUCK

(*Continued from page 57*)

reflected for a moment. "But these were marching along in single file."

"Ducks have a way of doing that sometimes, I believe."

"Shepherded by two small girls in pink?"

"Those are the children's party dresses. They're my nieces who've been staying with me all summer, and they're due at a sort of farewell party one of the neighborhood mother's is giving for them—tomorrow they go home. To Las Vegas."

"You say those are your nieces?"

"Among others. My oldest brother, Buddy, has six offspring. Mike, the youngest, had two. My sister Francis has only one, so far."

"Very fertile, you Graysons."

"Practically the source of American population," Kathryn agreed cheerfully, "all except me. I just sing.

"You know," said Kathryn thoughtfully, "we might do well to look into the matter of those ducks, and Maddle Addle and Teenie Weenie—"

Brent winced. "What did you say?"

"Children of that age enjoy nicknames. Let's face it. But Madeline and Patricia—if you prefer—are supposed to stay immaculate until the party. And if they followed those ducks to the pond. . . ."

At that moment the French doors from the garden opened and the two children entered. Dripping, mud-streaked and supremely happy in their ruined party dresses, they wore an air of triumph.

"Dick said ducks can't drownd," Madeline said.

"Drown," corrected Kathryn.

"But they can," Patricia said.

"We drownded 'em," added Madeline. She giggled, and added, "dead."

"Help," yelped Kathryn. "Quick!" She was already dashing through the door into the garden. Brent caught up with her as she was fishing the limp bodies of the three drowned ducks from the pond, and helped her carry them into the kitchen. She snapped on the oven, wrapped the ducks in dish towels, and shoved them inside, leaving the door open. She got milk from the refrigerator, poured it into a pan and set it on to warm.

Dick, tall, handsome and thirty—major domo of her establishment—came wandering in from the garage, his levis grease-stained, his hair tousled. He sounded only mildly astonished as, surveying the scene, he said, "What on earth—"

"They very nearly disproved you," Kathryn said. "If held under water long enough, even ducks drown. See if the darned things show any signs of life."

"This one's got its bill open a little," Dick said.

"Then pour some of that milk into it."

Fifteen minutes later, with the partially revived ducks set out in the sun, Kathryn glanced at her watch and set out at a run. The girls must leave in ten minutes for the party, which—in their present condition—added up to a crisis.

As she ran, Kathryn used her "Valkyrie" voice. "*Jean!* BETTY!"

"Baths," said Kathryn, "and clean dresses. Hair ribbons. Ten minutes." . . .

Madeline and Patricia arrived at the party on time.

"I just can't understand it," Grace, Buddy's wife, was saying. She and Buddy had arrived from Las Vegas at noon, just in time for lunch, and would leave before dinner with Madeline and Patricia. "They drank their milk like darlings, without a word. And they've gained weight. How on earth did you do it?"

"The milk?" Kathryn asked. "Oh, simple. I gave them prizes for drinking it. The one that drank the most, the fastest—"

"But good heavens," Grace protested, "that's simply terrible psychology. Now they'll want a reward every time they have a glass of milk."

"Not at all. I stopped giving them prizes, after awhile, and they went right on drinking milk anyway. They'd got used to it, and it called up pleasant associations."

"Oh. Well, did you have to spank them very often, or anything?"

"I never spanked them. They were relatively good—although Teenie Weenie's a little devil when she wants to be. I bought them slides, you know, and tricycles and things, and the first thing Teenie Weenie did was to take the front wheel off her tricycle."

"And you didn't *spank* her?"

Kathryn looked shocked. "It was her tricycle. I asked her, 'Don't you like your trike?' She said she did. So I just left the wheel off for a week. She saw Madeline riding hers, and got good and restless. Then I had Dick put the wheel back on. Teenie Weenie left it on after that."

Grace plopped down on one of the beds. "I'll never understand how you run this house," she said. "You don't appear to have any servants, just a group of charming people who live here casually with their children. What's the deal, anyway?"

Kathryn grinned. "It's the only way to live. You remember when I had the Bel Air house, with the Guatemalan housekeeper and the couple from Central Avenue? I never could understand why the grocery bill was $300 a month. Then I came home unexpectedly one night and there was the explanation—a party for 25 people going on, with turkeys and fried chicken and champagne. It was just about then that Dick came around to deliver some horse meat for Throck, and we got to talking. He's an engineer, and he said he needed a year to accumulate a little money so he could get started again. So he and Jean and the two children came to live with me—not in the role of servants, that wouldn't have worked.

"And after I bought this house, he found Don and Betty. Don's just out of the service and is going to school, and it was a perfect arrangement for him as well. You see each couple has two rooms and a bath and a private entrance, so we all have our privacy. But we are like a community family. On birthdays we have a home party, and when I'm lonely I go out and sit in the kitchen and sew.

"Alice—she's my secretary—often stays too, and Johnny often comes around.

Grace came to the point. "D'you think you'll marry Johnny Johnston?" she asked.

"He hasn't his divorce at the moment. And I don't want to take any chances, especially on marriage. But he's really a marvelous person. You'll get an invitation, when, as and if."

"That's all I wanted to know," Grace said. She stood up. "We'll have to be starting back. And if you've spoiled the children, I just won't let you have them again."

"They'll be here next summer," Kathryn said cheerfully, "drowning ducks and teasing me and calling me Sissy, and putting their dresses on backwards."

She was still waving after the car when she heard the phone ringing and remembered that Johnny always called at this hour on Sundays. She ran to answer it with a light heart, thinking, I'll ask him for dinner and tell him about the ducks.

THIS IS LANA!

(Continued from page 49)

only as The Ziegfeld Girl that Lana walked on mink. As herself, she steps out in shoe-leather like you and me. She'd rather munch pretzels and cheese than toy with a grape, and she sleeps in high-necked flannels as often as in silks. With a hot-water bag to toast her toes yet. No Susie Doakes has a deeper maternal instinct. Her heart belongs to Cheryl. She carries pictures around like any other pest, and if you don't bring the subject up within a reasonable time, she'll plop it into your lap. "Did you know I had a baby? Look, isn't she cute—?"

She doesn't act the way movie queens are supposed to act and lots of them do—as though they were real queens condescending to their subjects. She's too healthy-minded for that kind of sham. Any mood she gets into she soon laughs herself out of. As a rule, studio people don't look forward to going on tour with stars. There's too much babying to be done. Lana's an exception—wakes up good humored, no matter when she's dragged out of bed, and stays that way most of the time. If things go wrong, she doesn't take it out on others who have their own headaches and aren't as well paid as she is for wrestling with them. She doesn't have to be handled, she handles herself. "I feel crabby, I'll go lie down for a while—" and that's the end of it.

She doesn't expect you to suit your convenience to hers. In the course of a crowded shooting schedule, she's sometimes asked to sit for stills on a Sunday. Before committing herself, she calls the photographer. "Doing anything Sunday—?" If he is— "Okay, okay, I'm busy Sunday too. Just forget I mentioned it—"

who's lotta? . . .

She loves to poke fun at the Legend of Lana. Tell her she's the hottest thing in town and she'll ask if you ever heard of Lotta Turnover. That's her favorite story. It happened on the Superchief. Lana and a girl friend, en route to New York, discovered the Edward Arnolds on the same train. That night they had dinner together. Lana enjoys taking her meals in the dining-car. She's not the type to hang back, squealing: "Oh, this'll be murder—" If it's going to be murder, she keeps out of it. But under a few turned heads and some curious stares, she feels she's hardy enough to bear up.

Next morning Arnold's wife and the girls slept late. Breakfasting alone, Arnold struck up an idle conversation with the steward. "How's business?"

Business was good. Too good. Too many customers and not enough food. Couldn't get this, couldn't get that. No call to kick though. Come right down to it, folks were pretty understanding. Take these movie stars, for instance—supposed to be temperamental, but they're not. Can't get what they want, take what they can get and like it. Plenty of movie stars riding this train. Barbara Stanwyck last week, Spencer Tracy the week before—

"This week Lana Turner," said Arnold.

"Oh yes, yes—lotta turnover, four thousand a week," and the steward moved on.

Between Arnold's booming basso as he told the story later and Lana's hysterics as she listened, people ran in to find out what the riot was about. "I'm a big star," Lana gasped, tears rolling down her cheeks. "I'm Lotta Turnover—"

She doesn't kid her career though. About that she's in dead earnest and always has been. Only somewhere along the line she got pretty discouraged. Being a girl of

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sense, she knows the box-office value of her face and figure. But she also felt, reasonably enough, that an actress should be given a chance to act and began to despair of finding anyone to agree with her. So she slipped in and out of the tailormade roles, hoping that something better would come along but not quite sure what she could do about it. Till one day she looked the situation in the face, took it by the hand, led it to the front office and said:

tough gal turner . . .

"From now on I fight for parts. I've got a child and I want security for her. How long can you last in this business as a personality kid? I'm through being a clothes horse, I want to act. If I don't know enough about acting, teach me—"

At about the same time a producer named Carey Wilson was preparing a script called "The Postman Always Rings Twice," and trying to visualize the girl. She had to be physically exciting, but with force of character as well. Suddenly Lana popped into his mind. He'd given her her first part on the M-G-M lot—the redheaded girl who liked to kiss in "Love Finds Andy Hardy"—and he remembered now how she'd struck him then. No sweater girl, no rose geranium all dressed up—but a kid who was scared to death, yet in whose frightened eyes burned the will to succeed.

Through the years he'd lost touch with her. Now he looked her up on the set of "Weekend at the Waldorf," and told her his idea. If she went slightly crazy, you can't blame her, she'd waited so long! But what would the front office say?

The front office looked startled, then thoughtful, then told Wilson: "Maybe you're right—" The picture proved him right.

So next on his program came "Green Dolphin Street." Hepburn was considered a natural for the role of the bitter Marianne. But it turned out that Hepburn wouldn't be available for months, and the picture couldn't wait. Now who in his right mind would dream of Lana in a part originally meant for Katie Hepburn? Answer: Carey Wilson, who bethought himself of an old old rule that says when you cast an actress to type, you hurt your suspense—

Again he went to the front office. "Why not play this one on the opposite beat? Why not play it with Turner—?"

This time the pause was a little longer. They didn't, however, say "Wilson, you're nuts," as they might have done before "The Postman." They were open to persuasion. How did Wilson figure Lana, the alluring, the desirable, as the harsh and relentless Marianne? — Here's how. What Turner did best in "The Postman" were the scenes of temper and spirit and violence—the murder scene, for instance. She made you believe in her as a woman tigerish enough to go almost willingly to the chair herself, provided she could take the man along. As far back as "Andy Hardy," Wilson had felt the force in her composition. In "The Postman," everyone felt it. All right, here was another iron-willed woman. If Turner could give her the ruthless strength she needed, what law said she couldn't be attractive at the same time—?

So the front office said, "Go ahead. We'll tell her it's official—"

Next day Wilson phoned her. "Well, how do you feel about the part?"

"Oh Carey, you know I'd give my right arm to play it—"

"You're playing it, haven't they told you?"

Pause. "Say that again—"

"You're Marianne. It's official!"

Squeal, clatter of a dropping phone, three seconds of silence, then a small voice. "I heard you right, didn't I?"

"You heard me—"

"Then all I've got to say is this. I'll do anything, up to and including killing myself, to play it right—"

At the moment, her life is bounded by Cheryl and work. Yes, of course she goes out—not often, her shooting schedule's too tight—but she'll have dinner or go to a Saturday night party with Pete Lawford or Ty Power or Henry Willson, the young Selznick executive who was her first agent. But romance? No. So far as men are concerned, she's fancy-free and likes it. Please note we said at the moment. Anyone who makes predictions about Lana is crazy. Tomorrow's another day, and for youth and beauty like hers there are lots of tomorrows. We're talking about today. Today her career looks good, her daughter's healthy, she's got a nice house to live in and, after emotional turmoil, her heart's at peace. There isn't a thing about today that she'd change. . . .

In a small way, Cheryl's part of "Green Dolphin Street." She contributed the color of her hair. No one connected with the picture could see Marianne as a silver-blonde, which was fine with Lana. She'd been carrying that white mop around with her long enough. But they couldn't decide what color to change it to till one day they brought the baby in for pictures. The mass of Cheryl's hair is golden-brown, the ends much lighter. "Kind of a café-au-lait," said Lana, lifting a curl. "Let's cut off a bit and see how it photographs—"

It photographed beautifully, and Lana's hair is now café-au-lait. Incidentally, if you're one of the fans who's been worried about her hair, you can now relax. Letters have been pouring in—

"Oh Lana, they say you've ruined your hair with dye. We hope it's not true—"

It's not. Hedda Hopper will vouch for that one. She'd been told the same thing, and you all know Hedda—she uses the approach direct. "I hear your hair's coming out in bunches," says Hedda to Lana.

"Feel it," says Lana, equally simple and direct.

Hedda ran her fingers through it, shook it, tugged at it, then paraphrased Lincoln. "Tell me the name of your hair-dye," she said dryly, "and I'll use it myself."

To get back to Cheryl. She takes it for granted that her mother's a movie star,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Although I am unable to get around, by myself, being a chair-bound arthritic, my friends wheeled me all the way to the big auditorium where Danny Kaye was appearing. I was ushered to the front row, center aisle. Just a few minutes after his show began, Danny turned to me and casually addressed his lines to me! To my surprise, I was on the beam, and responded to his quips. I received the thrill of my life when Danny stopped the show and leaped off the stage, came down to my chair and chatted with me. Cameras clicked, the crowd laughed and clapped, and I was in seventh heaven. To cap it all, my picture appeared in the paper next day, with Danny's arm around me! I felt like a queen for the day, and the memory of that evening will never be forgotten.

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just as your child takes it for granted that you're chief cook and bottlewasher, or a writer for MODERN SCREEN. She's interested without being impressed. Lately, she's taken to studying the fan magazines for pictures of her mother. On finding one, she says: "Why hello, Lana Turner, how *are* you—?"

One day she visited the set of "Green Dolphin Street"—an exquisite brown-eyed child in black velvet jumper and white organdy blouse, a black velvet band around her Alice-in-Wonderland hair.

"How do you like it here?" Frank Morgan asked her

"I'd like it better if you had a drugstore with ice cream cones."

live her own life . . .

Lana's never bothered to wonder whether some day the name Cheryl Crane would be up in lights. From the first, she's had definite ideas on what she could give her daughter that would be of value—the happiest childhood and the best education possible. After that, her life's her own. From the start, she was also determined not to have a spoiled child. Parents who over-indulge their children are really over-indulging themselves, thinks Lana. It's the kid who takes a beating later on.

Lana makes it a rule not to correct the baby in front of others. She takes her somewhere else, sits her down and says, "Let's talk this over—" Cheryl has a will of her own and can put up a good argument but, on the whole, she's willing to listen to reason. Like all children, however, she gets her sassy, crabby or rebellious spells and if Lana has to spank, she spanks. . . .

There's always a last warning. "I've told you and told you not to do that, baby. Don't do it again—"

By now baby's in a mood where she's *got* to do it again, if only to assert her individuality. With a sidelong glance at her mother, she does it again. "All right, young lady, now you get it—" We might add that she can take it. No tears. Her feelings are hurt and she's pretty quiet for a while, but then she's over it—tantrum and spanking both forgotten.

A few months ago they moved into a new house, just big enough for the two of them. Mrs. Turner, who'd been living with them, decided she'd like to do some traveling and then come back to an apartment of her own. The thought of running a household appalled Lana at first. "I don't even know how to plan a meal—"

"You'll learn," said her mother. "Remember how you learned to swim?"

She remembered all right. They'd tied a 12-foot rope round her waist and pushed her in. Scary but exhilarating. Any challenge stimulates Lana. Pushed into the stream of domestic responsibility, she floundered for a while, then began finding her way—

"How?" asked a skeptical pal.

"Well, first you get yourself an efficient couple—"

"That's what I thought—and turn it all over to them"—"

"Certainly not. You have to supervise—"

"For instance—?"

"For instance, you check the bills and they're too high, so you say fun's fun but don't let's overdo it, who says we've got to have pheasant *every* night—"

Being Lana, she kids it. Just the same, she's learned to swim and her house is run as she wants it run. And it's furnished to suit herself, not some decorator. With modern pieces against a background of color. Pale blue for the baby's room, white and yellow for her own. The walls of the living room painted the loveliest yellow, with chintz drapes hanging from under green cornices, two huge red chairs and a 10-foot couch the exact color of

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the walls. It's a living room to live in—not like the formal drawingroom of the big house she gave up *because* it was so big. Lana's not at home with formality. She likes her small dining room and the smaller kitchen. She's crazy about the den with its copper apron in front of the fireplace. The other house had elegance and wide-open spaces. This one has charm, and every corner spells home.

Lana's been on "Green Dolphin Street" since before they moved in, but she does get an occasional day off and there's always Sunday. Needless to say, these are Cheryl's red-letter days. Life begins when Mommy wakes up, which isn't too early. Time was when the baby'd watch her chance to slip away from Nana and bang at the door. Now she's reached an age of understanding. "Shh!" she warns her nurse as they tiptoe past. "This is Mommy's rest-day—" But the angelic effect is ruined five minutes later. "I think Mommy would like me to wake her up—"

little beggar . . .

Then comes the eternal "Mommy, I want a pussy cat."

Lana's heart sinks. This comes up at least once a day. It's a painful subject because, for some unfathomable reason, cats terrify Lana. She's tried to sell her child dogs and rabbits, ducks and canary birds—

"No, I want a kittycat."

At this point she sees nothing left but to buy a spaniel, look her daughter in the eye and say firmly, "This is a kittycat."

After lunch Cheryl takes a nap, preparatory to the day's big event—a drive. They wind up at a drive-in for the treat of the week—what Cheryl calls "supper-out"—a hamburger, Susy Q. potatoes and a glass of milk.

But the best is yet to come. Cheryl loves seeing her mother dressed to go out. She'll go happily to bed so long as Lana promises to come in and kiss her goodnight when she's all dressed up. There's a game she plays—keeps her eyes tight shut till her mother comes in—

"Here I am, baby."

"What dress are you wearing, Mommy?"

"Look and see."

Slowly the eyes come open. It would suit Cheryl fine if Lana went out formal every night. Dark dresses are all right, but anything sparkly brings a long sigh of bliss up from the toes. "Oh Mommy, I love you so much I could eat you."

At the risk of bringing on the usual howls of derision, we're about to use the good-friends-though-divorced line. There's no denying the fact that Lana and Steve Crane are friends. For this they undoubtedly share the credit, and if we stress Lana's share, it's because we know her and don't know Steve. Whatever her shortcomings are, pettiness isn't among them. She doesn't bear grudges, and her sense of fair play is like a man's.

Seeing them together, you're conscious of no strain between them. The past is past. On her third birthday Cheryl had a lovely party—with a dog act to entertain her guests, with Raggedy Ann and Andy souvenirs, with a five o'clock supper of creamed chicken and milk, ice cream and birthday cake. One little girl hung shyly back from the group. Unprompted, Cheryl walked over, patted her cheek, took her by the hand and said, "Come on, let's play—" It was sweet and funny and touching, and you couldn't help noticing that Cheryl's parents instinctively sought each other's eyes to smile into.

As for Lana herself—the real, not the legendary Lana—there's not a thing about today that she'd change. Her career looks good, her baby's healthy, she's got a nice house to live in and her heart's at peace.

But with Lana you never can tell about tomorrow. That's what makes her Lana.

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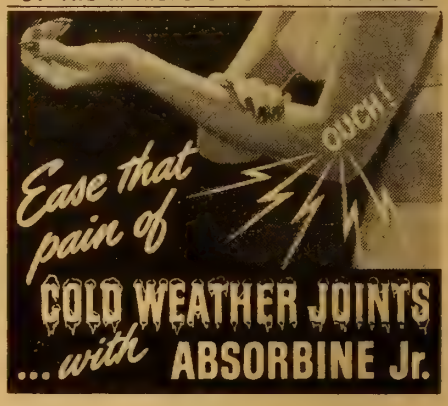

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"SURE I'LL TALK ABOUT GUY"

(*Continued from page 55*)

with the Indians. Well, Guy's been an archery fan for years, and the dream of his life was to own a bow made by Hill. One day he came to town on a Navy pass, got hold of Hill's phone number and called. What chance of buying a bamboo bow?

Not much, said Hill. He'd had six promised for a year and hadn't been able to get round to them. Besides, he was short of bamboo as well as time— Maybe Guy's disappointment registered on the wire. Anyway, Hill started asking questions—found that this kid was in the Navy, crazy about archery, stationed where there was a lot of hunting—

"Well, I tell you," he said, "I've got a bow here that I made for myself. Come on out and I'll talk to you—"

The upshot was that he sold Guy his own bow for half its value. And got something in return that you can't put a price on. Madison's reticent, but there's plenty of wallop packed in the little he does say. "Hill didn't know I had any connection with pictures. I used the name Mosely. There was nothing behind what he did but good feeling. Those are the kind of people you look for. That's the kind of guy I'd put myself out for—"

If I'm giving the impression that he high-hats any phase of his career, then I'm doing him wrong. Certain things seem to him kid stuff, that's all. But aloof he isn't. Someone was telling about Sinatra heckling a bunch of admirers—"Come on, kids, who's my biggest competition?"—and they yelled "Guy Madison!" He got a terrific boot out of that.

poor guy . . .

By the way, his slant on the young fans is pretty much the same as Frank's. "Just kids having fun in their sloppy sweaters and slacks. Let 'em have it. They've got time to grow up—"

Personally, I like the Seattle story. He and Bill Williams were there for the opening of "Till the End of Time," and the cops finally had to take over to prevent mayhem. One child lost her temper and told Madison off. How she figured it was his fault I don't know—she was probably tired. But her pal didn't like it. "Poor Guy," she said, smiling sympathetically. It gave him the same kind of lift as when Hill sold him the bow, and he said the same thing, only he said it straight to her. "That's the girl I've been looking for—"

The kid looked like stars were exploding in her eyes, Williams told me. "That's worth a million autographs," she said.

Another thing that happened on this northern tour. Rory Calhoun happened to be in San Francisco at the same time. Rory's under Selznick contract too and may be in Madison's next picture. So Guy kept trying to shove him into the limelight—

"Come on out on the stage and get into the act with me—"

"You're nuts. They wouldn't know me from Adam—"

"What's the difference? They didn't know me till yesterday, they'll know you tomorrow—"

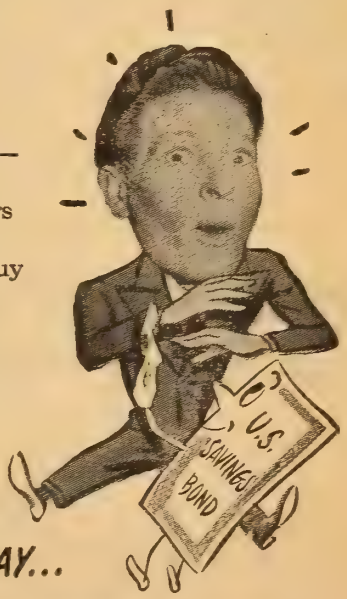
Rory's one of his few close pals. They double date—Guy with Gail Russell mostly, Rory with Natalie Thompson or Cathy Downs or Lana Turner.

Well, let's talk about Gail Russell—you've been champing at the bit ever since her name came up. There's not much I can tell you beyond what everyone knows. They're tremendously fond of one another and date frequently but I doubt that they

How to Avoid Saving Money

by DANNY KAYE

First, cut off all your pockets. By carrying your money you will—1. spend it, 2. lose it, 3. get it taken from you—*quicker!* Also avoid piggy banks and sugar bowls. The kiddies are victimized by such devices, often saving quite a bale of moolah. And shun budgets! It is best to draw your pay and walk down Main Street buying anything you don't particularly hate.



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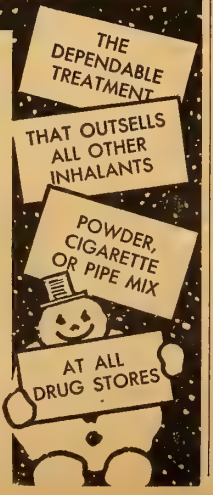

contemplate a sudden marriage . . .

I've heard Guy on the subject of Hollywood marriages: "I can understand," he says, "why so many of them don't turn out—this is a pretty rough racket for marriage. Actors and actresses give so much to their work, there's not an awful lot left to give between husband and wife. Things happen to make you irritable, set you on edge—more than in most professions. If you have domestic troubles on top of career troubles, it's just about more than you can handle."

If I were pinned down, I'd say that he and Gail were enjoying today and letting tomorrow take care of itself. It's not all night life either, not by a long sight. They ride and hike together, and she's even gone fishing with him. Not hunting, no. Rory's his hunting companion—Rory or Howard Hill or his brother Wayne.

Wayne's 21, goes to L. A. City College on the GI Bill of Rights. Came down to register, planning to find a room. That's typical. The Mosely clan's close, but they're just as respectful of one another's rights as if they were strangers. Wayne would no more have moved in on Guy than he would on me. It was Guy who suggested it. "Be good for us both. You won't have to look for a room and I'll have company—"

"Well, if you think it'll work out—"

"It'll work out fine—"

That's all the talk there was. No production numbers. But they get along like a house afire. Or as Guy puts it: "I'm never in his way—I don't think—and for sure he's never in mine—"

stokes up on steak . . .

It's a self-sustaining household. Guy cooks, Wayne does the dishes. They tried a maid for one day, but Guy couldn't stand it. Sit in the dining room and wait to be waited on!—that's punishment, he says. Besides, he doesn't like coming in and finding someone around, ruins his sense of privacy. As for eating out, he got tired of that long ago. "Time you get home, cleaned up and out again, they're standing in line twenty deep. People checking you over. 'What're you doing here alone?' That stuff gets old," says Guy.

Cooking? He picked it up the way so many men do. Outdoor men especially. When he worked as a lineman with the phone company, he'd get home late, bring along a couple of pounds of steak and fixings. Nothing fancy. No desserts even now. By dessert time he's too full of good solid food to be bothered.

He's always rushing to make the market before six. Don't ask me how he knows where the steak hangs, it's an instinct with him. If every market but Schmidt's ran out of steak and he'd never seen Schmidt's, he'd still head for it the way steel heads for a magnet. Of course if Schmidt's ran out too, he'd make do with liver or chops. But he'd just as soon not. Noon or night his favorite meal's steak, tomatoes and lettuce and a quart of milk. For breakfast he changes to orange juice, oatmeal, bacon, six eggs, toast stacked that high and a quart of milk.

Which reminds me of his favorite joke. We'd all stopped at a drive-in one night and I'd asked for a bacon and tomato sandwich, pronouncing it tomahto as I always do—

"Are you kidding?" said Rory. "It's tomayto—"

"In Pennsylvania," I explained patiently, "we say tomahto—"

"In hamburger joints," he informed me, "we say tomayto—"

Later my father, also from Pennsylvania, double-crossed me. He said tomayto. At table Guy never misses a chance to pass them. "Tomahtoes?" he'll ask me elegantly, then shove the plate toward Rory. "Have a tomayto, bud—"

Wayne takes over after dinner. Guy hates dishwashing. Wayne doesn't love it, but both believe in a fair division of labor. That's how the housework gets done too. Guy is convinced that women like to fuss. Proof: They fuss over housework, than which nothing is simpler. Try the Madison method. Relax. Just because your mother cleaned house every Thursday doesn't mean you'll be clapped in jail if you wait till Friday. Or even Monday. Guy waits till things get dirty, then they pitch in. Each boy takes a room. They hit the Venetian blinds first, and not with brushes. Brushes are easier, but damp cloths are better. The well-trained Mosely brothers use damp cloths. Then they dust, vac the rugs, run a wet mop around the outside and that's all there is to it. Wash up and eat an apple. Smell the lemon oil. Drape your legs over the side of a chair and feel virtuous. Think how proud your mother'd be. The way they tell it, you wonder what you've been missing all your life, not cleaning house.

All this is done to music. Only thing Guy bought when he moved in was a combination radio and record player. He's got to have music. Anything from symphony to swing. As long as it's got a beat, he'll listen. Turns on the car radio with the ignition. Now he's got a bedside model —from Mr. Selznick for Christmas—so he falls asleep with it on and wakes up with it on— No, I'm not kidding. Are you a music-lover? Well, stick around with Guy for a while and you won't be. He drives me nuts. It's got so I walk in, make blindly for the dial and turn it off. He gives me that lazy grin—"Why didn't you phone? I'd have turned it off myself—" But it's on again before I'm through the door. Which is fine, but try talking against it.

Since he finished "Honeymoon" with Shirley Temple, we've kept Madison pretty much on the go. Dramatic lessons, personal appearances—and you know he did "Dear Ruth" down in Laguna. That's when Selznick decided to test him for Laurie in "Little Women."

Guy didn't want to do the play—not at first, anyway—yet in the end it was his own decision. Right after "Honeymoon" he went in for a talk with Mr. Selznick—

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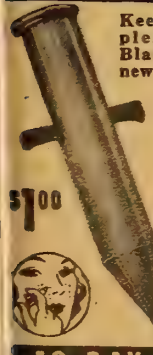

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What popped the idea into David's head I don't know, but when I came in he sprang it on me—

"What would you think of Guy's doing a stage play?"

I was about to say fine, but a quick look at our hero threw me into reverse. Selznick caught it too and grinned. "Why don't you talk it over with Henry, Guy?"

So we talked it over. What it amounted to was Guy thinking out loud. He laid out the arguments himself. Pro: This was a challenge, and a challenge should be picked up. Con: What he needed right now were encouraging words. Later, with more confidence, a panning wouldn't bother him. Now it would.

Next day he called Mr. Selznick: "I don't think the play would be such a good idea—"

"Okay, Guy, it's up to you—"

A few days later Mel Ferrer walked into my office. Said he wanted to put on "Dear Ruth" down at Laguna, with Natalie Thompson as the girl and Guy as the boy. We've got Ferrer signed to one of those acting-directing contracts, and he's tops in both departments. I could see how working with him would be great for Guy.

At noon I found Guy in the commissary. "When you were in New York, did you see a play called 'Dear Ruth?'"

Yes, he had.

"Think you could do the lieutenant?"

Pause to count ten. "Maybe—"

"With Mel Ferrer directing—"

You could see at least half the load slide off his back. "Sure, why not?"

Any way you figure, it wasn't an easy job. First appearance on a live stage. Four-and-a-half days to learn the part. An earlier date in San Francisco that couldn't be cancelled, so he had to hop up there, hop back at four in the morning and be down at Laguna by noon to resume rehearsals. He lost fourteen pounds, but after the first few minutes onstage, he relaxed. All of a sudden he was easy and assured.

"What happened?" I asked him later.

"Well, I just figured you can't do better than your best. You want them to like it but if they don't, the heck with it—"

They seemed to like it. The play did the biggest business of the season and the notices were excellent. On Sunday Mr. Selznick brought Jennifer Jones down. We went to supper after the show, and he kept looking from Jennifer to Guy. She's set to play Jo in "Little Women," you know. Finally he said: "You're not exactly the type, but—how'd you like to test for Laurie, Guy?"

Anyone else would have fallen flat on his face. I'm sure Guy did inwardly. But all he said was, "I'd like it fine, Mr. Selznick—"

One more story and I'm through.

If you're a friend of his, you'll soon notice that he's got what seems an uncanny knack for gifts. It's always something you want. Maybe you mentioned it idly six months ago, maybe you never mentioned it at all, maybe you didn't even know you wanted it. But he knew—

I asked him once how he knew—

"By keeping my ears open—dropping questions when nobody's looking. As a kid," he went on, "I'd get handkerchiefs for Christmas. You can't mistake a handkerchief box. I'll never forget that flat feeling when one of those flat boxes hove into sight, and I knew it was more handkerchiefs I had no use for. Promised myself then never to give people things they couldn't use—"

I like that story. It may sound slight, but dig underneath and you've got a kid's application of the golden rule—learning through his own disappointment not to disappoint others. I don't know a better way to use experience.

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WANTED: ONE GUARDIAN ANGEL!

(Continued from page 53)

"I say a little prayer before hitting the hay, 'Dear Lord—thanks for making me a movie actor!' "

When Glenn brings home a script from Columbia, Ellie grabs it right off and riffles through anxiously. "Just to see," she explains, "what kind of a character I've got to live with the next few months!" She's not kidding.

beat-up romeo . . .

Glenn wore a sailor suit around the house all the time he made "Destroyer" and had the joint jumping with gobs on leave. He brought two professional dice dealers down from the Las Vegas gambling clubs to sop up gamboleering color and jargon when he did "Gilda" and "Framed." Playing a lighthouse keeper with Bette Davis in "A Stolen Life," Glenn hauled home all his salty Santa Monica fishing boat pals. He cluttered up the carpets in every room with model planes and motor parts when he made "Gallant Journey."

"For Heaven's sake," Ellie protested. "Don't sign up for any jungle pictures. You'll be bringing home lions and tigers!"

Glenn had one of the best times of his life when he made "Texas." He's horse happy anyway and that picture was a wild and wooly Western. Glenn rode his black horse, Count, all through it, scorned a "double" and risked his neck, not only for camera shots but for the fun of it.

Glenn even gets a kick out of the lady killing, caveman parts they've been handing him lately. He'd out-Bogey Bogart if they let him because he's crazy about anything that lets him romp around with a character. The major fear in Ford's life is that someday he might have to play wishy-washy, stuffed-shirt parts.

Glenn had to rough up his leading lady, Janice Carter, pretty brutally when he made "Framed." He tossed her around like a basketball in some scenes and she limped home one night aching like a tooth. Next day Glenn got a wire from Janice's husband, "Stop playing so rough—my wife's black and blue."

Glenn sent one back, "Sorry about the color scheme. We're mixing up some new ones today." They had another slam bang scene and Janice went home to her hubby with new and attractive rainbow shades in her bruises. When he had to wipe up the floor with Rita Hayworth in "Gilda," Glenn paved the way for the dirty work. The morning Rita showed up on the set for her workout she found four dozen American Beauty roses from Glenn and a card, "Honey, I hate to do this—but you know how it is in the movies." If Rita didn't, she found out. When Glenn got through, she needed the roses.

Another thing about Glenn, he can do the most unpredictable things in the most unpredictable way sometimes. Even his wife, Ellie, knows that only too well.

When war broke out, Glenn didn't say much to anyone about his plans to serve.

Glenn's one ex-GI, incidentally, who hasn't a gripe in the world about the days he spent in uniform. He got a huge kick out of the service. He was especially glad he enlisted and stayed an enlisted man, rising to a sergeant's chevrons. "You learn a lot being an enlisted man," Glenn explains, "and you have twice the fun."

But when he enlisted, no one except Glenn Ford knew what he was thinking, not even his best girl, Eleanor Powell. They weren't married then. One day Glenn and Ellie drove downtown to Los Angeles. Glenn had some business at the City Hall. "I'll just wait in the car," said Eleanor. "Okay," breezed Glenn, "I'll be right back."

He was gone two hours. When he returned, Ellie couldn't help remarking, "You were gone a long time, honey."

"Yeah," said Glenn. He climbed in and started back to Beverly Hills. Driving along Wilshire Boulevard, Glenn suddenly remarked, "Oh, by the way—I just enlisted in the Marine Corps."

"You *what?*"

"Yep," grinned Glenn. "I leave for boot camp in a week."

Ellie didn't say anything the rest of the way to Beverly Hills. But when Glenn let her out at her house and kissed her goodbye, she sighed and smiled, "Well—that's my Glenn!" And it is—it certainly is.

Ellie found out about their new house recently in the same startling way. They've been looking for a bigger, better place to live for eight long months with no luck at all in the housing panic. One day Glenn came home from work and Ellie asked him the usual question, "Anything happen today?" and got the usual "Nope." Then,

"Oh, by the way—I bought Max Steiner's house today."

"You *what!*"

"Yep," nodded Glenn breezily. "Like to run by and take a look at it?"

Ellie was speechless. If she'd had a rolling pin or something handy she very probably would have heaved it at her mate in sheer exasperation.

music mad . . .

But Ellie calmed down the minute she saw the beautiful place Glenn had acquired with a quick look and a quicker check. It's a handsome French chateau style, white brick mansion sitting snugly on three acres in the rolling hills below Pickfair with the lavish estates of wealthy Hollywoodites like David Selznick, Charlie Chaplin and Fred Astaire surrounding it on all sides. The neighborhood glamor wasn't what made Glenn Ford whip out his checkbook, though. The land space, the six bedrooms, the fireplaces in every room, the cozy bar-den and the music room were what he was looking at.

All the walls are sound proofed so Glenn can play his most crashing Wagnerian symphonies at four o'clock in the morning and nobody can hear a peep, even in the next room. There's an automatic record player next to the bed in his room so he can lull himself to sleep with Beethoven, Bach or Brahms. It shuts off automatically, then starts up again in the morning. That might seem like a silly gadget to anyone who didn't know how absolutely record happy both Glenn and Ellie Ford are.

Glenn's a natural born collector and a walking hobby horse. He's got volumes and volumes of stamp albums he's saved since boyhood; he owns a stack of old theatrical playbills he started hoarding in his stage-manager days. He's got pipes stashed in every nook and cranny of his house. One pipe rack stretches halfway across the wall of his room. He collects biographies with emphasis on Abraham Lincoln's life. His particular treasure is a signed portrait of the late President Roosevelt. Glenn bagged that in typical direct Ford fashion.

He was back in Washington for the President's Birthday Ball one year. Like all visiting stars he was warned by the presidential secretary, Stephen Early, not to ask for autographed pictures.

But when Glenn came up before FDR the president recognized him because Ellie

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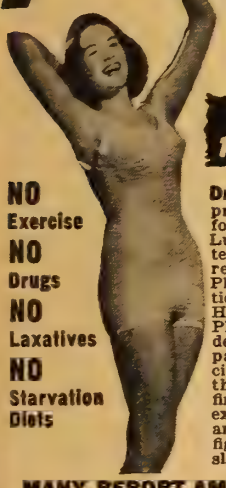

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"Hello," beamed FDR. "Well, how are things going, Mister Ford? Having a good time in Washington? Anything I can do for you?"

Glenn hasn't any inhibitions. He said what was on his mind. "Yes, Mr. President, there is. I'd like an autographed picture." He caught a severe frown from Steve Early on that. But the president smiled. "Fine—I'll take care of it." When Glenn got home, the handsome picture was there, "To Glenn Ford" and then the famous signature. He keeps it right over his bed.

Glenn caught the horse bug 'way back in the days when he was a groom at the Riviera Country Club Stables. His big ambition is still to play polo, but when that comes up Ellie just says, "Be sensible!" It's a millionaire's game, Glenn knows, but he can dream, can't he?

The closest he's got to that dream are his two horses, Count and Pancho, who graze on the Columbia Ranch and get a workout under Glenn or Ellie or even two-year-old Pete now and then. He's done a little better on his motor dream, though.

Glenn was purring along the highway a few months ago when a kid in a hopped up "hot rod" teased him into a race. The minute Glenn stepped on the accelerator of his blue Lincoln convertible the "hot rod" gave him bronx cheers from its cut-out exhaust and walked right away from him. "I'll fix you," Glenn muttered. No kid could make him eat dust—not after he'd worked in a garage—as he did once.

Glenn overhauled his motor, rebuilt the carburetor, redistributed the body weight, did all the things the hot rod experts do to his big Lincoln. He took it out on the road again just laying for a hot rod. The minute one came along Glenn stepped on the gas and—Zowie—he ripped away.

young abe lincoln . . .

Definitely the outdoor boy, Glenn can not be lured out of the house for anything resembling nightlife except a good French or Italian restaurant. He and Eleanor have been to Mocambo and Ciro's exactly once apiece since they were married. Both times were on business. "What fun is there paying fifty bucks for a sandwich?" snorts Glenn. When Glenn was married, Ellie talked him into having a suit of dress "tails" made. He hasn't worn it yet.

Ellie and Glenn stepped out and circulated most when he was in the Marines. With a scrubby haircut and an o.d. uniform, Glenn was practically disguised and Eleanor Powell had been off the screen long enough to escape notice, too. With that wartime incognito, they roamed the jitterbug haunts.

But now that he's a red hot rave, Glenn Ford can't have much fun stepping out. He gets a complex when he dances with Ellie anyway, if he knows anyone's watching. She's a dream dancer, naturally, and Glenn gets a weird idea in his bean that everyone's expecting a ballroom exhibition, like Veloz and Yolanda or something. So he tightens up. "I look like young Abe Lincoln when I get out on the floor," he sighs.

Glenn's definitely no clothes horse, but he's tidy about himself—a two or three a day shower man if he's active. He sticks to one stimulating masculine scent, but appreciates good perfume on women and can spot it every time Ellie changes from the brand she wore when he met her. Glenn shaves twice a day to be presentable; he and Ty Power have the heaviest beards in Hollywood. He sports no jewelry doo-dads whatever besides the plain gold wedding band he acquired when he married Ellie. It's got a simple senti-

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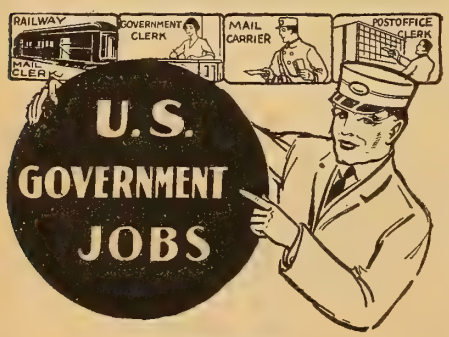

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Address..... Vet?.....

ment engraved inside—"Glenn—Love, Ellie" and then, "Mizpah"—which represents an old Scottish sentiment, "The Lord watch between thee and me."

Most of the time, since they've been married, though, it's not only the Lord but Ellie too, who watches over Glenn. He's the kind of big comfortable male who takes to domesticity like a kitten to cream. Between Agnes (the Scotch cook Eleanor's had for eight years) and Ellie, Glenn wonders how he ever got by before he was married. Ellie even takes all his gear—his pipes, tobacco, money, even aspirins, in her bag when they go out anywhere. He's practically helpless without her—but both of them like it that way.

"Since I married you and left the screen," Ellie tells him, "my job is you." She adds, "It's nice work," and Glenn purrs like a cat. But he doesn't let his head get oversized. When he gets to reading his own publicity or fan mail and feels any such symptoms coming on, all he has to do is pick up a scrap book of Ellie's and look through it—particularly to the page which shows her "Broadway Melody of '36" on one side of Broadway and on the other side of the street, the marquee of her stage hit, "At Home Abroad."

Then he asks himself, "Wait a minute, brother—just who are you and what have *you* done? You'll never be the star Eleanor Powell has already been."

Ellie Powell can be a star again, tomorrow if she wants to—but she's not sure she wants to. Recently, she thought she'd like to keep her tapping toes in practice and signed for floor show star appearances at the Copacabana and the Chez Paree, back East. The minute the news got out, Hollywood producers started chasing her with picture offers.

But Ellie isn't so sure she wants to say "Yes." The career of being Mrs. Glenn Ford is lots of fun and she's pretty thoroughly domesticated by now.

Glenn Ford has nothing whatever to worry him. Right now he's happy about the whole thing, in every department—as he has been practically all of his life—being Glenn Ford. The only possible cloud on his private horizon popped up the other day.

His boy Pete, aged two, toddled into the room, spied his dad and chirped, "Hi, Glenn!"

That made Old Man Ford sit up and rub his whiskers. Well, now! For a sprout of two to call his popper "Glenn" could hardly be proper. Yet, darn it, Glenn didn't want to get "Daddy," either. That would make him feel definitely older generation. Glenn was wrestling with the Right Steps To Take and was up a tree on that one the last time I saw him. I imagine he'll find the answer though. He always has to everything else—and had tons of fun doing it.

THE FLYING FILTHY FIVE

(*Continued from page 35*)

learned.

This was the first of many amusing and heart-warming adventures on a trip that came about quite casually one noon, when Ty walked into the studio commissary. I was sitting alone at a table, so he joined me. He scanned the menu, but obviously there was something on his mind.

"What are you doing the next few months?"

"Nothing that will make history!" At that time I wasn't even sure I'd be with Ty in "Captain From Castile."

"How about taking a trip? I'd like to fly my plane and John Jeffries said he'd like to go along as co-pilot. We might ask a couple of other guys and have some fun."

"Count me in, brother!" Ty's casual attitude suddenly became contagious.

"Don't you even want to know where we're going?" He roared with laughter.

Several weeks before our departure we picked up Ty's Beechcraft Twin Engine plane in Wichita. As we said goodbye to Mrs. Beech, the charming wife of the plane manufacturer, she presented us with individual leather cases, inscribed with our names and good wishes. Little did we realize that fate had reserved a moment for us to be especially grateful for this gesture. Inside the cases were the lucky silver dollars we always carried with us.

At 7 a.m. on August the 19th, we took off from the Lockheed Air Terminal in Burbank. The fog was thick. Except for the roar of our engines, the outside world through our windows looked unusually peaceful and still. With complete confidence in Ty's flying ability, we still felt a bit funny inside. Instinctively each man asked himself—will I get back in one piece? We said nothing. I looked around at the others and it seemed as if we were actually seeing each other for the first time. Then suddenly, as if released by some silent signal, we all began to grin.

Ty and Jeff deserve all the credit we can give them. In ten weeks we were in the air 120 hours, we covered 23,500 miles and visited 25 countries. Like the excellent flyers they were during the war, they never jeopardized our lives or took chances. Ty held the stick most of the time, Jeff did most of the navigating. We hit every designated stop on the nose and with weather conditions permitting, the trip was always smooth, the plane expertly under control.

No sooner had we registered at the El Mirador Hotel in Acapulco, than Ty unpacked his sneakers, dungarees and an old sweat shirt.

"You've never seen a sailfish as big as the one I'm going to catch," he announced.

The sun was just coming up over the water as we started out the following morning. Even at that early hour the day promised to be a scorcher. At the end of two days I caught the first sailfish, Jim caught the second, followed by Jeff. Ty just looked grim while we winked at each other when he wasn't looking.

"What's the matter Ty, forget to bait your hook?"

"Maybe the sailfish saw his last picture!"

Our last night in Acapulco, it was so hot sleep was next to impossible. So we decided to go walking. From a tiny, primitive house clinging to the side of a hill came the sound of music. Thinking we were unobserved, we stopped to listen to the laughing, singing and shouting—obviously some special celebration.

"Senor Romero, won't you all join us? It is a birthday party my friend is giving for his sister. They would be honored to have you."

It was a man I had last seen at Saipan when we both landed in the same outfit. These people were poor but their hearts were rich with the joy of living. Playing outside on the porch, a ten piece orchestra had somehow been engaged for the star occasion. Inside, the hot, stuffy little house was choked with people.

We danced with the guest of honor, who was genuinely thrilled at our presence

They showered us with attentions and shared their humble refreshments. Hot, tired, with aching feet and our clothes soaking, we said goodbye and started back up the hill to our hotel again. Slowly, we walked along in silence.

"Wonder if they had as much fun back at Ciro's tonight?" Ty looked straight ahead as he said it. No one ventured an answer.

From that moment on, things happened so fast—sometimes so furiously—our adventures became a series of impressions. Guatemala City! Meeting our first president. The lottery salesman bent on beating up a waiter, who tried to keep him away from us. Everyone's surprise when we allowed the salesman to join us. San Salvador! Our corner hotel suite overlooking the plaza, jam-packed with seething, hysterical students.

terpsichorean turn-about . . .

Signs, songs, banners, fireworks, wild, confused dancing in serpentine fashion. The threat of revolution! Those bullet holes in the cement casement, where Ty and I looked out the window. Our sudden discovery by the crowds, "Viva Power," "Viva Romero." Thousands of hoarse voices, then back to their demonstration again. Us waving our acknowledgement—and ducking! Later that day, sneaking out the back way for a scenic trip to the top of a volcano. How quiet! How peaceful!

Managua, the capital of Nicaragua! Cathedral bells heralding our arrival. Those crowds pouring in at dawn, on mules, on horseback, afoot. The police at the airport so excited, joining forces with the mob and charging our plane. Pressure too great to open the door. Whirling propellers narrowly missing their heads.

The great ball honoring us that night. Buttons ripped, handkerchiefs stolen, complete confusion, trying to brave the mobs outside the hotel. Crashing plate glass windows at the club, policemen and soldiers crushed in the path of autograph seekers. That look of pride on the Club official's face. The Club official's voice:

"Señors, there haven't been this many people here since our last revolution!"

The music no longer playing as the dance floor clears. The señorita inviting Ty to be her partner in a gay exhibition dance. My pal Mr. Power, so charming, so smooth! That ingratiating smile:

"I only wish I was a good dancer. I do apologize. But my good friend Mr. Romero, who is *also* an expert fisherman, he *loves* to dance!"

San Jose, in Costa Rica! My cousin, Douglas De Fort and some beauty contest winners meeting us at the airport. Those cozy group pictures for the morning papers. Douglas' party at the Union club (there's always a Union Club in every Central American city). One of the girls called to the phone by an irate father, who saw her published picture. My beautiful cousin, Flor del Carmen, finally explaining we were merely visitors, not "romantic strangers."

presidential bounty . . .

The original Club El Sesto, not the movie version where Celeste Holm and I danced a few months previous in "Carnival in Costa Rica." Dawn breaking, badly needed sleep before our luncheon date with the President and his family. Late breakfast, one hour later seated at the great table with the President, his wife and daughter. Soup, aspic, fish. Vegetable patties, croquettes. Mental Academy Awards for the best performance of "looking hungry." Steaks, sizzling hot, three inch steaks! Ty not daring to look at me. I daring not to look at him. Dessert. Coffee. Imaginary headlines: "Hollywood movie stars pop open at President's lunch table!"

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Real regret at leaving these warm, hospitable people. Beautiful girls, also beautiful scenery, kindness of my relatives our warmest memory. Panama, our last stop in beautiful Central America!

Giggling, squealing, screaming, shrieking girls outside our door, making sleep impossible. In desperation, explaining we can't come out, we are resting, we are sleeping, we haven't any clothes on. Shouting and more shouting:

"We don't believe you."

The door bursting open, catching me standing there just as mother nature made me! Females disappearing faster than nylons at Macy's!

bucking their luck . . .

Enroute to South America! Our first bad weather, hitting the Equatorial belt over dense jungles—boom! Like crashing into a solid cement wall. Reaching for our belts as Ty climbed, trying to get out. On top—no way of seeing the ground, no way for Jeff to navigate. My first prayer, while Ty and I squeezed our lucky dollars. Ty, the intelligent and expert pilot, turning around and returning to Panama. Refueling, out again, this time following a Pan-American passenger plane bound for Colombia.

Lima, Peru! Modern, cordial, enthusiastic Lima. Their beautiful presidential palace, their charming president. The world-famed Carmen Amaya dancing at a local theater. Discovering we were her guests when we called for our tickets at the box office. That note from Carmen during intermission. Her kind invitation to visit back-stage after the last number, her gracious speech and dedicating the number in my honor. No sun in Lima! No rain in Lima! Our clothes always sopping from what the natives refer to as—"heavy dew."

Pisco beach on the coast of Peru! Paracas Hotel, clean, attractive, quiet, beautiful. A movie star's paradise. Mental note to tell the folks back in hustle-bustle Hollywood.

Preparing to leave for Santiago. My accident, slipping on the composition marble floor, chipping my elbow on the edge of a chair. Rumors flying thick and fast. "Romero broke his back." "Romero broke his head." Santiago, Chile! Three days in bed with the flu. Chills, fever. Hotel maids gathering 'round my bed, just looking. Local doctor wringing hands—in mental anguish—"What shall I do?" *He's* asking me!

Buenos Aires! Luncheons, parties, receptions, banquets! Eight days of social activity in gay, modern, abundant Buenos Aires. Cocktails starting at nine. Leisurely dinner ending at midnight. Business men reporting to work early in the morning. How those frenetic-paced Argentinians can take it!

just like the movies . . .

Montevideo, Uruguay! Stepping out on a balcony and greeting the people with their President. The Iguazu Falls that dwarf our own Niagara, swimming beneath the smallest in next to freezing water. On to Puerto Fonciere, an Estancia (we'd call it a ranch in this country) of one-and-a-half million acres. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cox, the overseer and wife, our very nice host and hostess. Alligator hunting at night on the river. Pitch black, canoes slowly pulled by small yachts. Alligators' eyes—red balls of fire held spellbound by the glare of flashlights. All around us—alligators. Ty got the first one. Just like in the movies, pinching ourselves to make sure it's real.

That short flight, sixty miles away to meet the Gauchos. Landing in a clearing, surrounded by a frame of fire. Those gay, never-to-be-forgotten, fantastic, fabulous

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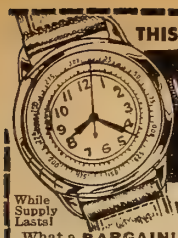

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Flying down to Rio! The magnificent city of Rio de Janeiro. Sudden fog. Great mountain peaks rising out of nowhere, not ten feet away from our window.

"Where do you think we are, Jeff?"

"Don't you think we'd better climb out of this, Ty? Other planes might be flying around here, too!"

Visions of other planes, crashing right into us. This is what you read about in the papers! Air getting hotter, collars getting tighter. Eureka! Presto, like magic. Right out of nowhere, right out of the fog, the whole city of Rio spread out below us in splendor. The gigantic figure of Christ atop their highest mountain—arms outstretched—peace on earth. Welcome to Rio!

neighbor sabu . . .

Those beautiful mosaic sidewalks. Our top floor apartment, its verandah overlooking the sea. King Carol and Madame Lupescu, our immediate neighbors. Having to leave before taking advantage of their gracious invitation to visit. Those endless stacks of autograph books waiting in the lobby. The Club Atlantico, the inimitable songs of the famous French Lucienne Boyer. A cocktail party to remember: Miss Boyer, the girls from the show, the manager of the club. Our last sight of Rio, suspended in a cable car reaching up to Sugar Loaf mountain. The bay and lights of the city, snapping on and forming a great glowing carpet beneath us.

Belem in north Brazil, after a seven hour flight over the jungle. Our boarding house hotel with, of all people, Sabu and his eight-week-old pet jaguar, making an English movie. The Port of Spain in Trinidad, the Pan-American guest house, the "Royal Lion" and "Lord Pretender," famed calypso singers making up songs that included the names of our pictures.

Cayenne in French Guiana, populated by the liberees from Devil's Island. Swooping down low over Devil's Island, those catwalks, open cells now choked with weeds, strange and unbelievable and terrifying in contrast to the beauty recently witnessed.

Trujillo in the Dominican Republic! The house of Columbus, historic, close to ruins. Refueling—Haiti, Port of France, Kingston, Jamaica. Havana, Cuba! Home of a long line of Romeros. Hundreds of relatives, old and new! Old family friends. The little old lady who knew my grandmother. My mother's first beau, his gift to me of a picture of my mother as a little girl. Cuba, the great heart of Cuba tied up with memories in my heart.

Florida—New York—home!

gone, but not forgotten . . .

Our trip is over, but of places, South American, Central American and Mexican, we will never forget. Of people who accepted us as their own. Long will we remember hotel doors covered with lipstick (God bless the movies!), marble-floored suites, gold fixtures, *no* hot water! Do they have jeeps in the United States? What about "lend-loose?" Tell your producers not to send us dubbed pictures. We have our own Spanish speaking stars—we want your stars to speak for themselves. They said it in every country. These warm-hearted, warm-blooded good neighbors. To them we are all eternally grateful.

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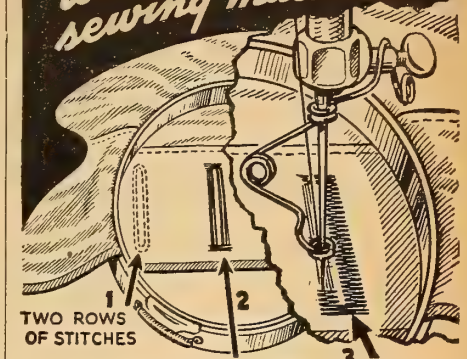

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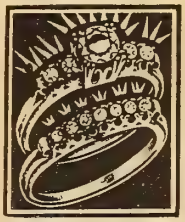

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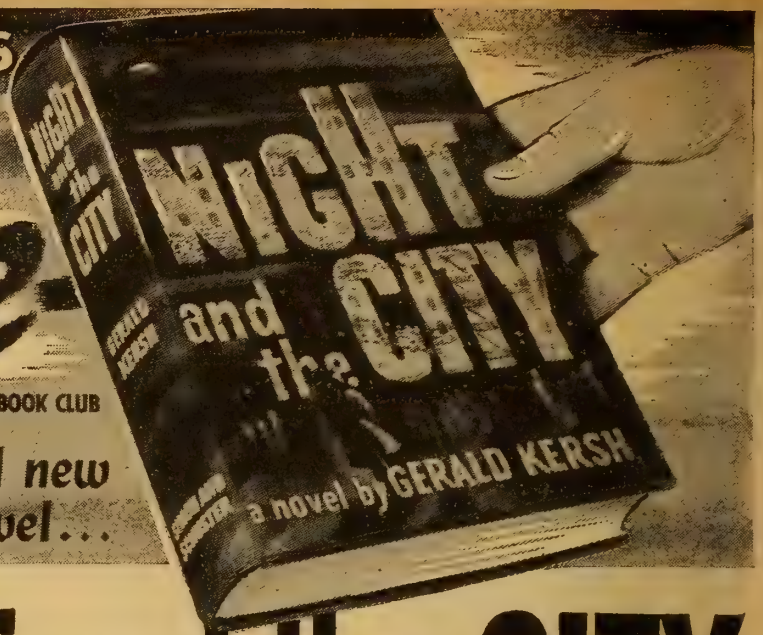

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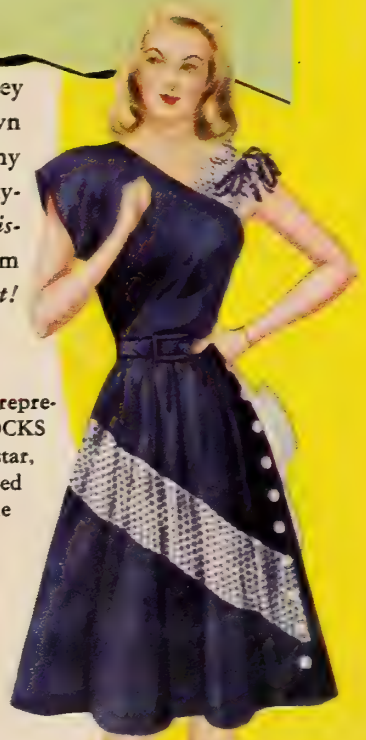

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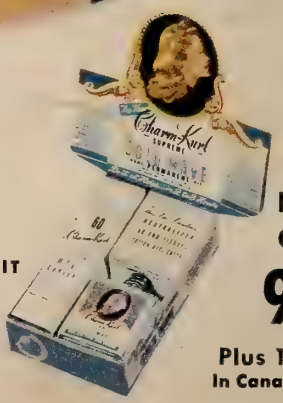

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A DELL MAGAZINE

"You're right

Red Majesty

is the New Queen of the Reds!"

—says MRS. CORNEL WILDE...

radiant wife of the screen star.

"BECAUSE," enthuses lovely Mrs. Wilde, "there is something really wonderful about Red Majesty! It gives you confidence that your lips are looking their best. So I think you were perfectly right when you named it the queen of your glamourous family of Tangee lipstick shades."

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Five Famous Glamourous Shades by TANGEE

Red Majesty NEW HIT SHADE BY Tangee

About Rosalie...who started from scratch...

NOW ROSALIE HAD...

MAGNETIC EYES...

A SENSATIONAL SMILE...

AND LOVELY LEGS!

BUT IN SPITE OF ALL THIS, ROSALIE WASN'T DOING SO COSILY, AND HERE'S WHY...

HER HANDS WERE SO DRIED OUT AND ROUGH THAT THEY SCRATCHED LIKE A PUSSY CAT!

RESULT? HER BEAUX FELT DISAPPOINTED AND LET DOWN — AND SO DID SHE!

THEN ONE DAY SALLY LEE TOLD ROSALIE ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT HAND LOTION! THE **BEFOREHAND** LOTION... **TRUSHAY!**

SO ROSALIE SMOOTHED CREAMY, FRAGRANT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE TACKLED DISHES...BECAUSE **TRUSHAY** GUARDS HANDS EVEN IN HOT, SOAPY WATER!

AND SHE ALSO PUT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE LAUNDERED HER PRETTY-PRETTIES! AND **TRUSHAY'S** SPECIAL "OIL-RICHNESS" HELPED PREVENT DRYNESS AND ROUGHNESS.

WELL, ROSALIE IS DOING QUITE COSILY NOW...FOR **TRUSHAY** IS KEEPING HER HANDS SOFT AND SMOOTH...THEY'RE NOT SCRATCHY ANY MORE.

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PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

P. S. Trushay's grand for softening hands at *any* time! Wonderful, too, for rough, dry elbows and heels . . . as a powder base . . . before and after exposure to weather. Trushay contains no alcohol, is not sticky. Begin today to use Trushay.

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the friendly magazine

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Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

There have been some memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".

To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the stage is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life.

★ ★ ★ ★

BONITA

A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his *affaires d'amour* or even *du coeur*, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney's back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul.

★ ★ ★ ★

LINA

His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rhumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Romay, his tragi-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady's wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan's delight.

★ ★ ★ ★

The writers deserve to be in the billing. A hand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale's original story.

★ ★ ★ ★

And an extra hand to you. You'll want it to applaud with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love Laughs at Andy Hardy. Love is you.

—Lea

HE JITTERBUGS WITH A 6-FOOT HEPCAT!
THE LEAP FOR LOVE IN THE POOL!
HE ESCAPES IN AUNT MILLY'S NIGHT DRESS!
OUCH! THAT RHUMBA MOVEMENT!
LOVE HITS HIM WHERE IT HURTS!

Mickey's back! And you'll howl!

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"Love Laughs at Andy Hardy"

with

MICKEY ROONEY
LEWIS STONE

SARA HADEN · LINA ROMAY · FAY HOLDEN · BONITA GRANVILLE · DOROTHY FORD

Screen Play by HARRY RUSKIN and WILLIAM LUDWIG • Original Story by HOWARD DIMSDALE

Directed by WILLIS GOLDBECK • Produced by ROBERT SISK

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

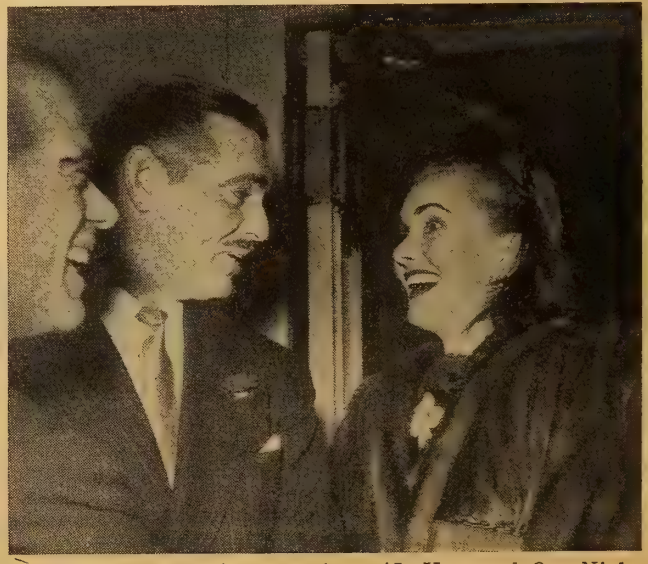
Richard and Greer Garson Ney were among Jimmy Stewart's well-wishers at Frank Capra's *It's A Wonderful Life* party. Greer heads for England soon—her first trip home since *Goodbye Mr. Chips.*

Brenda Marshall won't worry about husband William Holden's balanced diet any longer. Bill, whose first post-war film will be *Dear Ruth,* is going into the vitamin-manufacturing business.

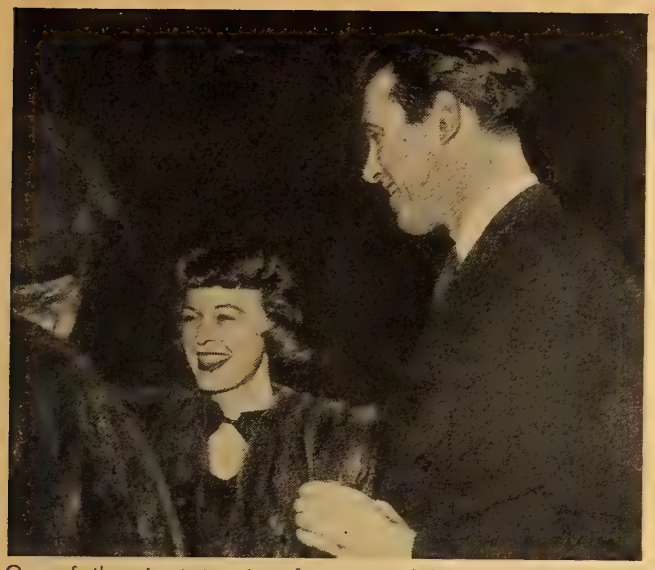
Lionel Barrymore—one of the Capra regulars (he's in *Wonderful Life,* too)—boasted to Lucille Ball that he's now an honorary member of the Mark Twain Society! He knew Twain as a boy.

Maybe it's a kiss Roz Russell is going to plant on Frank Capra—or is he just whispering a few director's tricks? For Roz and Bing Crosby plan to produce a slap-stick comedy—starring themselves!

It wouldn't be a party without a cut-up or two—so the otherwise dignified Edward G. Robinson and Frank Morgan oblige. Robinson's extensive art collection, incidentally, is now valued at $1,000,000.



Clark Gable, an old Capra graduate (*It Happened One Night,* remember?) squired lovely Anita Colby. It's Virginia Grey, however, whose name is seriously linked with Clark's—at this moment, anyway!



One of the nicest surprises for guest of honor Jimmy Stewart was meeting up with old friend and co-star Margaret Sullavan. Maggie, who's Mrs. Leland Hayward, now has three daughters!

Bob Stack danced with Yvonne de Carlo all night at the *Wonderful Life* party; then went home to bed with a bad case of bronchitis. But he's all right now, after recuperating at Palm Springs.

Fred and Mrs. MacMurray approve the filet mignon. Fred, who's one of the smartest businessmen in Hollywood, will follow the trend with his independent producing company, after *The Egg and I.*

louella parsons'

Good news and party postscripts

■ THE PASSING of W. C. Fields on Christmas Day saddened many hearts. I almost believed that I would get a telegram saying, "It's not true, Louella. Don't believe it." So many times in the past, when I would say that he was sick and ailing, I would hear from him, saying, "Now don't kill me off yet." Bill Fields joked about everything. He joked with his nurses and doctors almost to the moment of his death. He even joked about his large red nose, which was really his stock in trade. He used to say it was caused by "spiritus fermenti," and his jokes in radio and vaudeville became famous. I have known Fields for about twenty-five years, first when he was with the Ziegfeld Follies, where he won great fame as a juggler. He was 67 years old, and his real name was Claude William Dunkenfield. He disliked the name Claude, but a few of his friends called him Uncle Claude. He didn't like the name William, either. So he was always known as W. C. Fields. There's never been anyone quite like W. C., and he'll be missed by all his friends who loved his company.

* * *

It's nothing new for the public to be bewildered about Hollywood romances. In my time, I have been a little giddy on the subject myself.

But this month, I swear, it's the sweethearts who know from nothing about their own heart affairs. S'help me, I've never known so many scrambled romances—or romancers.

Evie Wynn, for instance, picked out Van Johnson's first home for him and then set about getting it furnished in her own favorite colors. But the day Evie announced she was divorcing Keenan (prelude to marrying Van) she was spotted in an interior decorator's shop picking out drapes—not for Van's place—but for Keenan's new apartment!

"Well," as one philosopher mused, "they were all friends when Evie was married to Keenan, so there's no particular

louella parsons' Good news and party postscripts

reason why they shouldn't remain buddies when she marries Van!"

But that isn't all, kids—that's just the beginning.

Perhaps the MOST undecided lady of the year is pretty little Nancy Guild who met millionaire Edward Lasker one week, fell madly in love with him, set their wedding day for a week hence, and then called the whole thing off the day before the marriage!

Nancy says her parents begged her to wait and think it over, and apparently that was what she was doing when she left young Lasker with a $20,000 diamond ring cooling in his pocket.

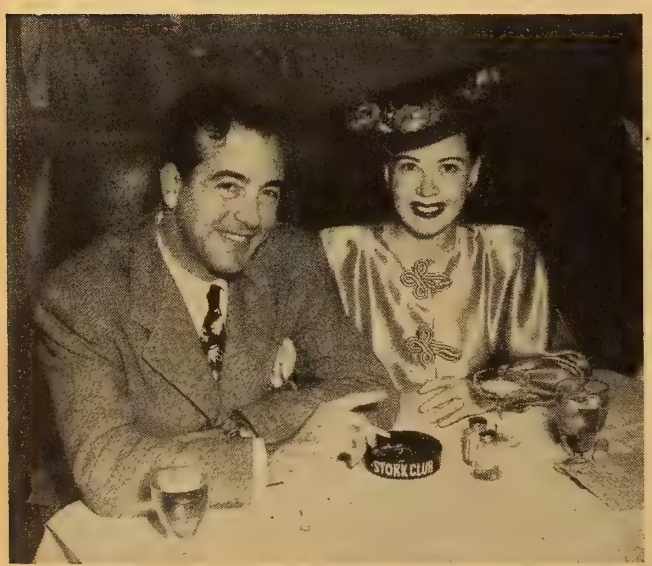
I must say Lasker is game. He told me he thought Nancy might change her mind *again* and they would be married next year if not before. Meanwhile, a fur coat and a Cadillac he'd picked out for her wedding gifts—along with the costly sparkler—have all been taken back to where they came from, making young Edward richer—but not happier.

And then there's the Lana Turner-Tyrone Power romantic fireworks. Is it love? Well, Lana is quoted as having said Ty is "the only man I have ever loved"—which, from Lana, is an extravagant statement you'll admit. The day this interesting "quote" reached print, Ty was dining with his ex, Annabella, in New York. When Lana's remark was relayed to him, Ty had no comment to make, although there's no chance of his making up with Annabella. She's said to have her next picked out—a rich radio biggie. See what I mean? They all get more and more involved as we roll along.

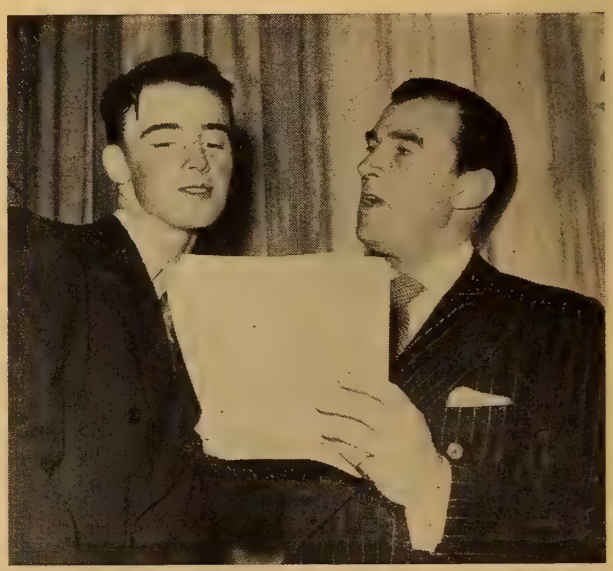
Take Linda Darnell. She says, "I will divorce Pev Marley as soon as I finish 'Forever Amber.'" But here is what she *does*: The only gent she dines with is PEV MARLEY!

But the topper of them all came in a newspaper headline heralding the (*Continued on page 10*)

The Biltmore Bowl banquet for newspaper editors brought out Ann Todd and husband Nigel Tangye. Ann's a hit with N. Y. newsmen, too!



Courting Gloria De Haven—just like the old days—is husband John Payne, here at the Stork Club. John blames their separation on "a case of nerves caused by the excitement of their new home."



Completely recovered from his accident in Japan last year, Jerome Courtland appeared with Walter Pidgeon on a Lux Radio Show. Walter and Greer Garson have vowed not to co-star again.

"Stop apologizing for sex, George Apley...*you didn't invent it!*"

He's the immovable object!
She's the irresistible force!
It's the incomparably entertaining movie!

RONALD COLMAN

The LATE GEORGE APLEY

"But it's better late than never!"

and introducing
PEGGY CUMMINS

FROM THE PULITZER PRIZE NOVEL

20th CENTURY-FOX

Directed by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
Produced by
FRED KOHLMAR

with

VANESSA BROWN · RICHARD HAYDN · CHARLES RUSSELL · RICHARD NEY

PERCY WARAM · MILDRED NATWICK · EDNA BEST · NYDIA WESTMAN

Screen Play by Philip Dunne · From the Play by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman

Based on the Novel by John P. Marquand

WINNER OF THE 1945 ACADEMY AWARD

JOAN C
JOHN G

THE NEW **WARNER**
– ONE OF THE GREATEST

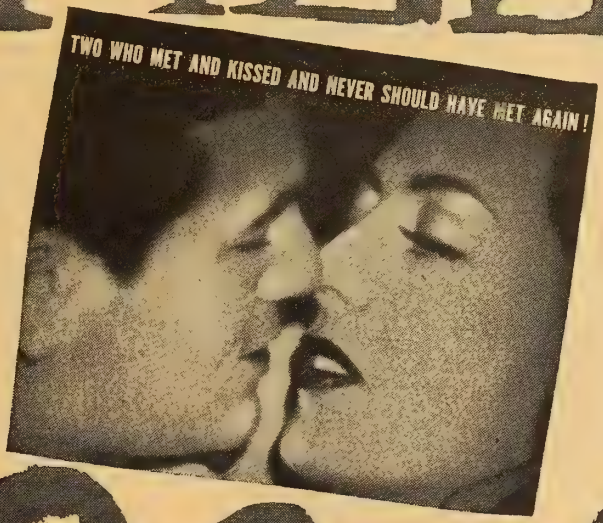
"Humo

WITH

OSCAR LEVANT · J. CARROL NAISH · DIRECTED BY JEAN N

FOR 'MILDRED PIERCE' IN ANOTHER HISTORY-MAKING ROLE!

JOAN CRAWFORD ARFIELD



ACHIEVEMENT
OF THEM ALL!

"Rescue"

PRODUCED BY
EGULESCO · JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold • Based on a Story by Fannie Hurst • Music Conducted by Franz Waxman

Jack Benny couldn't resist Irene Dunne's lighter tresses at a broadcast. Irene's new color is a little like the redheaded hair-do she wears for her technicolor role in *Life With Father*.

Both Robert Montgomery and Charles Boyer are very much interested in politics, but they're usually too busy with screen assignments to participate much. Bob's producing a Broadway show, *The Big Two*.

Gracie Allen points with pride as our own Louella Parsons admires the Christmas tie Gracie bought George. Louella also had to hear all about son Ronnie—and look at pictures, too!

louella parsons' Good news and party postscripts

(*Continued from page 6*) finish of the tangled Artie Shaw-Kathleen Winsor romance. Artie, and the authoress of "Forever Amber," you remember, eloped to Mexico, obtained secret divorces and were married before they were legally shed of their former mates in Los Angeles.

So out comes the headline: "BOB HERWIG DIVORCES ARTIE SHAW'S WIFE!" And I claim that's a statement that would baffle the unbafflable Mr. Anthony! How untangled can you get?

* * *

There was something very heart-warming in the dinner given by Frank Capra, George Stevenson, Sam Briskin and William Wyler to launch their hit, "It's A Wonderful Life," and bring Jimmy Stewart back to his fans and friends.

I say "heart-warming" because the famous hosts had invited all the actors who had EVER appeared in any of their pictures to be present along with the top-notchers of today, and so the whole charming affair at the Ambassador Hotel was a sentimental reunion of old and new stars and old and new friends.

At one table, I saw Viola Dana (she was the darling of her day), Shirley Mason (who was the June Allyson of her time) and still-lovely Claire Windsor who was once called the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. Just a few tables away, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who hit the heights together in Capra's "It Happened One Night," had their heads together talking about old times. Sitting next to Clark was Greer Garson. This was really "get together" night! There were many tales of how cool Greer and Clark had been to one another when they were making "Adventure."

Loretta Young stopped to tell me that her husband was in New York, so she came with Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier. Another real beauty sitting at the same table with Joan and Loretta was Anita Stewart, glamorous star of the silent days, who had a career equalled by few stars even to this day. She was Louis B. Mayer's first movie star, and he says a great deal (*Continued on page 12*)

"What this Country needs is more Farmers' DAUGHTERS!"
Here's the year's biggest laugh
...about a country maid
who lays down the law
to a Congressman!
RKO PRESENTS
LORETTA YOUNG
JOSEPH COTTEN
ETHEL BARRYMORE
in
"The Farmer's Daughter"
with
CHARLES BICKFORD
A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION
Directed by H. C. POTTER
Written by ALLEN RIVKIN and LAURA KERR
RKO RADIO PICTURES

louella parsons' Good news and party postscripts

Felix Jackson dates Hollywood's latest redhead: it's wife Deanna Durbin! Like Irene Dunne (see p. 10), Deanna changed color for *Central Park*, now likes it that way.

After all, reasons Trigger, why shouldn't every horse have his day? At the opening of the Hitching Post Theater, Trigger allowed Roy Rogers—assisted by Dale Evans—to leave *his* footprint, too! Trigger's gone Hollywood, with a peroxide blonde mane!

of his success was built on Anita's beauty and popularity. I also noticed Irene Dunne, and with her was her husband, Dr. Griffin, who has been ill, and consequently makes few appearances.

I was fortunate enough to sit at Frank Capra's table with Jimmy Stewart right beside me. Jimmy was with Margaret Sullavan, who never seems to age and still has that little girl look. At one time, Jimmy was deeply in love with Maggie—but that was years ago. Now they are just old friends. When her husband, Leland Hayward, was unable to make the party because of illness, Jimmy, of course, wanted his good friend, Margaret, to share his big night with him.

And believe me, it was a big night for him. Sitting so close to him I could see that he was trembling and shaking like a newcomer who had never before appeared on the screen. He was as nervous as a kid during the dinner and before we saw the movie. Jimmy said, "This one means everything, Louella. I've been away a long time and I'm afraid they've forgotten me."

Well, he didn't feel that way AFTER the showing! What a wonderful movie it is, living right up to the full meaning of its title, "It's A Wonderful Life." Everyone was dashing around congratulating every one else, and one of the first hands I grabbed belonged to Lionel Barrymore, who plays an old meanie in the picture. He didn't seem like an old meanie to me when he bent down and kissed me on the cheek. Over the top of his head, I glimpsed Rosalind Russell, wearing a spangled lace shawl over her head, and looking like a dream boat.

As I left, I stopped to speak to Jack Holt, who is so good looking I didn't mind in the least when he reminded me that we had first met 20 years ago. And then there were dark, exotic Estelle Taylor, quite as alluring as when she was Mrs. Jack Dempsey; Sally Eilers, pert and blonde, bringing back memories of "Bad Girl," Tom Moore, Lee Tracy and dozens of other former great names, all come to do honor to their director friends, Capra, Briskin, Stevenson and Wyler.

But the Hollywood scene is not all romance and frivolity these days—not by a long shot. Back of the scenes is the most stirring race for Academy Award honors I've witnessed in over 20 years of covering this town.

Believe me, the rivalry is bitter and real. Good friends among producers, directors and stars, who have a chance for the coveted honors, are suddenly chilling toward one another. The suspense is getting them down!

The heat is on—and while a great many people think this might be a bad thing, I think it is perfectly wonderful. With such spirited competition, you, the paying public, are bound to win. With every producer, star and director in the business wanting to get there "Fustest with the Bestest," you fans can't lose.

Next month, all the shouting will be over and the race forgotten for another year, but I hope this feeling of trying to make the best picture and turn in the best performances carries over among all our top people. It's good for the business and it's good for us fans.

When you read this you still won't know who won because the Awards are not until March but remember this: If the winning picture and the winning performers are not the ones you would have selected, it's because here is Hollywood voting for its own—and it's not an outside popularity contest.

* * *

The very youngest guest of honor ever to inspire a Hollywood party is Miss Candace Patricia Bergen, known to her pals as "Candy."

Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bergen, Mr. Bergen (*Continued on page 121*)

It's The All-Time
Laugh Hit
Streamlined for Now!
5 YEARS ON BROADWAY!
ABIE'S IRISH ROSE
32 MERRY MONTHS ON THE AIR!
NOW ON THE SCREEN!
Bing Crosby Producers Inc.
presents ANNE NICHOLS'
"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"
with MICHAEL CHEKHOV
and
introducing JOANNE DRU*
and RICHARD NORRIS
Produced and Directed by A. Edward Sutherland
Screenplay by Anne Nichols • Released thru United Artists
*by arrangement with Howard Hawks

by Florabel Muir

Ah, you may call it madness, but Lana calls it love—and here's our scoop-of-the-month on the Mexico City romance of Ty Power and the torchy Miss Turner

You may call it Madness...

■ Every once in a while a girl comes along in Hollywood who makes all the imaginings of the poets about love come true. And, of course, everybody loves her because it's so easy to love her and so hard not to.

Hollywood remembers girls like that. Neither Hollywood, nor the world, can forget Barbara Lamarr, Jean Harlow, Clara Bow. They were "all or nothing at all" girls. Just now we have another lush little beauty who reminds you of the girl in Marlene Dietrich's song: "Falling in love again, never wanted to, what am I to do? Can't help it."

Naturally, you know that I'm writing of Lana Turner. No halfway girl is Lana in the matter of falling in love. Her romantic exploits have been so spectacular that when she set Hollywood by the ears just as everyone was settling down to the post-New Year's doldrums, the effect was an emotional atomic bomb.

In complete defiance of studio discipline, the rule against flying while making a picture, and the elementary business of getting to the set on a working day, blonde Lana hopped a plane and flew down to Mexico City. Lana wanted to see Tyrone Power. Ty's down there starring in *Captain from Castile* for Twentieth Century-Fox. She was hungry for the touch of his hand, for the melting glances of love from those limpid dark eyes of his.

Lana had a picture of her own to worry about. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is tossing $3,000,000 into its *Green Dolphin Street*, and already it's being whispered on the lot that this is to be the company's big entry in the 1948 Academy Award Sweepstakes. The film is three weeks away from being finished at this writing. All Lana had to do was wait until the first of February to fly to romantic Acapulco and have her delectable fill of the tender passion.

Did she stop to reason why? Did she pause to think of her benign boss, Louis B. Mayer, who finds it good policy to indulge his stars but must also worry about budgets just like any other producer? Not little Lana!

It never occurred to her that if anything happened to the plane she rode in, Metro would have to write off a $3,000,000 investment and start all over again. The only thing she knew

"He's the only man I ever loved," Lana told reporters, before joining Tyrone in Mexico.

Lana bought $5,000 worth of new duds for her trip; held up *Green Dolphin Street* for a week!

for sure was that Ty Power would be dancing at Ciro's in Mexico City's Hotel Reforma on New Year's Eve and she had to be there dancing with him.

"Nobody will even know I've gone," I can imagine Lana telling herself.

But when the crew assembled to start shooting on the morning after New Year's, a telephone call came for Director Victor Saville.

"Hello, Victor, this is Lana," the voice said across the wire.

"You're not ill, I hope, darling," said the solicitous Saville.

"No, but I'm in Mexico City and I can't get back. The planes are all grounded."

In about two shakes the whole Metro plant was in an uproar. Saville rearranged his schedule and everyone prayed that the star would make it back safely.

It wasn't until three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that a demure little Lana walked on her set ready to face the camera —and the music. There wasn't a soul in sight. She was all alone. It was very, very disconcerting, Lana told me afterward. She stood there wondering what to do when all of a sudden Victor Saville and George Folsey, the cameraman, strolled out from behind some scenery. They were dolled up in serapes and sombreros, strumming guitars, and crooning "Cielito Lindo," that haunting love song of Old Mexico. All the cast and crew joined in the chorus, Van Heflin crashing out with a gusty baritone.

I think everyone will agree that it was all very sweet, and if it proves anything at all, it's that all the world still loves a lover—which is very much to the good, if you ask me.

This time love moved upon Lana like an army advancing on a beautiful beleaguered city and took her by storm. It all happened —and this is going to surprise you—at a gala party given by Gene Tierney. It isn't so long ago that Gene was being talked about as the new girl in Ty's life. That was just when people were getting over the shock of Ty's separation from Annabella—another "perfect marriage" gone on the rocks.

Lana and Ty had known each other casually for years, but they have both told friends that neither was really aware of the other until that night of Gene's party. They danced together. The music was soft, seductive, and they were young; he the dashing hero home from the war, she the soft, the yielding, the voluptuous, earmarked for love even while she was a pretty lass attending Hollywood high school.

Lana knows love's storms and tempests. She had just weathered one, a thrilling encounter of hearts with the fabulous romancer Howard Hughes, a man who might have been a d'Artagnan in another age. One day I purposely put Lana to the test. We meet often in Westmore's and trade gossip. I own to great admiration and some awe of Howard Hughes, whom I've known for nearly twenty years, but I said to Lana: "He's not good enough for you." "Oh, Florabel, you're wrong, so wrong," she protested vigorously. "Howard is a wonderful man!"

Wonderful, yes, (Continued on page 81)

Are you in the know?

If you're higher than your squire, should you—

- ☐ *Wait for a taller date*
- ☐ *Come down to earth*
- ☐ *Play stooper-woman*

What if he *isn't* tall and terrific? A short beau in tow is worth ten highboys on the loose. If you like him, come down to earth: avoid towering hats; swap spike heels for new, smart flats! No need to stoop. Even at "those" times, your bearing can be poised and proud, because with those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex, no telltale outlines show. And you get extra *protection* with that exclusive Kotex *safety center*.

Which gal can wear bangs best?

- ☐ *Babs*
- ☐ *Sue*
- ☐ *Pam*

A hairdo should fit the face that wears it. The pageboy's okay for Pam's oval face. But for chubby-cheeked Sue, bangs are bad. So-o? Babs could use the bangs: they're best suited to her long features. For coiffure-allure, be sure your hairdo befriends your type of face. And for confidence, on problem days, remember Kotex befriends your daintiness. Yes! There's a *deodorant* inside each Kotex napkin. See how this Kotex safeguard helps you stay charming!

Could she look trim as a bellhop, by—

- ☐ *Steaming in a Turkish bath*
- ☐ *Dusk-to-dawn jitterbugging*
- ☐ *Wearing a girdle*

Now *there's* the "bellhop look" she'd like! A girdle will help. The kind that belittles her waist, straightens that slump. Girdles are made so cleverly nowadays, you scarcely know you're wearing them. Like Kotex . . . and Kotex belts. For Kotex is made with lasting *softness* . . . made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And that adjustable Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so comfortably, smoothly (it's elastic) . . . lets you bend freely without binding.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

movie reviews

by virginia wilson

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

■ Most of us say at one time or another, "I wish I had never been born!" Here's a case where a man has a chance to see what would have happened to the people his life has touched if he, himself, had never existed.

The man is George Bailey (played by James Stewart in a performance that surpasses everything he did before the war). George lives in a small town, and would tell you, meaning it, that he has never amounted to much. But let's not take his word for that; let's see for ourselves. . .

When George is twelve years old, he saves his kid brother from drowning, and gets a deaf ear as a result. Later, when he's working at Gower's drug store after school, George keeps Gower (H. B. Warner) from a prescription error that would have killed a child. But no one else knows about that, and George has forgotten it himself.

He has always wanted to travel, and has saved money from the time he was a child for a trip around the world on a freighter. Shanghai, Capri, Calcutta—these are magic words to George. He can't go to college because he must help his father in the little building and loan company Mr. Bailey owns, and anyway he figures it's more important for his brother, Harry, to get an education. At last, though, George has saved enough money for his long awaited trip, and even his suitcases are packed.

But Fate says "No." George's father dies, and to save the loan company from grasping, evil old man Potter (Lionel Barrymore), George has to take it over himself. He gives up the trip, settles down and marries March Hatch (Donna Reed) and they go to live in a draughty, desolate old house that they get for practically nothing a month. Mary, by sheer magic, makes it a happy home. Then comes a catastrophe precipitated by old man Potter, which makes George see suicide as the only solution. That's when a meek little angel named Clarence (Henry Travers) appears on earth to show George what would have happened if he had never been born. . . . *RKO* (*Continued on page 18*)

Uncle Billy (Thomas Mitchell) is a good listener as George (James Stewart) dreams about traveling.

But he must save his father's business from greedy Mr. Potter (Lionel Barrymore)—so he stays home.

George marries his childhood sweetheart, Mary (Donna Reed), and plans an exciting life ahead.

But life gets grim. George has an eerie experience before he realizes it's a wonderful (family) life!

JOHNNY'S DANGEROUS...
but that's how
women like him!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Dick POWELL · Evelyn KEYES

in

Johnny O'clock

with

Lee J. COBB · Ellen DREW · Nina FOCH

S. THOMAS GOMEZ · JOHN KELLOGG

Screenplay by Robert Rossen

Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN • Produced by EDWARD G. NEALIS • Associate Producer MILTON HOLMES

A Hair "Make-Up"

Created for Your *Color Type!

Created for
BLONDES
Three of Marchand's twelve Rinse shades are created for you! The Blonde shade highlights your natural hair color. Light Golden Blonde adds a touch of copper, while Titian Blonde gives a deeper tone.

Highlights for Every Color Type . . . brownette, brunette and redhead, as well as blonde! Choose the Marchand rinse shade you want . . . dissolve it in warm water, after your shampoo . . . then, brush or pour it through your hair. In a jiffy, dulling soap film vanishes! Your hair is softer and easier to manage, lovelier than ever.

More Color . . . a little or a lot. Marchand's color chart tells you which rinse to use for the effect you desire for *your* hair. If gray strands are your problem, there's a shade to blend them in with your original hair color!

Absolutely Harmless . . . Marchand's Rinse is not a bleach, not a permanent dye. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and washes out easily the next time you shampoo your hair.

Marchand's

"Make-Up"

HAIR RINSE

6 RINSES—25c • 2 RINSES—10c
Plus Tax

By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

Dead Reckoning: Rip Murdock (H. Bogart) warns Martinelli (Morris Carnovsky) and Coral (L. Scott) he'll stop at nothing to find his friend's murderer.

DEAD RECKONING

Dead Reckoning packs as much suspense as a loaded gun. Humphrey Bogart is terrific, as usual, in one of his casually tough characterizations. Lizabeth Scott makes a sultry foil for him, and William Prince handles a smaller part with smooth precision.

Rip Murdock (Humphrey Bogart) and Johnny Carver (William Prince) were paratroopers together, and now they're back in the States to receive the Congressional Medal. Only Johnny doesn't want a medal, or anything else that involves publicity, so he disappears. Rip has a worried feeling that the kid is in danger, and he goes after him.

This pursuit lands Rip in Gulf City, Louisiana, and a peck of trouble. He soon finds the reason for Johnny's not wanting publicity. Carver is not his right name, and he was arrested for murder before he escaped and enlisted in the Army. The murdered man is a millionaire named Chandler, who had married a night club singer. Chandler had hired Johnny, who was a professor of English, to teach his wife, Coral (Lizabeth Scott) how to speak properly. But Coral taught Johnny about love, and that wasn't in the contract. So there was a fight, and Chandler was shot.

Rip, searching Gulf City for Johnny, wonders why the kid came back here now. He doesn't wonder any more, after he meets Coral. Any man would come back from anywhere for Coral. But apparently there were people who didn't want Johnny around. His body is found in a wrecked car, and Rip grimly decides to stay in Gulf City until he finds out who's responsible, and "takes care" of them.

He is soon so entangled that he couldn't get out if he wanted to, what with finding a corpse in his other twin bed, getting beaten up in a gambling club, and being exposed to Coral's high-octane sex appeal. Nobody but Rip could juggle all those ingredients and come up with a murderer.—*Col.*

EASY COME, EASY GO

Let me introduce you to Martin L. Donovan (Barry Fitzgerald), known to his Third Avenue neighborhood as Himself. Himself is a shiftless old rascal, the owner of a broken-down boarding house which his daughter, Connie (Diana Lynn), runs as best she can. She operates under difficulties, since Himself usually manages to collect the rent money before she can get at it, and loses it on the horses. This leaves Connie to cope with the tradesmen who come around with long overdue bills.

The boarders, an eccentric lot, all love Connie. They even have a sneaking fondness for Himself who, after all, has an enchanting store of charm and optimism to call on when he gets in a tough spot. Also he can give you the past performance of any horse you name—which makes it strange that he practically never wins a bet. Frequently, when Connie gets discouraged, Himself paints glowing pictures of all the money they'll have when his brother, Tim, shows up one fine day. Tim, it seems, is a deep sea diver, and he'll have a great store of pearls and gold from the ocean depths, and they'll all be rich, with cars and servants and fine clothes.

"That'll be lovely," Connie says, "but in the meantime how about getting to work on that sign you promised to paint for the Twilight Bar And Grill?"

A young patrolman named Whipple (Dick Foran) is in love with Connie, but Himself has no intention of letting her leave him and the boarders just to get married. Craftily, he tells Whipple that she loves another, and when he's forced to name him, picks on Kevin O'Connor (Sonny Tufts), an old beau of Connie's, now safely away with the Seabees. But Kevin shows up, a wounded hero, with money saved to buy Connie an engagement ring. Himself inveigles Kevin into betting on a horse or two and, before you can say "Daily Racing Form," the two of them have been hauled off to court for frequenting a bookmaker. I'm not even going to try to tell you the rest—you'll have too much fun seeing it.

Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Frank Faylen and Rhys Williams are a few you'll meet in this saga of Third Avenue.—*Par.*

A SWELL GUY

A war correspondent named Jim Duncan (Sonny Tufts), who has a spectacular reputation for bravery under fire, is the "swell guy" of the title. You hear it everywhere in the town of Carmelita—

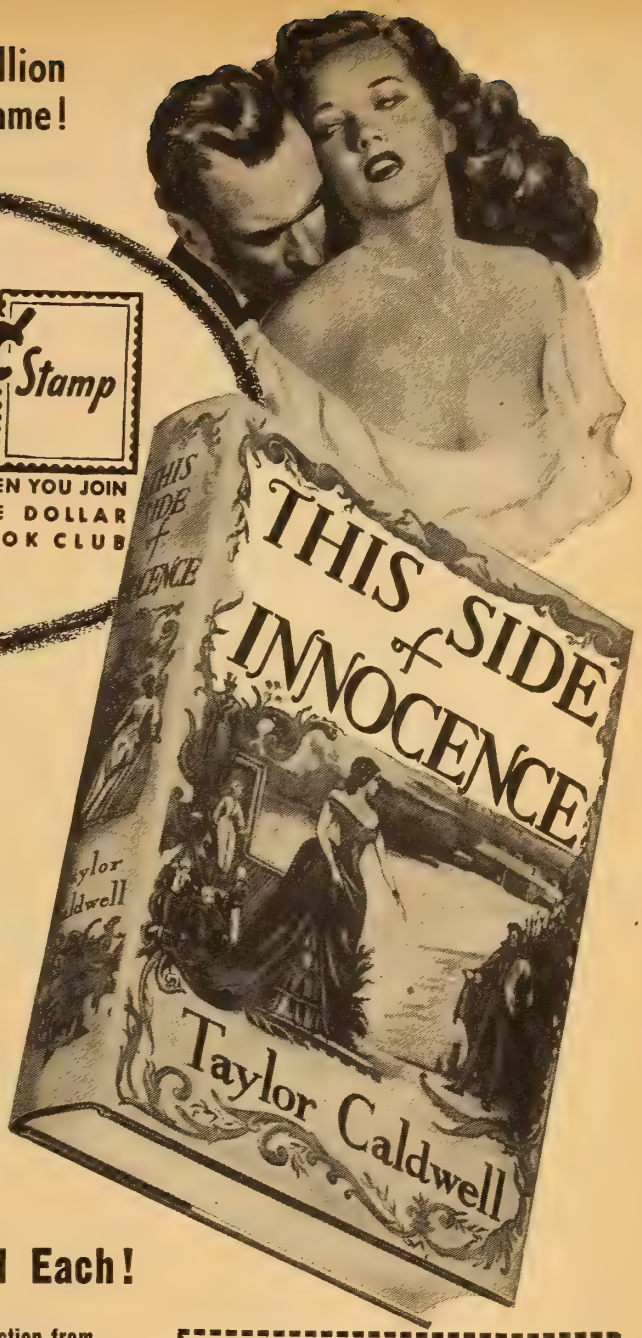
Reckless, Ravishing Amalie! Over a Million Readers Have Rocketed Her Story to Fame!

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

Yours for just a 3¢ Stamp

WHEN YOU JOIN THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

Taylor Caldwell's Sensational New Best-Seller!



She Had to Decide Between a Loveless Marriage and a Lawless Love!

AMALIE was a nobody, the daughter of a drunken tenant farmer. Alfred was rich, respectable. But he loved this fascinating, red-mouthed woman, and married her despite his bitter knowledge that she did not, and probably never would, love him.

His half-brother Jerome, the devil-may-care wastrel, the man no woman had ever yet resisted, tried vainly to prevent the wedding. Jerome and Amalie hated each other on sight. He threatened her, tried to compromise her, tried to buy her off—and she laughed at him. Then, suddenly, caught in a passion as ruthless as themselves, they found they were deeply, recklessly in love. Did Amalie choose her loveless marriage—and security, or a lawless love—and disgrace?

"This Side of Innocence," by Taylor Caldwell, is a brilliant, swiftly-moving, and intensely alive story that will stand with the great dramatic novels of the decade. Says the Philadelphia Inquirer: "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . 500 pages so solidly satisfying, so pulsing with life, that one resents their coming to an end." It's at the height of its popularity; everyone's talking about it; it's soon to be a $2,000,000 movie; and yet you may have it now for just a 3-cent stamp when you accept this membership offer of the Dollar Book Club!

The ONLY Book Club That Brings You Outstanding Current Books for Only $1 Each!

YES, the DOLLAR BOOK CLUB brings you newly printed, current books by famous authors for only $1.00 each. This represents a saving to you of 50 to 75 per cent from the established retail price. Every Dollar Book Club selection is a handsome, full-sized library edition, well printed and bound in a format exclusively for members. You are privileged to purchase as many Club books as you wish at the special price of $1.00 each.

Although one outstanding book is chosen each month for exclusive distribution to members at $1.00 each, you do not have to accept a book every month; only the purchase of six a year is necessary. In fact, for convenience most members prefer to have shipped and pay for books every other month.

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Choose Your First Selection from These Best-Sellers

Upon receipt of the attached coupon with a 3c stamp you will be sent a copy of *"This Side of Innocence."* You will also receive as your first selection for $1.00 your choice of any of these three best-sellers:

- **Before the Sun Goes Down,** by Elizabeth Metzger Howard. Dr. Dan Field knew the whole town's secrets—yet hid a burning secret of his own! This great novel won the M-G-M $125,000 prize and the publisher's $20,000 award.
- **The Foxes of Harrow,** by Frank Yerby. The 1,000,000-copy best-seller of the man who parlayed a jewel and a gambler's ruthless cunning into power and a Creole plantation dynasty.
- **The Strange Woman,** by Ben Ames Williams. The unforgettable story of a "Maine Cleopatra," by the author of *Leave Her to Heaven*—soon to be seen as a spectacular $2,000,000 movie starring Hedy Lamarr.

Every other month you will receive the descriptive folder called The Bulletin, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections and reviews ten or more additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. If, after reading The Bulletin, you do not wish to purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks so that the books will not be sent you. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each. There are no dues or membership fees at any time.

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When you see "This Side of Innocence" and your first selection and consider that these books are typical of the values you will receive for only $1.00, you will realize the great advantages of free membership in this popular Club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now!

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
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"That Jim Duncan is a swell guy!" Only one person in the whole town knows that Jim is actually a complete heel. That person is his mother (Mary Nash).

She is sure there is going to be trouble as soon as Jim shows up to live with her, and his brother and his family. He says he's tired of bouncing around the world—wants to stay in Carmelita and write a novel. The truth is, he's broke, and no one in the newspaper business wants any part of him. He drinks too much, he's unreliable, and he's bad news for any woman who comes in contact with him.

Marian Tyler (Ann Blythe) is too young to know that much about men. But she's old enough, Jim figures, to know what she's doing, and if she isn't, that's her headache, not his. So when she falls in love with him, he treats her the way he always treats women—"Let's live for tonight, baby, and the hell with tomorrow."

There's another woman to whom Jim is dangerous, too, in a different way. She is Ann (Ruth Warrick), the wife of his brother, Martin (William Gargan). To Ann, Jim represents glamor and sophistication and excitement—all the things she has missed in the little town of Carmelita. He makes her suddenly tired of Martin and her little boy and washing clothes and cooking meals.

Jim soon organizes a floating crap game that is more profitable than it is honest. And gradually rumors get around the town that maybe Jim isn't such a swell guy after all. That he is, in fact, no good. Which isn't true, either, only it takes death to prove it.

Ann Blythe is exceptionally fine as the reckless girl who finds out too late that she doesn't know as much as she thinks. And you'll be surprised at the way Sonny Tufts handles the lead role.—*Univ.*

BOOMERANG

Dana Andrews represents the forces of law and order with as much authority as a Police Positive .38. He plays Henry Harvey, a young District Attorney who is on the side of the Reform administration in a city where the radio and press are with the opposition. His position is difficult at best. After the murder of Father Lambert, a well-loved Catholic priest, it becomes really tough.

There aren't any clues in the murder, although it was done on a street and half a dozen witnesses saw the murderer. It was at night, and about all they agree on is that he wore a dark overcoat and grey hat—a description which applies to most of the men in the city. The police superintendent (Lee J. Cobb) comes to see Harvey and says they haven't been able to discover any possible motive. Their only guess is that, since Father Lambert was a man with a strong sense of duty, he may have been a threat to some criminal, through something he discovered.

Meanwhile the opposition papers, led by a clever and unscrupulous reporter, Woods (Sam Levene), are banging away at the old theme. "A murderer is among us and the police have done nothing." The police *have* done something, however. They have had a composite picture made from the descriptions of the various witnesses. It has been circulated around, and has resulted in the picking up of about twenty suspects. Most of them have alibis, but there is one who doesn't. His name is Waldon (Arthur Kennedy). At first he denies that he ever heard of Father Lambert. But the good Father's housekeeper identifies him as a man who came there just a few days before the murder—a man she heard quarreling with Father Lambert, and threatening him.

Several of the witnesses say that Waldron is the man they saw at the scene of the crime. The police are pleased with the solution. Only Harvey has a strange little suspicion that it's too pat to be true; that the real killer is laughing at them.—*20th-Fox*

THAT WAY WITH WOMEN

Sidney Greenstreet, the fat man who used to convey more menace per pound than anyone on the screen, is no longer a villain. In *That Way With Women* he plays a retired business man with a heart of gold. Also, he's on a diet. I feel a distinct sense of loss about the whole thing.

The picture, however, is entertaining, with Dane Clark and Martha Vickers taking care of the love interest. It tells the troubles of James Alden (Sidney Greenstreet) who was a happy man when he was working eighteen hours a day as head of the Alden Motor Company. Now

Boomerang: Reporter Woods (Sam Levene) heckles district attorney (D. Andrews), who's trying to prevent an innocent man from being convicted.

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That Way With Women: Two-fisted Dane Clark falls for his boss' daughter (M. Vickers).

he's retired, and the doctor won't let him eat anything but toast, or drink anything stronger than hot water with a slice of lemon, and he feels terrible all the while. Life wouldn't be worth living if it wasn't for his gardener, Herman (Alan Hale). Herman is a lousy gardener but he's a great chef, and, occasionally, Alden steals over to his place for a good meal.

What the old boy needs, though, is a business interest, so he secretly buys a partnership in a gas station. The other partner is an ex-GI, Greg Wilson (Dane Clark). Greg has no use for millionaires, but he doesn't know who Alden really is, since he's using the name of his gardener, Herman. Greg has met Alden's pretty daughter, Marcia (Martha Vickers), at a garden party, and doesn't think much of her, either—he keeps telling himself. Maybe the fact that she ignored him in favor of an out-of-town operator named Andrews (Craig Stevens) has something to do with it. Anyway, he takes her to a ball game and dinner one night, just to prove how little he likes her. They quarrel violently, but have to admit their attraction for each other.

The gas station is flourishing—so much so that a gang of crooks tries to shake down its owners for "protection." Neither Alden nor Greg is the type to pay off a racket like that, but when they don't, they find themselves in plenty of trouble—*War.*

THIS HAPPY BREED

Some of the finest acting of the current cinema is to be found in this Noel Coward Technicolor production. It's a cavalcade of twenty years in the life of a British family, stretching from the end of World War I to World War II. It is full of quiet humor and, if it is somewhat over-sentimentalized, the acting of Robert Newton, Celia Johnson and Johnny Mills keeps you from realizing it.

Frank Gibbons (Robert Newton) spent four years in the infantry, and is a happy man when he is demobilized in 1918. He and his family move into number 17 Sycamore Road and, although the house is small and a bit damp, at least they're together again, he and Ethel (Celia Johnson), and their children. Ethel's mother (Amy Vaness) comes to live with them and so does Frank's sister, Sylvia (Alison Liggett). They are an unfortunate combination, since the old lady's acid tongue keeps Sylvia in tears or temper most of the time.

Fortunately, Frank is too easy-going to let these disturbances bother him. He likes to drop into the pub of an evening with his friend Bob (Stanley Holloway), who lives next door. Sometimes they have a drink or so too many, and Ethel scolds when they come home. But on the whole Frank is a good husband and an equally good father.

As the children grow up, life gets more complicated. Young Reg (John Blythe) goes all out radical in his ideas during the General Strike of 1926, infuriating his conservative father. "When you're older, my lad," Frank tells him, "you'll find that most of the injustice in the world comes from human nature, not from government."

Queenie (Kay Walsh), their pretty daughter, goes off to work as a manicurist. Instead of marrying the sailor who is in love with her (John Mills), she runs away with a married man. But by the time World War II comes along, the Gibbons family has proved that it, like most middle class families, is sound and strong at the core.—*Univ.*

SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING

Spring or not, things are tough in the Morely family. Here is Mary Morely (Paulette Goddard) arriving in New York after three years overseas with the WAC. And here is her husband, Peter (Fred MacMurray), greeting her not with kisses and a corsage but with divorce papers for her to sign.

The cause of the debacle is a red-haired dream puss named Gloria (Arleen Whelan). Gloria combines a Botticelli face with a very practical mind. She wants to legalize her romance with Peter, and she wants to do it *now*. She is furious when he calls her that evening and admits Mary hasn't yet signed the papers. "If I take her out to dinner, maybe I can talk her into it," he suggests, and Gloria agrees, with considerable reluctance.

While Peter is telephoning, Mary encounters a young man with a million dollars and a sense of humor. Jack Lindsey (Macdonald Carey) is the name, and he's a client of Peter's. He surveys Mary, and the situation, and likes the looks of both. He has a feeling they hold possibilities for him. He shows up with Gloria at the Sky Club, where Peter takes Mary for dinner, thereby neatly breaking up the party.

Mary is definitely unhappy. She loves Peter and doesn't want to hand him over to another woman, even as decorative a one as Gloria. Also, Mary's job in the WAC is to conduct a bureau of marital relations. If her own marriage breaks up, so will others she has managed to keep going. She is amused by Jack and flattered by his attentions, but she wants Pete and no one else. She has to leave for Chicago on WAC business the next day, and Peter and Jack follow her. Jack is busy handing out advice. "Turn into the kind of a guy she hates," he tells Peter. "Smoke big, black cigars. Develop a hyena laugh. Tell stories about traveling salesmen." All of which leads to hilarious slapstick, if not to Reno—*Par.*

This Happy Breed: Kay Walsh loves a married man; worries her mother (Celia Johnson).

ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 33, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

PURSUED

In New Mexico, back in 1900, a deserted ranch-house is the scene of a strange reunion which intermingles love and death, the past and the present. The reunion of Jeb Rand (Robert Mitchum) and his wife, Thor (Teresa Wright).

The events that lead up to this scene begin over twenty years before, on a night of violence and bloodshed in this same ranch-house. Jeb was only three then, but he still remembers the tramp of heavy boots, the flashes of gunfire, and the sight and sound of death.

After that night, little Jeb is adopted by a neighbor, Mrs. Callum (Judith Anderson), and raised with her son, Adam (John Rodney) and daughter, Thor. Adam and Jeb never get along together. When Jeb is twelve, someone shoots at him one day and he accuses Adam. Mrs. Callum knows better. She knows it was her brother-in-law, Grant Callum (Dean Jagger), and that the dead fingers of the past are still reaching out for the boy.

When Jeb is twenty, he enlists to fight in the Spanish-American War. He and Adam had tossed to see which should go, and Jeb lost. But he won Thor, who tells him she loves him and will marry him when he gets back. That is enough for Jeb, who makes a good soldier and becomes a much-decorated hero—only to return and find that Adam refuses to let him come back to the ranch. The old enmity between them flares up, and in the gunfight which follows, Adam is killed.

After that, Thor will have nothing to do with Jeb. The death of her brother stands between them. Later, Jeb kills another man—unintentionally—who has been courting Thor. She decides quite coldly and unemotionally that she will marry Jeb, for just one reason—so she can shoot him on their wedding night. But she loves him too much to do it, and now they are here in this deserted cabin, waiting for death, with only one chance in a thousand of getting away.—*War.*

LADY IN THE LAKE

You've seen Dick Powell and Humphrey Bogart as Phil Marlowe, the Raymond Chandler detective. Now Bob Montgomery has taken over, and with a completely new angle, which will fascinate you.

It's a matter of photography. After the first five minutes, you don't see Marlowe on the screen at all, except when he looks into a mirror. He's just a voice, and you see the action through his eyes. As a result of this technique, it seems as if everything were happening to *you.*

Marlowe gets involved in this case because he writes a mystery story. He sells it to Adrienne Fromsett (Audrey Totter), editor of a string of pulp magazines.

Lady In The Lake: Detective Marlowe (R. Montgomery) quizzes Leon Ames, Audrey Totter.

The Secret Heart: Penny (June Allyson) can't understand how Brandon (Marshall Thompson) and her stepmother (Claudette Colbert) can smile—not when her own heart is almost broken . . .

Adrienne is an attractive young woman who has calmly decided to marry her boss, Derrace Kingsby (Leon Ames). He has a wife named Crystal, but she has disappeared, three weeks before. Adrienne wants Marlowe to find her so Kingsby can start divorce proceedings.

The last he heard from Crystal was a telegram from Mexico, saying she was with Chris Lavery. Chris (Dick Simmons) is a glorified gigolo, and just the kind of guy Crystal would go for. She is lush, blonde and beautiful, but not bright. Marlowe looks up Chris and gets a fast right to the jaw for his pains. It's bad luck that a couple of days later he finds Chris murdered, and the cops find *him.*

They aren't enthusiastic over Marlowe's story of a woman who wandered in with a gun she said she found on the stairs. Neither are they interested in his theory that Chris' murder ties in with a blonde who has been found drowned in the lake near Derrace Kingsby's cabin. But the murderer is interested—too much so for Marlowe to escape alive, unless he guesses awfully fast!—*M-G-M.*

THE SECRET HEART

For the first time, June Allyson has a really difficult role to play and she handles it beautifully. She *is* Penny Adams, a seventeen-year-old whose life has been thrown off balance by the suicide of her adored father when she was five. Penny doesn't know it was suicide, or that her father had stolen money. She only knows that he is still more important to her than anything in the world. It isn't a normal attitude, and Lee (Claudette Colbert), Penny's step-mother, finally takes her to a psychiatrist (Lionel Barrymore).

He says the only way Penny will get over her fixation is to bring it out in the open. He advises re-opening the old farm in Rhode Island which Lee and Penny and her brother, Chase (Robert Sterling) left after Larry Adams' tragic death. Lee is afraid of what will happen. And she's afraid of meeting again their next door neighbor at the farm, Chris Matthews (Walter Pidgeon). She and Chris were in love before Larry died, although they never admitted it. Afterwards, Lee took the children away to New York and told Chris she could never see him again. She went to work and has been paying off Larry's obligations. Now she will have to see Chris, and she's frightened.

She needn't have been afraid for herself. From the moment they get together, she and Chris know that everything is perfect. They are as much in love as ever, and now there is nothing to keep them apart. Nothing but Penny. She has, incredibly, transferred her fixation about her father to Chris. She is, in her childish but terribly serious way, in love with him. It isn't a pretty situation.

Marshall Thompson, Patricia Medina and Elizabeth Patterson are among the excellent cast.—*M-G-M.*

NORA PRENTISS

It's no sort of life for a girl like Nora Prentiss (Ann Sheridan)—all this sneaking around corners, spending surreptitious, stolen weekends in the country, because the man she loves is married to someone else. His name is Richard Talbott (Kent Smith) and he is a doctor. He has a wife and two children, and before Nora came along his days—and nights—were respectable, routine and dull.

Nora is a night club singer, a girl who has been around, but not too much. She's still eager, and a little naive about love, in spite of her surface cynicism. She doesn't mean to get involved with Dr. Talbott, but it happens before she realizes it. Then she doesn't care. Nothing matters except their being together.

Talbott knows he can't go on this way. His wife is suspicious, his practice is falling off, he himself is miserable over the situation. Yet he loves Nora too much to give her up. Eventually, she gets an offer to sing in a New York night club, and he persuades her to accept. Perhaps a separation will solve their problem. But on the night before she leaves, two things happen. One is that he suddenly realizes he can't stand to let her go without him. The other is that a patient dies in his office, and it is a man whose general appearance tallies with his own.

So the next day the papers carry a story that Dr. Richard Talbott has been killed in an auto accident. Actually, of course, it is the body of the other man which is found in the car. And Talbott is on his way to New York with Nora. She knows nothing about what has happened, because Talbott told her his wife had agreed to a divorce. "Everything is going to be all right, now, darling," he said. "We'll be together always." He couldn't have been more wrong.—*War.*

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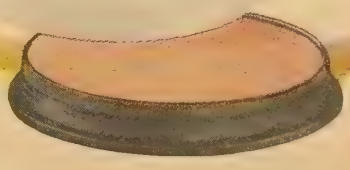

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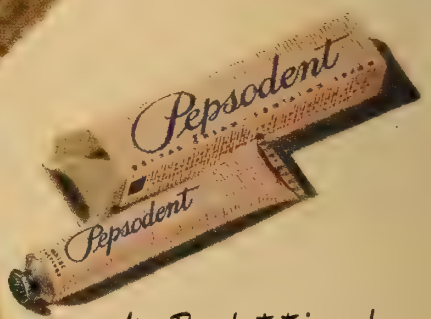


Use Pepsodent twice a day—
see your dentist twice a year

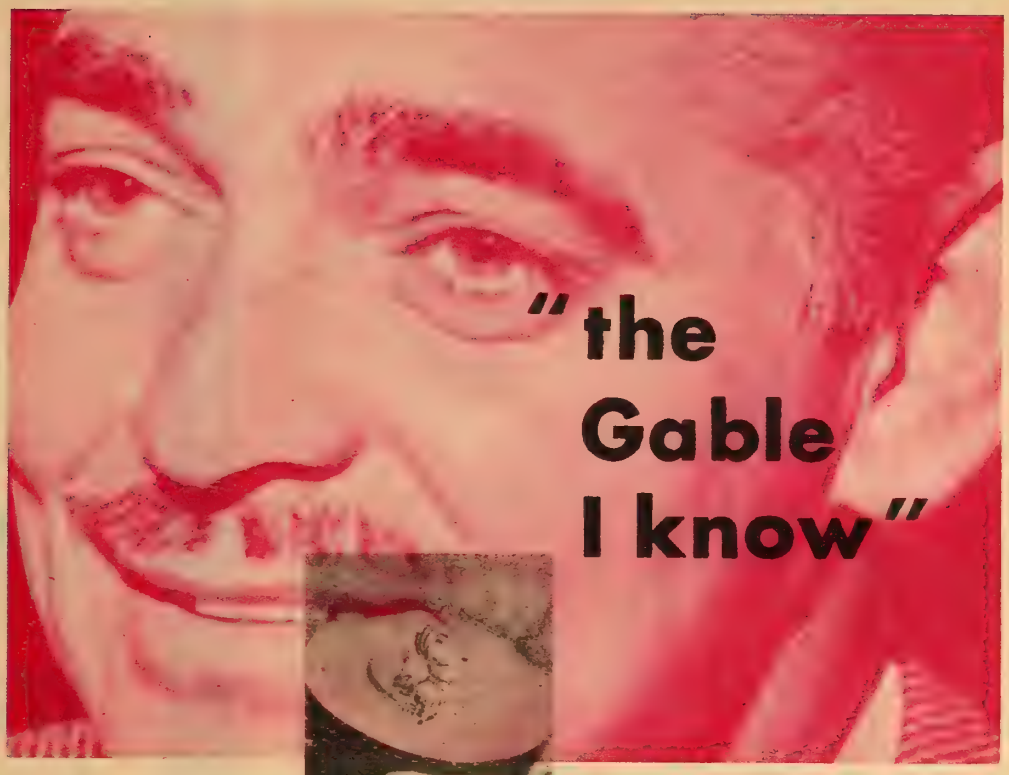
You can't print that!

by Dorothy Kilgallen

■ Some seasons ago, when I was just a baby in the cradle of columning, I learned that any news about Hollywood fascinates the bug-eyed readers of the syndicated item-hunters, but that often the most enchanting stories are ones you can't print—can't print with names, I mean. Utterly irresistible are the tales that drift to a writer's ear from behind the scenes, behind the screens and behind the hands of ladies sipping cocktails. And since nothing gives a columnist a headache faster than gossip locked up in the *medulla oblongata,* I was forced to devise a method of imparting these stories without embarrassing anyone, particularly the nervous legal gentleman who watches my copy for libel.

My method is very simple and I am about to demonstrate it here. I tell the stories, but I change the names. The facts are true, but the monickers are fictional. In that way I get the whole thing off *my* mind and you go out of *yours* trying to figure (*Continued on page 88*)

RICO
TOMASO



"the Gable I know"

BOBBY SOCKS BRIGADE OR SILK STOCKING SET, GABLE'S GOT THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD WRAPPED UP IN HIS POCKET

by Hedda Hopper

■ Whenever I get the Horrible Hollywood Blues I take a look at a telegram I have framed right over my desk. It reads, "Thank you, darling. You were right. My love. Clark."

No matter what my trouble may be, one long look at that yellow message and I'm okay. "At least," I tell myself, "there's *one* regular guy in Hollywood who never changes!" I'm talking about Clark Gable.

Clark sent that telegram when it was pretty important to me.

I had said in my column that he was enlisting in the U. S. Air Corps and I had said it first—what day, when and where. My scoop hit Manhattan streets late one Saturday night. At two o'clock the next morning I got a long distance telephone call in Hollywood. It was the editor of my New York paper.

"The Associated Press denies your story on Clark Gable's enlistment, Miss Hopper," he said. "So does M-G-M. Where did you get your information?"

"I can't reveal the source," I told him, "but it's on the level."

Well, they cut the big news out of the later editions and I didn't blame them. I was on the spot. The only one who could make an honest woman (*Continued on page 84*)

by billy rose

who wants to be a genius?

■ I had lunch the other day with the head of a Hollywood studio. Out where they grow the gold cocoanuts, when you mention his name half the population faces Mecca and hits its head on the ground. There's an old gag about this executive. He was fishing in a boat with a couple of yes-men. Suddenly he reeled in his line, looked around and said, "Can anybody see us from shore? I've always wanted to try walking on water."

When we got down to the coffee and cigars, he blew a cloud of expensive smoke in my face and said, "How would you like to come out and make a movie?"

"No, thanks," I said, blowing a cloud of cheap smoke back at him. "I'm flattered, but I'd rather stick around New York. I don't want to get any nuttier than I am already!"

I could see he didn't dig me, so I continued, "I'm afraid that after six months of Hollywood I'd get to believe my own press releases. You use the word 'genius' out there as we use the word 'mister' around here. A chunk of celluloid, barely good enough to cut up for banjo picks, is advertised as the greatest thing since kissing. You press a button and last year's Pulitzer Prize winner comes running. You walk into a restaurant and people neglect a real meal to try to smile a hello out of you. Eighty-five million customers want to meet Hedy Lamarr —Hedy Lamarr wants to meet you. After a while you go nuts. You're only human, and you get to believe the applesauce is gold."

"My boy," he beamed, "you've got us wrong. The big people in pictures don't kid themselves."

"Of course not," I agreed. "You hire experts to do it for you. If a man doesn't tell you what you want to hear, you hit him over the head with his own option. Oscar Levant once told a producer he didn't like a certain picture. The big shot raged, 'Who the hell are you not to like it?' I like Oscar's answer, 'Who the hell do you have to be not to like it?' "

The Great Man shook his head. "You're talking about the Hollywood of twenty years ago," he said. "We're not like that any more. There's real dough riding on pictures these days. We can no longer afford yes-men."

"Maybe you can't afford them," I said, "but they

still get those envelopes on Saturday. Last year when I was there, I sat in on the screening of a new picture. For my dough it was just another picture. When the lights went up in the projection room, the producer asked me what I thought. To be polite, I said it was a good movie. He turned on me like an angry cat and snarled, 'Only good, eh? Another New York wise guy!' "

The studio chief smiled tolerantly. "Well, perhaps we do kid ourselves a little," he said. "Maybe we do believe our own press releases. But what's the harm? No one ever died from it."

"Did you ever hear of Ivar Kreuger?" I asked him.

"You mean the match king?"

"The same. Kreuger was even richer than you are. Every time a cigarette was lit or somebody got a hotfoot, Ivar got his cut. He was making more in a week than Gable does in a year. One day a newspaper Sunday supplement printed a piece calling him the Mystery Man of Europe. It hinted several kings didn't shave unless this match manufacturer gave them the all-clear to go ahead. It had some mumbo-jumbo about his controlling an empire so big that even Rand couldn't handle it without McNally. Without checking, other editors ran similar pieces. Kreuger read this malarkey and began to believe it. He posted guards around his estate and hired six halfbacks to protect him—from nothing. Financiers, who should have known better, swallowed this Mystery Man hokum and lent him money. He bought mines, railroads, ship lines, forests. He pyramided corporations till he made Insull look like a pushcart peddler. Sure enough, it wasn't long before kings *were* checking with him before shaving. Then one day a worried auditor shoved a balance sheet under his nose. Kreuger looked it over, went up to his bedroom and put a bullet through his head."

"Interesting story," said the technicolor tycoon, "but what's it got to do with you?"

"Well, it goes to show," I said, "what can happen when you believe your own press releases. And I need a hole in the head like I need a hole in the head."

illustrated by virgil partch

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

MARK STEVENS LIFE STORY

HE WAS A REBEL RIGHT FROM THE START, WITH A TALENT FOR TROUBLE AND A TERRIFIC TEMPER, BUT A SOUL THAT BRUISED EASY—AND HEALED SLOW • (PART I)

■ Sonny Stevens faced the principal squarely, his brown eyes smoldering under his ginger mop of curls. A red spot where the teacher had slapped him mottled his freckled cheek. He hid his palms, still stinging from the ruler whacks, in his pockets. He was in second grade and he was in disgrace.

The teacher had caught him staring idly out the window behind his book. When she asked him what she'd been talking about, he had said, "I don't know."

"You mean you haven't been listening—again?"

"No I haven't."

"Put out your hands!"

The ruler bit as hard as she could make it. Then she slapped his resentful face and marched him in to the principal. It wasn't the first time. In fact, it was an annoyingly regular occurrence with young Mark Stevens. "Sonny," as they called him then, was plainly a problem child.

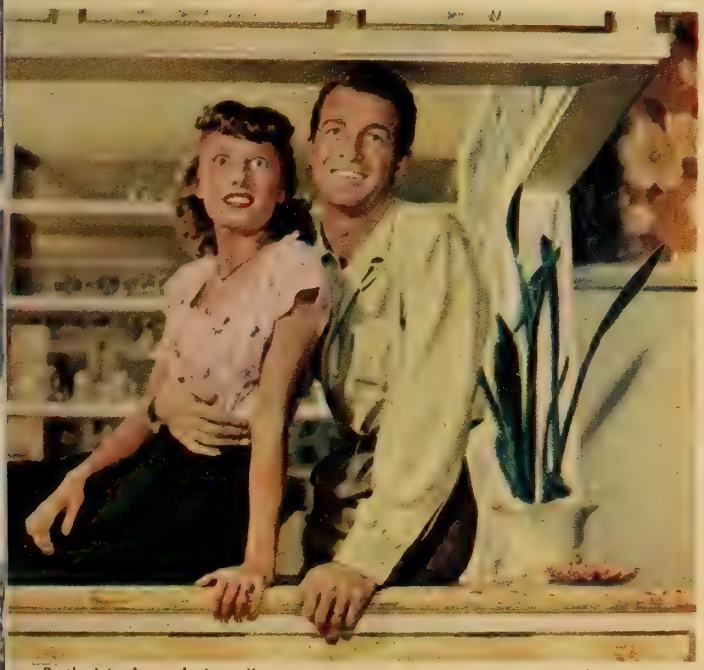
The principal had the familiar, infuriating evidence. His neck reddened. He was mad at the defiant little guy, a fourth his size, challenging him coolly again with his steady, dark eyes.

"Inattention again—hey?" he growled. "What do you do behind your book, if you don't listen?"

"I don't know," said Sonny. "Dream, I guess."

The principal grabbed his strap and pounced. He strapped the taut, unflinching body in a rage. "Now," he panted, "maybe you'll know that you're here to listen and learn—not to dream. Maybe *this* will wake you up!" He sunk his trembling nails in Mark's neck and pushed him tumbling down the stairs. At the bottom, Sonny Stevens pulled himself to his feet, his rage dulling (*Continued on page 105*)

The back injury which Mark Stevens suffered years ago still acts up when he's over-worked. After *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*, Mark went East for radio appearances and a Mayo Clinic check-up.



Both Mark and Annelle were born on the 13th; the 13th was their wedding date, and he signed his first film contract on the 13th. Even Mark, Jr. was scheduled for Sept. 13, but the stork was tardy.

Mark's gift to his wife, on her 21st birthday, was a cluster ring with 21 diamonds. That swank station wagon, complete with portable nursery equipment, was another present for Annelle, but Mark's been using it.

Portrait of an American

■ Gary Cooper has starred in four pictures of mine—and each time I've had trouble. Not with Gary—but with people who think he isn't acting.

I usually keep an assistant director beside me when I shoot, to check and double-check on everything. Screen realism and authenticity are old hobbies of mine. And every time I make a Gary Cooper picture, that kibitzing director will grab my sleeve after the first scene.

"Say," he'll whisper indignantly, "you aren't going to let this guy Cooper get away with *that*, are you?"

"With what?" I ask, but I know what's coming.

"Why—" he sputters, "he's not even trying! That scene was an emotional one and it fell flat. He didn't get anything out of it! He's just lazy, that Cooper, he—"

"Wait until you see it on the screen," I suggest. "And, meanwhile, let Gary take care of his own acting. Believe me, he knows how!"

When I say that I mean it. And the first rushes always prove it. What Gary did is always right. He has the best sense of timing and technique for a movie camera of any star I know. That's why I'd like to explode an idea that's persisted all through Coop's great Hollywood career: that he's (*Continued on page 64*)

Gary and Rocky Cooper are looking forward to an African hunting trip later in the year. But before they're off on a safari, Gary will run for president —in *State of the Union,* with Claudette Colbert as his first-lady-to-be.

Sam Wood (left), who directed Gary in *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* and De Mille share a mutual admiration for "Hollywood's laziest actor." They're on the *Unconquered* set.

Audrey Korn gets a cold shoulder from Coop, "The Unconquered." Gary's strong, silent technique even delights the ladies of Sweden, who voted him No. 3 in a national poll.

by cecil b. de mille

TIGHT-LIPPED AS A NEW ENGLANDER, EASY-GOING AS A TEXAN, AND GALLANT AS A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN—THAT'S GARY COOPER, THE LONG AND LANKY YANKEE.

PUPPY LOVE DOESN'T LAST—THEY SAY. BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE IT BY THE COMOS, WHO MET AT 13 AND MARRIED AT 21.

■ There wasn't any moon, and it wasn't a particularly romantic night. Hot and mosquito-y, and you know how July nights are. Roselle looked over the lads at the wienie roast and found them all sort of wilted and unappetizing. Except one. There was this one guy with warm eyes and a shy smile and the crispest, whitest shirt in the world.

"Who is that?" Roselle asked her chum.

"His name is Pierine," the chum whispered back. "Why?"

"He has a cute nose," Roselle said. A dozen times during the evening she glanced over at him, and each time he was looking at her. After a while he came over and stood near her, and before they went home, he said, "I'm Pierine Como," and she said, "I'm Roselle Belline."

"I know," he told her. "I asked." That was all. Just a couple of sentences. But there was something magic between them. Something beautiful and not quite real. Maybe you don't fall in love when you are thirteen—but you can't prove it by Mr. and Mrs. Perry Como.

They didn't see each other again for a long while. She was at Trinity High, and he was at Canonsburg, a few miles away, and the schools only got together for dances and things once in a blue moon. But months and months later there was a joint dance, and Pierine and Roselle met for the second time. And after that they didn't lose each other again.

They were too young for real dates, but whenever the gang got together for skating and sleigh-riding, for hayrides and picnics, he would manage to stay pretty close to Roselle. When he was old enough to drive a Model-T (one of those racy jobs with (*Continued on page 112*)

By JEAN KINKEAD

To each his Own

It's the Ferdinand in Perry that makes him prefer staying home sniffing posies to going out. When Roselle does coax him to go dancing, he just "shifts" on the dance floor. "Shifting" is balancing on one foot and then the other!

Of course Ronnie's a little young for the Navy just yet, but Perry's resolved that his son will have an athletic life, unlike Perry's quiet boyhood. Both Comos are natural athletes.

can stars stay married?

By Ida Zeitlin

■ First we went to Clifford R. Adams, who runs the Marriage Clinic for the Woman's Home Companion and knows everything anyone *can* know about marriage.

"Do Hollywood marriages fracture easier than most?"

"The incidence of divorce," he said in his psychological way, "is greater—" Translated, that means yes.

We said, "Give us eight good reasons," then took the list to one of our favorite Hollywood wives. For that we also had eight good reasons. Nos. 1 to 6, we like to look at her. No. 7, you can count on her for honesty and good sense. No. 8, she's been married to Harry James for three and a half years, and it's a fine marriage.

We found Grable on the set of *Mother Wore Tights*. At the moment she was wearing a full-length 1907 model, complete with hat and parasol, but tights couldn't have done more for her nor she for them. We settled down to wait, and didn't give a damn how long. It wasn't long enough. When the scene was finished, she came over and we handed her the list.

"What's this?"

"Shoals," we explained. "Or, if you prefer, pitfalls. The eight best reasons why Hollywood marriages fail. As charted by an expert. We'd like to know how you and Harry steered clear of them."

She gave another look, and a smile curved the corners of her mouth. Eve must have smiled like that in the Garden of Eden, when she first discovered the simplicity of the male. "I could— No, never mind. It's an elegant list . . ."

"Then what's funny about it?"

"I'll tell you later. Maybe. C'mon, let's tackle No. 1—"

1. BRIEF COURTSHIP AND HASTY MARRIAGE. THEY DON'T GIVE THEMSELVES A CHANCE TO KNOW EACH OTHER—

"Hmmmm," Betty said, like the quartet on Jack Benny's show. "Well, *our* courtship wasn't *long* . . ."

But you can't always measure time (*Continued on page 110*)

"it's tough,"
says Clifford R. Adams
Director, Woman's Home Companion Marriage Clinic

"it's easy,"
says Betty Grable
Wife of Harry James and star of "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"

These are the dangers:

1. Short courtship and hasty marriage, primarily based on physical infatuation with little regard for differences in interests, temperament and personality.

2. Few common goals: evidenced by childless homes, separate activities, including careers, and few mutual interests.

3. Spouses who were quite satisfactory in pre-Hollywood days now seem burdensome misfits in this new rarefied and exotic atmosphere.

4. Hectic work schedules and strenuous personal appearance tours, all interfering with companionship and talking things over.

5. Columnists' rumors, belief another mate will further a career, desire for publicity, encourage break-ups.

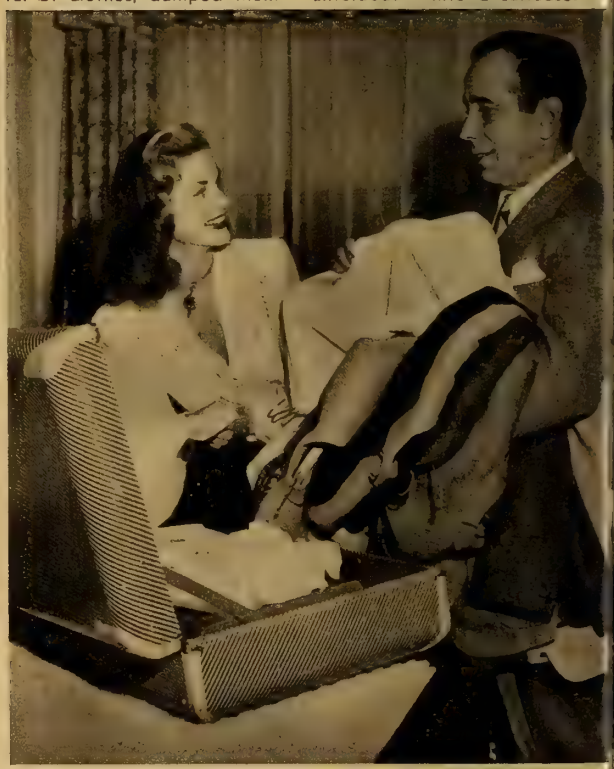
6. Financially independent wives, knowing that remarriage is easy, wanting careers of their own and jealous of their husbands, become quickly dissatisfied.

7. Constant temptations, with their aftermath of triangles and infidelity, create strains that destroy mutual trust and affection essential in marriage.

8. The threat of age and the vain hope that a youthful mate will miraculously restore vitality, spur many to divorce.

Bogey's not the least bit shy about telling Lauren off if he doesn't like her makeup or clothes. Because she thinks he's a good "supervisor," L. usually agrees. See the famous "whistle" bracelet from Bogey that Lauren wears?

Lauren did the packing for both of them on their San Francisco jaunt, and Bogey was no help. He brought over armsful of clothes, dumped them —unfolded!— into a suitcase.

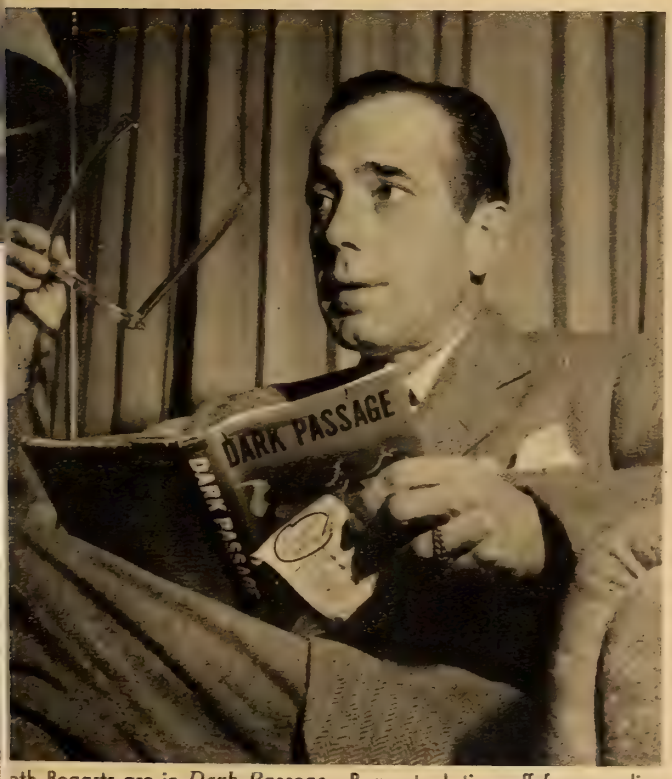


The manager of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel gave the Bogarts golden keys to their suite, but what impressed Humphrey most of all was the phone. At home they have none, and Bogey's threatening to train carrier pigeons!

TRAVELING'S FUN, BUT FOR LAUREN AND HUMPHREY, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THEIR OWN LITTLE MADHOUSE . . .

By Jack Wade

She's no Tugboat Annie, but Lauren pleases Bogart right down to the ground by doing all the cooking on their boat. Her own idea of a good time is pictured below: a book, a box of chocolates, and Bogey around.



oth Bogarts are in *Dark Passage*. Bogey took time off from reading ie novel to listen to radio reports about the coal strike, in which e was deeply interested. He's extremely current-events conscious.

that's life with the Bogarts

■ Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, having spent a pleasant two hours and several hundred dollars in a Sunset Strip antique shop, stepped out of the warm, brightly lighted showroom to discover, with only mild dismay, that it was raining cats and dogs. She turned up the collar of her coat, said a mental goodbye to one of her favorite hats, and started across the street.

At the same moment, a uniformed chauffeur, carrying an enormous umbrella, stepped out smartly from the opposite curb. They met in the middle of the intersection.

"Allow me, milady," said Frederic Nathaniel Clark in his clipped British accent. Holding the umbrella so that the water dripping down from its edge struck just the back of her hat and ran down her neck, he escorted Mrs. Bogart regally to her car, before the amused eyes of a dozen motorists.

Fred had come through again.

When they had reached the relatively small, French Provincial house, and Fred had gone to put the car away, she stood for a moment in the hall listening to the silence. The few things she had bought that afternoon were for the living room, and for a moment she deliberately denied herself the pleasure of walking into it and visualizing the new pieces in place. Then she heard sounds at the service entrance, of Fred coming in and of Harvey, the Boxer (named after a certain play for reasons of the Bogarts' own), greeting him; and the spell was (*Continued on page 102*)

HELLO. GORGEOUS!

It's no pose, this desire to be Mrs. Phil Harris first and a movie star in between. Rumor was that the studio got mad when she turned down *The Razor's Edge*, but Zanuck says Alice is always welcome.

LIFE WITH PHIL IS AS GIDDY AS THEIR RADIO SHOW, BUT ALICE FAYE WOULDN'T CHANGE THE SCRIPT FOR ANYTHING

By Carl Schroeder

■ The big man picked the little woman up in his arms and carried her across the threshold. Once inside the hotel room, he put her down by the window that looked out over the San Francisco harbor.

Alice Faye said, "Why Phil, how nice—just like another honeymoon!"

Phil looked down, across the golden blonde head snuggled on his shoulder, at the tip of his wife's snub nose. Then he said, expressively, "Yeah."

"Why Phil, what's the matter?"

The blonde head left the broad shoulder. Alice looked up into the weatherbeaten, laugh-lined face of the guy she married. "Come on, Phil," she persisted. "This was going to be so wonderful—what's happened?"

"What's happened?" Phil retorted. "That's what I want to know. Maybe we should have our heads examined. Yesterday we are home. Today we are in a hotel room in San Francisco. I don't like it."

"You don't like San Francisco?"

"Naw, Baby—not that. San Francisco's fine . . . for everybody but us. We got a swell home in the valley and we got no business up here. What are we trying to prove, anyway?"

"Phil—"

"Yeah, Alice."

"I wonder what the kids are doing now."

"Me too."

"Phil—"

"Yeah, Alice."

"Phil, would you mind awfully if we checked out right now and caught the next train home?"

And that is how it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Phil Harris never got around to the second honeymoon. The first was good enough for them.

Alice Faye and Phil Harris were married twice. The first time was in Ensenada, Mexico, on May 12, 1941. The way Phil told it on their radio program,he had driven (*Continued on page 122*)

No matter how much Greer Garson primps him, Gogo's canine vanity will never be the same. He was rejected as a war dog, and hasn't been able to hold his muzzle up since.

"Don't believe everything Gogo says," protests Richard Ney. "He does *not* always win." Greer's a tiddlywink fan from 'way back, plays between scenes of new pic, *A Woman Of My Own*.

A CHANCE MEETING, A HASTY INTRODUCTION, AND WHOOSH! SUDDENLY GREER GARSON'S BRIEFEST ENCOUNTERS TURN INTO UNFORGETTABLE MOMENTS

By Howard Sharpe

Brief ENCOUNTER

■ Greer Garson harbors the quaint and charming belief that her road to glory is paved with other people's generosity. This story is dedicated to all those dear friends, sung and unsung, who have given her a helping hand when she needed it most.

When Greer was eight she won, to her great surprise, third prize in her class for scholarship. "If I can do that without even trying," Greer said to her mother, "maybe I can win first prize next year if I really try." And she did. She kept on winning prizes, in fact, until it became apparent she was really rather a bright child and that, given enough opportunity and help, she might be able to win a scholarship to pay her way through school—perhaps even the University.

In school, Greer made the hockey team, the tennis and swimming teams, and the fencing club and then her doctor discovered that she had a heart murmur and would not permit her to do any violent exercise. While the other girls played games she had time for (*Continued on page 95*)

Burt Lancaster taught Christine Miller (with him in *I Walk Alone*) the trick to a movie "knock-out." (You sock the other guy's hand; on film, it looks like a right to the jaw.) When she tried it, his hand was too close to his face and he nearly went down for the count.

Christine lives in a house full of Bergmans-in-training. When they learned she was Burt's new leading lady, they gave her no peace until she promised to invite him over some Sunday afternoon. Their kibitzing confused Burt, spoiled his gin rummy game.

Cards were ruled out, so Christine led Burt to the back yard for a fast badminton workout. Her penalty as loser was to draw his caricature on flagstone patio.

WHERE BURT LANCASTER GREW UP, A POLICEMAN WAS A COP, SCHOOL WAS SOMETHING YOU IGNORED, AND THE LAW WAS YOUR OWN TWO HANDS.

By Hank Jeffries

He's a Killer!

Burt scored such a solid hit in *The Killers,* that producer Mark Hellinger has him penciled in for the lead in his next film, *Brute Force.* But love had first call when Burt married his home-town (New York) sweetheart, Norma Anderson, at Yuma, Ariz., on Dec. 30.

■ Burt Lancaster came out of the projection room where he had just been shown the rushes of his latest Hal Wallis picture, *Desert Fury,* and barely avoided knocking down the Famous Columnist who was standing outside. "Darling," she said, "how lucky! I'm doing a profile on you next Sunday and I wanted to ask you how you want me to handle your marriage."

He gaped at her in astonishment. "How did you find out about that?"

"Why—I thought everybody knew about it."

"I'll be darned," he said. "Well, okay—but just don't mention her name for a while. D'you mind? She's a New York girl, and she's working as a secretary, and it might embarrass her with her employers. Time enough for that in a couple of months, when we're married."

"You're going to *re*marry her?"

The tall young man and the Famous Columnist stared at each other in silence for a long minute. Then light broke over the Columnist's face. "Good heavens," she said, "I was talking about your ex-wife. I didn't know—but you've given it away, haven't you?"

(*Continued on page 82*)

Little mother

BETTY HUTTON WAKES UP SUDDENLY AND SMILES INSIDE. THERE'S A BABY IN THE NEXT ROOM, AND WHEN SHE YAWNS, IT'S A SMALL MIRACLE.

By Abigail Putnam

Papa Ted Briskin prepared for twins. (Note twin pair of booties over bed.) He heaved a big sigh, though, when "they" turned out to be Lindsay Diane, shown at 10 days. Betty (of *Perils of Pauline*) was so lonesome for Ted, she came home in one week.

■ The baby was already a week late, so Betty asked Cassie to whip up a banana cream pie. "Sure as shootin'," said Betty, "if we have banana cream pie, the baby'll come before I get a chance to eat it."

Dinner was set for six. At five-thirty the pains started.

Two minutes later Betty's doctor was saying to get her down to the hospital. Two minutes after that Ted had her in the car. They didn't even stop for the bags, which had been carefully packed and ready for three weeks.

As they drove off, Betty turned a transfigured face on Ted. "What did I tell you?" she crowed. "Banana cream pie—"

At first the baby was expected around midnight, and there was quite a reception committee. Ted's sister and brother-in-law, Rose and Fred, had come right down after dinner. They were followed by Frances and Van Heflin, who'd heard the news when they dropped in at the house. At 11 or so, Sue and Alan Ladd arrived. By that time Baby Briskin had decided to stand them up.

"Not till morning," said the doctor.

Rose had brought sandwiches for Ted, but he (*Continued on page 126*)

Strictly for laughs

Liza May Minnelli only cries when she's got a good reason—like being christened. "I knew she'd be sprinkled with a few drops of water," says Judy, "but she looked more like a baby duck taking her first bath."

Judy's stand-out performance in "Drive In," on the "Suspense" radio show (she's rehearsing here) sparked her ambition to be a dramatic actress. So she'll try a Broadway play shortly.

■ Judy Garland had reached the boiling point. She felt a small flame growing along the roots of her hair as she sat alone in a dingy office, waiting.

She looked at the clock. She'd been waiting for thirty minutes, with other appointments stretching out ahead of her like arrivals and departures on a bus schedule. Judy began to pace the floor and to think that it was perfectly all right to have practically grown up on one studio lot, but if you are the girl everybody has known since she was knee high to a contract, people are going to start taking unfair advantage.

The clock said that Judy had been pacing the floor for almost forty-five minutes, and Judy thought that any second it would start laughing right out loud.

The door opened. A brisk, attractive, blonde lady in her middle twenties skidded in, somewhat out of breath.

"I'm Kay Thompson," she announced.

Judy froze.

"I know," she retorted. "I'm the Statue of Liberty. They set me up in here eight years ago."

"Look," Kay declared, evenly, "I'm completely, absolutely, thoroughly sorry. Something went wrong with a number down on the (*Continued on page 119*)

The Minnellis are happy about Judy's new contract with M-G-M, which spikes reports that she would say goodbye to her studio. She'll be Gene Kelly's girl again in *The Pirate*.

Judy talks things over with Kay Thompson and her husband, Bill Spier, producer of "Suspense." Kay is Judy's singing coach and "my best critic and severest friend." Liza bawls at Judy's voice; gurgles at Kay's.

THE BORESOME FOUR-SOME—THAT'S WHAT JUDY GARLAND CALLS THE MINNELLIS AND THE SPIERS. BUT WHEN A LAUGHING JAG HITS 'EM, WHO WANTS TO GO HOME?

By George Benjamin

modern screen goes skiing

■ Turhan Bey is one of those hardy people who has tried everything rugged and athletic. He began skiing for the first time at the age of twelve. That was in Austria, in Sennering to be exact, and his companion was a man named Telalkahrt, a champion Scandinavian skier. Turhan was fond of the sport from the beginning. In his extreme childhood he was often ill and therefore barred from sports, and it had been his constant dream to ski. Since that time, he has projected himself down hills in Switzerland, Germany, Norway, Turkey and the United States.

Turhan feels that skiing in America is still in its adolescence, that only in Europe, which offers such slopes as the Tyrol and the Bavarian mountains, is the sport practised in its advanced stage. Yet he believes that it will one day soon be one of the most popular sports in America, both in New England and the West. In general, skiing is easier in America. It is not as cold, and it is much safer. Europeans must avoid high altitudes in sunny climes. If the sun is too warm, the snow melts, begins to move, and envelopes the skier. This is known as an avalanche and means no more pork chops or breathing for anyone in the vicinity.

Turhan, with love of the sport firmly lodged within him, has known fear on skis only once. This was (*Continued on page 117*)

Just back from Guam, Turhan Bey whisked Yvonne de Carlo to Snow Valley, 3 hours' drive from L.A.

Turhan gets set for diagonal run. Despite six feet of snow, sun was hot.

Antoinette Clay, 4, traded pointers with Turhan, the expert; then beat him in a down-hill run!

After a dozen spills, Yvonne (in *Song of Scheherazade*) was ready for lunch.

It's a Heavenly Age!

Joan is nuts about sister Mary's six-months-old baby, Richard —"Rusty" to the family. Could be because she's his god-mother! It's the first grand-child for proud Papa Brodell.

Mrs. Brodell's too scared to hold Rusty—it's so long since she held Joan on her knee. Mike, Joan's wire-haired terrier who went blind, has passed on, and Yankee now rules the house.

Mary and Joan visit at each other's homes often, amuse their parents with the sister act they did in vaudeville. Joan's just bought a Chrysler town car —and shocked everyone by driving it all the way back from Chicago.

JOAN LESLIE'S OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE, GAME ENOUGH TO FIGHT, AND BUSTIN' TO SPREAD HER WINGS—AND FLY!

By Arthur L. Charles

Joan Leslie is thrilled with the Oleg Cassini-designed clothes she'll wear in her first Eagle-Lion film, *Repeat Performance*.

■ The bell of a particular house on Rose Street in Toluca Lake, California, rang with a very commanding tone.

Doorbells, Joan Leslie mused, can ring a number of ways. Respectfully, indicating a messenger with a special delivery letter. Ambitiously, suggesting a hopeful salesman. Timidly, as on the arrival of the little girl next door who would please like to borrow a cup of sugar.

Joan stole a quick look at herself in the mirror on her dressing table. The face was as good as it ever would be—but the hair! She tucked away a straggling strand and rushed to the front door, expectantly.

Hmmm—what a handsome man! Lean and tall, with sandy hair and a twinkle in his eyes as though he were ready to share a brand new joke without first saying, "Stop me if you've heard this one." That's exactly what he was going to do.

"Miss Leslie?"

"Yes?"

"I have something here for you."

That little flicker of anticipation disappeared from Joan's mind.

"Just a second," she pleaded, almost closing the door. "I think I left something burning on the stove."

Then Miss Leslie turned and fled—not to the kitchen, but to the telephone. She dialed briskly and quickly reached her party. (*Continued on page 98*)

QUEEN FOR A DAY

SHE WAS QUEEN OF THE NEWSPAPER GUILD'S BALL —AND HER IDEA OF A PERFECT KING WAS LON McCALLISTER

By Christopher Kane

1. Poor Atlas, with the weight of the world on his shoulders, frowns down on Lon McCallister and Mary Snee. An autograph hunter (left) snagged Lon near Rockefeller Center's International Building, wouldn't let go!

2. Romance on ice: Mary, who'd just been elected Queen of the Newspaper Guild's Ball, felt it was only *queenly* to say "Yes" when Lon suggested they go ice skating at the Rockefeller rink.

3. "This isn't ice, it's banana skins," muttered Mary, who looked anything but dignified on skates. Lon staggered to her rescue, but ended up, Mary swears, doing more holding than helping!

6. "Gee!" murmured Lon as they toured the News Bldg., "was I *that* far from home?" Mary had the News meteorologist point out Lon's former Army bases.

4. "Let's see," debated Mary after they'd given up skating and gone to lunch at El Borracho's Kiss Room, "should I take the chocolate . . .?" Lon was more interested in warming up his frozen fingers.

. Well, it's *called* the Kiss Room, isn't it? And what with the spiration of the ceiling and walls, which are decorated with famous stresses' lip prints, what could they do but be decorative too?

7. Lester Toloff, News photog, posed Mary with great care—aren't they fellow workers? Mary's in the Addressograph Dept., giggled when Lon asked her to "addressograph" him a letter.

■ First of all, there was this girl named Mary Snee. She'd just been voted Miss Page One, and she was going to be crowned Queen of the Newspaper Guild's Page One Ball at New York's famous Waldorf-Astoria, and John Frederics gave her a hat and somebody else gave her a big cosmetic kit and 20th Century-Fox promised her a screen test, and she was very happy.

Then they said to her, "Mary, what would you like more than anything else?" Just like the genie, in Aladdin. Go on, kid, name it

(*Continued on the following page*)

Queen for a day

All the champagne you can drink? Nah, you're only eighteen years old. A trip to the moon on the next space ship?

And Mary blinked her big blue eyes. "A day with Lon McCallister?" she whispered.

So somebody called up MODERN SCREEN, and asked Al and Henry to play Santa Claus, and Al and Henry called up Lon, who was in New York, and said, "Look, we've got this beautiful little girl over here—" and there was a click on the other end of the phone.

McCallister had hung up, and was pulling on his coat. His alter ego, Ray Sperry, whose leg almost got broken in the rush, stared. "Where are you going?"

"Got a date with a beautiful little girl," Lon said.

Ray stood up. "Fine." Then he put on *his* overcoat. He liked beautiful girls, too.

That was how it all started. Lon and Mary met, grinned at each (*Continued on page 96*)

9. Hot dogs for a queen? Sure thing! Didn't Mrs. Roosevelt serve them up for the Queen of England? Besides, Lon simply can't pass a wiener without drooling. Neither can Mary. So pass the mustard . . .

8. Waiting for your ship to come in, especially if it's that Statue of Liberty boat, is cold business. But it really isn't bad with plenty of hot coffee and someone to wait with you.

10. Dancing in a dream . . . to the wheeze of a push-box on the boat. Mary snagged her nylons, so Lon just *had* to start in humming, "I'm dancing with a doll with a hole in her stocking."

11. Lon knew better than to wear a hat; Mary held tight to hers and let the breeze rip. "She's carrying one big torch," remarked Lon . . . meaning the statue.

12. Liberty at last! They didn't stay long with only an empty thermos bottle to keep them warm. Lon, who's now in *The Red House,* was wishing he had *any* color house right then—with a fireplace, maybe, to warm his toes.

13. The Waldorf's Wedgwood Room is the perfect end to a delightful day. By then, Lon and Mary had swapped so much talk they felt like old friends.

14. No, Lon didn't swipe that piece of pastry at the El Borracho. He got it right there in the Wedgwood Room. Jean Sablon, Mary's pet singer, teased Lon about *Bob, Son of Battle,* claiming that the dog in the picture would steal the scenes!

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT—AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF BONNY DEBORAH KERR, WHOM METRO HOPES TO CO-STAR WITH GABLE IN *THE HUCKSTERS*.

She and her husband, Tony Bartley, rent an apt. in town, but do their *real* living at their cottage in Sussex. Here, they grow vegetables and roses, play tennis like mad and never discuss "the cinema!"

Deborah loves dancing, concerts and shopping, but would rather tramp in the woods with her dog. She hates dressing up, loves tweeds and is wild about her role in *The Adventuress*.

Bach and Beethoven top her list of pet composers, but seat her at a piano and probably boogie-woogie will swing out! Good art and books are next in order of preference.

By C. A. Lejeune

Gable's got her!

■ She's the talk of the town—England, that is. Falling heir to a pocketful of clothing coupons or a shiny new Cadillac wouldn't have generated as much envy among Deborah Kerr's actress friends as has the exciting news that Metro's called her to Hollywood to test for *The Hucksters*—opposite Clark Gable, no less! There's no guarantee, of course, that she'll finally get the role, but for that matter—who can predict tomorrow morning's headlines . . . ?

The first impression you get of Deborah is of an eager face with enormous, candid, blue-green eyes, which look at the world as if they found it very new, rather big, but pretty nice. After that you notice her shining, heavy, dark-red hair, and the way she wears it, back from the temples, smooth and glossy as a horse-chestnut.

Deborah is tall for a film star—5 feet, 7 inches—slimly built, moves beautifully, and knows how to carry clothes. She also knows how to choose them. She is shy of meeting strangers, but has the art to hide it. Partly from breeding, and partly from sheer kindness of heart, she cannot bear to hurt people. She is really interested in other people's interests, and when you talk to her, she has a trick of listening in an eager way, lips just a little parted, like a child who is hearing a particularly good fairy story. When she talks about the things she loves, like music and horses and her handsome aviator husband, her voice gets quick and excited. Her voice gets very quick and excited when she talks about her first trip to America (*Continued on page 92*)

ED SULLIVAN'S RADIO AWARD TO Bing Crosby

One of Bing's biggest thrills was knowing the late Damon Runyon, famous newspaper writer. With another Irishman, Morton Downey, they loved to sit in Stork Club, swap tall yarns.

Bing's first success came as one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys (Bing, Harry Barris, Al Rinker, above). Among his recent honors was N. Y. Paramount Theater's selection as its all-time star.

IT was as long ago as 1925 that Bing Crosby stepped nervously on the stage of the Clemmer Theater in Spokane, Washington, cleared his parched throat and signalled with a frozen smile to the house organist to finger the introduction to "Red Hot Henry Brown." The 21-year-old Gonzaga University kid has been singing ever since, although the Clemmer Theater audience, that day, had no crystal ball to reveal that here was a home-town boy who, through the enlarged focus of radios, phonograph records and movie screens, was destined to become internationally famous.

Bing tells me that his father passed along the singing talent which has made the son of a Crosby and a Harrigan world famous. "Pop was never a professional," says Bing, "but in all of the amateur musical productions in Spokane, Pappy contributed a robust tenor to Gilbert and Sullivan operettas—*Pinafore* and things like that. From my mother, who was a Harrigan, I think I got an Irish heritage that gave me a feeling for the profession."

I asked Crosby to re-shuffle the 22 years of his professional life and figure out some of the things that had given him his greatest thrills. "Naturally, I'd have to start off with *Going My Way*," smiled Bing, puffing at his pipe, "and 'Too-ra-loo-ra' and Barry Fitzgerald and Leo McCarey, (*Continued on page 125*)

Wednesday is Bingsday

Listen to Bing Crosby on Philco Radio Time,
his one and only radio program.
Every Wednesday at 10 P. M. in the East,
9 P. M. everywhere else. ABC Network
and many additional stations.

Bing Crosby, star of Philco Radio Time,

enjoying the sensational Philco 1201

The amazing new way to play records, invented by Philco. You just slide a record in and it plays *automatically* . . . no lid to lift, no tone arm to set, no bother with controls or needles. An overnight sensation . . . the largest selling radio-phonograph in the world. Available now at your Philco dealer.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN

(Continued from page 34)

slow and awkward—just a great big, naturally good looking hunk of man who doesn't know beans about acting and doesn't have to. I've heard people who ought to know better tag Gary that way. They couldn't be farther off the track.

I've directed a great many stars in my thirty-five years in Hollywood. Gary Cooper knows the art of acting as well as any of them. He's casual and smooth as silk, he acts from deep inside, he never overacts and he always knows exactly what he's doing and why. As for being lazy—let me tell you a story:

The first picture in which I ever directed "Mister Cupper," as I call Gary, was *The Plainsman*. He played Wild Bill Hickok and Wild Bill could draw and shoot a six-shooter faster than any American who ever roamed the West. The star who played him had to do what Wild Bill did once, outdraw and out-shoot three gunmen at once who were out to "get" him.

two-gun gary . . .

One day, when we met for rehearsals, I handed Gary two old-fashioned, single-action Colt 45's and a brace of holsters.

"Here," I said. "Maybe you'd like to play around with these for a while."

Gary turned the shooting irons over slowly in his big hands and his steely blue eyes glistened. He loves guns. He buckled on the holster belt and started slipping the six-guns in and out right there.

"Wait a minute," I told him. "You can't wear these the way they do today—with the gun butt back. Wild Bill always wore his backwards, with the butt foremost. That makes it tougher to draw and slip back. You have to cross your arms."

Coop's eyes narrowed. "Yeah," he said, "Thanks."

That's all he said and that's all I said about the guns during the next six weeks until we came to the shooting scene, and I was hoping and praying Gary could do it right. If he did, he was Wild Bill Hickock to a terrifying T. If he couldn't, he was just another actor, because Wild Bill's dexterity was his trademark. I don't mind admitting I didn't see how Gary could match his fabulous gunplay for the accurate eye of a camera.

When we shot the scene, Gary's guns were out and blazing in three directions before his attackers had theirs out of the holsters. I yelled "Cut" happily. But even then I didn't know what a miracle of action I'd witnessed. I thought maybe my old eyes were just a little slow. So when the film was developed I took it over to the cutting room. I wanted to see how Gary had done it.

We took the film clips, one by one, and put them under a magnifying glass. Now, a movie camera is a very fast thing indeed—quick enough to catch every split second of action. But even under that careful scrutiny, there was almost no camera record of Gary Cooper's lightning draw. In one frame the guns were in Gary's holster—the next they were out and blazing. The cutter shook his head. "Gary almost beat the camera."

It wasn't until weeks later that I dragged the secret out of Gary. He'd practiced every day of those six weeks during every spare minute at home until he could whip those 45's in and out like lightning.

Cooper is one of the fastest action men I ever met. He can rein a horse to miss disaster in a rough riding scene quicker than any western star I know since Tom Mix. He never has to stop and think to act right. He does it by instinct.

When I have a story that shouts "Gary Cooper" to me, I start building it around Gary, shaping it to the clean, manly American personality I think he gives the screen more than anyone in Hollywood. I want to be sure I have what is perfect for Gary Cooper before I call him in to see me. And I want to be sure I have a yarn to spin that will get Gary excited.

I remember when I wanted Gary to star in *Northwest Mounted Police*, I was in sort of a spot. Gary owns a conviction—and a valid one usually—that if he's to be the romantic hero of a movie then he ought to get the girl. Well, in the first picture he made for me, *The Plainsman*, he hadn't got her, because Gary got killed in that. Now again my story didn't have a beautiful prize for Coop in the end.

"Gary," I told him as soon as he'd tossed his hat on my desk and sprawled on the sofa, "you don't get the girl in this one, you know."

Gary straightened up indignantly, as if he'd been slapped.

"Why not?"

"Because," I said, "she likes another fellow better."

He asked, "Why should she?" He wasn't conceited. But he was intrigued.

I had him interested and a little sore, I could see, so I changed the subject. "Yep," I nodded, "the other guy gets the girl—but you get the last line—and it's a humdinger!"

"What is it?" He was sitting on the edge of his seat now. I didn't answer that for a while. I launched instead into my story and began with the final scene: "A Northwest Mountie sergeant is riding along with the girl. Back of them you're riding with the bad man you've been after all during the picture. A mountie always gets his man, you know. He's the prize of the picture. Well, the sarge turns to the girl and says, 'Come on, Sweetheart.' Then they ride away and leave you."

Gary had wounded indignation all over his face. I could see him about to grab his hat and walk out of my office.

"Wait a minute," I said. "You're jilted. You sit there stunned. Then you look over your shoulder and see this brutal character you've captured sitting there trussed up on the horse. Gary—think what your face looks like, what your voice sounds like when you yank the rope and growl at the ugly mugg, 'Come on, sweetheart!'"

"I'll play it," Gary said, grinning broadly.

I think folks look upon Gary as the American of our story books, the perfect frontiersman, the walking ideal of every American kid's dreams when he reads about Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett. I've always thought Gary's power is in his steel blue eyes. Whenever I shoot him in a Technicolor picture I always spot blue somewhere on his costume to bring out the piercing color of his eyes. Gary comes through best, too, when he's pitted against an adversary. I always play for that, too, by opposing him with a strong he-man actor. Some of the best conflict scenes I have ever filmed were made in *Unconquered*, with Gary versus Howard Da Silva and big Mike Mazurki. In a scene in the picture several persons step in to keep Gary and the giant-like Mike from flying at each other's throats. Gary, observing Mike's frantic efforts to get at him, said, "Okay, you men hold Mike now. *One* guy's enough to hold *me*."

On the screen, I prefer Gary in rawhide knots and buckskin fringe with a six-shooter at his side or a long rifle across his knee, but I didn't hesitate a minute to cast him as Doctor Wassell, a hillbilly American country doctor from Arkansas who found himself in a situation remote from his native hills but acted exactly as American heroes have always acted.

The only time Gary is a bad actor is when he is called on to say or do something that doesn't ring true to him inside. If it isn't satisfactory to Gary's acting conscience, he's stiff, awkward, and unreal.

When we were making *Dr. Wassell*, we came to the climactic scene where Commander Wassell receives the Navy Cross for his heroism. Gary was self-conscious. We were shooting the scene during the war. Lots of men about then were winning the Navy Cross in real life. For him to be photographed receiving that honor when other Americans were losing their lives seemed all wrong to him and made the scene distasteful to do. He couldn't look like a hero receiving that medal because he—Gary Cooper—hadn't really won it.

I told him this wasn't Gary Cooper getting the medal. It was Corydon Wassell, an American hero, who deserved it.

After all his years as a star, Gary still shrinks from praise which, I can assure you, is rare in Hollywood actors. So I never tell him how good he is. Maybe if he reads this he'll know.

My little granddaughter, Cecilia, aged 10, came on the set of *Unconquered* to watch Grandfather make movies one day and told Gary what she thought.

"You know, Mister Cooper," said Cecilia, "you're Grandfather's pet. He uses you in all his pictures. But," she added, "you're really very nice looking and you act very well."

That's about as strong a compliment as Gary can take face to face and even that made him blush. But truth comes from the mouths of babes, and what Cecilia said is true. Gary Cooper is a pet of mine. I've always admired him and I still do—as a man and as an actor.

What Gary thinks of me I'm sure I'll never hear expressed in words. Gary doesn't wear his thoughts or his feelings on his sleeve. But he's never said he *didn't* like me—which is almost equal to a burst of emotion—from Gary Cooper!

Frances Ramsden . . .

soon to be seen as leading lady in Preston Sturges' "Sin of Harold Diddlebock"—one of 1947's most important movie events, because it returns Harold Lloyd to the screen.

Frances poses for MODERN SCREEN in a two-piece turquoise butcher rayon, with the new longer blouse; little collar and big patch pockets in smooth cocoa. The dress is by Majestic. Also yellow or pink with navy pockets; black, navy or brown with white; beige with brown. Sizes 10 to 18. $12.95.

And now look at Frances' shoulder. Remember last month when we predicted that epaulets were going to be worn all over the place? Well, they are! This one by Jordan is gold-finished with a sprinkling of rhinestones. Price, $1. To find out where to buy these fashions, turn to page 75.

Modern Screen
fashions

by Constance Bartel, Fashion Editor

one of these suits is for you

2 For you who like classic tailoring . . . curved revers, big pockets. Grey or tan wool tweed. Sizes 10 to 18. By Joselli **$35**

3 The very new long jacket suit cut to flare out in back. Rayon gabardine in yellow, blue, aqua, pink. Sizes 12 to 20. By Lombardy **$15**

1 Slim and simple, with a scroll of beading and a curving jacket. Pacific wool in navy, brown or grey. Sizes 10 to 18. By Gladdy Colleen **$25**

To find out where to buy these suits, see list of stores on pages 75-76

4 The swank of pure simplicity. All wool in lime, aqua, black, navy, red, peacock blue or white wine. Sizes 10 to 20. By Joselli
$35

5 Up and coming fresh young junior suit. All wool brown tweed jacket with brown skirt, or black tweed with black. 7-15. By Judy 'n Jill
$30

6 Beautifully cut, beautifully simple grey wool flannel—a fabric that takes to all your accessories. Sizes 10 to 18. By Joselli
$35

6

one of these suits is for you

7

8

8 Cardigan suit with one-button closing and slanting pocket flaps. Rayon gabardine in ice cream colors. 10-18. By Gladdy Colleen **$25**

11

11 If you crave color—a blazing orange jacket with dark blue skirt. Aqua with blue, gold with grey. Wool and cotton. 10-18. By Sacony **$23**

7 Slick long jacket suit, with a yoked high-collared neckline, shining buttons. Blue, aqua, or winter white wool. Sizes 12-20. By Suzy Perette **$24**

9 Button interest on a cardigan jacket suit. All wool shetland in grey, pink, green, aqua, blue, coral, gold. Sizes 10 to 18. By Joselli **$30**

10 Look closely to see the soft shadow plaid on this weskit-front suit. All wool, in red, aqua, black, others. 10-18. By Donnybrook **$30**

12 News-making long jacket again—with pocket flaps accenting the hips. Dexter wool, in blue, beige, aqua, tan. 12-20. By Lombardy **$23**

13 Darling junior suit with jaunty shoulder flaps. Tan and brown, or green and white striped wool. Sizes 9 to 15. By Joselli **$35**

To find out where to buy these suits, turn to list of stores on pages 75-76

what a cute Print!

Crisp beige and white rayon, with a scattering of tiny black squares. Notice the demure little tie at the throat, the waist-curving black patent belt, the three-quarter cuffed sleeves. Sizes 9-15. **$12.95**
By Jonathan Logan.

Bright little dress in tuchsia and blue stripes—sprinkled with love-letter bowknots. The tie at the neckline can be crossed, as shown, or tied in a whopping big bow. Printed rayon. Sizes 9-15. **$14.95**
By Donna Hale.

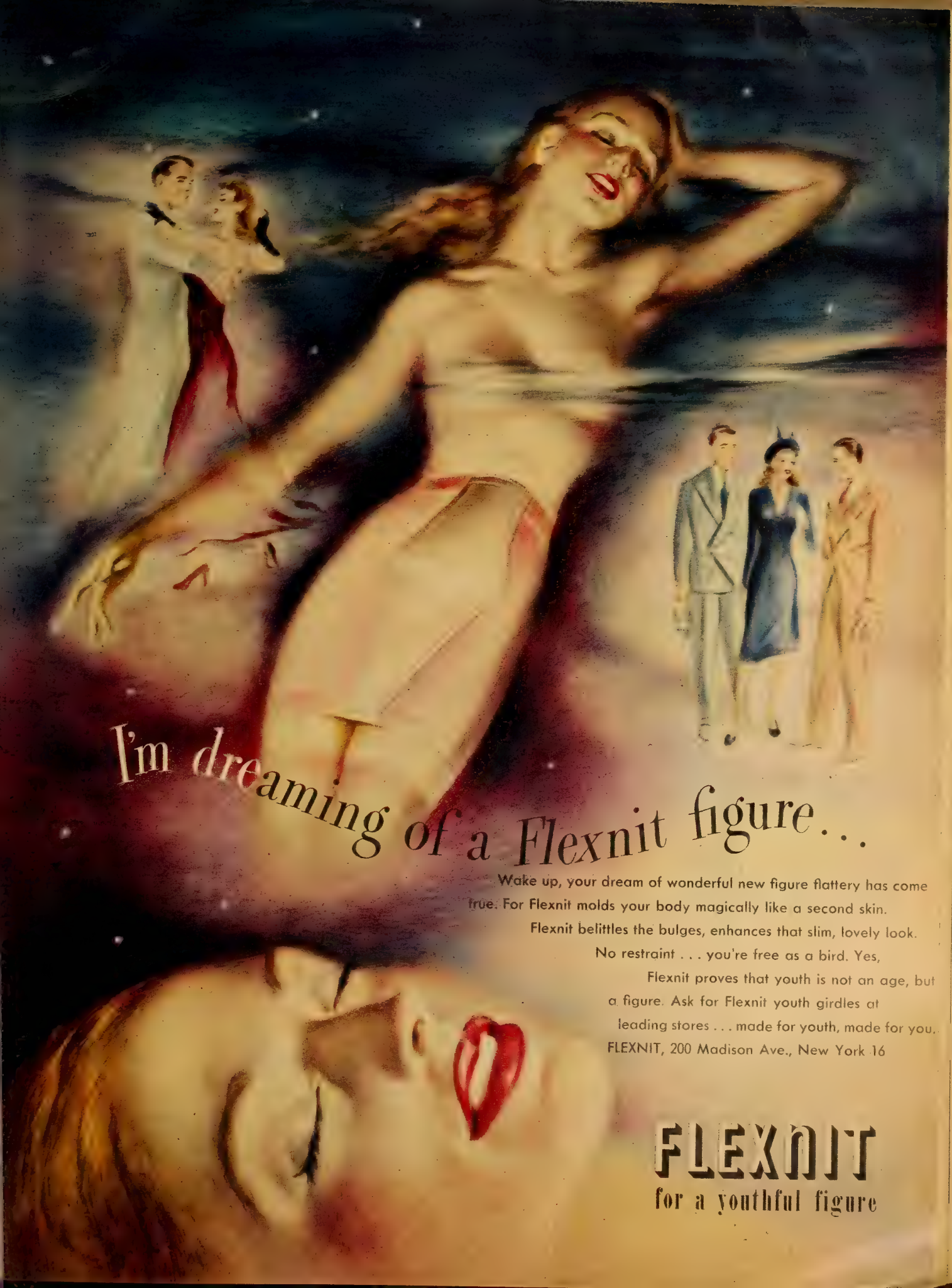
THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR

WHEN YOU CRAVE A GAY

PRINT JUST TO HURRY

SPRING ALONG A LITTLE

To find out where to buy these prints, turn to page 76


I'm dreaming of a Flexnit figure...
Wake up, your dream of wonderful new figure flattery has come true. For Flexnit molds your body magically like a second skin.
Flexnit belittles the bulges, enhances that slim, lovely look.
No restraint . . . you're free as a bird. Yes,
Flexnit proves that youth is not an age, but a figure. Ask for Flexnit youth girdles at leading stores . . . made for youth, made for you.
FLEXNIT, 200 Madison Ave., New York 16
FLEXNIT
for a youthful figure

Deep cuffed sleeves and a blue leather belt. By June Bently in Dan River's Cordspun. 9-15. **$10.95**

It's not a minute too soon to Pick Cottons

■ Think it's too early to buy cottons? Unh, uh. It isn't. Not if you want the pick of the prettiest, like these. The cotton crop is coming up earlier and earlier these days—and somehow the nicest are the ones which bloom while the snow still flies. So snatch them now, flaunt them later. Naturally, if you live in the sunny south, enough said.

On this page, early bird's choice—all crisp, all fresh, all singing blue and white. And when we say *it's a Dan River fabric*—you know these dresses wash and wear as only *good* cotton can.

Two-piece dress with red belt, shiny studs. By Joan Miller in Dan River's Cordspun. 9-15. **$14.95**

Off-shoulder picture dress with drawstring neck. By June Bently in Dan River's Starspun. Sizes 9-15. **$10.95**

To find out where to buy these cottons, please turn to page 76.

Brilliant New CUTEX really rates with Young America!

College girls, career girls, high-schoolers wear it . . . love it . . . swear by its long-wearing qualities! A special ingredient, used only in the NEW CUTEX is what makes it so enduringly alluring. Test it yourself and see! Put NEW CUTEX on your one hand . . . any brand on the other. See how NEW CUTEX laughs at peeling . . . defies chipping. See if you don't love its greater luster, too!

P.S. Ask for "Deep Velvet"—the NEW after-dark shade Young America is clamoring for!

WHY, THEY'RE ALL WEARING THE

Donna Hale.

PRINT VERSION
Shantung with a sheen—scattered with tiny cotton bolls. In luggage or green. Sizes 9 to 17.
$15

POLKA VERSION
75 denier (that means super-fine) crepe. Grey with chartreuse dots, navy with white, aqua or gold with luggage. Sizes 9 to 17.
$15

PLAIN VERSION
Solid! Solid color rayon crepe in powder blue, aqua, grey, toast, gold, orange. Sizes 9 to 17.
$15

Just to prove
you can't have too much
of a good thing:—
one body-beautiful dress
in three different
spring fabrics.
Like plain?—printed?—polka?
Take your choice!
Dress by Donna Hale.

To find out where to buy these fashions, turn to page 76.

BUYING GUIDE

Turquoise dress worn by Frances Ramsden
(page 65)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Nashville, Tenn.—Harvey's
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Epaulette worn by Frances Ramsden
(page 65)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
Easton, Pa.—Orr Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche

"ONE OF THESE SUITS IS FOR *YOU*"
(pages 66-69)

Suit No. 1

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Suit No. 2

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Suit No. 3

New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Suit No. 4

Boston, Mass.—Chandler's
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery

Suit No. 5

Boston, Mass.—Jay's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Suit No. 6

Chicago, Ill.—The Hub
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Blauner's

Suit No. 7

New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable

Suit No. 8

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

BESTFORM

*YOUR CHANCE FOR FAME... Pictured is lovely Joan Smith, winner of the last Stardust Beauty Contest, now a Walter Thornton Pin-Up Girl. Enter our 1947 Contest now. YOU may be the lucky winner of $500 first prize or 27 other awards! Just send recent non-returnable photo, with height, weight, bust, waist and hip measurements before May 31, 1947. Decisions of famous beauty judges are final. Mail entry to P. O. Box 65, Station F, N. Y.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which had her permanent at a beauty shop?)

"**No one could tell** our permanents apart—*can you?*" asks the Toni twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago..."My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder my sister says after this we'll be *Toni Twins!*"

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI home permanent for your date tonight!

This twin test shows you how beautiful a Toni Home Permanent really is—so soft, so smooth, so natural looking. No trick to give yourself a Toni, either. Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. And it's so comfortable. You have a lovely permanent in just 2 to 3 pleasant hours at home—no sitting under a hot dryer. And your Toni lasts as long as a $15 permanent. That's why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. That's why you'll want to get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at all leading cosmetic, drug and notion counters. Kathleene, the twin at the right, is the one with the Toni Home Permanent. Did you guess?

Listen to "Give and Take" C. B. S. Network Every Saturday 2 P. M., E. S. T.

Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

Suit No. 9

Chicago, Ill.—The Hub
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel's
Washington, D. C.—S. Kann Sons & Co.

Suit No. 10

New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins
Philadelphia, Pa.—N. Snellenburg Co.
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Suit No. 11

Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.

Suit No. 12

Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier Co.

Suit No. 13

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery

"WHAT A CUTE PRINT!"

Bowknot print
(page 70)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
New York, N. Y.—Russek's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Beige and white print
(page 70)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's
Detroit, Mich.—D. J. Healy

"IT'S NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON TO *PICK COTTONS*"

Wide-striped dress, and off-shoulder dress
(page 72)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Narrow-striped dress
(page 72)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

"WHY, THEY'RE ALL WEARING THE SAME DRESS!"

Polka, print and plain version
(page 74)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
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If a store in your city is not listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Hello! . . . and we might as well confess immediately that we're going to talk about the very same subject we sounded off on last month. You remember (we hope!): how you can dress *bee-yutifully,* on just a handful of dollars.

In fact, you might say we're going to *harp* on the subject—because if there's anything we're convinced you want to do, it's look like a million—no matter how midget your budget.

Okay. So in this issue, we've rounded up thirteen—count 'em!—thirteen suits. Each one is the last word in pure fashion. And there's so much variety, that you're bound to find the one suit that was absolutely born for you. For example, if you're a girl who likes to wear the latest—soonest—there are several of those swanky new long jacket suits—which you tall girls can carry off with quite an air.

Or if you like the simplest of tailoring, take your pick of our chosen classics. If femininity is for you—there are some soft dressmaker suits. And, of course, we've included junior suits for you teeners. And no! you don't have to break the bank to buy your favorite among our super suits. Not one of them costs more than $35—and they range from that figure—downward!

As for hats to wear with your suit—the stores are bursting with all kinds of spring - must - be - coming bonnets. But there is one special type of chapeau we'd like to point out to you—because we think it's going to be the success hat of the season. We mean the cute little knitted or crocheted number—that you yank down close over your head and angle any way you choose. We show five of them—numbers 1, 4 and 6 on pages 66 and 67, and numbers 10 and 11 on pages 68 and 69. If you don't lose your head to these hats—we'll eat ours!

Plus scarves and fresh cotton gloves—you've got a costume that will get you many a second glance on the Avenue.

Especially if you top it off with one of our favorite epaulettes on the shoulder—remember, we're placing our money on that one as the jewelry scoop of the spring.

Here's to your stopping the show in your slick suit and fixings . . .

Connie Bartel

YOUR CHANCE FOR FAME... Pictured is lovely Joan Smith, winner of the last Stardust Beauty Contest, now a Walter Thornton Pin-Up Girl. Enter our 1947 Contest now, YOU may be the lucky winner of $500 first prize or 27 other awards! Just send recent non-returnable photo, with height, weight, bust, waist and hip measurements before May 31, 1947. Decisions of famous beauty judges are final. Mail entry to P. O. Box 65, Station F, N. Y.

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It's the Fit in the Cup that Counts

Maureen (*Sinbad the Sailor*) O'Hara uses lipstick artfully.

A flurry of face powder enhances Maureen's smooth, flawless skin.

by Carol Carter,

Beauty Editor

HERE'S A PRETTY COMPLEXION!

■ "Freckles!" the O'Hara repeated indignantly. "Why, there's nothing wrong with them. My mother always called them 'beauty marks.'" Maureen seemed right proud of the light scattering of golden ginger snaps that adorned her pretty nose. I know her attitude makes me happier about my own freckles and I'm sure that many of you readers who write so woefully about your freckles will appreciate Maureen O'Hara's common-sense thinking.

I had cornered Maureen at a Hampshire House cocktail party in her honor and was busily pelting her with questions on how-to-be-a-stunner. And Maureen's good looks were assurance enough that I had come to an authority on the subject. Why, the gal is stunning, terrific, colorful . . . here I'm running out of adjectives, but all of you have seen her in Technicolor, so you appreciate my predicament.

Besides being such a vivid Venus, Maureen is also a lass with a definite personality and a keen mental apparatus. (Hate to disillusion you, but I have met some Hollywood beauties who were "but dumb." A very few, I quickly add.) The reason she champions freckles is because they look so good when they call attention to a peach-bloom complexion. Maureen stressed the importance of a healthy skin. She first said that, beginning in her early teens, every girl should know the fundamentals of make-up. As Maureen posed to illustrate her ideas for the camera man she added, "Using makeup the right way is only the sign of an intelligent, well-educated girl." She paused. "Why, it's the *civilized* thing to do!"

Maureen was adamant about the subject of a clean, healthy skin. Your Beauty Editor agrees thoroughly with her about the importance of a clear complexion. Cooperate, I say, with powder base, rouge, lipstick and mascara, by giving them the smoothest, *cleanest* background possible.

Now let's face it—the ideal "face cleansing" must not only remove every trace of makeup, dust, grime and perspiration but must leave the skin looking and feeling clean, not the least bit drawn or dry, not faintly sticky, but fresher and (*Continued on page 91*)

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

RICHARD HART is the young man who was given the lead opposite Greer Garson in "A Woman of My Own," in which to make his film bow. He was born in Providence, R. I., on April 14. He did summer stock work, and then the lead on Broadway in "Dark of the Moon." Is 6' tall, weighs 170 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Is married to Louise Valery. Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City, where he is currently working in "Green Dolphin Street."

You loved **ANN TODD** in "Seventh Veil," and now she is in America for the femme lead in "The Paradine Case." She was born in England, 37 years ago. Has blue eyes and blonde hair and is married and has two children. She can be reached at Selznick Studios, Culver City, Cal. No fan club.

GLENN VERNON, most recently seen as Shorty in "Bamboo Blonde," was born in Fall River, Mass., on Oct. 27, 1924. His real name is Elmer George Vernon and he is 5' 9" tall, weighs 125 lbs., and has blue eyes and light brown hair. He's married. Write to him at RKO, Hollywood, California.

OLGA SAN JUAN is a "Latin from Manhattan," born in the big town on Mar. 16, 1927. She is unmarried, has hazel eyes and just dyed her dark tresses blonde for her latest picture, "Variety Girl." She's a petite 5'2" tall. Write to her at Paramount, and Ruth Crivello, 776 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, California, has her club.

MACDONALD CAREY has recently been released after three years service in the Marine Corps, and you'll be seeing him again in "Suddenly It's Spring." He was born in Sioux City, Iowa, on Mar. 15, 1913. He is 6' tall, and weighs 170 lbs. He has brown hair and eyes, is married to Betty Heckscher, and is crazy for fencing. Welcomes mail at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood. Was discovered while appearing opposite Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady In the Dark," on Broadway. No fan club.

Can you tell...

which is the expensive blouse ?

Both are charming...both were laundered with LINIT* Starch to keep them fresh, crisp, dainty. But one cost $39.75...the other $7.85. (Look below and see if your guess was right.)

The point is, whether your budget is orchids or oatmeal, anything starchable looks *its best* when you use LINIT. It gives the perfect finish to all fabrics. Easy directions on every package.

It's the blouse at the top that cost $39.75

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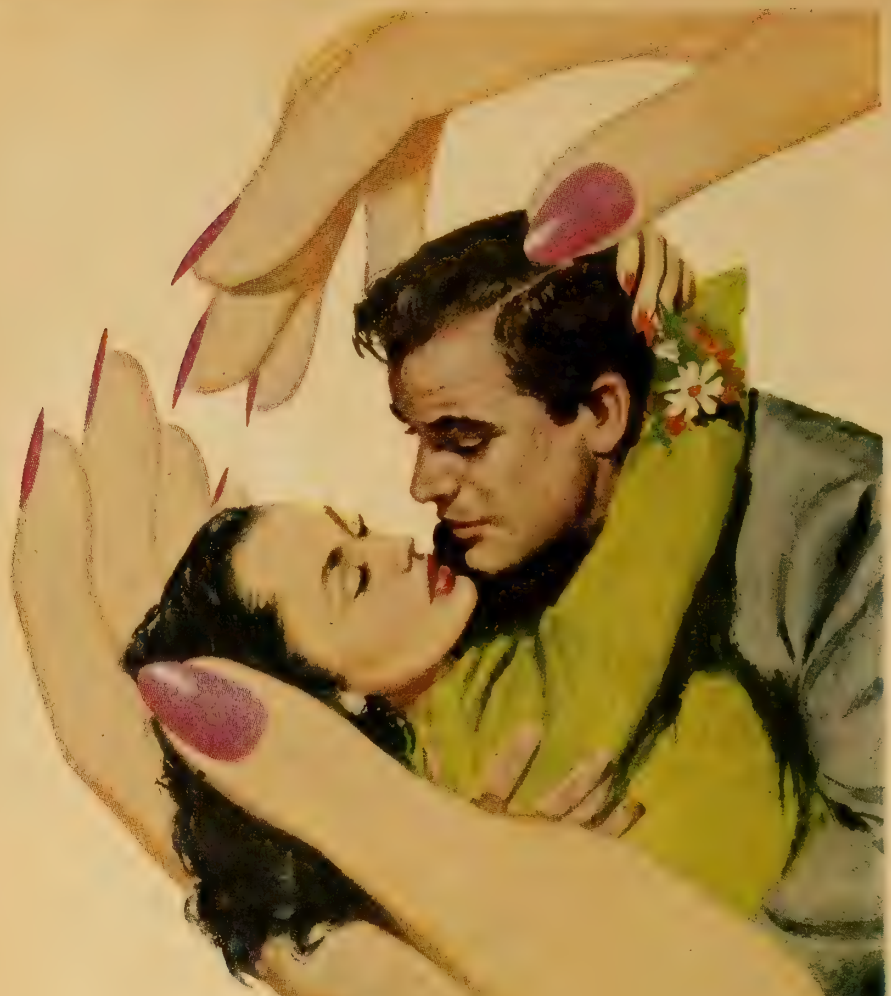

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NEW HINDS works like magic—because your skin *eagerly* takes in the special *softening* ingredient. Is not sticky.

NEW HINDS protects *longer* against work-and-weather roughness. Always use after hands have been in water or after outdoor exposure.

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faster soothing lanolin-enriched

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INFORMATION DESK (*Continued*)

CATHY O'DONNELL who debuts as Wilma in "Best Years of Our Lives," was born in Siluria, Alabama, on July 6. She is 5'4" tall, weighs 110 lbs., and has brown hair and brown eyes. She's still unstung by cupid. Can be reached at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Hollywood, and she hasn't a club yet.

DOROTHY PATRICK who plays Mrs. Kern in "Till The Clouds Roll By," was born in Winnipeg, Canada, on June 3. She's 5'5", weighs 110 lbs., and has blonde hair and blue-green eyes. Used to be a model. No fan club, and she can be reached at M-G-M. Next pic: "The Mighty McGurk."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Anna Lee Chiappetta, Pgh.: Here are the songs from "Till The Clouds Roll By": Ol' Man River, One More Dance, Why Was I Born?, All The Things You Are, A Fine Romance, Long Ago and Far Away, Yesterdays, Land Where the Good Songs Go, She Didn't Say Yes, They Didn't Believe Me, I Won't Dance, Look for The Silver Lining, Sunny, Who, Can't Help Loving That Man, Make Believe, Till The Clouds Roll By, How'd You Like to Spoon With Me?, The Sun Shines Brighter, Leave It To Jane, Cleopatterer, The Last Time I Saw Paris, and Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (danced by Cyd Charisse and Gower Champion). **Terry Recknagal:** Billy Daniel is now a dance director at Paramount. But if you'd prefer to see him dancing again on the screen, then bombard the studio with letters telling them so. He has no fan club, but Pat Seminez, 6351 Cedar St., Huntington Park, Calif., has one for Janis Paige. Audrey Goldick, 1565 Theriot Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., has Sid Caesar's, and Florence Ufolla, 315 Semple St., Pittsburgh, Pa., has Andrea King's.

SPECIAL OFFER

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB (10c)—First offered Nov. '46. Brand new, re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for Frankie, Van, Allyson, Lawford, Wilde, Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Assn. Also how to write good fan letters. Please enclose 10c in coin with your order.....☐

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There you are: the longer Info Desk that you've been requesting! Hope that you like it, and will continue to send in your questions and requests for charts with self-addressed, stamped envelopes, to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. Should you like to see *your* favorite newcomers on the list . . . let me know who they are, and I promise you very prompt action.

YOU MAY CALL IT MADNESS...

(*Continued from page 15*)

but oh, so elusive! The story went around that Lana had her trousseau prepared, her wedding plans all set, even the little church at Del Monte, California, chosen. Mrs. Keenan Wynn was to be matron of honor. But on the day people thought she would become Mrs. Howard Hughes, he was in Washington trying to obtain a permit for a radio station.

There was Lana, free and on the rebound. She'd been there before. If her heart was broken, or even injured, she never betrayed it by look or sign. Pausing never a moment in her round of gaieties, she was seen in the swank spots on the arm of Peter Lawford, being beaued by Robert Hutton and others, head high, chin up, merry, witty and vivacious.

None the worse for another bout with love. But eternally questing, yes.

Tyrone Power, too, was questing. He knew that freedom was just around the corner for him. The first few times that he and Lana met they were so secretive about it that no one suspected a torrid romance was bursting into flower overnight.

I knew there was more than a mere flirtation between Lana and Ty when my maid dropped the information one day that Tyrone's housekeeper, who had given her notice when he and Annabella split up, had decided to stay on. "You know," my maid remarked innocently, "she likes that pretty Miss Lana Turner and Miss Lana will be moving in as Mrs. Power soon."

rumors were flying . . .

Just a day or so after that, Ty and Annabella officially announced the rift that everybody in the know already was aware had come. It must have been very funny to Ty and Lana to read the speculations of professional gossips about him and Gene Tierney, the hot romance that was supposed to have started while they were co-starring in *The Razor's Edge*. True enough, Ty was going about a lot with Gene, swimming and playing tennis at her house, adding heaps of spice to the rumor. At that very time Gene was calling it a day with Oleg Cassini. And a sudden blooming of love between two stars of such explosive potency was hot news.

It was too pat. Ty denied and Gene denied, but he denied nothing about Lana because no one asked him. And all the while that was where his heart lay.

I must tell you of a strange thing Annabella once said to me. "I am a pink-seeing person," she said, "and my husband is a black-seeing one." Certainly he returned from his flying service with the Marines in the Pacific a changed young man.

It soon became evident that he was not seeing eye to eye with Annabella. She agreed to get a divorce and a financial settlement which is said to have been extremely generous on Ty's part.

Could it be that Ty entertains some thought of obtaining a Mexican divorce while he is in that country? Perhaps it is not too hazardous to suggest that there might be a honeymoon at Acapulco. "I wouldn't want to predict *what* he might do," Harry Brand, 20th-Fox's head of publicity and a close pal of Ty's, told me.

One thing is certain: Lana is wearing his huge, glittering diamond on her engagement finger, and the lovely diamond earrings that gleam in her little ears are his gift. I put the question to her directly: "Are you going to marry Ty?" She smiled, dreamily happy. "Please don't ask me that just now, Florabel," she pleaded, and there was a mist in her eyes.

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DRESS BY MARTINI FROCKS
Miss Korky Kelley wears Lovable's new TWINSY...the bra that comes in two parts...for greater freedom, comfort and that smart separation.
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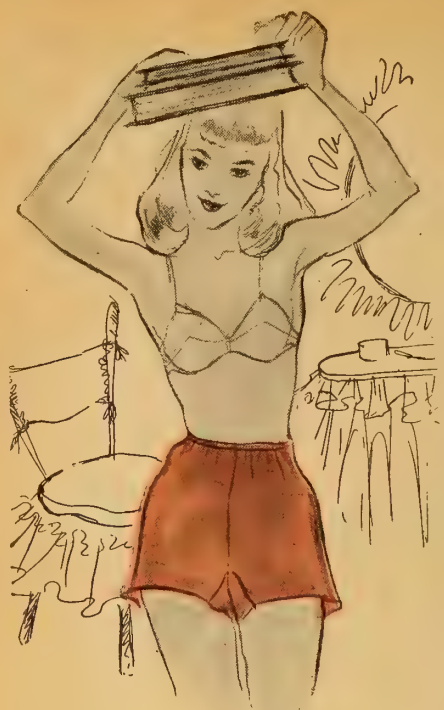

Smart girls say... "McKay Lingerie!"

Once you've worn these cleverly styled McKay undies you'll readily see why they're everyone's favorite!

They fit so smoothly and comfortably without binding or riding up... and they wash just like a hanky!

There's a style to fit every figure, and every budget, at all S. S. Kresge & Co., S. H. Kress Co., and Sears & Roebuck stores.

Next time say, "McKay Lingerie"!

McK McKay LINGERIE

Empire State Bldg. New York

HE'S A KILLER

(Continued from page 47)

Solemnly, a moment later, Burt came up to a friend, turned, bent over, and ordered, "Kick me. Hard. . . ."

The area around 109th Street and Tenth Avenue 30 years ago was, and still is, one of the toughest districts in New York City.

Through the faded, but clean, glass curtains of her parlor in the three-family house at 209 E. 106th Street, Elizabeth Lancaster saw a familiar sight—her thirteen-year-old son Burt approaching along the sidewalk, propelled in his halting progress, at intervals, by the strong right arm of Patrolman John Flanagan. She had the door open by the time they reached it.

clash of wills . . .

Mother and son looked at each other with unwavering, hostile eyes: the one a martinet who ruled her family with the iron hand required in that neighborhood, a woman whose one hope was to keep her sons out of serious trouble and whose one fear was that she couldn't; the other a restless, too-intelligent, too-energetic boy who wanted excitement and escape.

"You can have him now, Mrs. Lancaster," said Flanagan in his rich brogue. "He's done about as much damage as a boy can do in one day."

"How much?"

"That Red Pepper Gang of his again. They swiped some stuff from old man Bradley's store, and when we chased 'em, they went up on the warehouse roof and threw bottles down at us. They got a little working over at the station house, and Burt got his share. No use you wearing yourself out on him."

"Thank you, Mr. Flanagan."

When he had gone and Mrs. Lancaster was alone inside the house with her son, she stared at him for a long moment. There was in her eyes despair and curiosity.

She turned away and left him alone. After a moment he went along the hall to his own room, closed the door, locked it, and undressed. Outside, the late afternoon light was fading fast. A sense of the dramatic stopped him from turning on the gas light above his bed—lest the cheerful crack of light be seen beneath his door and give the impression that he was indifferent to the general situation—but instead, he took a flashlight from a dresser drawer, and a library copy of Louis Bromfield's "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg."

He got into bed. Under the covers, the flashlight created a warm, friendly cave of light, and the characters of the book were there to keep him company. In a moment the day was forgotten, the squalid neighborhood, the small hatreds. This was his life, this world of books, and in it he could survive.

DeWitt Clinton High School, when Burt went to it, was located at 59th Street and Tenth Avenue, and was not exactly a model institution of higher learning. It was over-crowded and filthy.

The only thing about DeWitt Clinton High that Burt could see at all was his history teacher, slim and tawny, with a Bacall voice. He was a big boy for his age and he fell somewhat in love with her, even going to the trouble of turning his lessons in on time and making A's. It didn't occur to him until after he had finished the course that he'd used the wrong tactics—he might otherwise have been kept after school. . . .

But he discovered something else, almost as dangerous as love: he didn't have to work in order to get along. He could read or sleep through class all year, taking the inevitable row of F's on daily assignments, then cram for his finals and make an A, which would be enough to pass him. He was monumentally bored.

But there was one thing he could do. The school gym was open, and the fellows in the neighborhood had organized a basketball team. He was already nearing his full height of 6' 2", and he was fast and intelligent. By the time he had finished high school, New York University had told him that he could have a basketball scholarship there.

He spent two years at NYU, but not studying. He had run into a man named Charles Brent, an Australian, who had been a professional gymnast and, by the time Brent got through with him, the boy was an artist on the parallel bars. He was also, once and for all, through with school, and hit the road instead.

It was 1932, still summer and sticky hot when the Bragley Brothers Circus hit Petersburg, Virginia. Burt, with a classmate of his, named Nick Cravat, hitchhiked into the town just as the tents were going up. They found the manager.

"We're stick actors," Burt told him. "How about a job?"

"You any good?"

"Watch us and see."

They did the act they had built to near-perfection in New York, but which had grown rusty during their month-long hike south in search of a job. In its difficult finale, Burt fell.

He got up and tried it again, and fell again.

He did the same thing a third time. When he picked himself up he was shaking, and the manager was roaring with laughter. "It's a swell comedy act," he said. "I don't see how you take those falls—I'd think they'd kill you. But okay. Three bucks a week and room and board."

comes marriage . . .

Three years later Lancaster and Cravat were getting $50 a week. It was not what Burt considered being a success. But then, the year before, a bad year for circuses, he had pulled down less than that from the W. P. A. And it was enough, he thought, to get married on. He had met a little dancer in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and fallen desperately in love with her. They were married in March, 1935, and lived and worked together for a year.

Burt had always been amused when he read stories by Edna Ferber and others about the special 'family feeling' people in a circus had, one for the other. The clannishness, the warm affection, the I'll-stick-by-you,-you-stick-by-me sort of thing. This was certainly not true of the Bragley outfit. He had never known so many mean, jealous, suspicious, cantankerous people gathered together in one outfit.

They were, however, united in their scorn of grift show people—carnival people—who in turn sneered at circus people and anyone connected with them.

Unfortunately, the gentleman who owned Bragley's also owned a grift show, which he insisted on bringing along to out-of-town engagements where they could appear as mutual attractions. This proved a mistake, at least on one hot summer evening in Leeds, Alabama.

The afternoon show was over and Burt was washing up in his trailer. He heard running footsteps and straightened up, dripping, as a grip opened the door.

"There's trouble," the grip panted. "One of those gimmick games next door clipped

a rube for 400 bucks this afternoon, and there're twenty guys with shotguns coming up the road."

Half an hour later the immediate crisis was over. Standing with the entire circus population behind him and the three bulls massed abreast at his side, the owner of the circus met the twenty townsmen as they marched up the road. When they halted he shouted, "If one of you takes another step, I'll send these bulls after you. Now blow!"

They blew. Turning, the owner said quietly, "We're getting out tonight. Make it as soon as you can. They'll be back."

In the trailer again, Burt began packing his tights and other paraphernalia. But he knew it was for the last time. The feeling of boredom and unrest that had beset him the last few months found culmination in the incident of the vigilantes.

Soon after, Burt and his wife separated. They realized their interests were worlds apart and that it would be better for each to go his own way. She continued with the show.

It was 1940 and the Lancaster and Cravat act had graduated to vaudeville and was getting $400 a week, when it worked, because it was the best thing of its kind in the United States. "That's just it," Burt told Nick one night in the dressing room, after the show. "We've perfected a lost art. I always thought that if you're better than anyone else, you ought to be paid for being better. $400 is tops for us, and it's not enough. I'm quitting."

For five weeks, in Chicago, he lived in a kind of private heaven, sleeping late, reading, going to every concert he could find. Then a check bounced, bringing him to reality, and he took stock of his situation. Well, he thought, I can drive a truck.

So he went to the garage at Marshall Field and asked for a Christmas rush season job. The personnel manager looked him up and down.

"That'll teach you not to make blind dates over the phone!"

In five minutes Burt Lancaster was the new floorwalker in the ladies' lingerie section, and within the next six months sales jumped 50%. He was a curious floorwalker. He kidded the customers, sang as he worked, and often appeared for only three or four hours a day. But when he left, they even offered him a raise to stay. "I'd go out of my mind if I did," Burt said. He wasn't sure that it hadn't already happened.

Burt worked at a dozen odd jobs until Uncle Sam sent him "greetings."

The Army did a good job of casting in his case. They put him into special services with the Fifth Army, made him a sergeant, and sent him to North Africa and Italy for twenty-six months. He thought the system in his outfit was stupid, and that the fault lay with some top brass, and he relayed this point of view to his colonel.

Whereupon he was no longer a sergeant, but a private; and in point of fact emerged from the Army as a technical corporal, still unreconstructed, still fighting mad. He could resume his last job with Columbia Concerts, if he liked, and had in fact already accepted when a producer, whom he met during his first week in the promotion department, said to him, "You've got a kisser that bears a faint resemblance to the Siegfried Line. I'd like to cast you as a top sergeant in *A Sound of Hunting.*"

"I've never done any acting," Burt said.

"All you have to do is yell at the top of your lungs. Can you do that?"

Burt gave a short demonstration that was heard in Queens and Brooklyn. The producer shut his eyes. "You will definitely do," he said, in what amounted to a whisper.

Hal Wallis, when he saw *A Sound of Hunting,* thought more than that. He caught the impression of rugged strength, the sensitive intelligence, the innate feeling for acting in the sergeant character, and forthwith signed him. He lent him to Mark Hellinger to play the lead in a little picture called *The Killers,* and you know what happened after that.

You made him a star.

But only Norma Anderson, who became Mrs. Lancaster on December 30th, can do anything about making Burt a happy man.

BEE-HIVE
Susan Shane
JUNIOR ORIGINAL
. . . and the queen bee you'll be with beaux busy buzzing 'bout you. A two-piece Susan Shane butcher linen, by *Auburn Fabrics.* Silver Gray, Petal Pink, Dawn Blue and Buttercup, all with black bee-hive print. Junior sizes 7 to 15. About $22.
Write for name of store nearest you.
SUSAN SHANE
SAINT LOUIS (1)

Head of the Class

For *you* (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat and sweet to see . . . You'll rate A-plus with that dreamboat sitting next to you in class . . . and what more can a girl ask?

Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to *DeLong* Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

No fear of DeLong Bob Pins losing this vise-like grip. Why? They're made of high-carbon steel.

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BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

THE GABLE I KNOW

(*Continued from page 28*)

out of me was Clark Gable.

That's when I got his telegram, "Thank you, darling. You were right. . ." No reporter could ask for better backing-up. But I didn't have to ask Clark—that's the point. It was his own idea and maybe you think I don't love him for it!

The first time I fell for Gable all I saw was his back! I was sitting twelfth row center at a Broadway play called *Machinal*. Although I leaned in my seat and craned my neck like a hick I never did see his face. Just his back. But that was enough. It had strength and vigor and the comforting maleness that women adore.

"Who is *that?*" I whispered to my companion. He peered at his program. "Let's see—it says, 'Clark Gable.' Never heard of him."

"Neither have I," I sighed, "but you can wrap him up and send him over!"

Hollywood took care of that. Soon afterwards I was acting on a picture set right beside the glamor-back guy.

Clark played a laundry truck driver in that picture. Me, I was a sassy baggage, as usual. Neither of us was a star. In fact, we were both VUP's—very UNimportant people—then. But the star was a VIP—definitely! And did she know it! She didn't deign to speak to the rest of the cast.

Pretty soon Clark got disgusted. One day when Miss Temperament sashayed by without even a nod, he raised his black eyebrows and then gave them a puzzled knit. "Say," he asked me, "what's eating her, anyway?"

"A common Hollywood affliction," I cracked. "'Big-head' we called it back in Altoona."

Clark whistled and shook his head. "If that ever happens to me," he said, "I hope somebody kicks me right out of town!"

Janet Gaynor told me a story once about Clark that's typical of another facet of his personality. It happened back in the days when he was an extra.

So was Janet. Janet came to work on the bus, but Clark was slightly grander. He owned an old broken-down, rickety flivver. One night Clark saw Janet trudging along after work, as he rattled his flivver out the gate. "Hop in," he smiled. "I'll take you home," offered Clark gallantly. "Where do you live?" Janet told him and they chugged away in that direction. Neither said much because they didn't really know each other. That's why Janet thought it was so funny when Clark pulled up at the curb, halfway home, said, "Well, see you later," and ambled off, leaving the jalopy parked there!

It wasn't until years later that Janet learned why her ride had ended so abruptly. She and Clark were both big stars by then. They met at a party and got to laughing about their hungry extra days. Janet remembered that puzzling ride and asked Clark right out why he'd ditched her half way home.

embarrassing moments . . .

"I always felt bad about that," Clark grinned. "I ran out of gas. I didn't have a dime to buy any more either. And I was just too embarrassed to admit it!"

No one could have been nicer to his coworkers than Clark. One day I was on the set of Jean Harlow's picture, *Red Headed Woman*. It was just another picture for Clark. He already was Mister Hollywood then, as he is now. Jean had made *Hell's Angels*, and proved a one-picture sensation. She was anxious to come through again and very nervous about it.

When I arrived, Jean was in tears. She'd been blowing take after take in her nervousness. The director was at his wits end. After spoiling another take, Jean finally gave up and ran to her dressing room. Clark followed her, put his arm around her like a big brother and I heard him say:

"Listen, honey, that's just a little bit of film running through a camera. It doesn't amount to a hill of beans. They've got plenty more, so take your time and don't be nervous. Let's try it again," he grinned, "while we're all worked up, hot and bothered." Jean laughed and the ice was broken. He's as comforting as a doctor when he wants to be. On the other hand, if you're gone on him, Gable in the flesh can be very upsetting.

"please, mr. gable . . . "

I'm thinking of Judy Garland, who toted a teen-age torch for Clark that was a lulu. Clark was her god. That's why Judy got such a thrill when Roger Eden wrote that song for her to sing at an M-G-M exhibitor's convention in Hollywood. You remember—"Please, Mister Gable?"

I happened to be lunching on the M-G-M lot with Clark when he got the idea he'd like to meet Judy and hear that song in person. "Come on," he grinned. "Let's go over to Judy Garland's set and say hello."

Clark walked in, beamed his most charming smile and draped his arm down over the canvas chair that said "Judy Garland." Judy was in it and her eyes opened up as wide as saucers.

"Judy," Clark pleaded in his most persuasive voice, "will you sing my song for me?" Judy didn't answer; she couldn't. The crew gathered around sensing an occasion and Judy, little trouper that she was, climbed up on a table, a piano player twirled his stool and she went into "Please Mister Gable," singing right to Clark. She sang it as she never had before, because Judy Garland was singing to a very special audience.

When she was through, Clark stepped up, lifted her down and gave her a great big kiss. "Thanks, honey" he smiled. "That was a real thrill."

What kind of a thrill it was to Judy you can imagine. I saw her that evening and she was still trembling like a leaf.

I always admired the way he stuck up for Lew Ayres when all Hollywood was yelling for Lew's scalp. Most of his old friends turned their backs when Lew turned "Conshie." Lew's back now with added stature as a man and an actor. But there weren't many who cheered him in democracy-prating Hollywood then. One of the few who did was Clark Gable.

In the midst of the hub-bub, Clark went to see Lew, and said: "Remember, this is America, and you've got a right to your convictions. If I can do anything to back you up, let me know."

I don't know anyone in Hollywood who's ever been a good friend of Clark's who still isn't. And that includes both his first two wives. I know them both, Josephine Dillon and Rhea Gable. I've never heard them run Clark down in any department; I've never heard him say anything but the best about them. Jo Dillon taught Clark how to act and Rhea, a wealthy society woman, gave him polish and social poise. Clark was and still is grateful for both. In both cases he parted friends. Clark was particularly fond of Rhea's children and they adored him and still do. I've always thought it a downright shame that in three marriages Clark Gable never

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor attends the Musicians' Fund Opera-benefit

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

Startlingly lovely against her rich auburn hair and white gown is Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor's exquisite skin, smooth and cream-white as a gardenia petal. "Always before I go out, I refresh my complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," Mrs. Astor says. "No beauty treatment I've ever tried gives my skin a so much clearer, brighter, softer look—so *quickly!*" You'll discover, too, that the 1-Minute Mask makes a wonderful difference in the smoothness of your make-up!

Smooth on a cool, lavish Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave one minute.

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had any children of his own. He's a frustrated father if I ever saw one.

Even all during the war, when he was in Europe and busy with a dozen duties in a topsy-turvy world, Clark never forgot the birthdays of the Goff kids, children of his best Hollywood pal and fishing companion, "Tuffy" Goff, who comes at you over the radio as "Lum" of *Lum 'N' Abner.* For every birthday and Christmas, too, a present came winging across the Atlantic from London, or wherever Clark was.

Clark has always yearned and reached for the realities of life to compensate for his artificial existence as a movie star. That's the reason he just had to go to war —even though he was over-age.

When Clark enlisted, he wanted to sever all his Hollywood ties. The break in his life, occasioned by the tragic death of Carole Lombard, made him want to leave everything behind.

something for the future . . .

I recall pleading with him not to sell his ranch. "You'll regret it," I warned. "You'll need a place to come home to, a place to think about while you're away. Save that for the future."

Clark gave me a dusty look, as if to say, "What future?" And maybe that's the way he felt then in his sorrow. But I know he was mighty glad he had a home when he came back to Hollywood and he was glad to get back to Hollywood. Just as Hollywood was mighty glad to have him. The King was still King.

I know how much to heart Clark took his war duty and how hard he tried. If there's anything, for instance, that makes Clark die inside it's making a speech. But when they picked him to make the graduation speech at his Officers' School, he did it. And he came up with one of the best speeches ever made—so good it was circulated all through the Air Corps.

I know, too, how hard Clark worked—night and day with his writer pal, John Lee Mahin—to make his Air Force combat movie. It was easily the greatest disappointment in his life that another combat movie beat his to the punch and his labor of love ended up in a film vault.

Clark has always looked more lightly on his Hollywood career.

I remember in one picture, years ago, Clark played a scene where a bulldog chased him and nipped off the seat of his pants. It's pretty hard for a director to tell a bulldog just how far to go and this one went too far. He took some of Clark's skin, too, and they sent Clark to the hospital. I sent Clark a note, "What have you got, anyway? Even bulldogs can't resist you!"

Well, right after that, death, as it must to all dogs, came to this bowser. I'm sure it had nothing to do with the Gable diet, but Clark thought the joke was on him, and it was. He sent me a wire. "The ham was just too tough!"

He still grins at his own romantic screen illusion. He was making a scene in *Adventure* where he chased Greer Garson up a steep hill and caught her just at the top. They'd been having technical trouble with the takes and Clark did it three times. At the end of the third, he puffed like a porpoise and mopped his face. A prop man dragged up a chair. "Here," he said, "sit down, Clark."

"Let's face it," Clark grinned. "What I need is Lionel Barrymore's wheel chair!"

He may kid about himself, but he's a conscientious workman. I popped in on *Adventure* one day around quitting time. I got my usual "Hello, darling, how are you?" and a great big Gable hug. But I got the brush-off, too, after that—until Clark was through with his job.

It was almost five o'clock. The rest of the cast were due to quit anyway in a few minutes. "Go on home, Clark," said the assistant director, glancing at his watch. "We can kill this set tomorrow."

"Let's kill it tonight," said Clark, "then we can all have a drink." I had to wait a spell to have my cocktail with him. But I've never minded waiting for Gable. Who would?

What Clark wants out of life is about the same as it was before he left Hollywood for the war. Only now is the time, he figures, to do it—before, as he grins, "I fall apart at the seams." He's got a hunting trip to Wyoming on the sheet, a fishing one, in Oregon. He's got a Sun Valley trip planned this winter, and another jaunt East to New York for the shows and some city life. He's been collecting dope on Central America and Alaska, too; object—big game shooting. He's started digging a swimming pool on his ranch. And now, too, he's definitely set to do Frederick Wakeman's *The Hucksters.*

He wants to catch up with himself and follow as much as he can the kind of life he and Carole Lombard had planned before, but by himself.

I don't think Clark will ever get married again until he finds a girl who can do for him what Carole Lombard did—be his pal.

I was ragging Clark just recently about a romance rumor, and I should have known better. But the Eastern papers were full of Clark and New York society woman. When he came back to Hollywood, I collared him. "Hey," I said, "What's all this about, anyway? Are you going to marry the gal?"

Clark shot me an annoyed "come-off-it-Hopper" look. "Now listen, Hedda," he said. "I'll ask *you* a question: Can you imagine So-and-so (and he named her) leading a pack horse?"

Clark Gable's happiest days were the short years of his marriage with Carole Lombard. She loved life and she'd want Clark to get all the fun that's coming to him out of his.

Clark can't look at a woman without a marriage rumor. I suppose in his Hollywood career, Clark has had his name linked with as many women as Errol Flynn. But there's a difference. In Clark's case, there has never been one drop of scandal.

In fact, the only scandal I know about my old friend Clark Gable is an item I doubt if even Clark himself knows. I'll just have to tell it on him before I let him off the hook, so he won't look too much like a saint.

scandalous gable! . . .

There was a little girl in Hollywood, the daughter of a producer, who trotted off to a movie matinee one Saturday afternoon. Her mother thought she was going to see a Walt Disney Silly Symphony—obviously harmless—and when she came home they asked her how she liked it.

"Fine," said the little girl. "Norma Shearer's so pretty!"

They didn't get it. What was Norma Shearer doing in a Disney movie? They questioned the child and found she'd seen the burning adult drama, *A Free Soul* with Shearer and Gable, instead.

But the kid had another question. "Mother," she asked, "is Norma Shearer sick?"

They said no—what made her think so?

"She must be," insisted the tot. "Because in the picture she was lying down all the time!"

That set this producer and his wife to thinking—and talking—and that's when the Hays office was born. So I guess that makes Clark Gable the first real swoon king whether he knows it or not. For my money, he always will be.

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Feel Smooth!

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KEEP FRESH! Bathe! Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc over yourself. All over. It leaves every inch of you excitingly fresh.

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Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT

(Continued from page 27)

out whom I mean.

* * *

Bartholomew is a Hollywood producer and Winifred is his wife. They live in a charming house, they are happy, and, so far as Bartholomew knows theirs has always been a sterling kind of marriage. He looks at life through spectacles tinted American Beauty rose.

Yet there was a day not long ago when those spectacles came close to being ripped off with a rude jerk.

It all happened because Winifred decided to go to New York for a few weeks to see the shows and visit her friends and spend some of Bartholomew's easily-earned revenue on a few frocks.

Jeffrey was a Gotham glamor boy—toothy, broad-shouldered, rugged. (Winifred was to learn just *how* rugged.) He was a smooth talker, a slick dancer and a practically glassy operator, and Winifred succumbed to his charms one night during a slow rumba at El Morocco.

For a few days Winifred's existence was a distillation of gardenias and honeyed phone calls, lunches at little French places and cocktails at Jeff's place.

Then one evening—the night before she was to return to Hollywood—she said something Jeff didn't like and he boffed her just like Jimmy Cagney in the movies.

When she got up off the floor he hit her with everything in the room.

It was an old habit of his, flaring up—something he hadn't mentioned under the crimson stars at Morocco—and when she reeled out of his streamlined nest that night she was a battered chick.

Next day she crawled aboard the train for California, a little wiser and a lot sadder. She had a black eye showing, plus a dozen large Technicolor bruises that were hidden by her clothes. Her conscience had acute indigestion and, worse than all these put together, was the terrible question that kept running through her head like ticker tape: How was she going to explain the bruises to Bartholomew?

As she worried, her thoughts were interrupted suddenly by a violent crash—a noise, a jolt, then a spinning sensation and darkness. When she came to she learned that she had just figured in one of the most serious railroad accidents of the year.

Winifred's injuries that day put her name on all the casualty lists, but she didn't feel a thing. She was the happiest beauty in all the land, with the world's greatest alibi for a set of bruises.

But you can't print that!

* * *

When Edna first hit Hollywood as a minor leading lady, she had a fresh pink-cheeked prettiness and a lush figure and not much else. Her acting was elementary, her off-stage manner had sweetness but not much style, and she dressed in a strictly saddle-shoes and polo coat manner.

But early in her career she met Carl.

He was one of those men who make a career of women and the things that make them glamorous. He knew more about clothes than an editor of Vogue, he was a gourmet and something of a wit. He was a perfectionist and he had more than a streak of Pygmalion in him.

When he saw Edna, he saw what she could be with the proper guidance and grooming, and he fell in love with her.

Edna's parents disapproved of the match from the very beginning. They were ordinary Americans of the class wherein males who understand perfume are viewed with suspicion.

When Edna announced that she intended to marry Carl just the same, her worried mother and father grew actually nasty. They placed every obstacle in the way of the union, even to the point of garnering some unpleasant publicity by their actions. And when Galatea became Mrs. Pygmalion despite all the battling, her parents stopped speaking to her.

But other people started speaking to her who hadn't bothered before—mostly producers who now wanted her for their films. Under Carl's expert handling she had become elegant, lovely, even a trifle mysterious and exotic. And before long she was a star.

Eventually her mother and father broke down and forgave her for marrying against their wishes, and she was a contented girl. The four were reconciled and her career was prospering.

But that was a couple of seasons ago.

Now Mother and Dad are mad at Edna again. This time they vow they'll never forgive her.

Because they've learned to like Carl a great deal. And Edna, who has grown tired of him and found a new charmer—a different type—is threatening to divorce him.

But you can't print that. Now, can you?

* * *

This one is a trifle complicated, so let's have the cast first.

Bridget is a young and pretty star—going places.

Arthur is a famous producer.

Evangeline is Arthur's most famous protegee—and favorite love.

Joseph is a pretty well-known director who, as our story opens, has just been jilted by the girl he thought was going to marry him.

Now while Joseph is having his troubles, a simultaneous action is taking place on the other side of town.

Bridget, who has been wooed with considerable ardor by Arthur for several moons, has just discovered that he is still romancing with Evangeline, despite earlier declarations that that part of his life was over. She delivers the grammatically shocking ultimatum: "It's either her or me!"—but Arthur refuses to be stampeded into a choice and says gallantly "I adore you both." Bridget, in a huff, packs and leaves.

Of course, you know, you amateur script writers, where this plot is going. Bridget, carrying her torch—and considerable alcoholic consolation—goes to a party and meets Joseph, who is carrying the same. Their twin sorrows weld them firmly, if incoherently.

A wag sizes up the situation and murmurs, "You two are so miserable you ought to be very happy being miserable together. Why don't you get married?"

And darned if they don't.

The next day, awakening with a large headache, Joseph moans, and groans, and turns to find an only slightly familiar face—someone he'd seen in a movie, no doubt—beside him. "Who are you?" he asks with as much graciousness as he can muster at the hour.

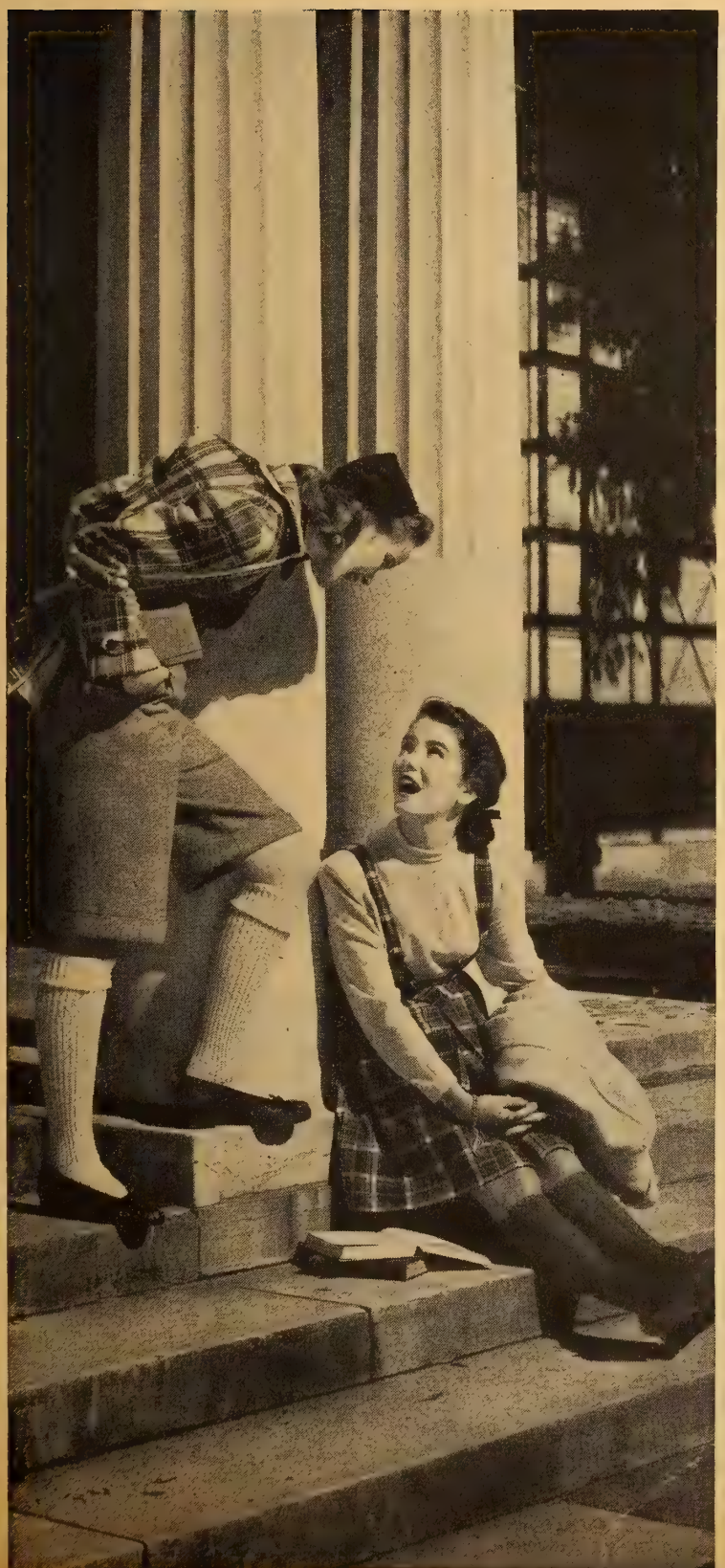
"Your wife," says she. "I think."

Well, the Hollywood columnists wrote up the wedding as very romantic—and so sudden! Why, they said coyly, even the very closest friends of the bride and groom were surprised.

Nobody mentioned how surprised the bride and groom were.

But, really. You can't print THAT!

High school girls could tell mothers a thing or two!



TEST NEW NAPKIN—
88 OUT OF 108 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

The teen-age crowd in high schools across the country recently made a discovery that will be smooth news to girls everywhere.

It all started when interviewers asked school girls who had been bothered by chafing with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

The girls weren't told the name or brand . . . just that it was a new napkin . . . would they see if it gave them freedom from chafe?

The answer? 88 out of 108 reports said: *No chafing with Free-Stride Modess!*

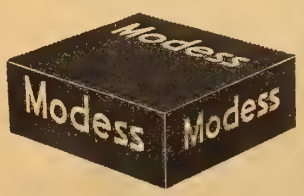
The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many students found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges!*

Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to help keep you confident—to chase away accident fears. Modess' fine, sealed-in deodorant guards your daintiness, too! And *no* telltale outlines—Modess is silhouette-proof!

Free-Stride Modess—so luxury-comfortable, so luxury-safe—is on sale everywhere *now!* Get a package *today*. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



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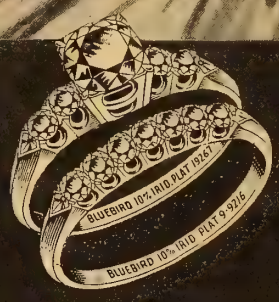

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

■ Whew! We've just been through our regular, semi-annual, shush-don't-nobody-breathe week here at MSFCA headquarters. That's the time our staff gets into a huddle over your last-minute entries in the Trophy Cup contest. They check and re-check everything that comes in from your club; then they award the last round of all-decisive points, and start adding up the final scores. Meanwhile, the phone keeps ringing—"Any results yet?"—the grape-vine from the front office wilts under the strain, and even the bravest of prexies have been known to crack!

Then Al Delacorte kicks open the door and Henry Malmgreen—who somehow always manages to get elected foreman—issues the momentous decisions! Except for the sound of dishes rattling and Bob Hope's quips you'd think it was an Academy Award dinner! And, seriously, that comparison isn't so far-fetched, because the awarding of the MODERN SCREEN Trophy Cups has undoubtedly become *the most important event in the fan club world.*

Now, without further delay, we'll give you the recipients of the Winter, 1947 awards. They are: League One (clubs with a membership of over 600)—the **Gene Autry Friendship Club.** League Two (201 to 599 members)—the **Danny Kaye International Club.** (This is their second consecutive cup!) League Three (under 200 members)—the **James Stewart Club.**

We're particularly proud of this season's crop of cup-snatchers because, while they all merited the award fairly, on the basis of points gained in our series of monthly contests, they each boast certain qualities that can't be measured in points: the close co-operation of their respective stars, the expert know-how of their super-efficient prexies, the active participation of the members in all club projects and, finally—and this is *so* important—there's a warm, friendly club spirit in all three!

"oldsters" versus teen-agers

There's been a lot of debate lately about who makes the best prexy—the "oldster" (over 21, anyway) or the teen-ager. So we think you'll be interested to know that Mrs. Dorothy Crouse, prexy of the Autry Club, and Dee Fling, Stewart Club pilot, are in the first classification, while Virginia Vickery, who has already steered her Kaye Club through two victories, is barely out of her teens. Our feeling is this: age doesn't count one bit. Intelligence a (*Continued on page 115*)

Danny Kaye can't believe it! For the second time in a row, the DK International Club, piloted by Virginia Vickery (above) wins MSFCA's Trophy Cup, in League 2. Gene Autry and James Stewart Clubs win similar awards in Leagues 1 and 3, respectively.

HERE'S A PRETTY COMPLEXION!

(Continued from page 78)

softer than before.

The new "Blush-Cleansing" does all of that! And here's how it works.

First, dip a face cloth into warm water and press it gently against face and neck —makeup and all. Next, without drying your face, apply Pond's Cold Cream from hair-line to collarbone, smoothing it on in little spirals. Tissue this off thoroughly. Then cold cream once more and tissue off again. Last of all, splash cold water onto your face and pat dry.

The whole process takes just four and a half minutes and is practically a facial in itself. Honestly, once you give yourself this "Blush-Cleansing" you'll want it to become a habit.

Incidentally, I want to say a word about what I consider the greatest twentieth-century invention (yes, I, too, have heard about the atom bomb). I'm speaking about the cleansing tissue. Try to imagine life without it. Pretty dreary.

I thought that with all this talk of "tissuing off," you might like a few very special words on the subject. The trick in this is to use a clean piece of tissue for each "wipe," to avoid all chance of tracking dirt back on again. Take two tissues, one in each hand, and work up and out from the center of your face, switching to a clean spot for each swing. There are a million and one uses for tissues, but we are concerned here with the important business of cleaning the face.

Yes, a thoroughly clean face is the one that is smoothest, most flawless. It's the face that teams best with makeup. Why, it is the face that has the best chance of looking as pretty as Maureen O'Hara's!

* * *

MS does it again and makes life more convenient! Because you and I are so interested in beauty, we moved the exclusive MODERN SCREEN how-to-be-a-charmer charts to this department. Here you have 'em. A really thorough collection of good looks information which I have carefully checked. Read the list, decide which charts or chart you want and drop me a note telling about it. With the note enclose the necessary coins and a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope. You'll find that you've taken the first step on the road to good looks. My address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

SKIN CARE FOR THE TEENS (5c) Be good to your skin while young and it will never be a "problem." A healthful complexion routine to keep it fresh.

HAIR DO'S AND DON'TS FOR TEEN-AGERS (5c) The long and short of hair glamor. It's got everything—hair-grooming directions, latest hair styles, charts for facial types.

GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS (10c) by Jean Kinkead. First offered June '46. New teen-agers' beauty bible, revised and enlarged to give you the very latest advice on diet, grooming, makeup, hair care.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL (10c) First offered Sept. '46. Special for gals over 18 —a thorough glamorizing course. Facials, hair styling, manicuring, makeup, etc., for the more sophisticated.

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT (10c) by Dr. E. P. Jordan, syndicated health columnist and assoc. editor, Journal of the Am. Medical Assn. First offered Aug. '46. Eat your way to a lovely figure! A recognized physician has prepared a scientific reducing routine you'll enjoy following.

Your glamourous skin will devastate him if you wear...

Jergens New Face Powder

You're specially dreamy in Jergens *Rachel*—such a creamy look on your skin. His lips want to touch.

But all 6 glamour-shades of new Jergens Powder are sparked with heart-catching color to brighten even a dull complexion.

Velvetized for clinging smoothness; helps hide tiny skin faults. Try Jergens fragrant new Powder today and you'll see you're *prettier.*
In beauty-wise compact-size boxes; 10¢ and 25¢ (plus tax).

$1.00 SPECIAL . . . Boudoir box of Jergens new Powder *plus* Jergens velvetized Make-up Cake —boxed together—in shades that match gloriously on your skin.
Ask for Jergens Twin Make-up.

PREVIEW
ALL 6 GLAMOUR-SHADES!

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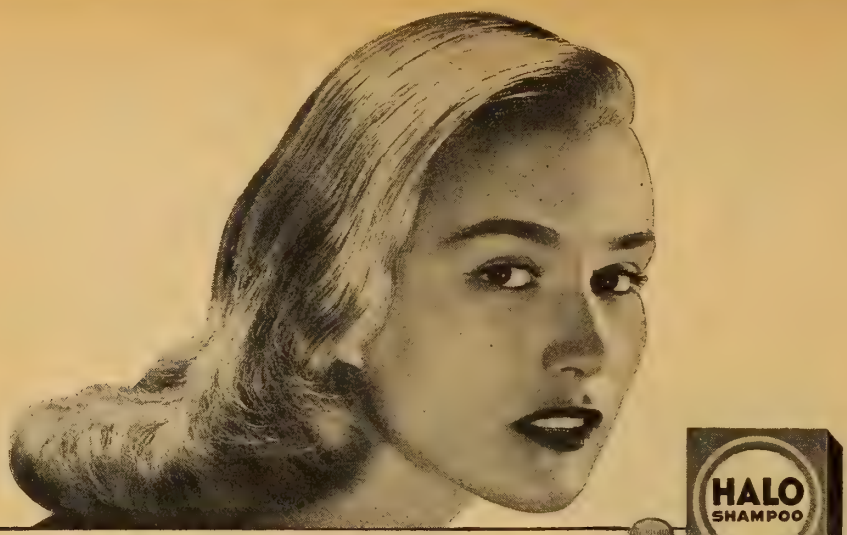

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GABLE'S GOT HER!

(*Continued from page 60*)

and the things she wants to see.

"Most of all," she says, "I want to see the real country. My husband has been about in America a great deal, and it fills me with envy and longing to hear him talk about all those wonderful places. I very much want to visit Kentucky, and see with my own eyes the lovely old houses and the beautiful horses. I want to look at mountains and canyons—and I am quite determined, if I can, to get to Mexico."

Deborah and her husband are planning to spend a week in New York before they cross to the Coast. "I want to do a lot of shows—*Annie Get Your Gun,* and my favorite actress, Betty Field, in *Dream Girl,* and lots of others—oh, and I want to see Twenty One, and all the night clubs I've read about and—well, just *everything,*" she ended breathlessly.

She is going out to Hollywood without any fixed plans. "All I know is that I'm going to do one or two pictures for M-G-M, and after that I hope to make alternate pictures here and there. It's a good routine to keep, don't you think?"

There's only one thing Deborah is afraid of—that they'll take one look at her, say "English type," and rush her into some English country-house vehicle with butlers and tweeds. She doesn't want, in her first Hollywood picture, to be surrounded by a cast from Hollywood's British colony. "I'd like to be in a film that deals with American life, but in which, in some ingenious manner, I wouldn't have to be American."

Deborah hopes, too, that the picture will be modern, and that she'll be allowed to wear some nice clothes in it, and "be a woman." She is getting a little tired, she says, of appearing in peasant costume or uniform. In her first film, *Major Barbara,* she played a Salvation Army lass. In her second, *Love on the Dole,* she was a Lancashire mill-girl. *Penn of Pennsylvania* made her a Quaker, and *The Day Will Dawn,* a Norwegian peasant. *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* gave her three changes of costume, but two of them were "period," and the third was an A.T.S. uniform. In *Vacation from Marriage,* she appeared as a Wren, and in her latest picture, *The Black Narcissus,* she plays a nun. So, for a girl who made the headlines at her wedding in a gown of white elk-skin, the movies can hardly be said to have given her a clothes-break.

Deborah was married just a year ago at the fashionable St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to Squadron Leader Anthony Charles Bartley, D.F.C. and Bar. The Squadron Leader is the son of Sir Charles and Lady Bartley, and a Battle of Britain fighter pilot. He ought really to have met his wife years before, when she was working at Denham Studios on *The*

APRIL ISSUE

Shirley Temple's been married a whole year! So we couldn't resist celebrating her *paper* anniversary by putting her on the April cover of MODERN SCREEN. And she tells her own story of this ecstatic thing called marriage—on your newsstand March 11th.

Day Will Dawn, and he had a role in Leslie Howard's film, *The First of the Few.* In a way he did meet her. What happened was this: young Bartley had spent the morning stunting and looping and rolling in a Spitfire, and was having a quick one with the boys in the bar, when the *Day Will Dawn* unit broke for lunch, and a pretty girl in Norwegian peasant dress passed through. "That's a nice ype; I like her," observed the Squadron Leader, lowering his Scotch. "That's Deborah Kerr," said Leslie Howard's publicity man, "not on our unit, but quite a coming young actress, so I'm told." "Good work, good work," said the Squadron Leader, and went on with his drink.

If you ask Deborah Kerr where she and her husband first met, she'll tell you that it was "frightfully casually, in Brussels." Nearly four years had passed since the one-sided encounter in the Denham bar. Deborah was appearing in an ENSA production of *Gaslight,* with Stewart Granger. Tony Bartley was engaged in dropping troops across the Rhine. One evening the Public Relations Officer attached to the 21st Army Group, a crisp little brunette who had been a school friend of Deborah's, persuaded her to come along to a "pub" where the War Correspondents used to meet. The P.R.O. was interested in one particular war correspondent, whom she subsequently married—Paul Holt, of the London Daily Express. Deborah wasn't interested in anyone in particular—until three Air Force boys from the neighboring squadron turned up.

gold-tiled bathroom, yet! . . .

"After that" she says, "we used to meet a lot. The Squadron had an amazing house in Brussels that belonged to a rich collaborator—he had marched out when the British came in. It was a typical German house, with a gold-tiled bathroom and every luxury you can think of. The boys used to throw all sorts of parties, and we had a wonderful time. The old collaborator had left a big collection of phonograph records behind. But the record Tony and I liked best was a French one, Jean Sablon's 'Je Tire Ma Reverence.' I don't think I shall ever be able to hear that again without feeling choky."

The Bartley-Kerr wedding was one of the first slap-up, full-dress affairs in London after six years of war, and it drew a big gallery. Aside from the bride's cinema fame and her elk-skin gown, the bridegroom's reputation and his father's title, the attractions included at least five Battle of Britain fighter aces. Although he is a civilian now, Tony Bartley is still a professional flyer. He works as a test pilot for Vickers, and the current trip with his wife to America is only in the nature of a leave.

All her life, Deborah Kerr has been surrounded by modestly comfortable and gracious things, and that's the way she hopes to go on living. The thought that she may be introduced to America as a Cinderella-girl, a rags-to-riches heroine, strikes her almost cold with horror. She feels it would be dishonest to herself, to her family, and to her audience. She was born and brought up in a solid, middle-class British home, and she went to a solid, middle-class British school. As a little girl she was protected and happy, and she isn't claiming any allowances.

At 15, she left school to become some sort of an actress; she learned elocution and ballet dancing; and at 18, just when war was beginning to hover over Europe, she set off to London to make a name for herself on the stage.

But it didn't work out that way. There are two versions of the way it did work out. According to one story, she was lunching sparsely one day in a tea-shop

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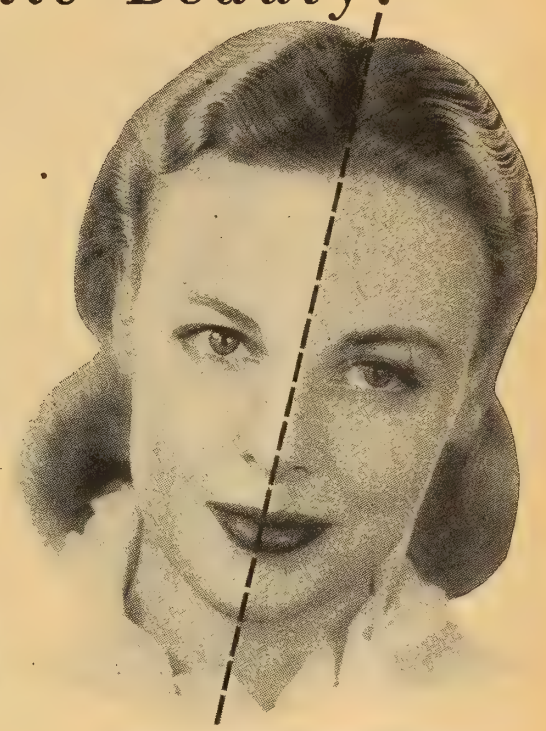

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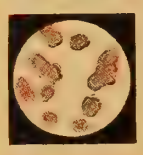

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TABLETS

with an old school-friend. According to Deborah, she was lunching very well at the Mayfair with a casual acquaintance. At any rate, the friend was looking for a job in pictures; Deborah was not. And at the next table sat Gabriel Pascal, busy casting for *Major Barbara.*

"Gabby," having found another friend who would introduce him to the girl-friend, rolled his black gypsy eyes on Deborah and said: "Who is zis sweet girl?" On learning the name, he asked: "Are you an actress?" and on learning yes, he said promptly, "You have a spiritual face. I make you my Jenny." So Deborah, all tremors and excitement, went down to the studio for tests, and Gabby, all Shaw-worship and Hungary, hailed her on the floor. "Take off your shoes" he said, "your shoes are terrible. Say me the Lord's Prayer." So Deborah said it. And that was the way she got into pictures.

Since *Major Barbara,* Deborah has made eight pictures, and taken time off for a stage appearance in a revival of Shaw's *Heartbreak House,* with Robert Donat and Edith Evans. If you ask her to choose her favorite film star, she will unhesitatingly pick on Betty Field, and then play canny, like a born Scotswoman. "I don't know yet," she says. "I want to meet all of them and see what they are like before I make any definite decision."

About her own work, though, Deborah is definite. She thinks the most interesting film she ever did is her last one, Michael Powell's Indian story, *Black Narcissus.* She didn't always think so. It worried her that she had to play a Sister Superior and underplay clear through the picture. But it is typical of Deborah Kerr that she soon got over that early trepidation, that she has made a job a job, and relished the very challenge that made it difficult.

England is reluctant to say goodbye to Deborah Kerr. She is one of the few film stars about whom you never hear a mean word, front or back of the screen. The public likes her because she seems a nice girl. The grips and prop men like her because she works just as hard as they do. Directors like her because she seems to know by instinct what they are driving at. Cameramen like her because her wide forehead and high Scottish cheekbones are a cinch to photograph. A good face, a good head and a good heart has our Deborah—and what introduction could be fairer than that?

MODERN SCREEN

"Will you stop a minute, Dear? I want to give someone a lift."

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

(*Continued from page 44*)

extra study.

Then she developed insomnia. She came home for a holiday looking so groggy and drawn that her mother, in alarm, called in the doctor.

"I just can't sleep at all," Greer told him. "Finally I doze off about three in the morning and am just settled into a deep sleep when the warning bell sounds at seven."

"The answer to that is simple enough," the doctor said. "Begin your day later."

"That would be impossible," Mrs. Garson told him. "Miss Cross, the head mistress, would never hear of it."

The doctor smiled. "I will write a note for Greer to take to Miss Cross."

Miss Cross read the note without expression. She stared across her desk at the pale, earnest little girl for a long time. Finally, her stern face broke into a number of new wrinkles which must have indicated that she was smiling. "Child," she said, "you shall sleep as long as you like in the morning, and come to class when you are ready. We'll make up the difference some way."

And because of the kindness of Miss Cross and the extra tuition generously given her by her teachers in English, French and history, Greer was able to take top honors and win another scholarship. And after a few months the insomnia cured itself.

knights in armor . . .

Right through the University and her brief tussle with the world of commerce, Greer had a way of bringing guardian angels down to roost. Above all, her stage career was furthered by more knights in shining armor than you could shake a spear at. Greer had been chosen to play a middle-aged Jewish woman in *Street Scene*, a sort of martyred character who was a caricature of her type.

Greer, even with a black wig and an accent, just couldn't make the character look believable, being inexperienced in the art of character makeup.

One evening after dress rehearsal, Oswald Dale Roberts, a character actor in the play, stopped her.

"Your makeup is no good," he said. "Come along to my dressing room and I'll give you a bit of help."

That evening, and for many evenings after that, Mr. Roberts taught her little makeup tricks, giving of his time and his experience as generously as veteran actors and actresses are wont to do for earnest beginners.

After the opening night she stood backstage, listening to the comments of important theater people.

One of them said to Roberts, "Extraordinarily good performance that young lady gave—the sister, you know. But I suppose she won't go too far in the English theater. Not enough roles of that sort turn up. She's such a *marked* type."

. . . And there was Sylvia Thompson. . .

Greer was dining alone, between jobs, at the University Women's Club.

She had just finished her cutlet and was beginning on a sweet when a distinguished-looking young woman, very chic, came up to her table.

"I," said this woman, "am Sylvia Thompson. I've just written my first play. May I sit down?"

"Of course," said Greer. "I've read and enjoyed some of your books immensely. . ."

"I've been watching you for the past

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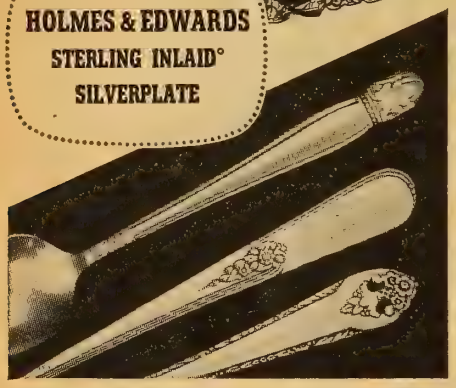

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hour. They tell me you are an actress."

"Yes."

"Frankly, I think you'd be perfect for the lead in my play. We've been looking for weeks for someone. It's all ready to go, aside from that. A young actor named Lawrence Olivier is going to direct.

"Would you care to read for the part? Unless, of course, you're engaged for the next few months."

Young Miss Garson looked solemnly at her finger nails. "If the role is right for me," she said, after the proper length of time, "I might manage to get free of my engagements for three months or so."

Golden Arrow was not a strong play, but the lead was a good solo part for any actress. Larry Olivier heard Greer read it once and decided to play opposite her himself. "It might give you a little more confidence," he said.

cold feet . . .

They had been in rehearsal for a week when the producer suddenly got cold feet. "Greer's good, I'll admit," he told Sylvia, "but I just can't see opening with an unknown actress when so much of the play depends on that role. We'll just have to get someone else."

Sylvia and Larry talked it over for an evening, and made a quick decision. They would simply get a new producer. . .

Opening night, Greer was supposed to wear a stunning pair of Sulka pyjamas in the first act, but the dressmaker didn't return them in time and she had to rush into Larry's dressing room, panic stricken, ten minutes before curtain time, to confess she had nothing to wear.

"Good Lord!" he said. He went thrashing around the room and unearthed a large paper package of laundry, tore it open, and found a clean pair of faded blue silk pyjamas. "They may be a little big," he told her, "but we can play the scene for comedy instead of glamor."

Greer was an overnight sensation and after that she was really on her way. She went on to three years of starring in such plays as *Vintage Wine*, opposite Seymour Hicks, *Accent on Youth* and *Mademoiselle*, directed by Noel Coward. Then came Hollywood, where, by one of the strange quirks which fate constantly has up its sleeve, she spent her first year in miserable inactivity. In fact, she became ill.

The head specialist among the four specialists who had been trying to find out what in heaven's name was the matter with Greer finally told her—as head specialists always do in extremity—"You must enter the hospital tomorrow for a rest and general check up. We may decide on an exploratory." Greer left his office in a kind of blue haze.

But whenever she recalls this gloomy occasion, however, it is with pleasure, surprisingly enough, for that evening she made a friend whose words lifted her right out of her mental abyss. She had promised to go to a dinner party at the Edward G. Robinsons' and decided that she might as well keep her promise and forget about the hospital for tonight.

That evening she met Josef Von Sternberg. He was astounded that she should be keeping social engagements the night before hospitalization.

"How can you have the spunk?" he kept asking wonderingly. Then he set about distracting her; he told her about his amusing new house in the valley, designed by Richard Neutra, with the moat around it and one of the garages made especially long to accommodate a Dusenberg.

Finally, when the party was over, she went home feeling calm and more cheerful. The next day, when she arrived at the hospital, there was an orchid waiting for her in a big cellophane box, and in the afternoon, while she was resting, he came to see her. A fresh orchid and Mr. Von Sternberg turned up in her room daily for the duration of her stay there.

Of course, Greer survived that first incredible year and M-G-M finally found the right part for her in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. It was Gabriel Pascal, whom she met unexpectedly in Hollywood with his successful picture *Pygmalion*, who encouraged her to make this picture.

even louis b. mayer . . .

Since *Chips*, Greer's success story is well known, and there have been dozens of friendly people along the way to lend a helping hand and give words of advice and encouragement, from Mr. Louis B. Mayer to the electrician on the set who whispered behind his hand, "Why don't you move over there so the baby spot will catch the left side of your face? It's a better camera angle, too . . . " There's the wardrobe girl who hunted and hunted until she found just the right costume for that first all-important test; the prop man who would make her tea and serve it piping hot to buck her up just before a difficult scene was to be shot; an entire crew which got together and gave her a ruby and diamond ring at the end of filming *Madame Curie*, as their expression of appreciation.

And, of course, when you get right down to it, Greer wouldn't make such a bad guardian angel herself. But that's another story.

QUEEN FOR A DAY

(*Continued from page 58*)

other, said, "Gosh, isn't it cold?" simultaneously, and set off for the Rockefeller Center ice-skating rink.

Once there, they walked in bravely, hired skates, laced them up and hobbled out onto the ice. A Strauss waltz was drifting over the loud-speaker, and small children were whizzing past professionally, while Lon and Mary clutched at each other.

Every so often, one of the professional small children would sneer. A few minutes of this, and Mary was unnerved. "I've never been on ice-skates before in my life," she wailed pitifully.

"I hate skating myself," Lon admitted.

The corners of both their mouths began to tremble.

"Then what are we doing out here?"

"I thought *you*—" he said.

"And I thought *you*—" she said.

Shouting with glee, they made their way back into the skate-room to set their feet free, and then Lon asked Mary where she'd like to go for lunch. "Some place with an ice show, perhaps?"

She hesitated. She'd heard of a restaurant, El Borracho—it had lipstick kissprints all over the ceiling, and a talking Minah bird—

They went to El Borracho. The Minah bird was over the bar, in a cage, and he was educated, but limited. "My name's Tom," he said briskly. "How are you?"

They said how they were. "My name's Tom," Tom repeated. "How are you?"

"I guess his name's Tom," said Mary, sitting down. "I'm hungry."

McCallister looked reproving. "Queens shouldn't get hungry. It isn't refined."

Mary argued the point. She was such a new queen she hadn't lost her appetite yet. So they ordered lunch, and it was delicious.

After they'd had dessert, Mary said, "Come on; I'll take you over and show you where I work."

At the News, they met Lester Toloff, a gay little Russian photographer, and Mr. Toloff sat Mary down in a chair and adjusted her dress for her. "Some chizz-cake," he said happily.

McCallister was mumbling to himself. "What?" said Mr. Toloff.

It turned out that what McCallister was mumbling was, "My name is Lon McCallister," but he was mumbling it in Russian.

"Hmm," said Mr. Toloff in a cheerful manner. "Hmm. Soch a lousy Russian." Then he turned back to photography. "Give anodder light."

Which was when Lon decided he had a hankering to visit the Statue of Liberty.

In an hour, they were where they could see the statue, rising from the water.

"She's waving, by God," Ray howled.

When they got to the dock, the boat wasn't in. The wind howled around the Battery, and everybody's feet started to get numb. Still, Lon and Mary insisted on staying out and feeding pigeons.

Pretty soon the little boat came puffing in, and someone suggested a walk on the deck. It was much too cold for a walk on the deck. Any fool could see that.

"Going to send me roses when I'm in the hospital with pneumonia?" Mary demanded.

"Where do you think *we'll* be?" said Lon.

And suddenly they were there, at the statue. They got off the boat, and Lon stood and gazed up for a long time. Mary approached him respectfully. "What are you thinking?" she asked, her voice soft.

"I'm thinking she's almost as big as Helen O'Hara," McCallister said proudly. (Helen O'Hara, in case you didn't know, is one of Hollywood's Glamazons—those towering six-foot ladies.)

So that was that. On the trip home, a lot of little kids asked Lon for his autograph. He was delighted until one came along and said, "I like you in the movies. Didn't you play Private Hargrove?"

Lon nodded. Let Robert Walker sue him. What are you going to do—break a kid's heart?

And Mary smiled contentedly. But the best was yet to come.

That night, Lon took her to the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf Astoria. Jean Sablon, her favorite singer, was there, and the lights were dim, and she wanted to cry because everything was so beautiful.

Hollywood may give her a career and a million dollars but New York had handed her one day she'd never forget.

LIKE A TOOTHBRUSH

There's nothing so scary about the atom bomb if you know how to think straight. And some people in Hollywood like Danny Kaye, Frank Sinatra and Edward G. Robinson have plenty of brains—along with people in other places. They know that everybody in the world belongs to one family. That this country is one big team and you don't blackball a fellow or refuse to be on the team because you don't like somebody's race, color, religion or haircut. That's why we're going to celebrate **AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD WEEK** from February 16 to 23. You don't have to do much. Just, the next time somebody starts knocking a guy for his religion or race, tell him where to get off. It's a citizen's duty. Freedom from prejudice isn't something you study in school. It's something you *use*—daily, like a toothbrush.

Yodelayee-hoo!

What makes Mr. L. W. (Long Winter) Heavies slightly 'pixilated'? The American Housekeeper knows.

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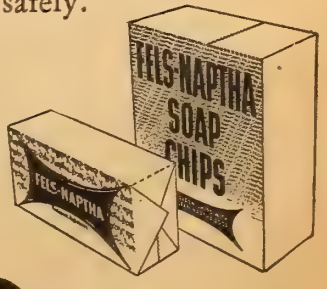

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IT'S A HEAVENLY AGE

(*Continued from page 54*)

"There's a man at the door—I think he has a summons."

"Oh," said the voice at the other end of the telephone, "Don't worry about that. You might as well accept it."

Joan went back to the front door. She took what the gentleman with the sandy hair and the twinkle in his eye offered—a neat, official-looking paper, the first paragraph of which read, as all legal bad news does in these parts: "The People of the State of California Send Greetings."

Joan suppressed a giggle.

The least a girl should do when greetings are sent by the people of a great state is to answer in kind, and ask the sandy haired representative of same in for a cup of tea. She swallowed the invitation, though. This legal document in its friendly frame was no doubt an order to "show cause," or some other maneuver in the long legal battle she and her attorney, Oscar Cummings, had set off in the fight to break her contract with Warners.

At least six regiments of girls would like to have a contract like the one Joan is trying to break, and a logical question is, "What's she so steamed up about?"

The answer is important to Joan Leslie and the hundreds of teen-aged girls who will hereafter work their way up in the movie business. To put it simply, Joan wanted to find out whether or not a girl reaching the point at which she was old enough to vote could disaffirm or abrogate a contract, which in simple language means to call the whole thing off.

This revolt of a member of the Brodell clan is nothing new, nor is it exactly a revolt. More precisely, Joan Brodell, age 21, and more popularly known as Joan Leslie, was exercising a firm declaration of personal rights as she saw them. These she saw with a clarity few girls her age could because of the family experiences she remembered, beginning way back when.

the great depression . . .

The "when" was that time of the Great Depression. Joan grew up with a whole generation at a time when its elders were asking wearily, "Where's it all going to end?" Her father, John Brodell, was a young bank executive to be envied his $200 a month position in that rapidly expanding institution—the People's State Bank. His wife was the pretty brunette, Agnes Brodell, who had worked in the Transit Department of the same bank.

One day the bank closed its doors to reorganize. John was out of a job. So were thousands of other men.

That night when he opened the door to his Highland Park home, complete with its $7,000 mortgage, it was not necessary to say a word to Agnes Brodell. She knew. $250,000 in bank stock, shared with other Brodells, was now as financially gratifying as morning coffee poured down the drain.

Agnes Brodell talked to her husband of more cheerful matters.

"I can't get over it," she said. "You know, we agreed not to let the girls do so much entertaining because of their school work. $15 seemed a lot of money to ask the other night. And today a man from the Knights of Columbus called. I said we'd have to charge $25, and would you believe it, he didn't bat an eyelash!"

There came a day when the Brodell family packed itself into the Ford and took off for Montreal. There they worked on the stages of every theater and, after that, John Brodell couldn't have returned to investment banking if he'd wanted to. Betty, Mary and Joan were now a going

concern in the song and dance business. John Brodell found himself counsellor, travel agent, business manager and guardian of the tender enterprise.

Their new family career took them all over the country in search of bookings. They joined a horde of moving, hungry Americans. And they learned to take their accommodations where they found them.

Like the time they had just rattled into Battle Creek, Michigan, to keep a vaudeville engagement. They were late, and the ten o'clock rehearsal was ready to begin.

"You go on to the theater," Dad Brodell instructed, parking the Ford in front of an almost deserted cemetery. "I'll be right here when you get back."

He was. The tent was set up in a vacant spot, among the headstones. An open fire was blazing, from the vicinity of which came the aroma of coffee and stew. There was a small audience looking through the gate at those "poor show folk who have to live in a cemetery." The Brodells didn't notice. They ate well, slept well, with due appreciation for their temporary home.

When the Brodells reached New York, Broadway did no quick double take. No manager rushed them into a big salary. Instead, they lived meagerly at the Whitby Apts., across from the Martin Beck Theater, while Dad hunted up more bookings.

dad loses his temper . . .

Then he lost his temper as he did sometimes, deliberately and with fine effect. John and eight-year-old Joan were standing around backstage at a benefit. John hoped to persuade a talented dancer to show Joan a new trick step. The impresario said with some irritation, "A girl her age can't do any of his routines."

"Is that so?" John demanded. "Let me tell you something—there's nobody in your entire show can do a triple wing tap. This young lady can—and I'll thank you not to be insulting her ability!"

The impresario turned to the orchestra and murmured an order. The musicians swung into a fast, tricky arrangement. Joan began to dance—a triple wing tap. Fred Astaire couldn't have done it better.

"That's all," the impresario said. "You're booked."

Joan and Dad Brodell went home to their upstairs flat to break the news. $250 a week at the Park Central! They were rich—for two weeks. Then, one day, a labor board investigator came around.

"How old is the girl in the middle?" he asked John.

"You mean the midget?" John retorted, "Why, that's Joan—she's 41!"

The investigator laughed. Some joke. Then he said, "Get 'em out of here."

A few days later, the Brodells were on again. This time at Ben Marden's Riviera, where the George Washington Bridge links New Jersey with Manhattan. This time they weren't thrown out. They were catapulted. A Metro talent executive wanted a screen test of Joan.

This turned out to be a monologue written for Joan by her mother. The original material involved a little boy talking to his horse—but Mom rewrote the script to include Mike, the family terrier. A little boy might steal the test, Mom reasoned. "Besides," she said, "Mike is on *our* side."

It was not until the Brodells were on the road again that Joan received the good word. With her mother, she entrained for Culver City.

She worked exactly six days in six months. During those six days, Lionel Barrymore kissed her on the head six times in a scene. Then a kindly executive said, as Mother Brodell listened, not believing a word of it, "You just go on back to New York, Joanie. We'll be sending

(*Continued on page 101*)

that Always-Fresh look

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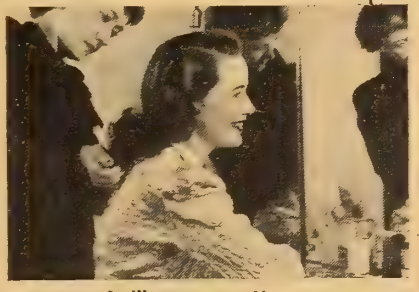

8 A.M. **Smiling very pretty,** Teresa sits for hairdresser—Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream handy. "Between movie 'takes', I Woodbury-beauty-cleanse," says Teresa. "Skin comes aglow!"

The Woodbury-Wonderful Way. Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Tissue off. Repeat for *plus*-softening. Splash with cold water! Woodbury's rich oils soften, beautify—for that "Always-Fresh Look"!

9 P.M. **Should be television . . .** to "send" that dewy look! Teresa's beauty tip: "A Woodbury 'cream-bath' . . . a second film for my powder base . . . that's my skin-beautifier!" Results—*simply captivating!*

11 P.M. **Teresa's Beauty Nightcap.** "Whisk off make-up with clean-cleansing Woodbury! Add a film to soften *overnight*." For Teresa . . . for *you*, Woodbury 'round the clock for that "Always-Fresh Look"!

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sweet and hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ So there's a flood of articles about how swing is on the way out, and every time you pick up a paper you read a statement by some band leader which goes: "When we played a fast number, they all walked off the floor." And I, for one, claim it doesn't mean a thing. I don't think there's ever been any very strong trend one way or another, and there's certainly room for all kinds of music. As a matter of fact, right now, some of the loudest bands in the country are making the most money. Not that loud necessarily means good. And not that you have to play loud to swing, either. Anyhow, I'd like to get your ideas about the whole business. How about writing? Just choose one of the following:

a) I like sweet music only
b) I like swing music only
c) I like both sweet and hot music if they're played right

And for the most interesting letter I get, I'll give a prize—a special all-star record album. Write me in care of Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16.

As for the best records of the month, I think Frank Sinatra's "Among My Souvenirs" is tops in the pops department, and Hal McIntyre's "Scarlet and Amber" takes first place as hot jazz. Frankie's on Columbia, Hal on Cosmo.

BEST POPULAR

I'LL NEVER LOVE AGAIN—Desi Arnaz (Victor)—Remember last month when we were talking about "Carnival in Rio" and I said it paid to read the small type on record labels? Because Lucille Ball (Mrs. Desi Arnaz) had filled in on the number with a Peter-Piper-pepper routine? Well, Lucy herself is the one who's being peppery right now. She's suing Victor for one hundred thousand dollars because they released that record with her name on it! She claims she only did it for a gag. (The record, not the suit.) To me, it doesn't sound like a record that was made for a gag. To me, it sounds as if the band had waited for the little red light to go on at the beginning, and then proceeded in an orderly and business-like fashion to polish the thing off. At any rate, Lucille's probably miserable about the publicity. Movie stars hate that sort of thing. It gets their names in so many dirty old papers. On his latest recording, Desi seems to have found satisfactory vocalists outside the family. "I'll Never Love Again" (also known as La Borrachita) has a vocal by Elsa Miranda, the Chiquita Banana lady. And on the two (*Continued on page 118*)

At N. Y.'s Cafe Society Uptown, L. Feather (left) and Django Reinhardt chat with Hazel Scott and Buddy Rich. Hazel's now a mama as well as a singer-pianist.

(Continued from page 99)

for you again one of these days." So Joan went back to the Brodell sister act.

This extended period of night club bookings explains why she doesn't care for the glamorous spots.

Because of this, a lot of uninformed persons suspect that Joan leads a life barren of romance. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Of a recent evening, a young man arrived to escort Joan to a premiere. He was met at the door by Dad and Mom Brodell, while Joan finished dressing.

"I could hardly finish my makeup," Joan said later. "I felt sorry for the poor man. I knew that Dad was giving him the gentle inquisition. He puts everybody through that. My folks have a normal interest in any young man who comes to the house.

"I didn't need to feel sorry, though. He was just like the rest. When I made my notoriously late entrance I found my date out in the kitchen, chinning with Mom and Dad, and I had to *pry* him away."

An outstanding Brodell family trait Joan in particular seems to have inherited is her amazing powers of concentration. As Mother Brodell tells it: "When she was six years old, we were sitting in an audience, watching Bill Robinson dance. Bill said that dancing was easy and he'd prove it. He asked Joan to come up on the stage. He did five steps. She did them right after him. He looked startled and exclaimed, 'You go back and sit down. You're spoiling my racket—it's not *that* easy!' "

learns too quickly . . .

This business of learning so quickly might easily have put Joan out of the movie business through a serious accident. While working in *Susan and God*, with Joan Crawford and Fredric March, she was required to ride horseback for several hours. Although just a beginner, she went through the difficult paces with expert riders, who assumed she was an expert.

Late in the afternoon, when she was tired, the horse threw her. She landed on her face, skinning it so badly that she had to finish the picture with only one side of her face to the camera.

The last time Joan took a role in which she rode a horse, Mother Brodell was on the set, as usual, but she went around behind the barn to keep from watching her daughter work. Sure enough, after a little time there was a loud thump. Joan had done a cartwheel over the animal's head.

Margin for accident is narrowing down, however. On Joan's last trip out, for pleasure purposes, she found her horse could single foot. She tried it. The horse bolted, and when her friends caught up with her two miles later, she was still in the saddle, with the situation well in hand.

"Wow!" a companion exclaimed. "I thought we'd pick you out of the cactus and you could cancel your new picture."

Joan thought about that; then said:

"I think I'll save further experiments until *Repeat Performance* is finished."

This is a note of extraordinary caution for Joan, but nothing is going to interfere with this picture in which she, for the first time, casts off the dramatic shackles of the sweet heroine. She plays a young wife who shoots her husband.

Following that comes the great adventure of a trip to England to star opposite Stewart Granger in *Precious Bane*. Would she have had equal opportunities at her own studio? Joan, whose long years of trouping have earned her at least a try at the best her profession has to offer, believes these two opportunities are the direct result of her decision to carry her "right to disaffirm" directly to the Supreme Court. With a decision in her favor, she will be able to do any darned thing she pleases, and what more could she ask?

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RCA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

THAT'S LIFE WITH THE BOGARTS!

(*Continued from page 40*)

broken. She re-focused her green eyes.

She was still standing in the half-furnished living room, contemplating the latest lamp that had been delivered, a globe-shaped affair that was essentially authentic and cheated only insofar as it was electrically wired, when she heard Bogey's car in the drive.

She met him at the door. He seemed inordinately pleased with himself. "I'm late," he announced, "because I stopped in that antique place in the Valley and found the chair we've been hunting for. The one we want for the fireplace."

She followed him into the living room, where he threw his hat on a table, lit a cigarette and rang the bell for Fred. "Tell you about it when we've had a Martini," he said.

Fred brought the Martinis, served them, and then, instead of leaving, stood with an air of expectancy beside the table. "Want something, Fred?" Bogey asked.

"It's my vacation, Mr. Bogart. I thought of running up to Vancouver for a bit, to buy some Argyles and things, and I want to fly. I wondered if I might use your name?"

"You mean you want to go incognito, under the alias of Humphrey Bogart?"

Fred drew himself up. "That," he said with hauteur, "is hitting below the belt, milord. But Humphrey Bogart can get plane reservations when Frederic Nathaniel Clark cannot."

"Oh, by all means then, use it," Bogey said. "You can bring me back some Argyles in return."

When Fred had left, Lauren turned to Bogey with an air of decision and said, "Now then. About that chair?"

"Right. It's traditional and heavy, and darned comfortable. It's been re-upholstered in some sort of dark stuff—" he waggled his hands descriptively—"and it's right for this room. It has a nice patina on the wood, too."

Lauren took a deep breath. "We may as well face it. I bought the identical sort of chair for that spot this afternoon, on the Strip. Plus some other things."

They looked at each other in silence. Finally, Bogey broke it with a nervous laugh. "That's a good gag," he said, "but there's too much coincidence in it. What are we doing tonight?"

two of a kind . . .

"I bought a chair for that spot this afternoon on the Strip," Lauren repeated, emphasizing each word. "They told me the same thing about labor costs and scarcity of materials so I bought it. For three hundred bucks. I am *not* gagging."

Bogey reached automatically for the shaker, then withdrew his hand, remembering his two-a-day limit.

Lauren went on relentlessly. "We can't use two chairs of that sort at that price, I guess you know."

"Well, ring your people first thing in the morning," Bogey said. "What else did you say you bought?"

Lauren examined her nails.

"Hey."

"Yes?"

"What else did you get?"

"From your description of this chair you bought in the Valley," she said, looking over his right shoulder into space, "I'd say I had the better buy. Why don't you ring *your* people in the morning?"

Bogey began to laugh. In a moment the absurdity of the situation was manifest and both of the Bogarts were yakking happily. "Okay," Bogey said, "I'll go see your chair, and you go see mine. We'll leave the choice to you."

As she held a match for his cigarette, she said, "You're a nice guy. In case you haven't heard, we're going to the Nunnally Johnson party tonight."

An hour later, while he was wrestling with his collar, Lauren came out of her dressing room completely ready, from sandals to hairdo. He turned and looked at her. "At least," he said, "Louella will say tomorrow, 'Baby and Bogey Bogart were there. Lauren never looked lovelier.'"

At eleven-thirty on the following day, with the great Johnson party behind them, they had lost track of time, and were feeling a trifle haggard.

"I wonder where Nunnally got that real mermaid in the third tent, beyond the buffet," Lauren said. "You saw her, I suppose."

"Well, at any rate she was a real girl. Of course, I saw her. Could anyone have missed her?"

"All the men kept making little trips back to the buffet for more food. I must say I don't blame them."

"Speaking of food, shall we stop in at Romanoff's for lunch, and watch the hats go by?"

"There's a friend of mine, a model I

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knew in New York, coming to the house for lunch. I'd hoped you'd be here. She's crazy to meet you, of course."

"A model, hm? Good?"

"Very good."

Lauren's friend, Rita, was indeed very good, Bogey decided when they were introduced. She was dark and not too tall, and there was that sharp New York air about her clothes, and she was not in the least blasé. While they were showing her the house she stopped before the living room mantel and, pointing to its centerpiece, said, "That's a charming touch. Not what I'd have expected to find in the Bogarts' house, though."

"Those are the little porcelain bride and groom figurines that were on our wedding cake at Malebar, Louis Bromfield's farm," Lauren explained. "I brought them home in a little box, and when I got off the train at Pasadena I gave it to a studio man named Jack Diamond to hold while the photographers took pictures, and then asked for it back the minute we got into the car.

"He said, 'What's that, crown jewels?' and I said, 'Something a lot more valuable,' and showed him. So the other day he found that iridescent goldfish bowl in an antique shop, and he got the wooden platform from a carpenter—it used to be the top of a stair-post—and there you have it."

Rita said, "I do believe you two are in love. And after two years, at that. Remember when everyone said it wouldn't last?"

"Come in here," Bogey said, "and we'll show you something."

His hand on the knob of a closed door, he paused a second. "This is one of the big reasons why we bought the house," he said. "We told the real estate broker that we wouldn't take any house, however much we liked it, if it didn't have this room."

Then he opened the door. The room was a spacious, airy, sun-filled nursery, completely equipped and decorated.

"Is this by way of being an announcement?" asked Rita, managing somehow not to sound coy.

"I wish it were," Lauren said. She looked at Bogey. "It's a nice room, isn't it? We intend to fill it."

Harvey, the Boxer dog, sat with them at lunch, occasionally romping after imaginary butterflies and showing off in general. "He comes by that naturally," Lauren told Rita. "His mother was one of Louis Bromfield's prize bitches, and she lay on the judge's feet all the time he was marrying us." She laughed suddenly. "Do you know, I think her doing that addled the man's mind, because he gave me his Phi

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While we were having dinner at the Hollywood Brown Derby one night, Van Johnson came in and sat down at the table next to ours. A few minutes later, one of his fans came over and spoke to him very seriously for several minutes. He smiled and nodded his head. After the girl had left, Van turned to one of his friends and laughed. "How do you like that?" he grinned. "She wants me to join the Peter Lawford Fan Club!"

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Los Angeles, California

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Beta Kappa key after the ceremony. I don't know when anything has pleased me more."

"Harvey's out of his mind today," Bogey said. "Of course, everyone in the house is a ham. Even Fred, here, was once in the movies."

Fred, distributing a soufflé, made a deprecating sound in his throat. "It was a frightful picture, really," he said. "With Marion Davies. But it paid me enough money to go to Europe. I was charmed with Paris."

"I'm curious about that nursery," Rita said. "You mean it was like that when you bought the place?"

"But we bought it from Hedy LaMarr," said Lauren, "so naturally—"

"Oh."

"Everything stays in the orbit of the picture business out here." Bogey tossed a small piece of toast to Harvey, who caught it in mid-air. "Except politics. You buy a station wagon, and it turns out to have been Gable's. And there's the *Santana*. She was Dick Powell's, and before that George Brent had her."

"She's been around, whoever she is. Lucky girl."

"The *Santana* is Bogey's 54-foot yawl," Lauren explained. "It's already entered in the Honolulu and Bermuda races for next year. Bogey's going to skipper her himself."

"What'll *you* do, take care of the galley?"

"Women aren't allowed in these races, worse luck. I'll take the steamer over to Honolulu when the time comes."

At this point, Bogey interrupted, "There's that Rhode Island Red out again. I'll have to have Fred catch her before she flies over the cliff and is never heard from again."

"She can't. I clipped her wings."

"Chickens?" said Rita incredulously. "*You* clipped her wings?"

"Fourteen chickens, and ducks too," Lauren said. "Of course I clipped her wings. She laid a double-yolked egg three days in succession. That makes her a valuable hen."

"But where do they live?"

"Come along," Lauren said, "and I'll show you my egg-and-I routine."

On their way to the hen-house they had to walk close to the edge of the lawn, which ended on a 75-foot sheer cliff and was encircled by a white rail fence. Suddenly, in an excess of good spirits, Lauren clambered to the top of the fence and went balancing along the narrow railing, with nothing but air on her right between her and oblivion.

Bogey inhaled sharply but said nothing until she had reached the end and had jumped back to the lawn. Then he went over and gripped her arm, too harshly for comfort. "Don't do that again," he said.

She was laughing, but she stopped when she saw his face. It was dead white, and there was horror in his eyes. "Suppose you had fallen," he said simply, and she knew then what her little escapade had done to him.

"I'm sorry," she said, and she meant it.

He released her, at that, and lit a cigarette. He had to strike three matches before his hand was steady enough to hold the flame.

As they were dressing for dinner that night, Bogey, still damp from his shower and wrapped in an enormous terry-cloth robe, wandered into his wife's dressing room for a cigarette before climbing into his clothes.

"She's a nice gal," he said.

"Yes."

"She was curious about something you did this afternoon, and I've been wondering about the same thing for weeks."

Lauren turned, lipstick in hand, to face him. "Let's have it."

"First, something else I've always wondered about. Why do women put on lipstick first, and do their hair, then pull a dress over their heads and muss up their hair and smear their lipstick, and then have to do everything all over again? Why not just dress, and then do this makeup thing?"

"We are like Fred," she said. "We can't organize our minds. Next question."

"Why, when you go up to the door of the hen coop, do you knock first, wait a minute, and then go in? Are you being delicate about the hens' private lives, or do you expect to find people in there?"

"Why, it's very simple," Lauren explained. "Someone told me that if you frighten chickens it puts them off laying. So I knock, to give them a chance to compose themselves."

After a moment Bogey got up and crushed out his cigarette. "Who've you invited tonight?"

"The Hellingers, Thornton Delahanty, Efrem Kurtz . . ."

"Some of the finest minds in the country," Bogey said resignedly. "And my wife knocks on chicken coop doors before entering. Oh well, we can always be sure of some things. Fred, for instance, will be chewing a mouthful of food all the time he's serving dinner, so he can get out in time for his date, and I'll probably speak to him about it, and he'll be sore. And Harvey will get loose and come in and put his forepaws in somebody's plate."

"And nobody'll mind," Lauren said, complacently, "even when the cook comes in to say goodnight in her bare feet. After all, that's life at the Bogarts'."

Bogey grinned. "Yeah," he said. "That's life."

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MARK STEVENS

(*Continued from page 32*)

his bruises. He shot a deadly look up the stairs at his tormentor. Then he walked out. He never went back to that school. He was only six years old, but nothing could make him go back. Nothing could make Sonny Stevens do what he didn't believe in doing. Nothing could shake him out of the dreams he had to dream, ever.

The conflict that was to keynote Mark's youth began before he was conceived. His grandfather, Captain William Morrison, was a doughty Scotch sea-captain, solid as Britannia itself. He boasted an honorable record at sea. He'd steered King George, Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales often across the Channel to France and had gold cuff links and cases presented by them to prove it. He'd been honored by the King of Norway for a dangerous rescue of a Norwegian ship in distress. Captain Morrison gazed with a cold, disapproving eye on the reckless, curly haired, Indiana Hoosier who met his 16-year old daughter in Folkstone and captured her heart. He bellowed an angry "No" to marriage ideas. But the handsome Yank with the irresistible way with women was about to go to the front to fly a rickety crate, and it seemed a safe bet he wouldn't return. So he gave his consent if Richard Stevens came back alive. And darned if he didn't.

But the marriage was not starred for success. After the excitement of battle, Dick Stevens couldn't fit into family responsibilities. He brought his young bride back to the States and took a job in Cleveland, Ohio. That's where Willimina's baby boy was born one bitter December 13, as icy winds swept in off Lake Erie. His first home was a square, weatherbeaten, two-story wood house on East 79th Street, in the poor section of the city. But it wasn't home for long. Before he was four years old, Mark had been bustled around to six or seven other homes. His early childhood is a bewildering kaleidoscope of new and strange places, of sooty trains, bare furnished flats and boarding house rooms, as his irresponsible dad chased the rainbow.

one against the world . . .

They moved to Chicago, to Youngstown, Ohio, to Cleveland again, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and back to Chicago. His dad was a bus driver, a hat salesman; he worked in a roundhouse, in the steel mills. He couldn't settle down. He was away somewhere and they couldn't find him the night Mark was born, so his mother had her baby alone. When Mark was three, Willimina Stevens decided that old Captain Morrison had been right. She packed up Baby Richard, sailed back to Canada and moved in with her sister's family in Montreal. That was the city, at last, where Sonny Stevens would grow up and which he'd call his home town. But the restless, roving babyhood had twisted his sense of security, and no doubt he had inherited the rebellious blood of his father. Anyway, from the start, Sonny Stevens sized himself up as one against the world.

It was a pleasant world, too, certainly one no normal kid could kick about. Mark's mother took a job as hairdresser for a while but soon she met and married James Cooke, a steady, capable, self-made immigrant from England who'd worked all his life and was to rise to vice-president and treasurer of a big Montreal engineering firm. Until recently, Dad Cooke, as Mark soon called him, hadn't missed a day at work in 25 years.

It was hard for steady, normal, industrious folk like his mother and Dad Cooke

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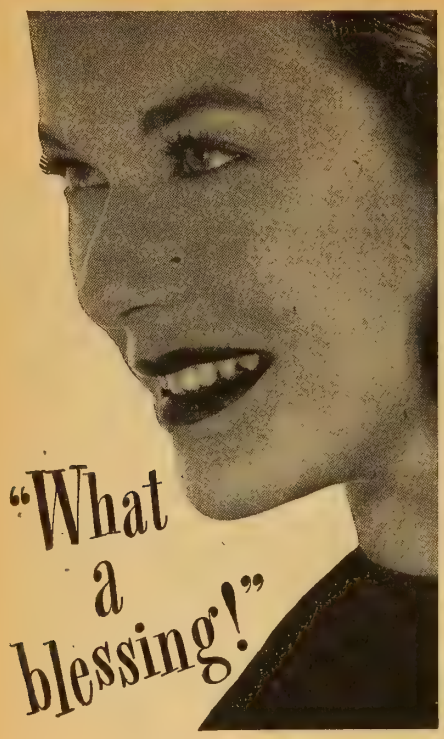

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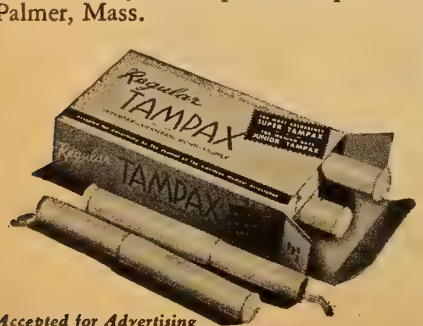

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to understand a kid like Sonny. He had a talent for trouble. If he wasn't messing up his mother's best rugs making mudpies, he was letting the red cat he adored into the parlor to claw up the upholstery. When he raced after his cousin Iris, three years older, he always managed to come to grief. Mark carries a scar to this day when he fell and ran a two-inch spike into his face. Nobody could make him eat his cereal. If he didn't like it, Mark stuffed his cheeks and then got rid of it after dinner. He was a rebel.

Mark wasn't deliberately mean, vicious or wicked. In school, for instance, he just had a knack for living perpetually in hot water, because his young mind was off half the time romancing.

He wasn't dumb, just indifferent. He loved drawing and spelling and, later on, manual training, shorthand and typing. He hated mathematics with a fury, and dull history lessons. In his last year at grammar school (it was his third school in six years!), Mark got interested in basketball and made the team. But that triumph only made his rebellion worse. On the eve of the big game with the school's arch rival, his teacher sent a bad report to the principal and they jerked him from the lineup. He hated her for that. Mark wound up his career as the only boy in a class of girls, the ultimate punishment.

hookey-player mark . . .

Mark didn't know what it was he wanted—yet—but he knew what blocked his visions—school. He became a hookey artist supreme. Once Mark managed to duck classes for two whole weeks. He wrote his own fantastic excuse notes from his mother. Finally, he was graduated and went on to Argyll Junior High. He still was a problem student there, but all men teachers and organized sports helped. He managed, of course, to break his collarbone and busted his ankle, too. Trouble just seemed to chase Sonny Stevens—even when he was off to summer camp.

One summer, for instance, Mark was sent to Camp LaFond, a military camp run by an army major. His parents thought that might give him some discipline. Unfortunately, Mark ran into a sadistic counsellor who kept him marching extra duty tours all day on a hot parade ground and whacking him with a cane. Mark lashed out at him and wound up in disgrace.

Mark's temper and touchy aloofness won him no popularity prizes. He didn't care. His black Scotty, "Jock," was enough of a pal for him throughout his boyhood. At school and in his neighborhood, he was mostly a lone wolf. He had few chums. He was mostly bored with his kid colleagues because his ambitions were 'way ahead of his age. In high school, Mark skipped the usual school boy antics and parties. He thought they were silly: he wasn't interested in girls; had no dates.

He began to feed his dreams at Montreal's movie houses, and it irked him no end that kids under sixteen were barred at the boxoffice. There'd been a disastrous theater fire in Montreal and the law was passed. Mark and his pal, Bill Shelley, had the movie bug together. Bill, one of Mark's few friends, had an older face than Mark had. He could get by the ticket taker although he was only Mark's age, 13. Several times it was "Run along, Sonny—you're too young," and when the manager said that in front of Bill and everyone, Mark got so mad he'd burst into tears. He couldn't stand slights in public. He resolved to fix that. He went home and crammed his feet into an old pair of his mother's high heeled shoes. It worked. From then on "under age" meant nothing to Mark. He lived every spare hour in movies and shows.

To be an actor became a holy resolve. He knew his family would be horrified. So he kept his dream secret like the first cigarette he'd smoked out in the shed—and passed out cold.

Tap dancing fascinated him in the stage shows. Secretly, he took lessons. He couldn't learn it. He loved music. Bands on the stage thrilled Mark. He got lost when a piano or violin played, and still does. But he couldn't pipe a note, saw a string or tinkle a key himself. It made him rage at himself that he had no obvious talent.

One thing Mark could do a little. He could sing, or fancied he could. He'd play Bing Crosby's crooning records and copy them in his solitude, groaning and boo-booing to himself until he thought he was good. One day when he was thirteen, he thought he was ready to do something about it.

So after school Mark hustled downtown to the Dominion Square Building and to the offices of "Ten Per Cent Green," Montreal's best booking agent.

Ten Per Cent's office walls were covered with autographed pictures of famous performers. Mark stood in the doorway, awed. Ten Per Cent himself perched behind a giant desk, a small man with a mammoth cigar. He didn't know what the scared-looking, curly headed kid wanted.

"What can I do for you, Sonny?"

Mark's plan was to open his voice pronto and croon out a song, which would wow Green and have him say, "My boy—you're a natural! We'll book you right into the Loew's circuit next week!" or something like that. But Mark couldn't find any notes that would come out. So he turned around and ran.

Mark's ignominious retreat from Ten Per Cent Green's only made his gnawing ambitions and their frustrations more unbearable. In his mind one idea dinned: "Get to the States . . . Get to the States."

He wanted to get out of Canada to America. It was an idea his mother had planted early in his head. She talked a lot about America. "You're an American. Someday maybe when you grow up that's where you'll want to be. That's where you were born and where your future lies."

His first, groping move toward that future was to enroll in the Montreal Repertory Theatre. As the name implies, it was a dramatic school. Mark knew that when he enrolled but, typically, he stubbornly ignored it. He told Martha Allen, the director, "I don't want to go to classes, I want to act, work—now." She laughed. "You've got to learn how first."

no actor he . . .

They put him in a play to start him off happy—*Family Portrait*. After his first performance, if you could call it that, Martha Allen drove him home. "My boy," she told him kindly, "you'll never be an actor. Why don't you forget it? You've got a wonderful face for moving pictures. It's a shame you can't act because you'd be good for Hollywood one of these days. But you can't act."

"I can too," said Mark.

"You might learn—" suggested the director, "if you studied—"

Mark tried—enough to get parts in some other plays, things like *Golden Boy* and *Night Must Fall*. He loved doing the plays, but the classes fretted him. It was his old rebellion against school. Besides, he'd seen a lot of movies by now and to him screen actors seemed real. When he looked around the dramatic school, he spied arty students overacting all over the place. He didn't want to be like them; he wanted to be like the Hollywood actors. So he stopped going to classes and he stopped getting parts.

In fact, about this time Mark Stevens'

troubles in all schools ended. His painful academic progress came to a close when he quit high school in his junior year.

He knew his stepdad would be dead set against it. So Mark didn't tell anyone when he walked into the Corona Barn, a "mellerdrama" spot in Montreal, where the customers swizzled beer and the actors burlesqued the old Gay Ninety Thrillers like *The Drunkard* and *Our Little Nell.* Mark knew the leading man was sick; he asked for the job and lied about his triumphs with the Montreal Repertory. Oddly enough, they gave it to him. He got $15 a week, his first show business check. He pasted on a moustache and played "John Middleton" in *The Drunkard.*

Mark kept the secret from his family for almost six months—until one night the Corona Barn burned down. Then they learned about his shame and Dad Cooke put his foot down. "If you've quit school," he decreed, "then you've got to go to work at a respectable job." He took Mark down to Railway and Engineering Specialties, Ltd., where he was an executive by now. He put Mark to work in the filing department. Mark lasted at that musty task exactly two weeks. Then he quit. "All right," shrugged his stepdad. "You're on your own." That's the way Mark wanted it—he thought. But his attempts at a commercial career—all in all—were just about as stormy as his school days.

nix on loafing . . .

After a hopeless year of short lived jobs, the family deal with his stepdad was: "Work at whatever you want. The stage, if you insist. But work. No loafing." Mark agreed. His choice of work prompted family sighs, but at least it was something to keep him busy. A new stock company was forming in Montreal, the Atterbury Players. Mark promoted a job for himself on the strength of his Corona Barn days. He got $25 a week. He played leads in old time thrillers—*Jesse James, Billy the Kid, Sweeny Todd, The Mad Barber of Fleet Street* and such. He played off and on for a year before the Atterbury company folded. He made tours around to neighboring Canadian cities. He proved to himself that he was right: the only way for Mark Stevens to learn acting was to act. He couldn't study acting; he had to learn the hard way—profit by his own mistakes.

When the Atterbury troupe disbanded and Mark found himself idle again, Dad Cooke reminded him of his bargain, "No loafin'." So Mark took his second try at his dad's plant. He worked this time in the Motor and Service Assembly department and he did all right. The foreman liked him and Mark stuck to his job—he was always handy mechanically—but the job wasn't enough and it wasn't what he was really hankering for. After a month, he lined up a job acting for the local Canadian Broadcasting Company station, reading characters in a serial, *Miss Trent's Children.* About then, too, the Club Norgate, a Montreal nitery, staged a Gay Nineties floor show. The proprietor had seen Mark in the Atterbury plays. He offered him a spot in the floor show. Mark snapped it up. But he knew he couldn't quit his stepdad, just when he was beginning to be proud of him at the shop.

So Steve found himself handling three jobs at once. His steady one at the plant, 9 o'clock to 5:30. Three shows nightly at the Norgate—8 o'clock, 10 and midnight. Mark doubled up as leading man in the "mellerdrammer," emceed at the mike and sang in the chorus. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, he skipped around the corner to his radio spot, from seven to eight.

They didn't know about all this at home. Mark kept it a secret. Mark's mother and James Cooke thought he was just chasing around when he dragged in every night

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after midnight and sneaked upstairs to his room. Mornings, Mark bolted his breakfast, sleepy-eyed and silent. He was too groggy to talk.

"What's the boy doing, anyway?" Dad Cooke asked his wife. And answered it with his next headshaking remark. "He can't stand dissipating himself away like this!"

His stepdad was away from the plant that day when the president of the firm came through Mark's department on inspection and criticized something he was doing. Mark snapped back at him like a cranky dog. "Get out of here!" yelled the prexy. Mark took off his work coat, threw it on the floor and walked out. He knew he would leave home then. He'd let Dad Cooke down for the last time and he knew he could never go back to that convenient job again. It was time to head for the States.

Mark had been making good money at his day and night jobs, and in spite of his snappy new clothes, he had about $150 saved up. He packed his bag and left the familiar brick house, he thought, for keeps. He was eighteen and Mark was fretting to try his wings. He was so enthusiastic that even his canny Scotch mother, and Dad Cooke too, fell in with the idea. They saw him off at the bus station. "Good luck," they told him. "Now see what you can do—and remember, you can always come back home."

heartaches and headaches . . .

Mark stifled some tears as the bus roared away from Montreal's familiar sights. He was sorry he wasn't the kind of guy his folks had hoped he would be. He'd caused them nothing but heartaches and headaches. But now they would be proud of him at last. He resolved fiercely to crash New York, and figured, as Steve has always figured, that he'd do it alone. He had an uncle in Manhattan, Joe Kelley, who was the successful, wealthy vice-president of a big corporation. His mother had said, "Be sure and look up Uncle Joe. He can get you a job." Mark never considered that. He would do it himself. He wasn't too sure Uncle Joe approved of him, anyway. Wealthy uncles didn't usually cotton to would-be actors.

Instead of looking up a rich relative, Mark headed for a Montreal pal, Don Tuppen, who was working in New York. Don got him a room next to his in Sunnyside, Long Island, and Mark set out to conquer the city he'd dreamed about since he was a kid. He thought he'd get a good-paying job right off, something thrilling and exciting—maybe a radio spot or a part in a show, where he'd make swell dough and make everyone back home really proud of him.

In a few weeks, Mark was haunting the employment offices of Horn and Hardart, Riker's and Childs' restaurants, hunting a job as a dish washer. His $150 had melted, to his surprise, like butter in an oven. He couldn't get a job anywhere, not even pearl-diving. It was 1938 and jobs were scarce. He was stunned, lonely, forlorn and disillusioned. But, even then, Mark Stevens was bristling with the same old pride.

nuts to uncle joe . . .

He never did call rich Uncle Joe. When his pocket went flat he left the Sunnyside room without telling Don Tuppen goodbye, although he knew Don would stake him to room rent a while.

Mark had no place to go so he walked the streets, bewildered—all day and all night for a couple of days. Then he found the benches in Central Park and curled up on their slats for another couple of nights until the cops whacked him awake in the morning on the soles of his feet. Luckily, it was summer and outdoor living was healthful. But one night the rain chased Mark inside a Mayflower Doughnut Shop. There were seats at the counter but Mark didn't sit down. The hasher on duty sized him up quickly. He slid a cup of steaming coffee and a couple of crullers across the board. "Here," he said. "Have one on the house." Mark hadn't eaten since the night before. You could tell it by the way he gulped the doughnuts. The waiter caught that, too.

"Got any place to stay?"

"No."

"Stick around," said the guy, "and come home with me." Mark's benefactor had a basement apartment nearby. He was a natural born humanitarian, interested in people and their problems. He pumped Mark for his. Mark stayed there two days and found himself telling his whole sad story.

"Um-hum," said his friend. "Well, now—New York ain't the place for you, Sonny.

"Boy! After all that waiting, wouldn't it be a riot if this wasn't the line for the Roxy?"

Suppose you get a job—what you got? Suppose you crack Broadway—still what you got? Not much. But if you want to be an actor—why, why not shoot the moon?"

"What do you mean?"

"Hollywood," explained Mark's host. "The movies. The big money—a fortune. That's worth the riffle, ain't it? Listen—I'll bet I see your face on the screen someday, if you'll give it a try. You've got the looks and I bet you can cut it."

Mark had to laugh. He seemed a very long way from fame and fortune at that point. But it was funny: this was the second time someone had touted him away from Broadway and on to Hollywood. He laughed acidly. "Like this?" What a joker this guy was. Hollywood was a spot somewhere in the middle of the moon. And who had a rocket?

"Na-w-w-w—" Mark's friend frowned. "Not like *this*! You can't do nothin' when you're busted except get in trouble. But you've got folks, ain't you? Then go home and—"

Mark's face tightened. He'd starve first! "I can't—"

"Sez you! Get a stake and then start out again. But next time don't come here. Head for Hollywood!"

Mark's new pal was a persuasive talker. He must have been, because under his spell Mark Stevens did what he had never done before. He admitted he was stumped and asked for help. He borrowed the price of a telegram and wired Dad Cooke for bus fare back to Montreal.

Mark dates the first step in his education as an adult to that return to Montreal, back home and broke. It taught him his first lesson in humility. It took a restraining first hitch at that terrible temper of his. It made him realize that a cocky chin and a flashing eye couldn't make the world hand you dreams on a silver platter. He had come to New York to win success overnight, cocky as a rooster. Well—he hadn't got past a single secretary in a Broadway producer's office. He hadn't even landed a job as a dishwasher, and a doughnut shop waiter had given him food and shelter. He didn't have much to say when he got off the bus in Montreal. Dad Cooke and his mother understood how Mark felt. They didn't pester him with questions or tell him what to do next. They just said, "Welcome home, Sonny." Mark appreciated that. Most parents would have rubbed it in unmercifully.

never say die . . .

But Sonny Stevens knew that home would never be the same. He was back licking his wounds but he wasn't licked. Mark got an emcee job in a Montreal waterfront night club. For the next few months he drifted around from frowsy night joint to night joint. He sang a little, cracked cheap jokes, clowned and introduced third rate artists at the mike. But behind his glib patter his voice was gritty and over his professional smile his brown eyes were hard. He was wholeheartedly sore at himself.

It was okay to flop at something you didn't like. But when it was at something you did—well—that kind of failure wasn't in Mark Stevens' book. And now more than ever "Get back to the States" was pounding inside him until he thought his head would pop.

As soon as he had scraped a few fast bucks together, Mark told his folks goodbye again and climbed on another bus headed South.

"This time," he told them, "I'm going to stay—if I starve to death!"

A good many times—before he reached Hollywood—and after, too—Mark Stevens thought that was exactly what was going to happen.

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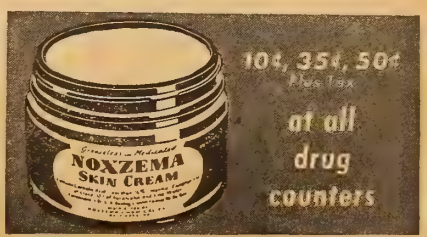

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CAN STARS STAY MARRIED?

(Continued from page 38)

in days and hours. Before they were married, they knew each other by heart. . . .

They met at the Hollywood Canteen, where Harry'd gone to play, and Betty to dance with the soldiers. He took her home. They stopped at a drive-in for a bite, and talked about music—the first major interest they discovered in common. Harry asked for a date. Most men dating Grable for the first time would have headed for a night club. To Betty's delight, Harry said, "How about a movie?" They went to see Alice Faye in *Hello, Frisco, Hello.* "You'll Never Know" has been their song ever since.

But not till they were separated did Betty really fall in love. His schedule took Harry to New York. An operation took Betty to a hospital. Gifts and flowers came daily, but gifts and flowers are easy. All they cost is money. What made all the difference were Harry's letters. It's difficult to realize that a girl like Grable—courted, adored, the toast of a continent—should have been moved to tears because a man showed his love by writing her letters. No one else ever had. They'd wired, they'd phoned—

"But a letter's different. I knew how busy he was. And still he took time to sit down and write every day—"

Naturally, it wasn't only *that* he wrote, it was also *what* he wrote. Betty read and re-read the letters, kept them under her pillow. By the time she was well enough to go to New York with her mother, she felt she knew Harry better than people she'd known all her life—

"I did too. All the good things I thought he was, he is. Only more so—"

2. FEW COMMON GOALS; CAREERS WHICH MEAN MORE TO THEM THAN THEY MEAN TO EACH OTHER; SEPARATE ACTIVITIES.

"Harry means a thousand times more to me. It's silly to compare them—"

"Then why don't you quit—?"

"You wouldn't understand, not being in show business. Harry understands—"

Harry understands that, when you're in show business, something keeps you going as long as the public wants you. If he asked her to quit—or even if he didn't and she thought it was hurting their marriage, she'd quit tomorrow. She's never been one of those do-and-die-for-a-career gals. . . .

Most picture people talk pictures. If you hear a picture mentioned at the Jameses, it'll be that horse opera they saw last night. Never by any chance a Grable opus. It's not that she's afraid of boring her husband, because she used to be the same way with her mother—

"What happened at the studio today?" Mrs. Grable would ask.

"Oh, Mother, let's not talk about it, huh? By the time I get home, I've had enough of the studio—"

On the other hand, there's plenty of talk about music at the Jameses. If Harry were a plumber, maybe there'd be talk about plumbing. As it is, Betty doesn't have to force herself. She's just naturally more interested in Harry's recordings than in tomorrow's dialogue—

"Look at all you can do with music—sing it, play it, listen to it. What can you say about dialogue? It's dialogue. Period—"

We'd hate to give the impression that Betty's indifferent to her own professional success. Far from it. But as a movie star she doesn't run true to form—gets a bang, for instance, out of being ignored for Harry. That happens in New York, when they run into a crowd of band fans, all yelling for his autograph and paying not the smallest attention to her. . . .

She gets an even bigger bang out of the fact that Vicki doesn't know who Betty Grable is. . . .

"Who's that man playing the horn?" Vicki's grandma asks her.

"Daddy—"

"What's his name?"

"Harry James—"

"And who's this lady in the magazine?"

"Mommy—"

"What's *her* name?"

"Betty James—"

. . . They sing songs about Betty Grable. "Betty James," says the lady, "sounds more like a song to me—"

"As for goals, I can't think of a goal we don't have in common—"

It's not only that their fundamental values are the same—that what they want out of life are children, love and peace. They also share the same everyday interests. Music was first. Baseball comes a close second. Betty'll tell you it was Rogers Hornsby who put her in really solid with Harry—

"When I was four or five," she told him idly, "we lived in the hotel where the team stayed, and Hornsby used to bounce me on his knee—"

Harry, she says, bowed three times to the ground and proposed.

Kidding aside, baseball's his passion. Before sitting down to listen to the last World Series, he'd put on the Card uniform Mort Cooper gave him. In season, the radio's always tuned to the game. Lots of wives would walk in and say, "Turn that jabber off—" Others would shrug and walk out. Betty sits down and listens. She's almost as crazy about the game as he is. But that's not the point. The point is, if his hobby were the home life of the dinosaur, she'd make it her business to find out all there was to know about dinosaurs. "It's the only way that makes sense. Otherwise you're deliberately shutting yourself out of a whole part of your husband's life—"

Then there's the ranch. But first there were the saddle horses. As a child in St. Louis Betty rode every day. Her folks used horses as bribes. "If you'll take your dancing lessons, we'll buy you a saddle—" Naturally Harry loved horses, he'd been born in a circus. So they bought a pair of saddle horses. Then they had to buy a ranch to give the horses a home and themselves a place to ride. . . .

But Harry didn't know what a racetrack looked like till his wife put him wise, and it happened this way. Betty had once owned a horse named Can Jones. He'd been out of her life for quite a while when she and Harry went to New York for one of those sieges of his at the Astor Hotel. Since they couldn't show their noses without being mobbed, most of the day was spent in the hotel room. That's where Betty met Can again—on the racing page—

"Ooh look, honey, here's a horse I used to own. Let's make a bet—"

—And later in the day, "What do you think, the horse won?"

In appreciation, they paid Can a visit, watched the nags work out, got to know them by their first names. Then a friend who owned a race horse gave Harry half. Then Betty's maternal instinct started working overtime—

"Let's raise one, so we can have our own little babies—"

They bought a brood mare in foal, and had her shipped to the ranch. They bought practically everything but a glass window for the child's father to look through. Did you ever see a baby horse? Well, if only

for the sight of Vicki and that foal together, it was worth double the money and then some. Now the mare's in foal again. And meantime they've acquired a stable that's up front with the live ones. . . .

To keep from getting homesick for horses, they go at least twice a week to The Hitching Post, a theatre devoted exclusively to westerns. Any time they find themselves with a spare minute, they head for the ranch—

"Now I ask you," she asked us, "where would we squeeze in a separate interest?"

3. HUSBAND OR WIFE, SATISFACTORY BEFORE SUCCESS, SOMETIMES SEEM A MISFIT IN THE HOLLYWOOD ATMOSPHERE.

Betty paused. They were both at home in Hollywood before they married—

"Besides, any atmosphere Harry didn't fit into, there'd be something wrong with the atmosphere, not with him—

"The subject of childless marriages doesn't fit either, but it gives me a chance to talk about Vicki, and her brother—we—hope—"

Vicki's not quite three and has a sweet disposition like her Pop. She's also shy like her Pop—very warm with friends, but shuts up like a clam if she doesn't know you. Calls both parents Honey, because that's what they call each other. . . .

Every night at 6:30 the three Jameses eat together—nothing's allowed to interfere with that. Actually, five of them gather round the table in front of the fireplace. Punkin the poodle, and Kilroy the spaniel, wait like gentlemen till Vicki pulls her little chair up, then plunk themselves down on either side. Betty smiles, remembering what she said to her mother soon after her marriage—

"I've got everything in the world I want. Wouldn't it be awful if I didn't have a baby—?"

For herself, she was enchanted when the baby turned out to be a girl. For Harry, the baseball fan, she was disappointed. "Never mind. Next time it'll be a boy—"

The boy is expected in late June or early July. "But, honey, what if it's another little girl? I can't bear for you to be disappointed again—"

"If it's another like Vicki," says Harry, "I'll buy her. We'll make it a girl's team—"

4. FEVERISH WORK SCHEDULES WHICH INTERFERE WITH COMPANIONSHIP.

"That *could* do it, but not if you both make up your minds that it won't—"

Betty's contribution was to cut her picture schedule to two a year—

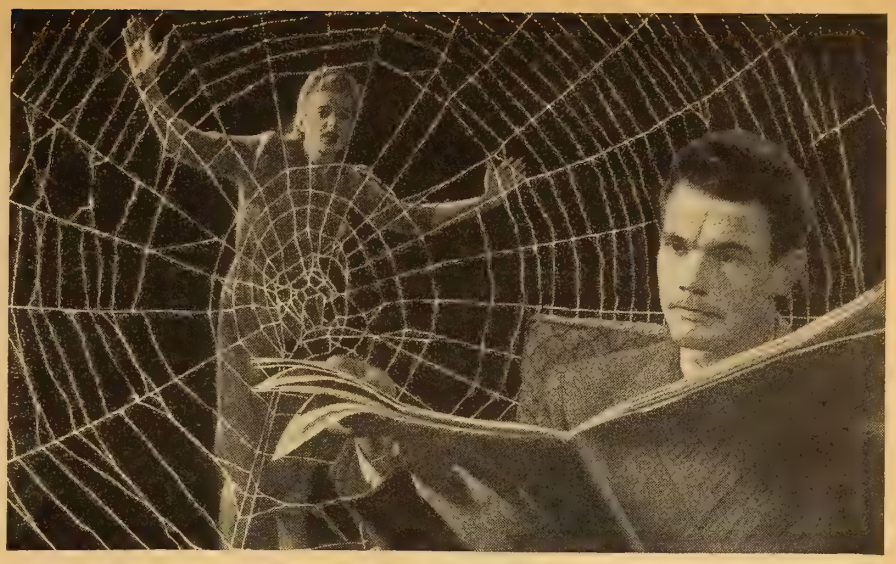
Harry's contribution is being an angel. His schedule has to be set up a year in advance. He tries to arrange it so they'll be off together. But time and again her picture starts late, and he'll be free while she's working.

When it's the other way round, there's no problem. Betty has the house and baby to keep her busy, and if Harry goes on the road, she and Vicki go with him. But for him a holiday alone isn't much fun. Yet he's never once made an issue of it, never once complained. In other words, he's an adult. Having accepted the fact that his wife's a movie star, he accepts all its conditions and doesn't find it necessary to take his disappointments out on her.

As it is, she probably takes them harder than he does. "Honey, it's not fair to keep you down here. Why don't you run up to Las Vegas or Bay Meadows?"

"No, I don't want to leave you—"

By day it's not so bad. Sometimes he'll come in and have lunch with her. If there's a chance of her getting off early, he'll wait. Otherwise, he'll play golf or baseball with the boys in the band. And phone her between innings. . . .



"Held in a web of indifference . . ."

Day after heartbreaking day I was held in an unyielding web . . . a web spun by my husband's indifference. I couldn't reach him any more! Was the fault *mine*? Well...thinking you know about feminine hygiene, yet trusting to *now-and-then* care, can make all the difference in married happiness, as my doctor pointed out. He said never to run such careless risks...prescribed "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

"But I broke through it!"

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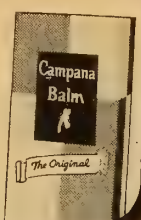

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"I'd rather stay home and read—"

. . ."Companionship," mused Betty, "is a funny thing. Two people can be in the same room and miles apart. Or they can be close together, even when one's asleep in bed and the other's in front of the fireplace, reading. . . ."

5. GOSSIP COLUMNS STARTING IRRESPONSIBLE RUMORS.

We hated handing her that one. Her face turned grim. . . .

They do it to everyone—especially to people whose names are top news—yet it always comes as a shock. The Jameses have hurdled twenty such rumors—beginning from shortly after their wedding to just the other month—

"Why?" Harry used to ask, completely baffled and less experienced than Betty in the ways of Hollywood. "What good does it do them—?"

"When there isn't any news, they have to make it—"

That's about the size of it. Newspaper space and air time can be filled by starting a rumor one week and denying it the next. Last month one guy had Judy Garland's mother in the hospital with a brain operation at the very moment when that lady was cheerfully rustling Sunday night supper for twelve. . . .

After their fourth or fifth press separation, Harry said, "Look, honey, let's not get hot and bothered. If you ever fall for another guy, come and tell me. I won't believe it unless I hear it from you—"

"That goes both ways—"

Harry does a better job of ignoring the whispers. They still infuriate Betty. But that's the worst they can do. You can't sow suspicion where there's perfect faith—

6. FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE MAKES IT EASIER FOR WIVES TO BREAK AWAY.

It doesn't bother Harry how financially independent Betty gets. There's no halvesies in the James budget. Whether it's a ranch or a potato, Harry's money pays.

. . ."So according to your expert," said Betty—

"Look, he's not my expert—"

"You brought me his list, didn't you? According to him, that makes it easier for me to leave Harry. You tell him something from me. The United States Mint wouldn't make it easier."

7.THEIR WORK THROWS THEM INTO CONTACT WITH HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE OF THE OPPOSITE SEX, EXPOSING THEM TO CONSTANT TEMPTATION.

"Lots of folks get exposed to smallpox too, but they're vaccinated—"

Betty thinks it's up to you. She started dancing in the line at 12, and didn't run up against nearly as much of that "Come here, Sugar" stuff as popular fiction would lead you to imagine. If you want it, you can get it. If not, there are sixteen different ways of avoiding it, all legal.

As for the attractive men you meet on sets, she's so tired by the end of the day that she couldn't date the Prince of Wales if there was one. Apart from the fact that nobody else but Harry looks good to her.

8. THREAT OF AGE AND HOPE OF RECAPTURING YOUTH BY MARRYING A YOUNGER MATE.

"Look, I'm a practical person. I don't kid myself. I know everyone either dies young or gets older. When an actress gets older, she can play older parts. I'm not an actress, I'm an entertainer. I want to do musicals, and that's all I want to do. As long as people like me in them, I'll go on. But the day they tell me I'm too old for musicals, that's the day I quit—

"I've worked a long time. It'll be wonderful to sit down and relax. When Harry says, let's take December off, it'll be wonderful not to have to ask anyone else. My life'll be full without pictures—full of my husband and family and the things we do together. I'll take the years as they come as long as Harry comes with them. Every age has its own pleasures. You watch the kids grow up, step out, start their own lives, have their own children—

"Oh. You people with your charts and statistics. I could tell you in two words why marriages flop—Hollywood or any other kind—"

"Why?"

"People don't love each other enough—"

TO EACH HIS OWN

(Continued from page 37)

things like "Don't Talk to the Driver" and "Pay as You Leave" written on it), he'd come up after work at the barber shop and sit on her porch. It was a gentle, leisurely romance, with time to talk about everything in the world.

"I want a million children," Perry would say, and Roselle would say, "Me, too. And a white house with a garden."

"And not too much money. Just enough."

"And time for each other," Roselle would say softly.

It ran smoothly for the most part, this love affair, and there was really just one time when Roselle wondered whether Perry was, after all, The One. It happened like this: Saturday nights, Perry worked late at the barber shop, usually till nine. Then he'd grab a bite and run over to Roselle's. Roselle worried about his never having a nice hot meal on Saturday, and so this time she promised to cook him something absolutely out of this world to make up for all the quick snacks. She got started in the kitchen around four, and by eight everything was pretty well under control. By nine, Roselle was bathed and dressed, a vision in blue linen, and there was no sign of Perry. No sign of him at ten, nor moreover, eleven. Roselle put the dinner away in the icebox, carefully, deliberately, in a series of covered dishes, then she faced her family.

"It is definitely all over between us," she announced, pitching her voice high, above the lump in her throat. "I never want to see him again." Then, stiff-lipped, she went upstairs to bed, to bawl into her pillow all night long. The next day she heard that Perry had been at a dance and had danced continuously with the one girl in Canonsburg Roselle could not bear. (You know how there's always one character you *know* is gunning for your man? *That* was whom Perry had been with.) That cinched it. He called to explain, and she'd have none of him; and for six weeks she sulked. Oh, not so you'd notice it. She was very, very gay.

"I'm really not in the least angry," she'd say in the new impersonal voice.

After six weeks of it she broke down. The old Model-T was at the station one afternoon when she got off the train from

school, and she wanted to walk by it with her chin up; but her feet double-crossed her. Somehow she found herself on the worn leather seat holding Perry's hand.

"Honey," he was saying. "Oh, gee honey—" And then the story came out. He'd been closing up the barber shop that Saturday night, when a mob of his buddies came in. They were all going to the dance, and they wanted Perry to go. He hemmed and hawed, embarrassed to let on that he had this really heavy date. "Boy, that babe sure has you hog-tied," one boy said, and another one said, "No female's gonna get *me* under her thumb." The upshot of it was that Perry went, was stuck with That Girl almost all night and had an utterly miserable time.

"It's all right," Roselle said. "I should have known it wasn't your fault."

"I'm such a jerk," Perry said, and they looked at each other and looked at each other, and they couldn't stop smiling.

They were married when they were twenty-one, after Perry had given up an eighty-dollar-a-week barbering job for a $24 singing spot with Freddie Caralone.

Roselle is a home-maker. If they ever played one town as long as six weeks, she really dug in. She'd sand down the furniture and refinish it, hang fresh curtains, buy pots of ivy and join the public library. She'd put down roots in the twinkling of an eye, pull 'em up again when they put the show on the road.

tubes, tubes, tubes . . .

They were in Chicago, finishing up an engagement before going on to Denver; living in the inevitable hotel room, the bathroom of which was crowded—as always—with tubes of toothpaste. (It's one of Perry's vices, loading up on dozens of tubes of toothpaste of every conceivable brand, compounded of all sorts of exotic ingredients.) One morning Roselle tried one of the new ones, and it made her deathly ill. She shook Perry awake.

"I'm poisoned," she said. "I'm desperately, desperately ill." She made him throw out all the toothpaste and extracted his solemn promise that he'd stick to one safe brand thereafter. That should have settled it, but it didn't. Roselle didn't seem to get better, and Perry was worried to death, wondering what had been in the paste—arsenate of lead, or what. He took her to the doctor that afternoon, and when she emerged there was a kind of radiance about her, sort of a lilt to her walk. "Are you all right?" Perry asked her. "Are you going to be better soon?"

"Why, yes," she said in that superior voice only a brand new expectant mother can assume. "In about seven months I should be absolutely cured."

When Ronnie was born, Perry wanted to stop batting around and go back to his first trade. but Roselle put her small foot down.

"You're good at this stuff, doll," she'd tell him. "Some day you'll be as well-known as Bing."

"Think so, baby?" How he loved that pint-sized blond.

"*Think* so! Why I'm so darn positive—"

So they bought a great big Packard, had the back seat taken out and a real custom-made baby's mattress installed in its place. When the band rolled, Ronnie rolled too, snug as a bug in his zipper robe.

Perry became a real family man. He bought a camera, carried around fistfuls of snapshots of "The Punk." Some of the boys had movies of their kids, so he brought home a movie camera. "Can you operate that thing?" Roselle was awed.

"Sure," Perry said. "It says here—" He followed the directions to a T, and he got some pretty good movies. He's not Cecil B. DeMille, you understand, but he caught Ronnie standing on his head at six months,

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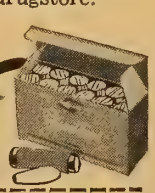

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taking his first steps at a little past a year. He caught Ronnie eating, burping, sleeping. "Reading" at eighteen months, cutting his birthday cake at two. That was the year they had to light the candles every night until the last crumb of cake was gone. That was the year Perry began to worry in earnest about the future.

"He'll be going to school soon," he told Roselle. "We can't be gypsies forever."

"We won't be," little Mrs. Como reassured him. And she was right. Ronnie is six-and-a-half now, and the Comos have finally settled down.

Most of you know how Perry gave up singing for a while, went back to barbering so that his kid could grow up in one place, like other kids. Then how he got a good offer from CBS and another from the Copacabana in New York and another from Hollywood—and how he went back to singing because his little blond wanted him to. Came the offer to do the thrice-weekly spot on the Chesterfield supper club. Came the beautiful contract with Twentieth Century-Fox that only takes him (and of course his adored family) coastward about nine weeks a year. Maybe you know all about that. But maybe you don't know how wonderful it all is for Perry and Roselle and Ronnie.

nice fat acre . . .

They have their dream house now, a really lovely spot, beautifully decorated by Guy Lombardo's brother, Joseph, with a garden and a terrace and a million trees. A nice fat acre in Manhasset, Long Island, where Perry is close to his beloved golf course; where Ronnie keeps three frogs named Slowy, Fasty and Jockey in a tree well and is readying a doghouse that's a miniature replica of the big house for a cocker spaniel puppy; where Roselle can dig in in earnest and uncrate all her treasured antiques.

It is heaven for the three of them, and sometimes Perry and Roselle will sit on their terrace in the evening and talk about it. "Looks like we have pretty nearly everything." That's Perry's nice, quiet voice, and he's talking humbly, gratefully. He's the guy who can't take a thing for granted.

"We've always had everything," Roselle said. "This house—it's wonderful. I love every inch of it—but if we should lose it somehow—I'm trying to say that it's not all the *things* we own that make me happy. It's us and Ronnie, and evenings like this. You know what I'm talking about, doll?"

"I know."

Sometimes the evenings are less idyllic, but it's the variety that makes their life so much fun. Say it's a Tuesday night—that's one of Perry's nights off. The three of them will be sitting around, Perry reading the sport pages, Roselle and Ronnie playing one of their everlasting games. Train or bomb or something.

"Look, there's this mechanism, mom. See it here?"

"Yes." (It's all imaginary, you understand.)

"Well, that releases the bomb and when it does—boy, when it does, the whole darn airplane disintegrates, and it's got about nine engines, that big old airplane. Okay, now you're the plane—" They'll go along swimmingly for a while and then suddenly Ronnie will turn on his mom for some violation of the rules. "Okay," he'll say. "That's just the limit. I'm sure not going to play with *you* any more." Whereupon he'll flounce out. Then Perry pounces on her.

"Why the devil do you let him talk to you that way? As if you were one of the boys in the back room or something. Command his respect—"

Roselle of the serene and smiling nature flares up at that. "Command his respect—when I'm alternately his pony, his nurse, his stooge, his buddy. You try it and see how far you get commanding his respect." They'll glare at each other a minute, and then it'll strike them both funny.

"You look like Mickey Mouse in those glasses," Roselle will say. And that'll be that.

For such a sweet and considerate guy, he has one maddening habit. He simply cannot remember dates. There was the time not so long ago that he and Roselle decided to go out to dinner of a Thursday evening. Roselle engaged a nurse to take care of Ronnie to the tune of considerable trouble, assembled her wardrobe, and was in that nice pink state of anticipation the evening of the dinner spree, when in walked Perry with his pal, Mike.

"Come out in the kitchen, baby," he called. "You've got yourself two fine chefs." And out of a large paper bag he pulled the ingredients for a real Italian spaghetti dinner.

"But, doll, this is the night we were going out to dinner. . . ." His face fell.

"Say, that's right." He started putting away his cans of tomato paste, the garlic, the cheese, looking at them sadly as a little boy looks at the toys he's putting away for the night. Roselle was lost.

"I can call off the nurse," she said briskly, trying not to hug him. "It doesn't really matter." And of course it really didn't. What mattered was the big smile he gave her, the look in his eyes when he put the spaghetti in front of her.

There's one date though that Perry doesn't forget, and that's their anniversary. Roselle has every present he's ever given her—from the noisy seven-jewel watch that commemorated their first one, to the most recent gift—a heavenly slim gold watch inscribed on the bracelet part: "To Mom from Ronnie and Pop, as always, only so much more so."

At 34, he's on top of the world, this nice, warm-voiced guy, and a lot of people are wondering, "Has it gone to his head?" Well, listen. He still cuts his kid's hair ("In the garage, please, so you don't get fuzz all over everything.") because no other barber does it right. Last year he was voted one of the ten best dressed men in America, but he still prefers easy, unglamorous clothes. He still gets a kick out of signing autographs for the kids at St. Peter's—Ronnie's school; out of the early show and a soda afterwards; out of visits with his mom and his brothers and sisters in Canonsburg. Has Como gone stuffy? If you ask the girl who owns one, she'll say, "Pierine?" (And there's music in that name when his wife says it.) "He's a small town boy still. Simple, sweet, kind. But, look, don't ask me. I'm in love with the guy."

Well, who isn't?

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few years ago, when Frankie was just beginning to wow the bobby-sockers, he made a personal appearance at Cleveland's Palace Theater. Just as he was giving out with "Take me, I'm yours if you'll take me . . ." some uncontrollable fan in the balcony shouted, "Wrap him up!"

Margaret Selmants
Cleveland, Ohio

THE FANS

(*Continued from page 90*)

scrupulous sense of responsibility, a gift for getting along with people, and love of hard work—which we think are the criteria for a good club president—may be found in both age groups.

A special word of congratulation goes to the runners-up, all fine clubs and worthy of high commendation. In League One—the Dick Haymes Associates, Nelson Eddy Music, Guy Madison, Nelson Eddy International, Dennis Morgan, Shirley Temple (Smithka), June Allyson, and Jane Withers Club. In League Two—the Jeanette MacDonald (Waddy), Gene Kelly, Bette Davis, Jack Carson, Bob Crosby, Frank Sinatra (Bush), Evelyn MacGregor, Sinatra (DiMattia) and Rise Stevens Clubs. In League Three—the New Stars, Marian McManus, Jean Pierre Aumont, Frances Langford, Edward Ashley, Errol Flynn, Johnny Coy (Lanzillo), Sinatra (Wolfenstein) and Joe Cotten Clubs.

on with the new . . .

Hardly pausing to say thanks to all the wonderful clubs which cooperated in our old Trophy competition, we're going right on with the start of our contest for the first half of 1947. Here's how the points stack up for January:

1. "This Is My Best" Contest. Each month our editorial board selects the six best articles and/or poems appearing in your club journals. (Note: Do not submit articles or poems direct to us. They must first be printed in your club journal. Winners of our January contest snag 100 points each for their clubs and, in addition, will receive a beautiful gift ensemble of Faberge's glamorous "Aphrodisia" Perfume and Cologne! The lucky gals are Marjorie Heidrick, for "Acres of Diamonds," (Humphrey) *Bogart* Broadcast; Pat Harris, for "Christmas," *Soliloquy* (Sinatra; Ling); Jeanne Barbier, for "Class of '49," (Charles) *Korvinus;* Ellen Caughlin, for "Thoughts of a Bobby-Soxer," Sinatra Journal (Ellovich); Elizabeth Gilson, for "Hollywood Premier," (Diana) *Lynn's Lingo,* and Muriel Scott, for "My Afternoon at the Cottens'," (Joseph) *Cotten Chronicle.*

2. Best Journal Editors for January. The club editor in each league, judged by our staff as having done the best editing job, scores 250 points for her club and also rates a lovely gift prize for herself—a special assortment of Pond's fine beauty aids, packed exclusively for the winners of this contest! They are: 1. Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy Music Club. 2. Carrie DeHart, Scott McKay Club. 3. Harriet Dworkin, Keenan Wynn Club.

3. Candid Camera Contest. Any member of an MSFCA club is eligible to submit as many candid snaps as he wishes—of any interesting subject—to our Candid Camera Contest Editor. The only requirement is that the pic must be one taken by an *amateur.* Please write your name, address, club and a line of description on the back of each snap.)

First prize winner this month is Georgia Eustice, who scores 100 points for the Rand Brooks Club, and receives a handsome, serviceable Tangee Trip-Kit, filled with those wonderful Tangee cosmetics! Other winning camera wizards are: Ann Latting, Cornel Wilde Club; Cecilia Giza, Guy Madison Club; Kay McGowan, Pierre Aumont Club; Marjorie Roster, Rise Stevens Club, and Sara Ann Kennedy, Bingites. Each garners 50 points for her club and a dandy selection of four baffling Dell Mys-

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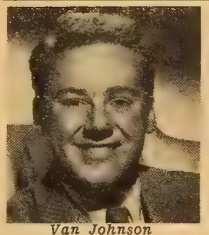

Van Johnson M-G-M Star

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4. A very special prize goes to Walter Goldby, who wins the month's award for the best original piece of art work published in a club journal. Walt will receive a year's subscription to the popular Front Page Detective Magazine, b. a year's subscription to Screen Album Magazine, and 3. four Dell Mystery Books. He also earns 150 points for the Ilene Woods Club.

5. Best Journals of the Month (500 points to each club): 1. (Dennis) *Morgan Memos.* 2. (Charles) *Korvinus.* 3. *Voice Parade* (Sinatra; Beattie).

6. Best Journal Covers of the Month (250 points to each club): 1. Nelson Eddy Music Club. 2. None qualified in this category. 3. Alan Ladd Club (Pearl).

7. Most Worthwhile Activities of the Month: 1. Guy Madison Club (Donated $70 to VA Hospitals). 2. Frank Sinatra Club (Bund) (Presented 25 dolls to War Orphans Committee; also donated $25 to Sister Kenny Fund for Frank's birthday). 3. Bill Johnston Club (Bought a row of tickets at Miami Theatre, where Bill is appearing in a show, and turned them over to veterans recuperating in nearby VA Hospital).

8. Greatest Percentage Increases in Membership (100 points to each club): 1. Nelson Eddy Music Club. 2. Sons of the Pioneers Club. 3. Nina Foch Club.

9. Best MSFCA Correspondents (50 points to each club): 1. Mary Pritchett, Dennis Morgan Club. 2. Irene DiMattia, Frank Sinatra Club. 3. Louise Warnes, Richard Jaekel Club.

And that's the score for round one!

club banter . . .

As we told you back in September, in our one-sheet issue of THE FANS, Hollywood clubbers will hold their first annual fan club convention and party this summer! Ellen Roufs is chairman; dates: June 23-29.

Lucky Leona Rosenthal, prexy of one of the official Eastern James Mason clubs, was one of the few persons who succeeded in getting an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Mason, on their arrival in the United States. James issued a statement that will make important news among all American Mason clubs, and he requested Leona to forward that message to all Mason prexies in this country. Contact her at 1285 St. John's Place, Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

All Peggy Pearl did was to ask the manager of the Ambassador Theatre in St. Louis if it was all right to publicize her Alan Ladd Club during the run of *Two Years Before the Mast.* First thing she knew all local members were invited to the preview, were interviewed by a reporter from the St. Louis Star, and were treated to a phone call to Alan!

The Party Parade: The Baritony Club, run by Annette Russell, for Ray Heatherton, Jerry Cooper and Jimmy Farrell, is one of our most party minded clubs. Their latest was a dinner at Chum Lee's Resaurant in N. Y. . . . In Chicago, the Blaine Boosters (Vivian, natch!) threw a birthday party for her *in absentia.* Shirley Weis and Jacki Jaacks, co-prexies, arranged everything—place cards, candles, cake—in fact, it looked so good, they called Vi long distance and described the scene. . . . The Aumont Club held a Christmas Benefit for their adopted French orphan. They're Foster Parents, you know . . . The Sam Edwards Club (Lilian Nagai, prexy) goes in for skating parties . . . Eileen Sinnott's Johnny Desmond Club surprised Johnny with a birthday shindig in the MBS studios, after his broadcast . . . Ken Curtis is another honorary whose members entertained at a surprise party.

M. S. GOES SKIING

(*Continued from page 53*)

in Austria years ago, and he was skiing alone, starry-eyed with exhilaration. In front of him yawned a twenty foot drop to a ledge overhanging a steep cliff, but he didn't see it because the wind was blowing the snow out over the ledge like a safe, white sheet. At the edge of the drop he suddenly became aware of his danger, but it was too late to stop and he plunged downward to the ledge, up to his neck in snow.

There are several rules for would-be skiers, the first of which concerns the purchase of equipment. A beginner's skis should reach from the ground to his wrist when the arm is held straight up. Later, when the addict has reached the point where he feels he can handle the situation, the skis should be longer, reaching the fingertips. Hickory wood is the best lumber for skis, but lately they are being made of a lightweight metal, which is a considerable improvement. The ski poles should be a little less than shoulder high —their tips reaching the palm when the hand is outstretched. Shoes can either be worn on the feet and then attached to the skis, as in roller skating, or one can buy ski shoes and have them permanently fitted to the skis.

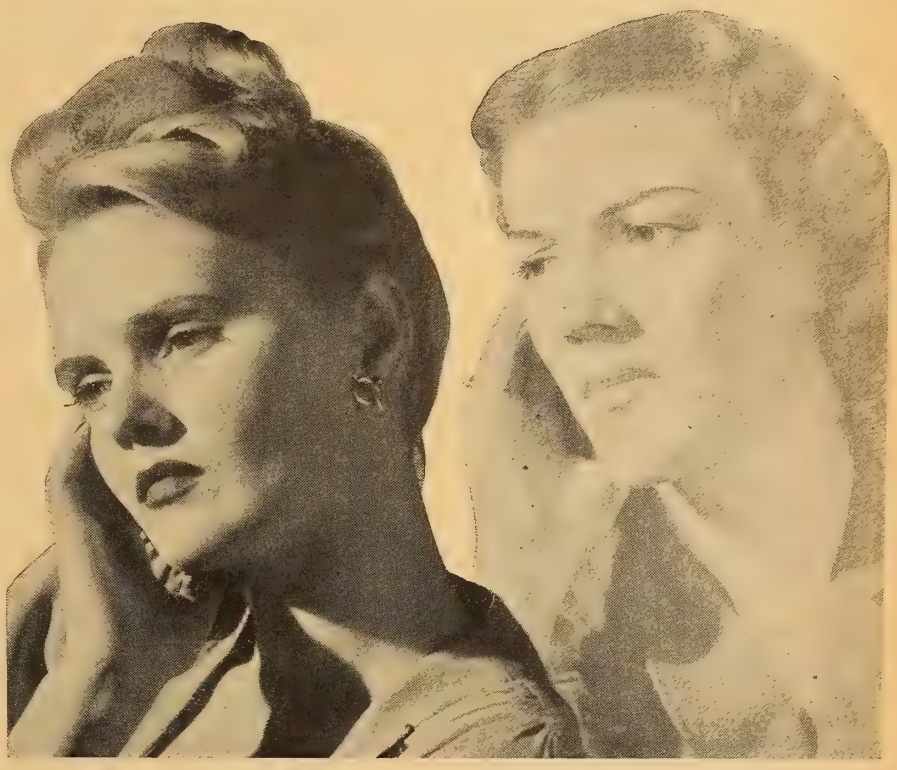
a st. bernard helps . . .

Of course, having shoes attached to skis means that the skier must carry his walking shoes with him while skiing. This amounts to quite a load, considering that he already is carrying a thermos bottle with coffee or hot chocolate, sandwiches, fruit and, if he believes in the St. Bernard theory, a few nips of brandy. He must also carry a can of wax. This is used on the skis to facilitate moving at all. The skier must always wax his skiis carefully.

There is a jargon that goes with skiing, including such words as herring bone, sidestep, snowplow, telemark and Christiana. A herring bone is a method of climbing, done by moving forward with the toes pointed outward, the skis making a herring bone pattern behind the skier. The sidestep is an easier but more awkward way of ascending. It is done with the skier at right angles to the hill, going up one step at a time much as a child attempting his first flight of stairs. The snowplow is a manner of stopping, done by spreading the legs apart and then pointing the toes inward, running the points of the skis together. This can be embarrassing if carried too far. The telemark will turn you in deep snow and is accomplished, when skiing down a slope diagonally, by shoving the ski opposite the side to which you want to turn in that direction, and shifting weight to that ski. The Christiana is also a method for turning and is done by executing a snowplow and then pulling up one ski and placing it parallel to the mate.

None of this bothers our Mr. Bey, who digests it all with a great continental aplomb. Even on the day MS's cameraman accompanied Turhan to Snow Valley, a skiing resort about three hours' drive from Los Angeles, his rented skis were without wax and continually loaded with snow. As for Yvonne DeCarlo, she was a brave girl and went through her instructions with gritted teeth and prayers. When Turhan asked her if she'd like to go again, she smiled weakly and said, "Well, maybe. Yes, I guess so." Turhan didn't tell her, but she has approximately fifteen hours of steady slope-sliding ahead of her before her reactions grow to fearless enthusiasm.

DOES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL *suffer more like this* THAN A HOMELY ONE?



Nature has endowed some women with remarkable beauty of face and form—with sweet, loving dispositions. Others—she may have slighted when it came to passing out gifts of charm and beauty.

But in any event—whether beautiful or unattractive—many women by their very physical nature are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on 'certain days' of the month.

This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause *you*—like so many unfortunates—to suffer from pain, nervous distress and feel so tired and cranky you lose your sense of humor—this is nothing to joke about.

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! It's famous for this purpose! Taken regularly thruout the month—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such female distress.

For over 70 years Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has *proved* it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Pinkham's Compound is also a splendid stomachic tonic. It is certainly *worth trying!* Any drugstore.

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Her hair looks smooth when she's just combed it; but look at her later!

Poor Dolly didn't know how to make a hair-do *stay put* . . .

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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 100)

tunes from "Carnival in Costa Rica" (see Best From the Movies) Jane Harvey sings.

MAD ABOUT YOU—Warren Evans—Sam Price (Decca)—This is the song Lana Turner fell in love with. It was two or three years ago, and she was in some spot on 52nd Street, where Billy Daniels was singing, and it sounded wonderful to her. It sounded so good that she was talking about buying an interest in it, but I don't think anything ever came of that. Nevertheless, here it is, in a new version.

BEST HOT JAZZ

BENNY GOODMAN—Benjie's Bubble (Columbia)—In the old days, a lot of swing numbers ("Tiger Rag," for instance) were derived from marches. Benny Goodman seems to be going back in that direction, because "Benjie's Bubble" is simply a jazzy version of "Under The Double Eagle." It was dreamed up by Benny's former pianist, Joey Bushkin.

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC, Vol. IV (Disc)—Here's another of those rowdy, informal albums recorded at a jam session. The series originated at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, and since then, the musicians have done two cross-country tours under the title, "Jazz at the Philharmonic." Ironically enough, the L. A. Philharmonic won't let them play there any more. Claim they kick up too much pandemonium.

HAL McINTYRE—Scarlet and Amber (Cosmo)—This is instrumental, in two parts, one slow, one fast. I don't know whether the title's supposed to suggest "Gone With The Wind" and "Forever You Know What" but it's clever sounding.

LEO WATSON—The Snake Pit (Signature)—"Snake Pit" really sounds like its title; it's a wild thing. And the trombone, Vic Dickenson, plays the way Leo sings, if you can imagine such a happening. The other side is the most knocked-out version of "Jingle Bells" yet.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Waltz Boogie (Victor)—I strongly recommend this very unusual, very pretty record. It's the only boogie-woogie piano solo ever recorded in three-quarter time, and it shows what a great musician Mary Lou Williams is.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

SMASH-UP—Hush-A-Bye Island: Frank Sinatra (Columbia)—The other side of "Hush-A-Bye Island" is "This Is The Night" (listed under Best Popular). Both sides are typical Sinatra performances. By the time you read this, though, you'll probably be able to buy something very *un*typical. It's the record Frank made with the Metronome All-Star band. Every year, Metronome makes a record for the Musicians' Charity Fund, and features winners of its annual poll. This time, Frankie, singing "Sweet Lorraine," joined King Cole, Coleman Hawkins and several members of the Duke Ellington and Stan Kenton bands.

I caught Frankie in his act at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf Astoria and I swear he gets more sensational all the time. He's not only a great singer, and a great person, but he's a hell of a personality. He told me he was under doctor's orders, and he wasn't even supposed to be working, but when he came on later with a cup of coffee in his hand, singing "They've Got An Awful Lot of Coffee In Brazil," you wouldn't have known there was anything bothering him. They kept him there for an hour and a half, and nobody got tired, except possibly Frank. He only appeared once a night (at the midnight show) but what an appearance! He's got some satirical material—there's one number about Old Man Crosby, who just keeps rolling along—and there's a cute fan-letter-to-Ingrid-Bergman number, and the dramatic soliloquy from "Carousel" and a lot of off-the-beaten-track stuff I wish he'd record.

THE FABULOUS DORSEYS—At Sundown: Tommy Dorsey (Victor): Paul Weston-Matt Dennis (Capitol)—Here's the first record featuring music from the picture based on the lives of Tommy and Jimmy D, but there'll undoubtedly be lots more where this came from. I've seen the script of "The Fabulous Dorseys," and it actually has the name of the town where the boys were born, and the story of their famous feud, and a few other little things that lead me to believe it may possibly bear some resemblance to the facts.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

AND SO TO BED—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Artie Shaw (Musicraft)
BLESS YOU (FOR BEING AN ANGEL)—Betty Rhodes (Victor), Phil Brito (Musicraft,) Harry Cool (Signature)
HUGGIN' AND A-CHALKIN'—Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Herbie Fields (Victor)
I'LL CLOSE MY EYES—Mildred Bailey Majestic), Teddy Walters (Musicraft), Dinah Shore (Columbia)
I'LL NEVER LOVE AGAIN—Desi Arnaz (Victor)
MAD ABOUT YOU—Warren Evans-Sam Price (Decca)
MAGENTA MOODS—Herbie Jeffries Album (Exclusive)
SONATA—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Tony Martin (Mercury)
THIS IS THE NIGHT—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE ONE I LOVE—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Betty Rhodes (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

DON BYAS—Tenor Sax Album (Savoy)
HERBIE FIELDS—Blue Fields (Victor)
BENNY GOODMAN—Benjie's Bubble (Columbia)
BILLIE HOLIDAY—album (Commodore)
JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Vol. IV—(Disc)
LOUIS JORDAN—Let The Good Times Roll (Decca)
HAL McINTYRE—Scarlet & Amber (Cosmo)
CHARLIE SHAVERS—Serenade to a Pair of Nylons (Vogue)
LEO WATSON—The Snake Pit (Signature)
MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Waltz Boogie (Victor)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA—Another Night Like This; Mi Vida: Desi Arnaz (Victor)
DUEL IN THE SUN—Theme Music: Al Goodman (Victor); Album: Boston Pops Orchestra (Victor)
MY HEART GOES CRAZY—So Would I: Georgia Gibbs (Majestic), Claude Thornhill (Columbia), Paul Weston-Matt Dennis (Capitol)
SMASH-UP—Hush-A-Bye Island: Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
SONG OF THE SOUTH—Uncle Remus Said: Woody Herman (Columbia), Monica Lewis (Signature); Song of the South Album: Tony Pastor (Cosmo)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES—Among My Souvenirs: Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby (Decca), Etta Jones (Victor), Alvino Rey (Capitol)
THE FABULOUS DORSEYS—At Sundown: Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Paul Weston-Matt Dennis (Capitol)
THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—Easy To Love: Dick Haymes (Decca)
TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—Ol' Man River: Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS

(*Continued from page 51*)

set. They called for me. When I get my curls caught in a musical score I'm not human. Shall we get to work?"

"Let's," Judy said, trying to look austere to cover up the jelling sympathy she knew would show on her face. After all, forty-five minutes!

They got down to the work at hand. Judy was to do the "Interview" number in *Ziegfeld Follies*. Kay, a comparative newcomer to the music department, fresh from the prolonged success of her own vocal work as leader of The Rhythm Girls, was to coach her.

"All Judy had to do was sing," Kay said afterwards, "and act like a combination of Gertrude Lawrence, Greta Garbo and five other grand ladies of the screen. She was bristling. She had one thing on her mind—do it—do it so impressively that I'd be flabbergasted, and then get out of there."

That's the way it was.

Judy went home with a better feeling. Kay went home with a solid respect for the star she'd inadvertently left waiting like a hitch-hiker on a speedway.

There were other rehearsals and coaching sessions. They were always gruelling, hard work. When Kay ran through a particularly difficult phrasing or did a whole song to indicate how she thought Judy might improve her delivery, Judy kept thinking, "I wish I had a voice that could do all that!" Sometimes they worked at the studio. Sometimes Kay went up to the home on Sunset Plaza Drive where Judy now had her head in the clouds as Mrs. Vincente Minnelli.

no time for blues . . .

"You teeter along the edge of all sorts of moods and complexes when you are expecting," Judy confided to a friend, "and that's how the *camaraderie* began to spring up between Kay and me. She's so full of interests, that I never had time while waiting for Liza May's arrival to get blue or giddy or listless."

When the baby was born and time came for the christening, Judy and Vincente decided that Kay should be the Godmother and her husband, radio producer Bill Spier, the Godfather. That clinched the friendship.

There are those who secretly suspect the sanity of Judy Garland and Kay and their respective spouses. That idea could be shared by anyone who happened to be in the vicinity of a small hotel during a recent few days. Judy and Vincente and Kay and Bill climbed into their cars on the spur of the moment and drove down to Laguna Beach one day.

The foursome checked in at the Coast Inn, one of the few places that can boast three terraces of rooms fronting directly on the ocean. The constant roar of the surf was too much for all of them. Such peace after the backstage grinding on four sets of Hollywood nerves made them all lazy. Bill and Vincente, feeling the pangs of hunger setting in, proposed to journey forth among the artists, crackpots, and plain honest citizens, to one of the colorful little restaurants for food.

"I think I'll just quietly starve, instead," Judy said. "The food may be wonderful, but that ocean has given me a touch of paralysis. My legs refuse to move."

So Bill and Vincente went shopping. They came back loaded to the chins with canned goods and two Sterno stoves, also a can opener. Kay went to work.

When the feast was over, Judy said, "It's a miracle—Oscar of the Waldorf never served a finer banquet."

Does your laxative leave a bad taste in your mouth?

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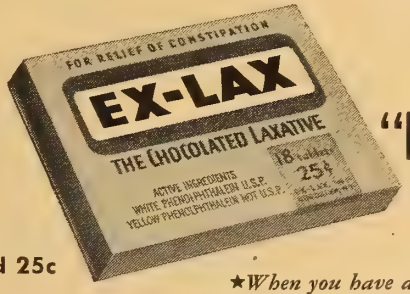
For more than 40 years, Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative—the choice of grown-ups and children alike. Today, Ex-Lax is used by *more* people than any other laxative . . . *over 40 million boxes sold last year!* As a precaution, use only as directed.



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until you try Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. This famous **"Color Control"** method gives hair the lovely, appealing color you desire, quickly **—or** so gradually even close friends won't guess your secret.

So simple! Safe! Sure! Comb this clear liquid through your gray, bleached or faded hair. Watch "Color Control" action give your hair the youthful-looking shade you want. Pronounced harmless by medical authorities (no skin test needed). Won't harm wave or hair texture. 50 year favorite of millions. Now help yourself to **lustrous hair beauty** easily—in the privacy of your home!

Buy a bottle today! Sold on **money-back guarantee** by drug and department stores. Or if you prefer, order direct from Mary T. Goldman Co., St. Paul 2, Minnesota. Send $1.92 (includes tax) for regular size, mailed postpaid in plain wrapper. State color desired: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Blonde, Auburn.

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Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant...Does *not* rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar—never gritty, rubs in easily. Use *doubly safe* Veto regularly to guard your daintiness and to check perspiration, stop odor *safely.*

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DOUBLY PREFERRED! Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.

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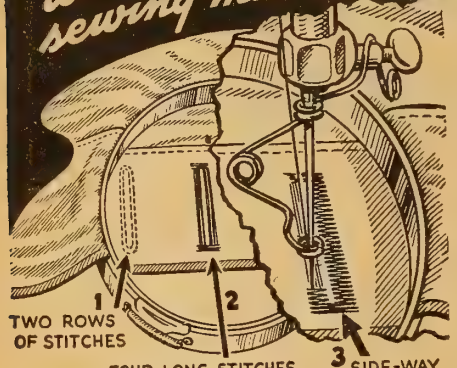
BUTTON HOLES
with your own sewing machine!



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Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 293, COVINGTON, KY.

Next day Kay's ever present camera went to work. With the help of those experts in camera angles and direction, Bill and Vincente, Judy and Kay posed like fashion models, on the high stairway which leads to the ocean, sitting on rocks, looking out halfway to Honolulu.

"Get this one," Judy called, striking a pose out of camera range. "I am looking out longingly."

"Some actress," Kay retorted, "You look like a mermaid standing in a rowboat that isn't there."

Fog and the call to work set in like a wet blanket. The Minnellis and the Spiers were urgently needed back in Hollywood. Vincente had final preparations to set for *The Pirate,* in which he will direct Judy. Kay and Judy had to begin rehearsals of those Cole Porter tunes, "Love of My Life," "Be a Clown," and "You Can Do No Wrong." Bill Spier had at least eight radio shows to line up for production, including his "Suspense" show, on which Judy was doing "Drive In."

For four friends, their mutual interests are as mixed and current as the morning scrambled eggs.

"It's good that way," Judy explained. "Friendship of two couples for each other doesn't happen every day. If the wives get along, the husbands don't, or it's a reverse of that. Maybe one husband is an engineer and the other a lawyer, or one wife works and the other doesn't. Then there are no mutual interests.

"We're lucky, but on the work side, it's strenuous. I'd wanted to appear on 'Suspense' for a long time, but the just-right script didn't come up. When it did, I was anxious to get at it immediately. I would have learned it word for word a week in advance to prove to Bill I wouldn't let him down, but he gave me the same treatment they all get on that wonderful show. My script arrived the day before the rehearsal to make sure I'd do it the way producer Spier wanted it—not the way Garland thought it should be."

spare that beard! . . .

Kay certainly won't object to Judy's letting the cat out of the bag about the reason for the magnificent beard her husband, Bill, wears. It was not cultivated as Bill's idea of the hallmark of genius. A while back, he was ill in the hospital for some time. He didn't have the energy for shaving and couldn't bear being shaved by someone else. So the beard grew. When he at length shaved it off, his face had changed. He didn't look like the same man to his recent bride.

Kay exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Bill—you grow that beard right back on!"

"Those high Hooper ratings Bill Spier always gets on his radio shows," Judy said to a friend, who brought up the subject of the beard, "are not because Bill looks like a genius. Whiskers won't register on the air, but talent does."

And speaking of talent, sometimes Judy has wondered about eight-months-old Liza Minnelli.

"Liza is always cheerful and seldom cries except for a real reason. Just let me sing Brahms' 'Lullaby' or 'Over the Rainbow,' though, and she yells a mile. Then Kay walks in, um-de-ums something simple and Liza brightens up like a marquee after dark."

Kay had an explanation for that. "Maybe," she said, "Liza plans to grow up to be a music critic!"

"Touché, my friend," Judy smiled. "Touché!"

Then, with Kay listening attentively and nodding occasionally at the round, increasing perfection of voice, Judy sang.

It is on the record that none of the neighbors on Sunset Plaza Drive rushed to close their windows.

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

being an associate of the famed Charlie McCarthy. The occasion was the christening of Missy Candy and the party that followed was one of the most charming of the holiday season.

It was the very first carrying out the Christmas idea and all through the charming Bergen home were poinsettias, holly wreathes and mistletoe. Candy, who has big blue eyes, blonde hair and is a beauty, loved the bright reds and greens much better than her soft nursery colors.

If you ask me, one of the loveliest women present was our hostess, Frances Bergen. Lady Mendl whispered in my ear, "She has the best figure in Hollywood. Good thing she isn't on the screen to give the others some REAL competition."

* * *

The cutest story left over from the holidays concerns Lana Turner's three-year-old, Cheryl, who for the first time rode down Hollywood Boulevard in Santa Claus' famous sled.

Santa Claus Lane was jammed with fans dying to get a peek at Lana and her beautiful little daughter.

Little Cheryl, thinking all the hubbub was for Santa, went up and threw her arms around him. "Don't be afraid," she called, putting her arms around him, "Don't be afraid. They're bobby-soxers! They just want your autograph."

* * *

Did you ever see a live "Mermaid" serving as a party decoration? Well, I did—and it wasn't a stag party either, baby. S'help me, the Nunnally Johnsons hosted not only one of the most elaborate fiestas ever given in Hollywood, but introduced this idea of "living" decoration.

The Johnson house, one of the show places of the colony and so beautifully decorated by William Haines, is a wonderful setting for a party. Everyone oh-ed and ah-ed as we left our wraps and coats.

But none of the ohs or ahs equalled the gasp that went up as each guest stepped into the elaborately decorated tent adjoining the house and got a load of the mermaid decorations—one of the water babies

"Okay, You wash, I'll wipe!"

How IGNORANCE AND FALSE MODESTY may ruin a young wife's happiness

Find out *now*
the *REAL TRUTH* about these *Intimate Physical Facts!*

It's really shocking how often a marriage breaks up simply because the wife hasn't *proper* scientific knowledge of these intimate physical facts about herself—because she is too lazy or prudish to find out how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important douching is to combat one of women's most serious deodorant problems.

AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT—too many wives still do not know about this newer, *really scientific* method of douching with—ZONITE.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic-Germicide Tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No longer would any well-informed woman think of using weak, old-fashioned or dangerous products for the douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet absolutely *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* ZONITE positively contains no phenol, bichloride of mercury, no creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed as *often as necessary* without risk of injury.

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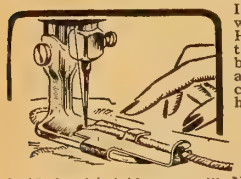

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THE JOB AHEAD . . . DEPENDS ON YOU!

actually alive and breathing and holding motionless court behind the glittering buffet tables! It's a good thing this Lorelei had long golden hair because the upper part of her body was exposed.

In my ignorance (which my host once publicized by calling me "The Gay Illiterate" and I later swiped it for my book), I asked: "Why the mermaids?"

"Our host is making 'Mr. Peabody and the Mermaids,'" I was told.

That was a good enough reason so, now that I knew, I turned my attention to enjoying this fabulous and really unequalled party. There were eight white-capped chefs serving the food behind the buffet tables—and WHAT food! Dave Chasen really outdid himself catering this affair.

There's never been such an array of evening clothes. Loretta Young's dress was a dream in white lace. Mrs. Fred MacMurray wore a stunning black gown and our charming hostess, Doris Bowdoin, looked like a big doll in a pale green satin cut completely off the shoulders. As for Maria Montez in another one of those creations she brought back from Paris—La, la! Her jewels were stunning, too—amethysts and diamonds.

* * *

Every month I'd get a rumor that Betty Grable was going to have a baby and every month I'd call her to see if it were true.

"No, Louella," she would say. "Honest."

Then, when she started to gain weight and my spies reported that she was actually getting chubby in *Mother Wore Tights*, I started calling her at the studio.

"No, Louella," she'd repeat and so, after awhile, I got discouraged about the Harry Jameses' welcoming a second child and gave up calling Betty.

But not so long ago, my telephone rang and it was Betty on the other end.

"*Yes*, Louella," was all she said—and that's how I officially received the word that the Stork was heading Betty's way again—and she hopes it's a boy!

* * *

We all got dressed up and on our very best behavior for the formal dinner given by the motion picture producers for the managing editors of Associated Press.

The dinner and show were held in the famed old Gold Room of the Biltmore Hotel—scene of many a gala movie dinner of the past. Each visiting editor had a movie star at his table and, while it isn't fair to mention names, I overheard one of the "Eds" say to a prominent starlet, "Would you mind telling me your name? I've never seen any of your pictures!"

During dinner I sat next to Van Johnson, who was just back from a long location jaunt. He looked thin and said he hadn't been feeling well. I didn't ask him about his marriage to Evie Wynn (Mrs. Keenan) because I know it's a subject he doesn't want to discuss.

I was pretty proud of the whole show the movie folk put on for the visiting firemen, pardon me, I mean editors. Red Skelton was never as funny in his whole life and Judy Garland hasn't sung like that since her early musical comedy days.

* * *

For the eighth year in a row, Greer Garson made the trailer for the Infantile Paralysis Drive and for the eighth year Greer invited 14 children from the Orthopedic Hospital to be her guests on the set.

Later, of course, ice cream and cake were served and the lovely red-headed hostess gave the seven little girls gold bracelets, and the seven little boys gold money clips with a new five dollar bill.

Suddenly, Greer was surprised when one of the little girls called her over and said, "Miss Garson, may I exchange my bracelet for a money clip and the $5 bill?"

"But why, dear?" asked Greer. "That's for little boys."

"I know," said the youngster, "but I love money just like a little boy!"

* * *

Beverly Tyler, that pretty red-headed song bird, and Tom Drake are soooooo in love and it all began with their first kiss when they were making *The Green Years*. Tom says he knew the first time his lips touched Beverly's that it was NOT just a movie kiss. Apparently, they don't write that kind of thrill in film scripts.

* * *

Last month I reported confidentially to you that Frankie Sinatra and I were having a little feud. Well, I'm willing to call it all off on my part, although I still get little sideswipes from Frankie.

He isn't a well boy, and when I heard he was really ill, he had my deepest sympathy. I was ill for a long, long time last year myself and I know that when you are sick you just aren't yourself.

What I am trying to say is that I can understand Frankie's short temper and the way he feels. And I bet that when he's feeling shipshape again we'll hear no more about his "temperament."

HELLO, GORGEOUS!

(*Continued from page 42*)

Alice out to Malibu, and they parked by the ocean.

Phil took Alice by the hand and said, "It's a lovely night."

Alice countered with, "Have you ever parked out here before?"

"Nawww," said Phil, looking hurt. "Just look at that moon, it's a perfect setting for something I want to ask you—will you marry me—*Paulette?*"

Somehow, neither of them was contented with their first vows. The Mexican civil ceremony had been too hectic to seem like a real marriage. Came September 22, 1941, and they were on their way to the altar again. Alice insisted that it wouldn't seem like genuine marriage until they "I do'd" each other in the good old U.S.A.

They were on a train traveling across the big causeway that stretches between Houston and Galveston when Phil tossed a bombshell that nearly gave Alice a nervous breakdown.

"You know, honey," he said, "I haven't wanted to tell you this, but Galveston isn't in the U.S., either."

"Oh Phil," Alice moaned. "It has to be."

"Don't tell me what's in the U.S. and what isn't," Phil exclaimed. "Why, I was born in Indiana, and I ought to know."

Alice was indignant. "Where's the map?"

With no help from Phil, Alice located Galveston on the map all right. She discovered that if Galveston was not in the U.S., it was in the Gulf of Mexico.

And so they were married again.

There are things I wish I could understand about these happy kids. Like getting lost every time I go out there. "We live in Encino on Encino Avenue," Alice says, giving you the number, "and you can't miss it."

Oh, you can't, hey?

Garbo should have such privacy. If the casual visitor is looking for the Harris ranch and stays on Encino Avenue, he winds up in a gravel quarry at the end of the street. After sorting out the hills for a half hour or so, a fellow finally ar-

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rives at a redwood gate and a small stable, which he knows can't be the place. It is.

At this point the procedure is to alight from the car, press a button on a funny looking box that looks like a bird house. A voice comes out which says "Who is it?"

The password is, "This is So-and-So."

"Sorry," the voice in the box booms back, "Don't know any So-and-So's." After you make the grade with the box, the next obstacle is Wonga, the police dog. Wonga's all loyalty.

So much so that on one particular occasion, she outdid herself. Her love for Alice, Jr., who will be five in May, and Phyllis, who will be three in April, is something special. On the evening of the great heroism, Alice and Phil had retired. A driving rain was whipping the trees into figure eights. Lightning had chased the searchlights from the sky. Thunder grumbled distantly; then came right up and shouted in Wonga's ear, as she slept in her doghouse.

CRASH! Not only crash, but assorted sounds of window breaking.

"Phil!" Alice exclaimed, "Burglars!"

Phil hit the stairs with a bound, thinking, "Humphrey Bogart never did better." Alice, only a jump behind, flipped on the light and turned to Phil with a helpless, happy expression.

Wonga was there, sitting on her haunches between the two cribs and daring any eight regiments to move in on her charges. The window—the large and expensive window—was shattered.

Alice promptly went out into the kitchen and wrote on the small blackboard next to the phone, "Phil—fix window pain." Yes, "pain." Who could bother with spelling at a time like that?

long-suffering phil . . .

The husband of Alice Faye is a long-suffering male. One morning, Phil's anguished voice called down from upstairs, "Alice, Alice, where in blazes are my shorts?"

"Your shorts?" Alice feigned wifely surprise. "Don't you remember—they're in the laundry."

"The heck they are," Phil yelped, "They just got back from the laundry!"

"So they did," Alice assured him, "But last night when Alice and Phyllis were playing laundry, they ran out of things to do. I've just hung them all out on the line, and I'm afraid they're awfully wet."

Minutes later came the faint sound of the shower and the booming vocalisms of the guy with the voice Gable ought to have as he sang:

> "Oh what a time I had with
> Minnie the Mermaid,
> Down at the bottom of the sea;
> I lost all my troubles,
> Down beneath the bubbles—"

Alice went out and plucked a pair of shorts off the line. "That Harris character," she mused, half to herself and unaware of the habit she has of using his last name. "Sometimes I wish more people knew him like I do!"

When he is not working, Phil won't stir farther away from the ranch than he can throw his prize stallion, Sonny.

There was a time, though, a few years back when he gravely walked in on Alice in her upstairs dressing room and announced, "I'm going to enlist." He was 39, then. He not only enlisted, but took his whole band with him. As a Lieutenant J.G. with the Merchant Marine, stationed on Catalina Island, Phil's was a morale job, and a good one.

He doesn't make anything of it, but when it came to being a married guy away from home, he might as well have been sitting on a freighter 3,000 miles away, for all he saw of the ranch.

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Just rub it on the gums

Meantime, Alice, who shared the queenship of the 20th Century lot, made fewer pictures. There was a lot of opposition to this decision, and some talk that Mrs. Harris had turned difficult. When a particularly important picture came along, Betty Grable called her on the phone.

"Alice," she pleaded, "Please come and do this picture with me."

"I'd love to," Alice replied, "But I want to think about it."

She did, and concluded that she couldn't do justice to herself and her family, or the picture.

If you'd known Alice in the old days, you'd be kind of surprised to find her such a homebody. Show business is a jittery profession that turns the clock upside down. "We all go through it," Alice explained. "Before Phil and the children, I was one of those girls who could walk out in the early morning sun and wonder what it was. Any girl who has sung with a band knows what I mean.

"The other night when Phil was busy, I went out with friends. People saw me dancing with a 'strange' man—strange to them, but not to me, or his charming wife who was, naturally, at our table. I could feel the talk buzz around among the outer tables until inevitably several extra sweet voices, complete with those built-in, unexpressed meanings, began to ask, after saying I looked fine, just fine, 'Where's Phil, tonight, darling?'

homebody . . .

"Golly, before midnight I was ready to go home. Phil couldn't pry me out of the house, even to a neighborhood restaurant for dinner, for the next two weeks."

To make home even more tempting, Phil has just installed a super barbecue—not one of those conventional jobs which broils steaks and hamburgers and lets it go at that.

"There's our menu for the week," Alice said, as Phil slid a chunk of rib roast onto the elevator grill.

"She's not squawking," Phil retorted. "Everything outside the house is my territory. Inside, she runs the show. Say, did you see what she's done with our suite?"

We had. The acre sized bed with the mirrored panel in back, was something to make note of, as was Phil's paneled dressing room and study. Then, off to the right, the mirrored dressing room for Alice, finished in colors of soft rose and grey.

"Man, oh, man, a guy's lucky to have a place like this," Phil exclaimed. "Say, I forgot to tell you. Wait until I take out the smoked turkey. Turkey's not for Thanksgiving around here. We have it almost all year. You can smoke any kind of meat in this thing, and once you get to liking smoked meat. . . ."

Phil looked up at Alice who was teetering on a chair, peering into the bird's nest that hangs in the patio tree.

"Might as well take it down," Phil advised. "No bird is coming back here with all those cats of yours around."

Alice climbed down from her perch.

We wanted to know what kind of tree that was. "You oughta know that," Phil said, when Alice admitted she didn't know one tree from another. "That's a Chinese Elm, and it's deciduous, you know."

"It's what?"

"Deciduous—that means the leaves fall off during a certain time of year."

"That's my man," Alice said. "I have to carry a pocket dictionary around. It would be just too bad if his radio audience found out how bright he really is!"

"Bright?" Phil asked, "Come on, Mom, let's show how I can really go with one of them there jokes."

"All right," Alice said, "Now I'm the straight man. Phil—"

"Yes, Alice."

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"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

"No, honey, I don't—but I know he's got a house in Springfield. Ho! Ho! I got lots more like that."

You can maybe get an idea why the Harris family on the radio seems so genuine. Humor, after all, is intoxicated truth. And what is more true than when Phil, as on a recent Sunday night, picked up his cue and came roaring into homes all over the country, shouting, "How are ya, Gorgeous—your laughing boy is home again—and he's happier than Tom Breneman with an old lady from Peoria!"

ED SULLIVAN RADIO AWARD

(Continued from page 62)

and Bob Hope and Ingrid Bergman. But if you go back with me to 1927, it was a letter that was delivered backstage to me at the Metropolitan Theater, in Los Angeles, now the Paramount. Al Rinker and I were doing a song act in vaudeville, hoping to be picked up by some small band, so we could eat regularly.

"Then the letter arrived. It was signed by Paul Whiteman, and we thought it was a gag letter written by somebody on the bill with us. Paul was playing in Los Angeles, at the time, so it made the gag perfect, but just to be on the safe side, we asked some of the Whiteman musicians about it, and they said that Paul had written to us. I guess that would be the standout thrill, going with Whiteman and then later adding Harry Barris to complete the Rhythm Boys."

It was *Going My Way* that gave Crosby his most tremendous box office success, and probably his deepest personal satisfaction, for a number of reasons. In the first place, *Going My Way* vindicated his own judgment. Nobody on the Coast wanted to make the picture; nobody on the Coast shared the intense enthusiasm for it which Crosby and Leo McCarey developed. Producers read the script and when they learned that not only one priest, but THREE priests, were in the script, they fled in horror. Not that they had anything against priests. They simply felt that a picture about a colony of priests couldn't possibly qualify as entertainment.

Bing's own studio, Paramount, washed their hands of it. But it just happened, at that exact moment, that Paramount was negotiating a new contract with Crosby. As one of their top earners, Paramount suggested that Bing make *Going My Way* as an outside picture with McCarey, and Crosby signed the new contract, and leaped at the opportunity. The last time I spoke to Leo McCarey, he told me *Going My Way* was heading for an all-time world's record.

Crosby's obstinacy about doing *Going My Way,* and its enormous pay-off, is an integral part of his makeup. Once he makes up his mind, it's difficult to pry him loose from a decision. When you argue against his decisions, you are aware that no performer in the business has had so many successes. His decision, this past year, to abandon "live" broadcasting in favor of a recorded show was of a piece with his business obstinacy and, once again, those who argued with him were aware that possibly he knew more about public taste than they knew. Arrayed against him, in radio, were those who believed that a recorded program would suffer from lack of topical gags and timely situations. There were others who argued that there are so many "platter" shows on radio that Crosby's own show would be just another "platter" session.

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Crosby believes differently and Philco has backed his judgment with important money. He sees no reason why his radio show performed before a regular studio audience in Hollywood in exactly the same manner he has always done them should suffer in any way because they are transcribed. In fact, he believes they will be better. After all, he reminds us, the movies are transcribed. Well, time will tell and in the meantime we better remember that his judgment has a high batting average.

His obstinacy has been reflected on other, and earlier, occasions. Some of us felt, years ago, that Bing's Kraft show suffered from too much talk. Instead of singing, Bing developed a fondness for monologues crowded with multi-syllable words. It was his belief that this talking was enjoyed by his audiences, made his show different. When the monologues were reduced, his Crosley rating zoomed.

For close on to a full quarter of a century, 1925-1947, Crosby has out-distanced every singer opposed to him for public favor, and it is a sparkling facet of his nature that Crosby has been singularly helpful to a competitor as formidable as Frank Sinatra. It was Crosby who welcomed Sinatra to the Coast, appeared on his opening programs, extended to him hundreds of little courtesies that only a big guy would extend to a rival.

So this month, in awarding the Ed Sullivan Award of MODERN SCREEN Magazine to Bing Crosby as the all-time, all-American of singing, I'm thinking of the twenty years of pure enjoyment he's given to me; I'm thinking of Crosby's tones, shading and phrasing that no other singer has ever approached. To me, Bing always has been Head Man, and this award is akin to carrying coals to Newcastle, because he's entitled to all the plaques that can be fashioned.

LITTLE MOTHER

(*Continued from page 49*)

couldn't eat them—

"Come on over to our place," coaxed Sue, "and I'll fix you something hot—" But he wouldn't leave. Every time a nurse passed, out he'd pop like a jack-in-the-box. How was his wife? Comfortable, smiled the nurse. He'd eye her suspiciously. Did she know or was she feeding him pap—? Alan produced a deck of cards. "Dr. Ladd prescribing a nice quiet poker game—"

At two the head nurse shooed everyone home. Ted was left with another waiting father. They paced from opposite ends of the room. The other guy looked wild-eyed, but then Ted had no idea how he looked himself—"We want a boy," the other guy kept muttering. "But they've had ten boys at this hospital already today. So we're bound to get a girl. But we want a boy—" He'd look piteously at Ted, as if hoping that Ted could do something about it . . .

Betty and Ted wanted a boy too. Anyway, that's what they'd been telling each other. Ted, because every man wants a son. Betty, "because I can't picture a little me, just a little you—"

They were going to call him Buddy after Buddy de Sylva, whom Betty loves like a father. More people had tried to talk her out of it—

"You can't name a child Buddy. Call him George if you want to name him after De Sylva. That's his real name—"

The Hutton jaw would set. "Look," she'd explain for the umpteenth time, "Our kid'll be named Buddy, and never George, because if you said George De Sylva, who would know whom you meant? I got along

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without any fancy Elizabeths. Our baby'll do all right as plain Buddy Briskin—"

They'd picked a girl's name too—Lindsay Diane—after a close friend and because they loved the sound of it—

"It'll never be a girl though," Betty kept assuring the world. In fact she said it so often that Ted started wondering—

"If you want a boy that badly, how come you bought those dresses at Saks? Boys don't wear dresses—"

"They looked so darling, I thought I could always use them as shower gifts. But I *do* want a boy, Ted—"

"Why?"

"So he'll look like you—"

He kissed the top of her head. "Now you've got a reason—"

"Of course he won't hurt my feelings if he turns out twins—"

So Ted had bought twin pairs of booties, pink and blue, which they'd hung over the bed—the pink on her side, the blue on his. Funny to think of them hanging there now while—

. . . A nurse came in and smiled at the other guy. "It's a boy—"

"Who, me—?" Then he came to. "It's a *boy!!*" he yelled, and proceeded to yank Ted's arm out of its socket.

Ted thumped his shoulder. "Wonderful! Swell!! Congratulations!!!" And to himself —"Boy No. 11. I'm a dead duck—"

But he knew it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but that Betty and the baby should be all right. It was taking forever. The doctor had been in again. Nothing to worry about, he'd said. Sometimes it just took longer than you expected. Why didn't Ted go out for a cup of coffee? Sure, sure, said Ted, and started on his next mile—

. . . It was 7:30. For the dozenth time he stole to the door of the room where Betty lay. Just for something to do. You couldn't hear anything. At least there hadn't been a sound the other times—

But this time there was—a low moaning that stopped his heart. He stood numb against the wall till a nurse came out. "Is she in pain?"

The nurse patted his shoulder. "That's just reflex. She doesn't really know—"

From somewhere the doctor materialized, and the doctor's very presence was reassuring. When he said, "She's fine," you believed him. Not till he had Ted calmed down, did he say, "I'm afraid it won't be till this afternoon—" By that time

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Ted could take it.

He called Rose. "The doctor says not till afternoon—" Rose said she was coming down anyway. Five minutes later the nurse dashed in. "It won't be long now. They're taking her into delivery—"

"B-b-but—"

"Easy does it, Pop. Your kid takes after its ma. All of a sudden, bong! baby couldn't wait—"

By Ted's reckoning, it was eternity. By the clock, it was ten minutes when a vision in white came floating toward him, and a heavenly voice caroled: "It's a girl—"

* * *

"It's a girl—"

From somewhere deep down, waves of joy rose and surged over Betty.

Lying there, eyes covered by cool wads of cotton, she did a kind of inward double take. Girl! They'd said girl, and the girl must be okay, she was screaming like mad. It was over then—the long waiting, the fear and the pain. From the waist down, she couldn't feel a thing, they'd given her a caudal, but the rest of her felt fine. It hadn't been nearly as bad as she'd expected.

When would they take the cotton off her eyes? How long did a girl have to wait to see her baby? Having a wholesome respect for the doctor, she didn't dare open her mouth till he spoke to her first. Then she made her voice meek. "Please can I see my baby—?"

Her throat went tight as they took the cotton off, and laid something gently in the crook of her arm. —Oh God, how wonderful! Dear God, how wonderful! Her daughter and Ted's! Her beautiful daughter, not red or wrinkled at all, staring straight at her with eyes that were just like Ted's—!

But Ted had wanted a son— "Does my husband know? Is he disappointed?"

"He said to tell you he's the happiest man alive—"

He was waiting when they wheeled her out. That was the second thrill. Seeing his face. His face looked as if he were slightly delirious. "Oh, darling, isn't she beautiful? You're not disappointed—?"

"I wouldn't change her for all the boys in the world—"

* * *

They acted as if she ought to act like an invalid, but she didn't feel like an invalid at all. She felt very good when they got her settled in bed in a lovely new gown and a pink jacket. Sleep was the farthest thing from her mind. She wanted tea and toast, and she wanted Ted.

They gave her tea and toast, but they gave her a sedative with it, and Mabel took Ted home. Poor darling hadn't swallowed a bite since yesterday noon—

"Poor darling—" she thought, getting a little confused as she drowsed off. "Poor darling's all worn out having a baby—"

. . . It was five when she woke. When could she see her baby again? When would Ted be back? Well, she couldn't make them bring the baby in, but she *could* phone home. Or maybe she'd better not.

Outside the dusk was gathering, and she wanted her husband. Was it only last night—? No, last night they'd come down here— Well, the night before then—

Night before last, they'd sat together on the nursery floor, remembering—

"Remember what a so-and-so I was, just before we found out—?"

. . . All of a sudden, in the midst of *Perils of Pauline*, she'd turned mean and crabby. Either she'd be blowing her top, or hating herself because she'd just blown her top. Insomnia didn't help. At 1:30 A. M. she'd start boohooing. Softly at first, so as not to disturb Ted, who'd put in a hard day. Ted had developed a wonderful new camera, the Briskin 8, and was getting the Briskin Camera Corporation started in its new Santa Monica offices. Ted was a busy executive who needed his sleep. But Mrs. Ted's sobs would gradually rise to crescendo—

"Whatsamatter, honey?"

"You duh-don't love me. Else how can you be asleep when I'm wide awake—?"

But as soon as they'd found out about the baby, all her moods vanished. She was a changed woman. The old Betty had been forever restless, forever driven. "What do we do next? Where do we go from here—?" Now for the first time she learned the meaning of peace. "Excitement," she discovered, "is for when you're not happy. Happiness is quiet—"

At first she'd been such a baby about the baby. Getting scared over every little pain—

"Oh Ted, I'm dizzy—"

And he'd say: "I'm dizzy too. There's no air in here. Let's open a window—"

Or she'd say: "I've got such a funny feeling here. Do you think—?"

"I don't think; I *know*, because I've got the same feeling. I *said* we shouldn't have eaten that cabbage—"

For a while she believed him, the dope, and it made her feel safe, his having the same pains she did. Till she finally caught on. "Why, you heel, you're making the whole thing up—"

He wouldn't admit it, though. And one night came a pain that really doubled her up. "Hold me," she whispered. "Don't say a word. Just hold me—"

Little by little it subsided, and her nerves relaxed, and she wondered why her heart kept pounding so wildly—and realized it wasn't her heart, but Ted's. "Why," she marveled, "he's just as scared as you are. Only difference is he keeps it to himself. Quit making things tougher for him, Hutton, when his whole idea is to make 'em easier for you—"

* * *

She pulled the same line on her doctor. "I'm restless here. I can't sleep. I miss my husband—"

So he let her go home for Thanksgiving on the promise that she wouldn't stir out of bed.

As this is written, Lindsay is three weeks old. By the time you read it, she'll be well past two months. But you can safely bet that the pattern of talk between her folks hasn't changed very much—

"Darling, tell me again how you felt when you first saw her—"

"Well, they put me into this hospital coat and took me in. And there she lay. And I thought, O God, isn't she beautiful!—she looks just like me—"

For the hundredth time Betty yelps with delight. "You *ham!*— But you'll have to admit she's got my ears and nose—"

Or they'll be bending over her crib together. "D'you think she knows us yet? D'you think she likes us—?"

As if in answer the baby decides to yawn—a miracle that sends her parents out of their so-called minds. . . .

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Come on, now, we can't go to press if *your* vote isn't in. Get on the bandwagon by filling out the Questionnaire below *very carefully,* and mailing it to us IMMEDIATELY. And—who knows—you may be one of the lucky 500 to win a three months' subscription to MODERN SCREEN (April, May, June issues) ABSOLUTELY FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

You May Call It Madness . . . (Lana Turner, Tyrone Power . . ☐

You Can't Print That! by Dorothy Kilgallen . . . . . ☐

"The Gable I Know" by Hedda Hopper . . . . . ☐

He's a Killer! (Burt Lancaster) . . . ☐

Mark Stevens' Life Story (Part One) . . . . . ☐

Portrait of an American (Gary Cooper) by Cecil B. DeMille . . . . ☐

To Each His Own (Perry Como) . . ☐

Brief Encounter (Greer Garson) . . ☐

Little Mother (Betty Hutton) . . . . ☐

Hello, Gorgeous! (Alice Faye-Phil Harris) . . . . . ☐

Can Stars Stay Married? (Betty Grable Vs. Dr. Clifford R. Adams, Director Women's Home Companion Marriage Clinic) . . . ☐

Who Wants To Be a Genius? by Billy Rose . . . . . ☐

It's a Heavenly Age! (Joan Leslie) ☐

That's Life With the Bogarts! (Lauren Bacall-Humphrey Bogart) . . ☐

MODERN SCREEN Goes Ski-ing (Turhan Bey-Yvonne De Carlo) ☐

Gable's Got Her! (Deborah Kerr) ☐

Queen For A Day! (Mary Snee-Lon McCallister) . . . . . ☐

Strictly For Laughs! (Judy Garland) . . . . . ☐

Good News by Louella Parsons . . . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . . . .

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference. . . . . .

. . . . . .

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference. . . . . .

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A DELL MAGAZINE

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"The man said Smile, Sis!"

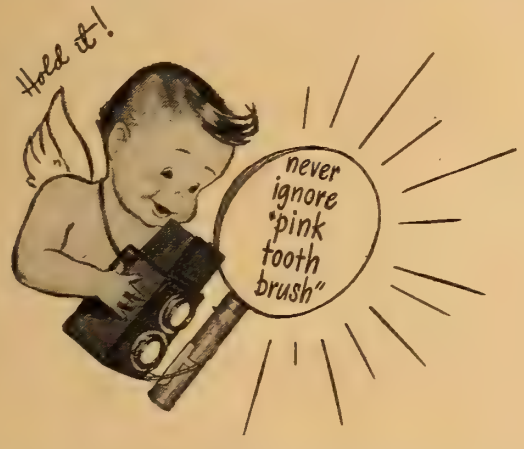
GIRL: Sorry, but I've sworn off smiling. Why, if I smiled—

CUPID: . . . you might get a *man* into the picture with you some time. Just fancy! Or don't you care for that kind of mush?

GIRL: Look, snip, what I do is my business. Why don't you go attend to your *own?*

CUPID: It so happens, scrap-happy, that smiles *are* my business. Men *go* for smiles. If you think that sour puss of yours will ever make a man look twice . . .

GIRL: Well, my smile is worse than my sulk. It would frighten away even the photographer. No high-lights . . . no glitter. I brush my teeth regularly but—



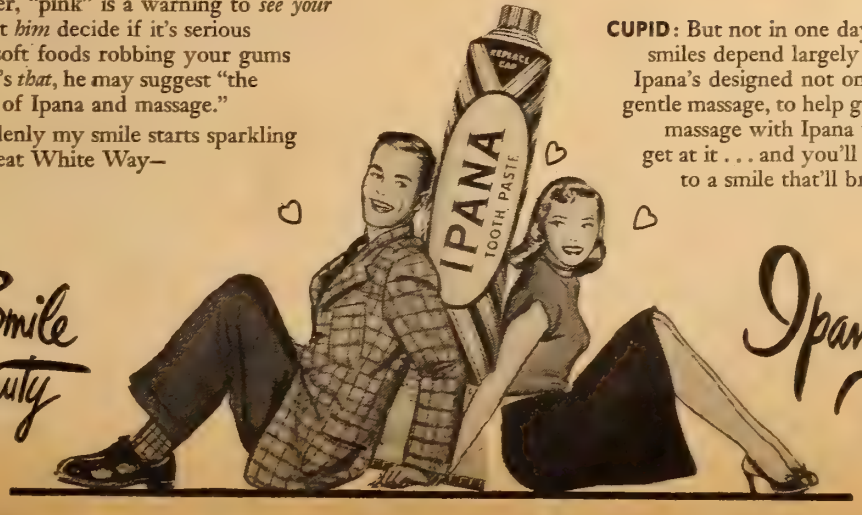
CUPID: But your tooth brush often shows a tinge of "pink"?

GIRL: Pink, green, blue . . . we were discussing the rainbow, perchance?

CUPID: Listen, sister, "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist AT ONCE.* Let *him* decide if it's serious . . . or just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. And if it's *that*, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then suddenly my smile starts sparkling out loud like the Great White Way—

CUPID: But not in one day, dopey. For sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, get at it . . . and you'll be on the Great Right Way to a smile that'll break men's hearts!



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You'll meet the men who enrolled in the army of mystery.

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"The Beginning or the End" is tremendous from beginning to end!

—Leo

APRIL, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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Look into the forbidden city! Meet the girl who lost her identity—the only girl who knew the world's most terrifying secret!

LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

van marries evie!

Fifteen minutes after Van Johnson and Evie Wynn planed in from their Juarez elopement, I was talking to the newlyweds on the phone.

"Happy?" said Van in answer to my question, "Louella, I've never known complete happiness before. Evie is the first and the only girl I have ever loved. This is the love of my life. I think you know that."

Then the bride came on to say that she was still trying to catch her breath after the way Van had swooped her up and carried her over the threshold after the fashion of newlyweds from time immemorial.

"On the way back out to *our* home," Evie told me, "we stopped by to see my children. I want them with us as soon as I can make arrangements. We really aren't completely settled in the new house yet."

Well, I must say that after all the false starts and, yes, unlucky angles about this most sensational of Hollywood romances, Van and Evie are glowing with happiness.

Believe me, it's a puzzler when a man's wife falls in love with his best friend and yet all three remain on the best of terms even after the wife announces that she is divorcing her husband and sets a wedding date with the friend.

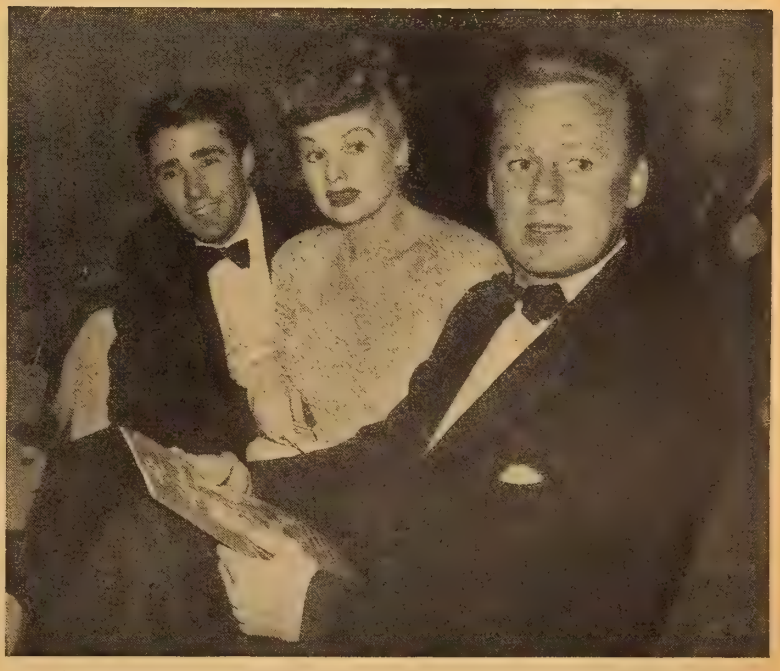
And apparently, their sudden elopement to Juarez, where Evie divorced Keenan one minute and married Van the next, has not interrupted that friendship.

I also talked with Keenan the day of the wedding and he said, "I wish them all the happiness in the world. I'm keeping the children with me for a little while until Evie is ready to take them. But believe me, it won't be one of those cases where I have them six months out of the year and their mother the other six months. I went through too much unhappiness that way in my own youth. The children will stay with their (*Continued on page 6*)

Hold on, Evie, that's no way to induct an unsuspecting groom into matrimony! Ever since Evie started buying draperies and furniture for his new house, it seemed certain she'd wed Van.

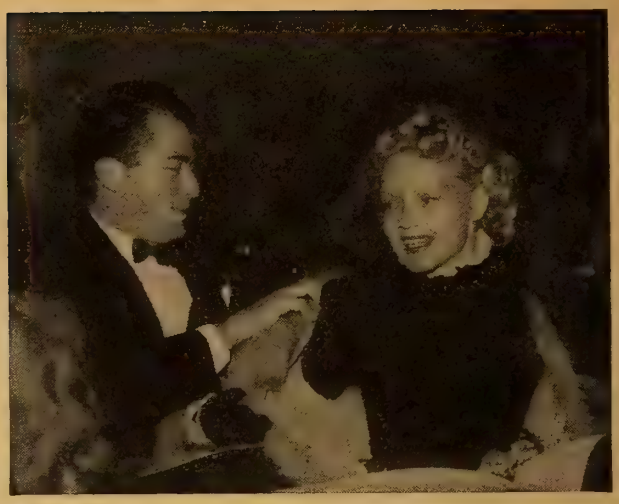
Van Johnson and Evie Wynn were married in Juarez, Mexico, on January 25, as soon as she obtained her divorce from Keenan. There was no time for an immediate honeymoon, so Van, who told Louella he'd never been happier in his life, brought his bride into the $125,000 "bonus" home Metro gave him.

Metro execs are reported worried over the reaction of the bobby-soxers to Van's marriage, but the newlyweds aren't upset; look at Frankie! Van and Gene Kelly will co-star as Weber and Fields.



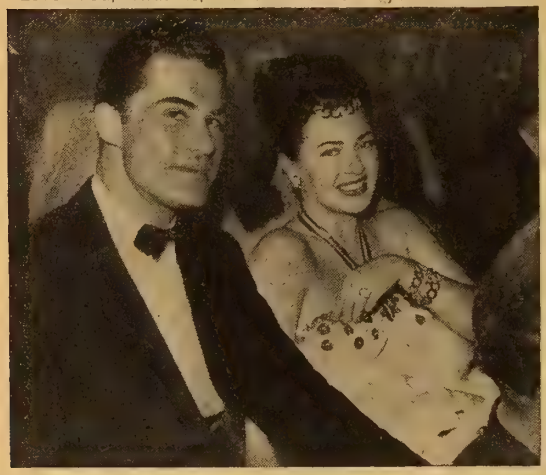
Van attended the *Yearling* premiere with old friends Peter Lawford and Lucille Ball. Then he and Evie left for Sun Valley for some skiing. Van invited his Dad to live with them, but Pop Johnson said no; Providence was his proper home.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Greg and Greta Peck (at *The Yearling* premiere) are planning on a bigger house for their two sons to romp in. Other plans include eventually doing a play in N. Y. every other year.

Recognize the brown-haired Lana Turner, with Peter Shaw? Lana turned songwriter, wrote a tune called "Love You, That Is," and Frances Faye recorded it.



Jimmy Durante may steal a kiss now and then, but Margaret O'Brien's own true love is really Claude Jarman, Jr.—otherwise known as Jody. Only Jody's at the age where he prefers older women—like Mrs. Gregory Peck.

mother with the understanding that I can see them any time."

Perhaps as long as movie history is written, no one will ever really know what happened in this sensational triangle with the exception of the three interested parties.

But this I do believe: In the beginning there was a great deal of opposition to the romance of Van and Evie not only from his studio, M-G-M, but from many of the letter-writing fans as well.

I think the realization of this opposition was responsible for many changes in their plans. Several months ago, you will remember, Evie went to Las Vegas to get a divorce—and then suddenly called it off. Around the holidays she took off for Sun Valley for the same reason—and then again changed her mind.

The elopement, I am sure, was very sudden. I think it came after Van had convinced his studio that this marriage was the one thing in his life really important to his happiness. "All right," said the bosses in effect, "if that's the way it is, marry the girl you love and with our blessing."

And so the beginning of the marriage of Van Johnson and Evie Wynn is the ending of one of the most amazing love stories of all time in Hollywood.

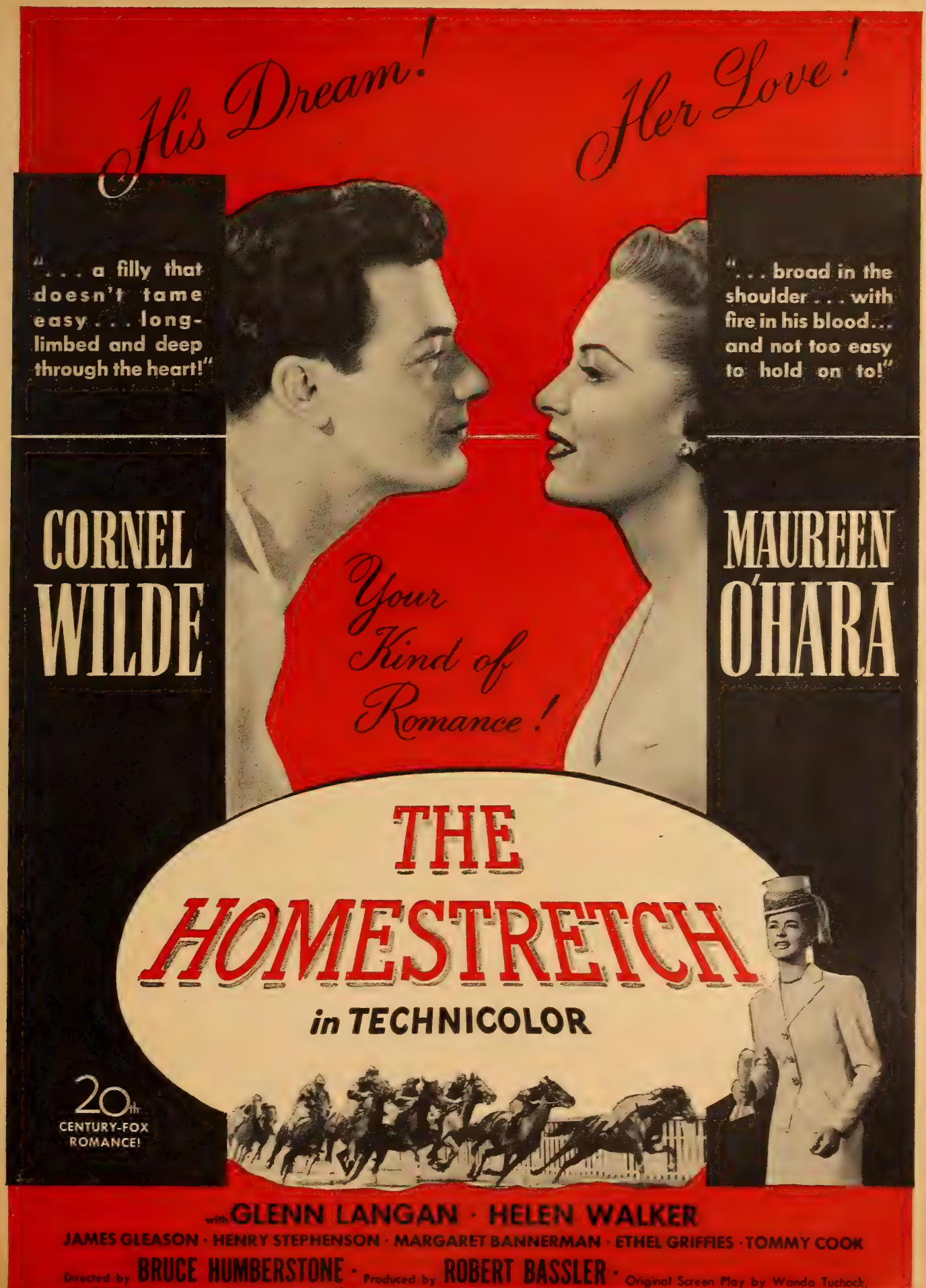
Let's you and I add our voices to those wishing them happiness and health.

* * *

As this is written, two of my closest friends, Greer Garson and Richard Ney, are separated. By the time you read it, they may be back together again. This I sincerely hope.

But at the time I broke my exclusive story of

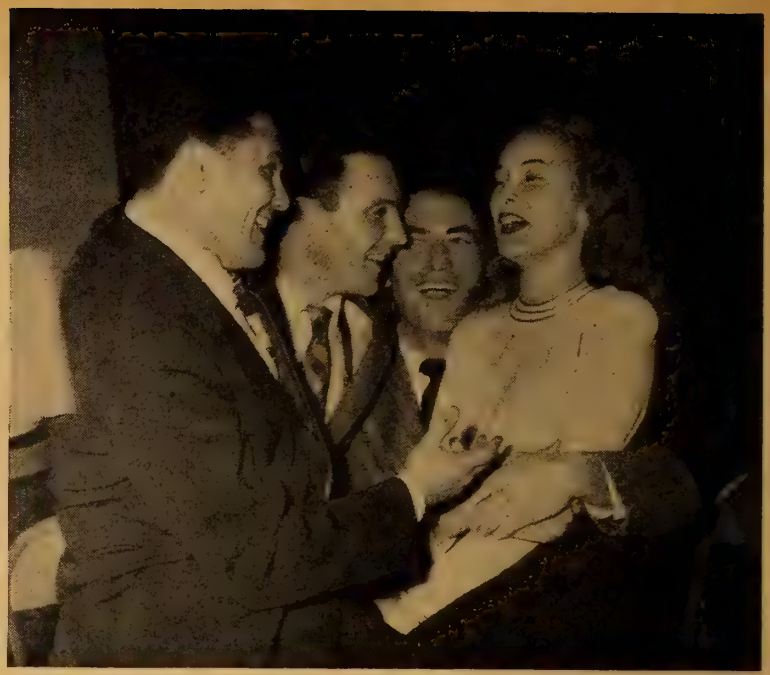
(*Continued on page 8*)


His Dream!
Her Love!
"... a filly that doesn't tame easy... long-limbed and deep through the heart!"
"... broad in the shoulder... with fire in his blood... and not too easy to hold on to!"
CORNEL WILDE
MAUREEN O'HARA
Your Kind of Romance!
THE HOMESTRETCH
in TECHNICOLOR
20th CENTURY-FOX ROMANCE!
with GLENN LANGAN · HELEN WALKER
JAMES GLEASON · HENRY STEPHENSON · MARGARET BANNERMAN · ETHEL GRIFFIES · TOMMY COOK
Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE · Produced by ROBERT BASSLER · Original Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock

SERVICE MEN in both the Army and Navy all over the world find Beech-Nut Gum a favorite

Everywhere it goes—the reputation of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it

Beech-Nut Gum



Lucky Jean Morrison! The Screen Guild Broadcast found her surrounded by John Garfield, Gene Kelly, and Greg Peck, whose lap proved very roomy.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

their separation I knew it was true in spite of the luke warm denials. Richard had admitted it to me. He told me he was living with Ginger Rogers and Jackie Briggs, but "any official statement must come from my wife. She is the star and the important one."

Greer, on the other hand, stuck persistently to her story that Richard had moved out for a few days because the house was being re-decorated (exclamation point).

The trouble, either temporary or permanent, I believe, was due to the fact that Greer has been ill and depressed for several months. She never fully recovered from the accident she suffered filming location scenes for *A Woman of My Own*, in which she nearly drowned. Finally, when the picture was completed after six gruelling months of work, she was bitterly disappointed in it. The studio agreed with her that some of it would have to be re-shot.

It was impossible for her to pitch right in again without a good rest; she wasn't physically up to it.

"During the past few months both my mother and Richard have had to worry about my depressed condition," Greer told me.

After she has a rest—she's even closing their big house to be free of all worries—I'm hoping that she and Richard will be as happy as they were in the past.

The cutest story of the month concerns Margaret O'Brien, out shopping for new clothes in some of the swank shops in Beverly Hills.

Suddenly she noticed a cute little shop with a skirt in the window which caught her eye. A sign said that the buttons could be moved over, or back, to make the garment bigger or smaller.

"Oh, mother," said the little girl, "let's go in and order one made in my size. If I keep on eating ice cream and cake it would come in so handy."

The shop, if you please, was the famous "Anticipation Shop," specializing in maternity clothes!

* * *

For thirty-six hours, Hollywood had it's own who-dun-it. The big mystery was: WHERE, OH WHERE, WAS BLONDE, BEAUTIFUL VIRGINIA MAYO?

The girl who plays the naughty wife of *The Best Years of Our Lives* so well, just up and disappeared into thin air for almost three days.

The manager of her apartment house knew nothing of her whereabouts. The Goldwyn studio crowd were so worried and puzzled they were within five minutes of calling the police. Her "fiance," Michael O'Shea, was beside himself.

Then out of the blue, Virginia called me from Palm Springs.

She said she hadn't intended to stir up a mystery, but she hadn't wanted anyone,

(*Continued on page 10*)

SOL LESSER presents

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

and

LON McCALLISTER

in

"The RED HOUSE"

Straight from the pages of The Saturday Evening Post serial and the novel that thrilled over 7 million readers!

with JUDITH ANDERSON · RORY CALHOUN · ALLENE ROBERTS · JULIE LONDON
ONA MUNSON · HARRY SHANNON · From the novel "THE RED HOUSE" by GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN · Written for the Screen and Directed by DELMER DAVES

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"Glo-Ver's the Shampoo for me!"

says **IRENE KULBACK**, lovely
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
stewardess

Irene really gets around, in Pan American's big transoceanic Clippers—but, anywhere in the world, she finds the few minutes needed for her regular streamlined shampoo with GLO-VER. No other shampoo can do more for your hair—for that *natural*-looking hair-beauty! Contains mild, efficient cleansing agents, made from fine *blended* vegetable oils. Rinses out *instantly*—no trace of unsightly film. Removes loose dandruff, cleanses scalp. Ask for the regular size package at Drug or Cosmetic Counters—or mail Coupon for free Sampler.

GLO-VER
Beauty Shampoo

FREE TRIAL APPLICATION

Be Glover-wise . . . *glamorize* with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine, Glover's Hair Dress! One complete application of each in hermetically-sealed bottles—all 3 in free Sampler Package *not sold in stores.* Mail Coupon today.

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101 West 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.

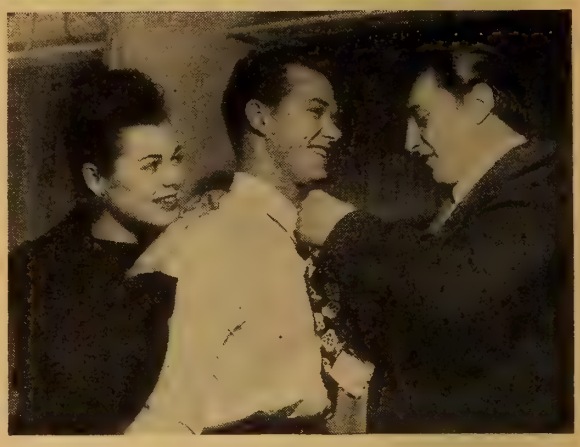
Send free Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—GLO-VER Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with *free* booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.....

At the *Duet In The Sun* premiere: Maria Montez and husband Jean Pierre Aumont. Maria's all excited about making their first picture together, *Queen Of Hearts.*

It isn't every broadcast at the Lux Show that features Bob Mitchum as the official four-in-hander. Even Bill Williams' wife, Barbara Hale, said he had a fine technique.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

particularly O'Shea, to know where she was.

"We had a battle," Virginia told me. "I don't know whether we will ever make up." I think the real reason is that Mike's long-expected divorce has not gone through. Ah, amour, amour!

* * *

I have the greatest respect in the world for Jean Hersholt for his candor and honesty in coming out and saying something that many of us have long suspected about the Academy Awards.

And that is—that too much studio politics is tied up in the selections for the coveted Oscars.

In a letter to all Academy members, Jean, who is the president of the organization, said that the "loyalty" of the voters was to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and not to any studio affiliation.

The eyes of the nation and many foreign capitals are on Hollywood at Oscar voting time. And the results should be a free and unhampered verdict that proudly bestows honors on achievements proudly won.

To me, and to all of us who so much want the Oscar to stand for the finest achievements in Hollywood, it is completely shocking that professional gamblers have moved in and are quoting "odds" on the players likely to win.

When you read this, we will all know the results. Let us hope, for the dignity of Hollywood, they are honest!

* * *

I don't think any dress in the world is worth 1400 or 1500 dollars even if it were lined with gold and studded with diamonds. And yet, a certain Hollywood designer is getting "them" prices.

What surprises me is that the girls who are paying these sums for finery are not always the biggest stars. A girl who was recently married and who paid $1500 for her wedding gown, is little more than a stock player at one of the major studios.

Another girl, who paid $1400 for a dinner gown, is listed as a featured player. I understand they think the glad rags will attract attention and they will be given bigger opportunities. In other words, a "business investment." As such, it's the best way I know to go broke.

* * *

The biggest yen in town is the undisguised "crush" 12-year-old Claude Jarman, Jr. has on pretty, cute, blonde little Mrs. Gregory Peck. Greg is standing up under his romance

(*Continued on page 65*)

A MOUTH LIKE HERS
IF YOU WERE NORA PRENTISS WOULD YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?
IS JUST FOR KISSING
Ann Sheridan
AS A WOMAN WHO DOES WHAT SHE HAS TO DO IN "NORA PRENTISS"
THE NEW WARNER SENSATION
NOT FOR TELLING
CO-STARRING
KENT SMITH · BRUCE BENNETT
with ROBERT ALDA
ROSEMARY DeCAMP
DIRECTED BY
VINCENT SHERMAN
PRODUCED BY
WILLIAM JACOBS
SCREEN PLAY BY N. RICHARD NASH • FROM A STORY BY PAUL WEBSTER & JACK SOBELL • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

The law is a little confused about Laraine Day and Leo Durocher— but the heart knows nothing about man-made laws.

Suddenly it's love!

by ***florabel muir***

special correspondent,
N. Y. Daily News

■ A few months ago I chatted with Laraine Day for an hour at the Beverly Hills Club. In the midst of a merry, laughing crowd I had observed that she was quiet and pretty much aloof.

I said: "Laraine, you seem strangely pensive tonight." She shot me a quick glance. "Do I?" I quickly assured her that it was quite becoming.

Little enough did I suspect that she was at an emotional crisis in her life.

A great and overpowering love had come to Laraine. Not one of us here in Hollywood had the slightest suspicion of it. Ray Hendricks was at the club that night. He wasn't spending much time with his lovely wife, but that isn't extraordinary at Hollywood parties. By the same token, Gene Tierney was there with Oleg Cassini, her devoted squire, and no one would have guessed that within a few weeks she would be filing suit for a divorce.

Two years ago, Laraine, on a USO tour, met Leo Durocher on an airplane flying from Chicago to Minneapolis.

Laraine has let me know something of the terrible (*Continued on page 130*)

Dancing at Ciro's, shortly before their Mexican wedding, Laraine Day and the Dodgers' Leo Durocher were blissfully unaware of the marital mess ahead. At this writing, they are married in every state but Calif.

The Woman Hunt is on for the girl with the little black book!
DEBORAH KERR*....
(you'll love her ..you'll love her brogue)
as the Gay Young Innocent caught in a Web of Intrigue and Love!
"The Adventuress"

J. ARTHUR RANK presents

DEBORAH KERR • TREVOR HOWARD in "THE ADVENTURESS"

with RAYMOND HUNTLEY • MICHAEL HOWARD • NORMA SHELLEY • LIAM REDMOND

Screenplay written and produced by FRANK LAUNDER and SIDNEY GILLIAT

Directed by FRANK LAUNDER • AN INDIVIDUAL PICTURE

An Eagle-Lion Films Release

* KERR RHYMES WITH STAR

dorothy kilgallen selects "the best years of our lives"

Butch (Hoagy Carmichael, left) is sympathetic, and understands that Homer (Harold Russell, center) must be treated naturally if he is to overcome his physical handicap. Though unhurt in battle, Al (Fredric March) has other adjustments to make when he comes home.

■ You know how you think of an American town—the main street, the gleaming drug store, the parking lot? The bank, and the bar where the nice little guy plays the piano the way it sounds best over a beer at two o'clock in the morning?

You know how you think of an American hero—modest and sensible, good-natured and scornful of pity?

You know how you think of an American husband—hard-working and honest, loving his wife, puzzled a little by the way things are but wanting to make them better? . .

All this, and all these, you will find in Samuel Goldwyn's picture *The Best Years Of Our Lives*, and that, I think is its secret. It shows the people you know, and it shows them the way you think of them in a setting as familiar as your own backyard, and what is says about them is true. It is a picture for which the only simple descriptive word is wonderful.

American veterans are owed much and owe very little, but they are in debt to Director William Wyler and all others involved in the making of *The Best Years Of Our Lives*. It tells their story by following the homely and predictable adventures of three men—one young, one middle aged, one very young and maimed

(*Continued on page 92*)

RAY MILLAND · TERESA WRIGHT
On her wedding night
She Alone Can Send A Stranger To His Death, Or Keep Silent And Have Her Happiness Forever.
Because she loved him so much... she hurt him so deeply!
"The Imperfect Lady"

with

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE · VIRGINIA FIELD · REGINALD OWEN · ANTHONY QUINN · MELVILLE COOPER

Produced by KARL TUNBERG · Directed by LEWIS ALLEN

Screen Play by Karl Tunberg · A Paramount Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Virginia Wilson

Cattle baron Jim Brewton (S. Tracy) introduces his bride Lutie (K. Hepburn) to a rancher. Later, he learns that her sympathies lie much more with the ranchers than with him.

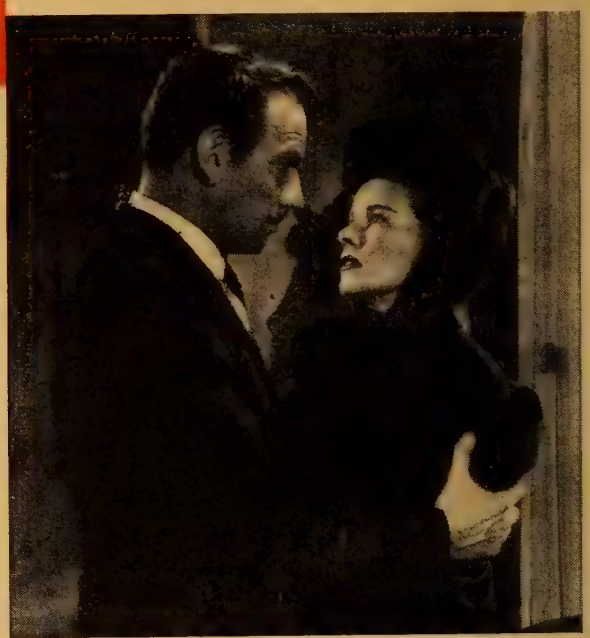
SEA OF GRASS

■ There is, perhaps, no more bitter life for a woman than being married to a man whom she loves but cannot respect. A man with a twisted outlook on the world, which results in repeated injury to others. Colonel Brewton (Spencer Tracy) is such a man, but Lutie (Katharine Hepburn) doesn't know that when she marries him.

Lutie is a St. Louis girl, and even in 1880, St. Louis is quite different from New Mexico, Brewton's home. Lutie is used to shining silver, and champagne, and quiet-voiced servants. Brewton, in spite of his tremendous land holdings, has none of these things to offer. They spend their honeymoon in a rough camp at the edge of the "Sea of Grass," Brewton's term for his enormous grazing lands. Lutie soon comes to understand that this land means more to him than anything in his life.

The countryside is in a state of unrest. Small farmers are trying to get holdings, but Brewton and his fellow cattle-barons make it impossible. Even the brilliant lawyer, Brice Chamberlain (Melvyn Douglas), can't win a case in the politically controlled courts against Brewton.

From the time Lutie first meets Brice there is an unmistakable spark of passion between them. Yet she is truly in love with her husband, truly anxious to share his interests and opinions. But she finds it impossible to adopt a belief that brushes aside the rights of everyone except a certain privileged group—a belief that cares nothing for people, only for land. (*Continued on page 18*)



Lawyer Chamberlain (Melvyn Douglas) loves Lutie, helps her in the fight—against her husband's interests—to get the ranchers the land which they feel is rightfully theirs.

Years later, Jim finds that he has lost touch with his son Brock (Bob Walker) and daughter (Phyllis Thaxter). Lutie leaves him, and it takes Brock's death to bring them together.

If He Knew Where He Lost it...
If He Knew When He Lost it...
Then He'd Know Which of These MISSES to Call MRS.!
The Groom
The Bride
the Wife
LOST! ONE HONEYMOON
If anyone finds a honeymoon with me on it, please return. FRANCHOT TONE
Eagle-Lion Films presents
FRANCHOT TONE
ANN RICHARDS
TOM CONWAY
IN
"LOST HONEYMOON"
BRYAN FOY
In Charge of Production
with
FRANCES RAFFERTY · CLARENCE KOLB
UNA O'CONNOR · WINSTON SEVERN
Original Screenplay by Joseph Fields
EAGLE-LION FILMS
Music by Werner Heymann
Produced by Lee Marcus · Directed by LEIGH JASON

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all skin blemishes can be *completely* concealed with this *amazing* cream

LYDIA O'LEARY'S
COVERMARK

hides birthmarks, vitiligo, liver spots, all skin discolorations . . . quickly, safely!

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Women everywhere — men, too — have discovered that blemishes . . . even severe birthmarks . . . are nothing to worry about! Not since COVERMARK, the "modern miracle," it completely conceals every blemish . . is easy to apply . . will not rub or wear off. $1.50 and $3.00* at drug and cosmetic counters. See the entire line of Lydia O'Leary Cosmetics. Write us for free booklet and color chart.

*more than a cosmetic — exempt from federal tax.

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NEW YORK 17, N. Y. Dept. 104

My Favorite Brunette: Bob Hope finds Dorothy Lamour once again the girl in his arms—in a hilarious parody of Hollywood's tough mystery thrillers.

(*Continued from page 16*)

Lutie grows increasingly unhappy, even after the birth of her daughter. When Brewton's cowboys beat up a farmer who has gotten in the way of their cattle, Lutie decides she's had enough. She leaves her husband and when she sees Brice again the spark between them fans to flame. A brief, quick-dying flame, for she realizes even then that it's Brewton she really loves.

Lutie has a son and he grows to manhood as Brock Brewton (Robert Walker), although she told Brewton the truth at his birth. In the end it is made clear to both Lutie and her husband that it was always the "sea of grass" which stood between them.—*M-G-M.*

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE

Bob Hope's new picture is a hilarious parody of the "tough" mystery thrillers that have lately flooded the screen. With Dorothy Lamour as his favorite brunette, Bob plays a photographer, Ronnie Jackson, who yearns to be a private detective.

His studio is just across the hall from the McLeod Detective Agency. While Ronnie begs squawling children to "Smile and look at the birdie!" Sam McLeod is saving beautiful girls from sudden and violent death. Anyway, that's what Ronnie thinks. Sam goes away for a few days and Ronnie is in the office pretending he's a great detective, when a client walks in. She's a sleek brunette who tells him she is Carlotta Montay (Dorothy Lamour). Before he can explain that he's only a photographer, she has hired him to find her missing uncle, Baron Montay (Frank Puglio).

The Baron is an invalid, confined to a wheelchair, but he has disappeared, wheelchair and all. Carlotta whispers mysteriously that she's afraid "they" have got him. She tells Ronnie to come to a certain address that afternoon to get further details, and she gives him a secret map to hide for her.

The address turns out to be a country estate, complete with a sinister butler called Kismet (Peter Lorre) and a host, Major Montague (Charles Dingle), who tells Ronnie that the lush Carlotta suffers from delusions. "This nonsense about the Baron having disappeared is an example," he explains, when she's out of the room. "The Baron is right in the library here." He takes Ronnie in and produces a man in a wheelchair whom the photographer recognizes from the picture Carlotta showed him of her uncle.

Ronnie is not only convinced, he is now terrified of Carlotta. He's allergic to crazy people, and after all, she might get violent any minute! But as he is about to leave, he overhears a conversation that shows Carlotta is the victim of a conspiracy. Gallantly, Ronnie swings into action again. So far in that he gets thoroughly beaten up, has to dodge knives thrown by Kismet, and spends considerable time in an expensive looney-bin! He even is arrested and almost executed for a murder he didn't commit. Who wants to be a private detective, anyway?—*Par.*

THE FABULOUS DORSEYS

Fabulous is the word for the Dorsey brothers. They've been a legend in show business for years—their talent, their battles, their rivalry. Tommy on the trombone and Jimmy on the sax are tops in their particular fields, but they just don't play the same kind of music.

That's what starts all the trouble, way back when they are kids in a Pennsylvania mining town. Their dad, Tom Dorsey (Arthur Shields) is a miner, but he's a musician too. He keeps the boys practicing when the other kids are out in the corner lot playing baseball, by the simple expedient of taking away their shoes. Even in those days they'd fight like devils over the way to play a particular passage. Tommy wanted it hot and Jimmy wanted it sweet, and it would take little Jane, the girl next door, to keep them from committing murder and mayhem.

When they grow up, they form a band of their own and go out on the road. Jane (Janet Blair) goes with them as vocalist. Things are tough and they don't get the bookings they'd hoped for. When they do get one, it's apt to end in a row between the brothers. Finally, their piano player walks out. He says he can starve cheaper on Broadway. So they hire a guy who plays piano in a local movie house. His name is Bob (William Lundigan) and he's good.

Of course he falls in love with Jane, and gets awfully tired of seeing her devote her time to patching up the quarrels of the Dorsey brothers. He's writing a concerto

DON'T *CONDEMN* JANET AMES
UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN THE PICTURE!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

ROSALIND
RUSSELL · MELVYN DOUGLAS

in

The Guilt of Janet Ames

with SID CAESAR · BETSY BLAIR
NINA FOCH

Screenplay by Louella MacFarlane, Allen Rivkin, Devery Freeman
Directed by HENRY LEVIN

That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby . . . You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming . . . The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast —if you don't anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

and he wants Jane to marry him and be his inspiration, instead of worrying about Tommy and Jimmy.

The band falls apart, and the brothers get a job with Paul Whiteman. Then they have a really flaming row over who should play what how, and swear they'll never play together again. Each of them wins fame with his own band, and it's a long time before they break that vow. . . .

Paul Whiteman, Charlie Barnet, Henry Busse, Art Tatum and Ziggy Elman are a few of the music-makers you'll hear. Aside from "the fabulous Dorseys" themselves. —*U.A.*

THE GUILT OF JANET AMES

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, let me present the case of Janet Ames. The crime she is charged with is selfishness. Consider your verdict carefully.

One rainy night in April, Janet Ames (Rosalind Russell) sets out with a list of five men. They are the men whose lives were saved when her husband threw himself on a Jap grenade. He died so they could live, and Janet has done nothing for two years but mourn him. Now she feels that she must find out all about these men. Were they worth that sacrifice? Could anyone be?

The first address is Danny's saloon. As Janet starts across the street toward it, she is struck by a car. When she comes to in the hospital, she can't walk. The doctors tell her there is nothing wrong with her physically—it's a neurosis. If she really wanted to walk, she could.

Janet has a visitor in the hospital. He's a newspaperman called Smitty (Melvyn Douglas), and he tells her he used to know Dave, her husband. What he doesn't tell her is that the police sergeant called him, because his name—Smithfield Cobb—is on the list in Janet's bag. Smitty asks where she was going, and gradually she confides in him the story of Dave's death, and her decision to find the five men who are alive because of it. But she adds that she won't be able to carry out her plan now—she can't walk.

"Maybe that's why you can't walk," Smitty says slowly. "Because you're afraid of what you'd find."

That doesn't make sense to Janet at first. But Smitty leads her into a sort of dream world where she meets four of the men. And she begins to see what he means. There's Joe who's a bouncer in a saloon because he only has one leg left and wants to prove he's still as tough as any guy with two. There's Pierson who's doing scientific experiments in the desert instead of living on his rich wife's money. There's Merino, whose little daughter needs him. And Sammy (Sid Caesar) who has a wonderful ability to make people laugh. And then there's Smitty . . .—*Col.*

SINBAD THE SAILOR

No one ever quite believes the stories Sinbad the Sailor tells about his voyages. Around the bazaars of Basra, he's known as Sinbad the Liar, but everyone listens to him anyway. Take the story of his eighth voyage. . .

Sinbad (Douglas Fairbanks) and his first mate, Abbu (George Tobias), see a ship foundering on the rocks. They swim out to it and find the whole crew dead of poisoned water. Sinbad, fascinated by a chart on board which has curious symbols matching those on a talisman he always wears around his neck, feels that Destiny is at work. He bids for the ship at auction, although he hasn't a dime—or its Persian equivalent, in his pocket.

Bidding against him is a spectacularly beautiful girl named Shireen (Maureen O'Hara). Sinbad outbids her and manages to pay for the ship by a piece of magician's mumbo-jumbo which I don't profess to understand. He also fixes up a date with Shireen, and—in the course of it—almost gets a knife in his back. Shireen disappears, although it wasn't she who threw the knife.

Sinbad decides to sail his ship to Daibul where the gorgeous redhead came from. The knife which almost ended his artful career has a name carved on the jeweled handle—Jamal. That name recurs in a threatening pattern throughout the rest of the picture.

Sinbad and Shireen meet again at Daibul, where she presides over the harem of the Emir (Anthony Quinn). The Emir wants her to become Wife Number One, but Shireen dreams of Sinbad and the rose he gave her, and puts off her decision. She and the Emir have a common objective—the discovery of the gold treasure on an island called Deryabar. They think that Sinbad, because of the medallion he wears, is Prince Ahmed of Deryabar, and can lead them there. Actually, Sinbad knows nothing about it, and the direction chart has been stolen from the ship. The fat and crafty ship's barber (Walter Slezak) claims to have memorized the chart. Perhaps he can take them there—but what then?

The Technicolor is something that's out of this world.—*RKO.*

The Guilt of Janet Ames: War-widow Rosalind Russell tells Melvyn Douglas of her strange quest.

Sinbad the Sailor: Maureen O'Hara listens skeptically to Douglas Fairbanks' weird adventures.

This is the story of Annie...

NOW ANNIE WAS...

AS BEAUTIFUL A GIRL...

AS EVER WAS PUT TOGETHER!

WHY, WHEN ANNIE WALKED DOWN THE STREET... WOW!

YET ANNIE HAD HER BAD MOMENTS...LIKE ANY OTHER GAL.

AND YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY? ANNIE'S HANDS WERE A MESS. ALWAYS ROUGH AND DRY, LIKE SANDPAPER.

AND WHEN A MAN WANTS TO HOLD A GIRL'S HANDS... EVEN A GIRL LIKE ANNIE ...HE DOESN'T WANT TO WEAR GLOVES...

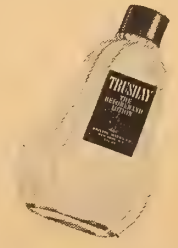
THEN, LUCKILY, FANNIE TOLD ANNIE ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT HAND LOTION! THE **BEFOREHAND** LOTION...**TRUSHAY!**

SO ANNIE SMOOTHED CREAMY, FRAGRANT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE DID DISHES...BECAUSE **TRUSHAY** GUARDS HANDS EVEN IN HOT, SOAPY WATER!

AND ANNIE PUT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE TUBBED HER UNDIES...SO **TRUSHAY'S** SPECIAL "OIL-RICHNESS" COULD HELP PREVENT DRYNESS AND ROUGHNESS.

SO NOW ANNIE IS ABLE TO KEEP HER HANDS SOFT AND SMOOTH AND HOLDABLE... THANKS TO **TRUSHAY'S** WONDERFUL SOFTENING HELP.

TRUSHAY



The "Beforehand" Lotion

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P. S. Trushay's grand for softening hands at *any* time! Wonderful, too, for rough, dry elbows and heels . . . as a powder base . . . before and after exposure to weather. Trushay contains no alcohol, is not sticky. Begin today to use Trushay!

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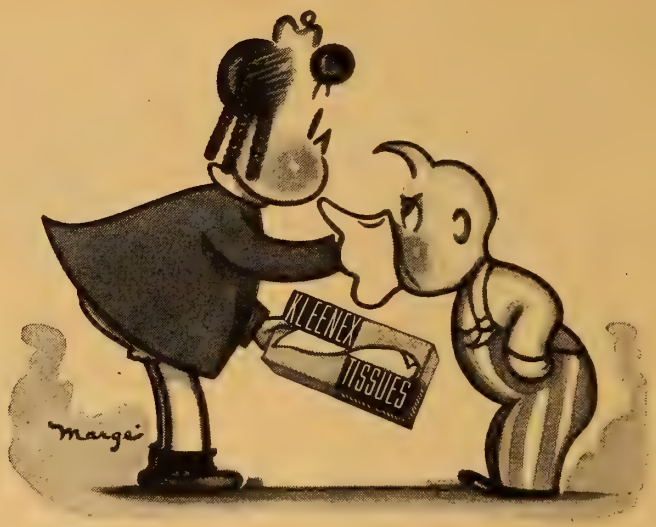

"You can let yourself go, Alvin, it's Kleenex."

LITTLE LULU SAYS . . . Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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romantic as a rose...

your hair... like your face . . . needs *daily* make-up!

Ogilvie Sisters Hair Beauty Aids will lend an aura of enchantment to your hair . . . making the most of your own sweet self. . . .

Special aids for dry, oily hair.

New! Creme Shampoo $1
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*Fed Tax.

The Locket: Laraine Day is a psychopathic liar and thief, who brings sorrow to Bob Mitchum.

THE LOCKET

When you were a little girl, did you have a gold locket that was your pride and joy? Whether you did or not probably had no lasting effect on your life, but in the case of Nancy Patton (Laraine Day) it made her a thief and a murderess.

Let's start where the picture starts—on the day that Nancy is to be married to John Willis (Gene Raymond). Just before the ceremony, a man appears who demands a private talk with John. He says he's a psychiatrist named Blair (Brian Aherne) and he advises John very strongly not to marry Nancy. "She's a charming girl," he admits. "She is also a psychopathic liar and thief."

John is furious at this accusation, but Blair says quietly that he was married to Nancy for five years and should know what he's talking about. He also says he understands John's feelings, because a short time after his own marriage, a man came to him with much the same story. This stranger was an artist, Norman Clyde (Robert Mitchum), and the story he told Blair about Nancy was a frightening one.

According to him, Nancy had been the secretary of a rich man named Bonner (Ricardo Cortez), whom she persuaded to take an interest in Clyde's painting. But Clyde suspected his real interest was in Nancy, although he was married. One night at the Bonners' house, Nancy steals a diamond bracelet. No one but Clyde knows she has taken it, and he forgives her when she tells him the story of the locket which was taken away from her as a child. He sends the bracelet back, and she promises never to steal again. A few months later, she has not only stolen, but murdered Bonner who caught her at it.

Clyde can't prove she did this, and she denies it even as an innocent man goes to the chair for the murder. Clyde's disillusionment is complete, and tragic. Nancy, however, goes on, unconcerned by the lives she has wrecked or taken. Until the locket of her childhood reappears, and in a strange way she pays at last for her crimes.—*RKO*

THE BRASHER DOUBLOON

The Philip Marlowe for this month is George Montgomery. Last month it was Robert Montgomery. How confused can you get? *The Brasher Doubloon* is, like all Chandler mysteries, so full of action that it leaves you gasping like a just-landed trout by the time it's over. Murder, robbery, humor and sex are mixed expertly and ladled out by Montgomery, Nancy Guild, Conrad Janis, Florence Bates and Fritz Kortner.

When Philip Marlowe, detective, is summoned to Pasadena to see a Mrs. Murdock (Florence Bates), he doesn't know that the case's solution will depend on a murder

committed seven years before. Mrs. Murdock is a stone-faced, mountainous old woman, with a weakling son, Leslie (Conrad Janis) and a lovely but frightened secretary, Merle (Nancy Guild). Merle has a psychosis about men. Shivers with terror when one tries to hold her hand, the silly girl!

Mrs. Murdock tells Marlowe that a coin known as the "Brasher Doubloon" is missing from her late husband's collection. It is worth ten thousand dollars. But she says sharply that he's only to get the coin back—not try to find out who stole it. She has reason to think that a dealer named Morningstar knows where it is.

Marlowe, expert in such matters, frightens Morningstar into telling him who has the Doubloon. It's a private investigator, Anson, who is murdered before Marlowe can get to him. He finds a baggage check among Anson's clothes, and sure enough, with it he redeems a box holding a small gold coin. He takes it to Morningstar for identification, but you know the Marlowe bad luck! Morningstar, too, has been killed. Shot with a pearl handled revolver just like one Merle had in her desk.

Marlowe thinks Merle is too pretty to be a murderess, but he admits she may be a little bit crazy. Then the story of Murdock's fall from a high window seven years before comes out. And with it the blackmail which provides a motive for murder.—*20th-Fox.*

DISHONORED LADY

If you're a beautiful woman with a fascinating job, plenty of money and dozens of men in love with you, what you need, it seems, is a psychiatrist. Anyway, that's the way it works with Madeline Damien (Hedy Lamarr), who has everything except emotional security. She is so bored with life that she tries to kill herself.

Madeline is editor of a chic and sophisticated magazine which she runs with the help of Garet (William Lundigan), who likes her but has no illusions about her. One night he introduces Madeline to a diamond merchant named Courtland (John Loder), and she adds him to her collection of lovers. He doesn't make her any happier than the others have, so she finally goes to see a psychiatrist, Dr. Caleb (Morris Carnovsky).

He tells her the only solution is to assume, temporarily at least, a new identity. As a different person, she will not be bound by her past and her interests will be different. Madeline begins a new life. She takes a vacation from the magazine, without telling anyone where she's going. She rents a furnished room in an unfashionable neighborhood. There she meets a young man who is doing scientific

Dishonored Lady: Hedy Lamarr is bored with life —until she meets attractive Dennis O'Keefe.

Don't turn it out, Honey— you'll be back by ten!

SURELY A BUNDLE of charm like you couldn't miss out tonight. Yet just when the fun's getting started, the dance will be over for *you*.

It's so easy for even the prettiest girl to miss, when she fails to *keep* her charm safe from underarm odor.

She should remember—a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but to guard against risk of future underarm odor—Mum's the popular word.

Mum

Product of Bristol-Myers

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

The Angel and the Badman: Gail Russell, a well-brought-up Quaker girl, loves "badman" John Wayne, who seeks vengeance for his father's death. Irene Rich plays Gail's mother.

research. His name is David Cousins (Dennis O'Keefe) and he is completely different from the other men she has known. He's serious-minded; he works hard, and to him Morocco is a place in North Africa, not a spot where you go and drink champagne. For the first time, Madeline really falls in love. When David asks her to marry him, she is perfectly happy.

However, the past has an unpleasant habit of catching up with you when you least expect it. David goes away to a science conference, and Madeline meets Garet by accident. He is now working for Courtland, who has been trying to trace Madeline. Garet has stolen money from his new employer and this leads indirectly to Madeline's trial for murder.

Dishonored Lady is reminiscent in spots of Michael Arlen's classic of the Twenties, "The Green Hat," but it's good entertainment.—*U.A.*

THE ANGEL AND THE BADMAN

Maybe angel is a slight exaggeration, and certainly "badman" is. Even when Quint Evans (John Wayne) is holding up trains, it's with the very best intentions and a pure heart. You see, a guy named Laredo Stevens (Bruce Cabot) killed Quint's father, and all the trouble Quint has gotten into since has been because he's trying to avenge that death.

One of his less successful sorties against the Laredo gang lands him, wounded and delirious, at a ranch owned by Thomas Worth. Worth is a Quaker who doesn't like violence, but that doesn't mean he would turn a wounded man from his door. He takes Quint in, and has his daughter, Prudence (Gail Russell) nurse him. That's fine except that Prudence immediately falls in love with Quint, and naturally he isn't just the type her family would have chosen for her. Furthermore, Quint is not a marrying man—at least he never has been.

Yet where Prudence is concerned, he begins to feel differently. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to settle down and be a farmer, instead of chasing around the country trying to catch up with Laredo. "When you find yourself thinking along those lines, brother, it's time you got out," Quint decides and, wound or no wound, he gets on his horse and rides off. That night he and a couple of pals hold up some of Laredo's tame gamblers, and come out of it with lots of shiny gold dollars. Only Quint doesn't get any satisfaction out of it this time, and next morning he finds himself riding up to the door of the Worth ranch again. He tells himself that it's because Mother Worth makes the best buckwheat cakes in the county, but he and Prudence both know it isn't anything of the kind.

Laredo continues his career of depredation and murder, and the Marshal of the Territory (Harry Carey) comes around to ask Quint some questions. What with one thing and another, he is forced to use his gun for one last time!—*Rep.*

TIME OUT OF MIND

"A Bicycle Built For Two" isn't the kind of thing a pianist-composer usually plays for his debut in Symphony Hall. This pianist, however, is drunk. Not falling-down drunk, just "high" enough so the elaborate arrangements his rich and patronizing wife has made for the concert seem suddenly ridiculous. Chris Fortune (Robert Hutton) knows he used to be a good composer. Maybe even a great one. And what is he now? A musical gigolo who plays pretty tunes for his wife's friends. So—he gets drunk.

Things might have been different if Chris' father, Captain Fortune (Leo G. Carroll) hadn't insisted that Chris go into the shipping business with him instead of becoming a musician. Chris and his sister, Rissa (Ella Raines) and their best friend, Kate (Phyllis Calvert), the housekeeper's daughter, are sure Captain Fortune is wrong. So sure, that Kate borrows money from a local fish dealer in the New England town where they live, and with it Chris and Rissa go to Paris where he can study.

But Kate's investment turns out to have been a bad one. Chris marries fashionable, haughty Dora Drake (Helena Carter) while he's there. He gives up the crashing, rugged New England rhythms he used to compose, and becomes lionized as a strictly drawing-room imitator of Debussy. There is no feeling left in his music—or in him.

He and Dora, and Rissa, who goes everywhere that Chris goes, come back to the United States, but not to New England. They live in New York, where Dora arranges the concert at Symphony Hall. But that night Chris realizes how futile the whole proceeding is. Even if Dora's rich father succeeds in buying a favorable notice from a critic or two, it won't mean a thing. So, half-sick, desperate and bewildered by what these few years have done to him, Chris gets drunk.

This finishes his marriage. Dora feels he has disgraced her, and Chris knows by now that he needs someone quite different from Dora. Someone who will believe in the essential things of life, and who will make him believe in them. Someone like Kate.—*Univ.*

ESCAPE ME NEVER

There is a double love story in *Escape Me Never*, and four lives are tangled in a web of heartbreak that for a while seems too strong to break. Sebastian Dubrok (Errol Flynn) and his brother, Caryl (Gig Young) live in Vienna in 1900. They are as different as brothers can be. They've both inherited their father's talent for music, but Sebastian is irresponsible, charming, selfish—and a genius. Caryl is only a mediocre musician, but he is dependable, and head over heels in love with Fenella McLean (Eleanor Parker), a pretty English girl.

Sebastian is in love with no one but himself. However, he shares his shabby flat with Gemma (Ida Lupino) and the baby. Gemma was starving on the street when he found her. She idolizes him and waits on him and thinks he's the most wonderful man in the world, with which he is in complete agreement.

Fenella's proper English family hear that the young musician, Dubrok, is living in sin, and jump to the conclusion that it's Caryl, since they don't know he has a brother. They cart Fenella off to Switzerland to forget her love affair. Caryl, disconsolate, tells Sebastian what has happened. Sebastian roars with laughter. "I'll get you a reputation in spite of yourself," he says gleefully. But when he sees how unhappy Caryl is, he makes a typically impulsive resolve. They will all follow the McLean family and straighten things out.

Unfortunately, Sebastian meets Fenella without knowing who she is, and she falls in love with him. When he discovers her identity, he does his best to make things right for his brother. But by now Fenella is too dazzled to think of Caryl. Sebastian and Gemma go back to London and are married there, yet even then Fenella can't recover from her infatuation. Sebastian, working far too hard on his ballet, quarrels with Gemma and is easily persuaded to go away for a weekend with Fenella. Only the ensuing tragedy brings him to his senses.—*War.*

Escape Me Never: Ida Lupino, Gig Young and Errol Flynn are involved in a tragic love story.

What do you mean... Happy Birthday?

Goodness me — these are *regular* desserts at our house but every time Mom makes 'em I feel just like bringing her orchids! She deserves 'em.

Chocolate sauce made with KARO* Syrup is wonderful — and the KARO Cake Frosting is tops. Mom makes 'em both in a jiffy.

By the way — if you want a swell recipe for the Spice Cake itself — and for the best Ice Cream ever made — just drop me a post card c/o Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. A, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.

— the KARO Kid

SEA FOAM FROSTING

2 egg whites
1 cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine egg whites, KARO Syrup and salt in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook, beating constantly with rotary beater for 7 minutes or until frosting stands in peaks. Remove from heat. Add flavoring, beating well. Makes enough to cover top and sides of two 8-inch layers or top and sides of 14 large cup cakes.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Add 2 squares melted unsweetened chocolate to 1 cup KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label. Stir until well blended. Add ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Makes 1 cup sauce.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Measure ⅓ cup brown sugar, tightly packed, ¾ cup KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label, 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon water into saucepan. Bring to a boil and boil 1 minute. Remove from heat. Sauce will be thin until cold. Serve cold over ice cream or pudding. Top with toasted almonds, if desired.

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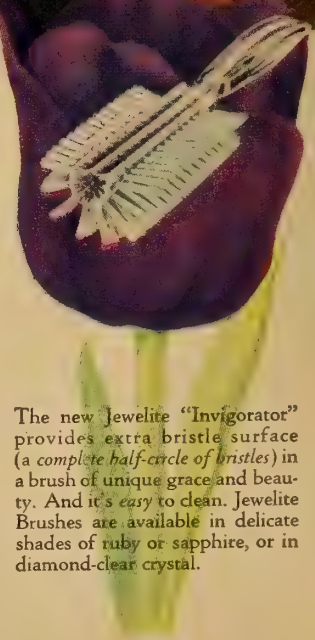
Lucky the Girl whose Easter Gift is

Jewelite by PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

BRUSHES, COMBS, AND COMPLETE DRESSER SETS STYLED IN THE LOVELIEST OF PLASTICS

Jewelite Combs and other lovely Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Combs are available in a wide variety of styles for men and women.

Better drop a hint today that you'll want Jewelite this Easter. Its sparkling crystal and joyous colors are a shining promise of lovelier, healthier hair for you. Jewelite Brushes, made by the makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, have bristles of long, resilient Prolon that reach right down to your scalp to provide beneficial stimulation, while burnishing each strand of hair to bring out *all* its natural beauty. Jewelite is sold at good brush departments. Be sure it's *genuine* Jewelite, a product of Pro-phy-lac-tic, America's foremost maker of fine brushes. Look for the name Jewelite on the box. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*



The new Jewelite "Invigorator" provides extra bristle surface (a *complete half-circle of bristles*) in a brush of unique grace and beauty. And it's *easy* to clean. Jewelite Brushes are available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, or in diamond-clear crystal.

JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

by bosley crowther,

celebrated motion picture critic, n. y. times

those academy awards!

■ No matter what else happens on the night the Academy awards are made, you can count on that Hollywood shindig to grab a top spot in the news. For, on that big night, the American public—or a sizeable proportion of it—tunes in on the Hollywood function as though the fate of the nation were at stake.

Your editors feel—and I don't wonder—that these awards are of sufficient import to keynote this issue of MODERN SCREEN. I agree with them—although I don't feel that the possibility of winning an "Oscar" should be the only incentive to the making of good films. However, there is no question that the Academy has exercised a subtly refining influence on the quality of American pictures. And its decisions certainly deserve the thoughtful attention of critics like myself—and naturally a place of honor in MODERN SCREEN.

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking on the subject of Academy awards—that being a field of selection from which professional critics are adamantly barred—I welcome this opportunity to tell the readers of MODERN SCREEN whom I would pick for "Oscars" as the best performers of 1946. And I do this with full recognition that my friends and I of the New York critics' group have already tossed our parchment laurels onto the brows of a couple of British stars. As a group, we selected Laurence Olivier as the year's best actor for his glowing *Henry V* and we picked Celia Johnson for her fine style in *Brief Encounter*. But, of that, more later.

There still isn't any question in my mind, regardless of the above, that the year's best (*Continued on page 128*)

Jane's emergence as a dramatic star so impressed Jack Warner, he paid $50,000 for screen rights to *Johnny Belinda*—a script that answers an actress' dreams.

JANE CRIED AFTER THE PREVIEW—AND THEY ALL KNEW WHY. EACH HAD LEFT A PIECE OF HIS HEART WITH *THE YEARLING*

Ronnie, making his return pic, *Stallion Road*, polishes his riding boots, while Jane studies up for *Cheyenne*. They'll play man and wife (in *Out of the Frying Pan*) for the first time since their marriage.

"I GIVE YOU JANE WYMAN"

by gregory peck

■ I've guessed wrong about Jane Wyman twice in my life—but you can bet it won't happen again.

The first time was in New York, about five years ago. A friend of mine called one evening. "Jane Wyman's in town from Hollywood," he said, "and we're all stepping out tonight. How about you and Greta coming along?"

Greta and I were newlyweds. I'd just closed a flop play; I was out of a job. I wore a chip on my shoulder about movie stars in the money; they gave me the pip. In my mind I had a definite picture. I figured we'd spend the evening at El Morocco talking about Wyman, her contract, Hollywood. I couldn't have cared less.

But this fellow was a friend of mine. "Delighted," I lied.

Well, I got a slight surprise. Jane wasn't dressed (*Continued on page 102*)

"why gene's divorcing my brother"

by cholly knickerbocker

■ I think most of us generally take any "hot news" breaks from Hollywood with a raised-eyebrow, tongue-in-cheek attitude. Press agents for the fantastic filmfolk are constantly outdoing one another in bizarre attempts to get their clients on the front page.

That is why I first shrugged off reports that Gene Tierney and my brother, Oleg, were getting a divorce. I shrugged, that is, until this particular "rumor" became a bit too persistent. Then I cornered Gene at the Stork Club—during one of her junkets to the East—and decided to crack the case once and for all.

While dancing with Gene, I asked her: "What's all this nonsense about you and Oleg? Is it true that you're going

IT WASN'T "JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS." THERE WERE REAL REASONS FOR THE TIERNEY-CASSINI PARTING— AND HERE THEY ARE.

Gene Tierney, seen here at a Waldorf-Astoria cocktail party in New York, is one of Hollywood's most "painted" ladies. Artist John Vogel will do her portrait next—for her newest film—*The Ghost and Mrs. Muir.*

With Gene's divorce suit already filed, hopes of a reconciliation have faded—although both plan joint Eastern trips this month. Gene has asked the courts for custody of three-year-old daughter Daria.

to divorce him? Or are the press agents cutting capers again?"

"This one is no stunt," she said. "We *are* getting a divorce."

Gene wasn't kidding, and I knew it. To say that I was surprised is a fair example of an understatement. After all, I had just spent a month on the Coast as guest in their (Oleg's and Gene's) house, and I can honestly say that I saw nothing amiss in their homelife. Maybe a squabble or two (who knows a married couple that doesn't have them?), but nothing bordering on murder, mayhem or divorce.

But from Gene, herself, I found that the rumor was not a rumor. After nearly six years of what many had termed the "perfect marriage," the Cassinis were now going their merry way—in opposite directions. Up to the time I had spoken to Gene I labeled any talk of a divorce as fantastic. No doubt they were the ideal pair. In Hollywood—where most people expect marriage to be a flop—Gene and Oleg were held up as the happy couple. They were well liked. They were dined and wined frequently by members of the filmland colony. In short, everything clicked smoothly.

What happened? Somewhere, something had gone haywire. And, as usual, the public was misled by stories of the sensational variety. There was nothing "sensational" about it, and there was no lurking villain who came between them.

Recall the rumors:

"Gene Tierney is in love with (*Continued on page 114*)

EASTER DREAM

IN THE SPRING, A YOUNG GIRL'S FANCY TURNS TO DREAMS—OF CLOTHES. AND ESTHER WILLIAMS DREAMED IN TECHNICOLOR . . .

■ Girls are funny about Easter. The first couple of Easters a girl can remember, she's mainly interested in pushing a chocolate rabbit around the rug with her nose. And saving dirty jelly beans.

But from the minute a girl's mother pulls a girl's howling head out of the chocolate, and ties a ribbon on it (the head, not the chocolate) the girl is cooked. Done. Finished. She gets a load of herself in the mirror, and suddenly she wants to be in pictures.

After that, you've just got to have a new Easter outfit every year. It's part of your debt to society. And for weeks before, you dream. You dream about walking into the fanciest store in the biggest city in the United States. The salesgirl calls you Modom, and fits you out in the prettiest things in the place—all delicately fashioned from old rose petals and the palest stardust, all hideously expensive.

But somehow nobody ever mentions money. And somehow the whole thing never happens, and you go out and buy a cute navy-blue dress which is practical, and maybe you splurge a little on a hat. Maybe the hat has a giddy, (*Continued on page 113*)

Like all women, Esther Williams had trouble deciding which hat she wanted—even with the assistance of Mr. Wally. He's one of the partners who runs John Frederics, an exclusive millinery store. Esther was charmed with the story of one customer who broke her leg, then sent for a dozen hats—for her morale!

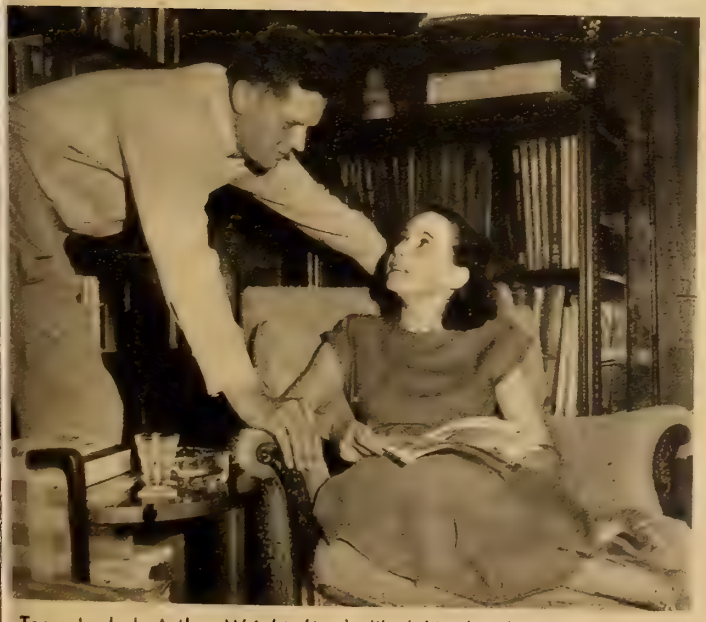
It's all well and good for Esther to pose in gay prints like this, but Mr. Donn, famous Hollywood designer, advises girls on small budgets to plan carefully, choosing one-color costumes with lots of gay accessories.

Mr. Donn congratulated Esther on her new picture, the technicolored *Fiesta*. So Esther retorted that it wasn't any more colorful than Mr. D.'s dazzling black and red jacket!

there was always dad

HE WAS ALWAYS THERE, TERESA WRIGHT'S DAD, SOMETIMES FOR TRIUMPHS, SOMETIMES FOR TEARS—BUT ALWAYS WITH LOVE.

By Abigail Putnam



Teresa's dad, Arthur Wright (top), liked his daughter's role in *Pursued*, an original story written for her by husband Niven Busch (below). But he really plays proud father about *The Best Years Of Our Lives.*

■ There was a certain monotony about the letters Teresa used to write to her father from school. Incidentally, she was Muriel in those days, and still is to her dad and husband. Muriel Teresa, she was christened, and had to drop the first name on joining Equity because of another Muriel Wright already registered.

To get back to the monotonous letters, they'd go something like this: "Dear Daddy, how are you, I'm fine, we went swimming today, I'm having a wonderful time. Your loving daughter, Muriel—"

Once she made a mistake and wrote, "Your lovely daughter, Muriel—" He smiled over it, but felt secretly that she hadn't made a mistake at all. Any revision of opinion since then has been upward. Arthur Wright comes of Dutch and British ancestry, so he doesn't (*Continued on page 123*)

Shirley Temple and John Agar believe in working out their future carefully, instead of just drifting. For example, Shirley has great hopes for Jack as an actor; would like him as a co-star. Jack isn't so sure.

Shirley Temple doesn't know how it got started-- that myth about the first year being the hardest. It's so silly-- when you're married to John...

Despite Jack's quips to the contrary, Shirl *is* a good cook. At her recent dinner party for both their families, she prepared food for 14! Main dish was Agar Ham—easy to make. Nobody got sick, either.

With *Honeymoon* and *Bachelor and the Bobbysoxer* completed, Mrs. A. deserved a vacation, so she and John went off to Palm Springs for plenty of sunshine, outdoor lounging, and a quiet first-anniversary celebration.

by Ida Zeitlin

THE FIRST YEAR IS THE EASIEST

■ "Golly," said Shirley, "if the first year's supposed to be the hardest, think how easy the rest of our years are going to be—"

The young Agars sat watching the flames of their own hearthfire, Jack in his big chair, Shirley on the floor, using his legs as a backrest. They'd been married several months over a year, but for part of that time Jack had still been in the service. This was a special kind of anniversary—the completion of their first year together under one roof.

"Maybe they're all wrong," Shirley persisted. "Maybe the first year's *always* the easiest—"

Marriage experts agree that marriage crashes most often against one of three rocks: Money. In-laws. Incompatibility.

The Agars have no money problem in the usual sense. But before their marriage, Jack made one point clear. "If you want to go on working, that's your own business. But we live on my dough. Your three squares a day are *my* business."

"Two," Shirley said. "I don't eat breakfast."

"Fine. That means I (*Continued on page 96*)

6 to 5 on Jones!

AS WE GO TO PRESS, THE SMART MONEY'S ON JENNIFER JONES—TO WIN THE HOTTEST "OSCAR" DERBY HOLLYWOOD'S EVER SEEN!

by FLORABEL MUIR
Special Correspondent, N. Y. Daily News

■ This year, for the first time, big-time gamblers east and west made book on the Oscar Derby. Olivia de Havilland moved into top place when prices were first quoted in Hollywood. She was 3 to 1. Then David O. Selznick put on his arc-lighted, illuminated-balloon press preview of *Duel in the Sun* at the Egyptian Theater and, lo and behold, the next odds sheet showed that a new and sharp young filly named Jennifer Jones had moved up into first position at the prohibitive price of 6 to 5.

A couple of nights later Selznick dropped over to my table at the Chantecleer Restaurant on the Strip where he and Jennifer had been dining with Anita Colby, Skitch Henderson, and the Louis Jourdans.

"That hot copy of yours is getting hotter by the minute," I said to him. "I mean Jennifer. Not only does she sizzle the screen in your picture but she is a feedbox tip to take down her second award. I want to interview her."

The minute Jennifer walked into the private dining room at the Selznick studio for afternoon tea and talk, I got the same kind of hunch that must have stirred up the odds-layers. Around the Selznick stable they call her Jonesy.

But she might have been mistaken for a young society debutante just turned loose on Park Avenue from Miss Spence's school and a postgraduate training at Mme. Balsan's in Paris. Her costume was one of simple (*Continued on page 92*)

Despite objections of some civic groups, Jennifer and David Selznick are confident that the public will vindicate their faith in *Duel In The Sun*. Poor Jenny's still living at the beach—uh-huh, housing shortage.

Jennifer hasn't forgotten the veterans, is a regular visitor at Birmingham Hospital. Incidentally, she's the only star to appear in N. Y.'s Metropolitan Museum of Art—as Bernadette in Norman Rockwell's portrait.

Anne goes for Beethoven, John's a jazz fan. She likes to ride, he prefers golf. But in art—ah—they're both mad for young artist Scott Benton, whose "Clown" was a gift from him to her.

ANNE BAXTER SCOFFED AT DREAMS OF A PERFECT MAN—AND THEN SHE MARRIED JOHN HODIAK. NOT THAT HE'S PERFECT. HE JUST DOESN'T HAVE ANY FAULTS

John was a happy man when he finished *Desert Fury* and *Arnelo Affair,* and took his wife East for the first time. Before leaving, he set up a fund to provide sports centers for kids in his home town.

Granddaughter of architect Frank Lloyd Wright, Anne (who's next is *Blaze of Noon*) has a natural interest in home-building. So has John, who likes his landlady (Anne), but would rather not "rent."

the man I married

by anne baxter

■ I have little patience with the time-honored theory that a girl really never *knows* a man until after they are married.

I don't wish to appear old-fashioned or smug, but the John and Anne of my story knew each other well before their marriage, and built a foundation of friendship along with romance. From the time Hume Cronyn first introduced us, through our brief hello at Alfred Hitchcock's Easter party, to the time of our marriage, two full years and more passed by.

There were several times, shortly after our friendship had blossomed into romance, that we thought of marrying at once, but we decided, at all costs, to be deliberate. This meant that we had to suffer the reading of occasional stories that we had quarreled and called the whole thing off. John and I just laughed. We could afford to, because after all, what was more important: our marriage, or the gossip columns? And besides, nobody *really* knew what our intentions were.

John Hodiak is the most intriguing man I know.

However, when I try to explain WHY John is my most interesting exhibit in the species male, I'm a little nervous. Perhaps I shouldn't (*Continued on page 80*)

At four, Halifax's "Sonny" Stevens was a redhead, with a temper that matched.

MARK STEVENS

LIFE STORY

■ As Mark Stevens' bus rumbled across the frozen Canada-U. S. border, headed South, he knew he was going to America for good—and to make good—or else.

His first invasion had been a flop—true enough—but he was seventeen then and he'd tackled New York, the biggest, stoniest city in the world.

This trip Mark was nineteen, and he was headed for a smaller city, Akron, Ohio.

He sat bundled up in his long overcoat, staring through the frosted pane at the snow-packed highway.

Akron was where Marge Shipple lived. The thrilling days of their summer romance at Round Lake in Quebec buzzed up inside his brain. Marge was the first and only girl so far who had penetrated his cautious, touchy heart.

He wanted to see Marge now. He was only a few miles away.

The bus rolled on. He climbed down, finally, at Akron and called the Shipples.

"Mark Stevens! Well—of all people. I'll run right down and pick you up!"

"Oh, no—" protested Mark's pride.

Marge laughed as she hung up. "*You* certainly haven't changed a bit!"

Mark remembers the Shipples as one of the kindest, nicest families he's ever known. They laughed him out of his stand-offishness, took him into their home, told him to stay as long as he liked. For the first time in his life Mark ran around with youths his own age, tasted—and liked—good clean teen-age fun and companionship. He went to nice parties, (*Continued on page 105*)

"Wake up, Steve," insists wife Annelle. (He probably wouldn't answer if she called him Mark.) "Aw, Buster," protests Mark. But it's no use; he's got retakes on *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.*

Like his old man, Mark Richard Stevens, Jr. is a fighter; see those fists? His Grandma brought him a silver cup given to her sea-captain dad by the King of Denmark for the daring rescue of a ship.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cooke, Mark's mother and stepfather, live in Montreal, but came down to see their first grandchild, admit frankly he's "wonderful."

The kitchen in their new house is an alcove off the living room, and the Stevenses do their own cooking—excelling, says Mark, in well-done toast. Dishwashing, when guests are invited, always turns into a riotous community affair.

HE DIDN'T HAVE A PENNY IN HIS POCKET, BUT WHEN IT CAME TO PRIDE, HE'D CORNERED THE MARKET! • (PART II)

By Kirtley Baskette

club caulfield

JOAN'S SISTER BETTY PROVES THAT SISTERS ARE THE SAME THE WORLD OVER, SWIPING EACH OTHER'S SWEATERS, PEARLS—AND MEN!

by betty caulfield

■ Daddy and I were walking home from seeing *Blue Skies,* grins on our faces two feet long. "Isn't it incredible?" I said. "Joan Caulfield—your very own child in Technicolor!"

"Not exactly incredible," Daddy said smugly. He's gotten very smug over her. Sort of "Well, what did they expect of Henry Caulfield's daughter-" ish. "Quite a sister, eh Betty?" he went on heartily. It is to laugh, really. I knew all along that Joan was wonderful stuff, but they had to *show* Daddy.

Come to think of it, there was nothing in Joan's past to indicate that she'd one day be a movie star. Whoever heard of a movie star being born in Orange, N. J., and drinking sodas with hordes of unsmooth characters at (*Continued on page 86*)

When Joan and John Lund were young N. Y. actors, he made a wager she'd win movie stardom first. She lost, and cheerfully paid her debt by playing his guide at Farmers' Market.

Enjoying an afternoon off from her new picture, *Welcome Stranger,* Joan has a cup of tea with Mrs. Caulfield, who's very particular about the blend. Afterwards, Joan will read, mend, or catch up on household chores.

by
ed sullivan

INGRID'S JUST AS BEAUTIFUL INSIDE AS SHE IS OUTSIDE— A WOMAN OF PASSIONATE CONVICTIONS, WITH THE SHINING COURAGE TO LIVE UP TO THEM.

she walks in beauty...

■ For thirty uneasy minutes, Ingrid Bergman had been interviewed by the drama critics, the movie critics and the reporters from the morning and afternoon staffs of Washington, D. C., newspapers.

"Uneasy" is at best a partial characterization of the tautness and tension that electrified the room. It was a fencing exhibition, with the blades never quite completing their forward plunge to the heart of the subject.

"For half an hour," suddenly said Ingrid Bergman, "I have been hoping that one of you would ask me the only important question. Nobody has asked it, so I shall ask the question and answer it myself."

The newspapermen looked at each other.

"Miss Bergman," said Ingrid, "what is your reaction to the knowledge that Negroes will not be permitted to see your performance of *Joan of Lorraine* at Lisner Auditorium?"

If Ingrid Bergman suddenly had whipped out a king size atom bomb and tossed it deftly at the head of an afternoon reviewer, the sensation could not have been more violent. These Washington newspaper veterans had met other Hollywood stars, and had engaged them in discussion of such innocuous things as California climate, realism in Art, or the (*Continued on page 121*)

After completing *Arch of Triumph*, Ingrid flew to N. Y. to star in B'way play, *Joan of Lorraine*. On opening night, author Maxwell Anderson gave her Joan of Arc statuette.

SAINT OR SINNER?

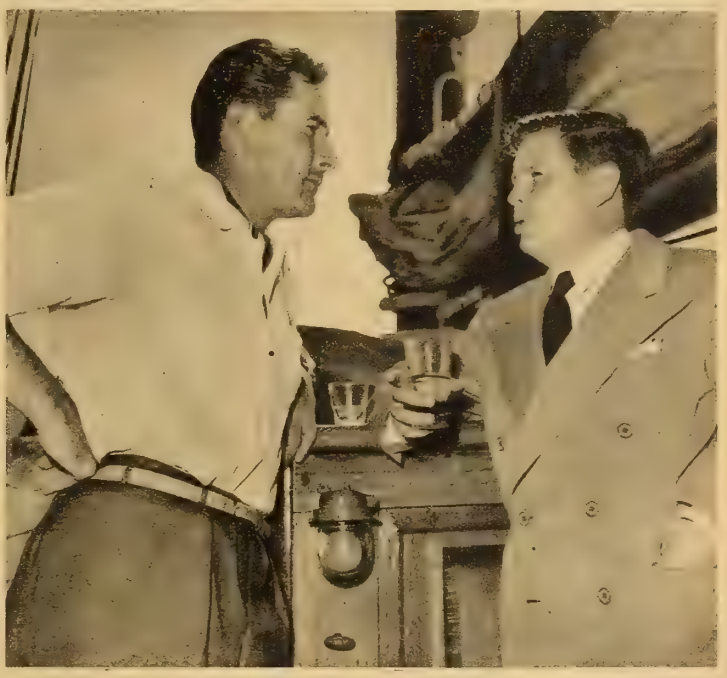
MAYBE SOME DAY HE'LL WANDER OFF AND NEVER COME BACK. . . . ONLY WHEREVER HE GOES, ERROL FLYNN TAKES WITH HIM NORA'S UNDERSTANDING, UNDEMANDING HEART.

By Carl Schroeder

On board the "Zacca" for first postwar marine expedition: Errol and Nora Flynn, artist John Decker, and Errol's father, scientist Thomas Flynn.

Before their yachting trip, Errol escorted Nora to the Brown Derby, laughed at Reno rumors. Nora went only as far as Acapulco, then came home to await her St. Valentine's Day gift: another baby!

Author meets author: Errol, who's working on a new novel, talks shop with Carl Schroeder. Errol (now in *Escape Me Never*) had to get rid of the talking mynah bird he had aboard his yacht; its language was too offensive!



When Nora Eddington Flynn arrived from Mexico with two-months-old Deirdre (who's now two *years* old!) reporters wondered why her husband didn't meet her. Was Errol ill with an attack of malaria?

■ A little man stood on a rain-swept street corner in New Orleans, hopelessly hailing taxicabs. To his surprise, one stopped. The door swung open. The wet little man gave an address on St. Charles Street and leaned back with a sigh of relief.

Abruptly, the sigh changed to a gasp. The taxicab, with a great grinding of gears, began to move backward. Then it stopped. It moved backward again.

"Please," the little man said, "we're going in the wrong direction."

"I know it," the driver said, not turning his head.

The cab stopped again, then slammed into high gear and roared away. Eccentric people, these cab drivers, the little man thought.

Nearing St. Charles Street, he leaned forward and said, "Turn right on St. Charles."

The cab driver nodded. At St. Charles Street he turned left. The little man rapped on the window.

"I said right!" he shouted.

The cab stopped.

Still with his eyes straight ahead the driver exclaimed, "Look, bub, I'm driving this cab. We can't both do it. If you (*Continued on page 83*)

Like his new picture, Dane's *That Way With Women*—only not with his wife, Margot Clark, who's "agreed to disagree" with Dane. Temperament's the trouble; both Clarks have plenty of ambition and spirit.

Break OF Hearts

THEY COULDN'T BREAK EACH OTHER'S WILLS, STUBBORN DANE AND STORMY MARGOT CLARK—BUT THEY ENDED UP BREAKING EACH OTHER'S HEARTS . . .

by Valerie Sloan
special reporter for MODERN SCREEN

■ Place two restless, dynamic, brilliant individuals together in a man and wife relationship and sooner or later something snaps or one of them bows to the superior will. Set them down in Hollywood, the walled city of the Kingdom of Make Believe, where realities often appear phony and nothing is on the level—except struggle—and true love finds its path rugged, indeed.

Dane Clark has bidden a sorrowful farewell to his talented wife Margot, a beautiful redhead of so many talents that she

hasn't up to now been able to decide exactly which one to emphasize. Their break came as a shock to all except close friends who have known for months that it was inevitable.

Margot, a girl of high strung temperament, wilful, determined, ambitious—a dynamo of energy—has gone back to New York. In fact, she went back before Christmas, leaving Dane in the midst of his new starring picture at Warner's, *Deep Valley*. There have been some guarded whispers that tempestuous Ida Lupino, who co-stars with Dane in the film, may be the other woman in this drifting apart of a magnetic pair; but I can assert with positive emphasis that it is simply not true. There is no other woman; there's only a "thing."

The "thing" in Hollywood rifts is always intangible, imponderable, elusive—but there. I hurried all the way out to Calabasas, in the far end of the San Fernando Valley to get Dane's own story of the breakup of his marriage to Margot. I caught the overtones of sorrow (*Continued on page 126*)

"that's what I like about Tom"

by maurine cookson

IT WAS RAINING—THEY WERE HUNGRY—AND THEY HADN'T A QUARTER AMONG 'EM. "VIOLETS!" BEAMED TOM DRAKE. "THAT'S WHAT WE NEED!"

Peter Cookson and wife, Maurine (below, with Tom), have been Tom's best pals since hash days on Broadway. Even then, they tagged him for stardom!

■ I remember a scene Tom Drake played once that was good enough for an Academy Award. I didn't see it, but I certainly heard about it. In fact, the only audience Tom had was a nurse in the corridor of a New York maternity hospital.

She glided into my room every few minutes wearing a grin. "We'd better get that baby born, Mrs. Cookson," she laughed, "before your husband wears out the linoleum in the hall!" She said my husband was covering the floor with cigarette stubs like a snowstorm and heaving enough sighs to blow down the walls of Jericho.

It wasn't my husband, of course. My husband's name isn't Tom Drake; it's Peter Cookson, but he's one of Tom's best friends. Peter, who's an actor, too, was on the road with *The Merry Widow* then. He had to leave New York (*Continued on page 98*)

That phony beard is a prop for *I'll Be Yours,* with Deanna Durbin and Bill Bendix. Or does it herald Tom's debut as author of "The Sun Cries At Night"? Yet he does seem more interested in Beverly Tyler than the Sat. Review of Literature.

THE LOVE STORY OF GINGER ROGERS AND JACK BRIGGS? IT REMAINED A SWEET AND GUARDED SECRET UNTIL COLUMNIST ED CORNERED THE LOVERS AND MADE THEM TALK.

by Ed Sullivan

full confession

■ "Shall we tell him everything?" Ginger asked.

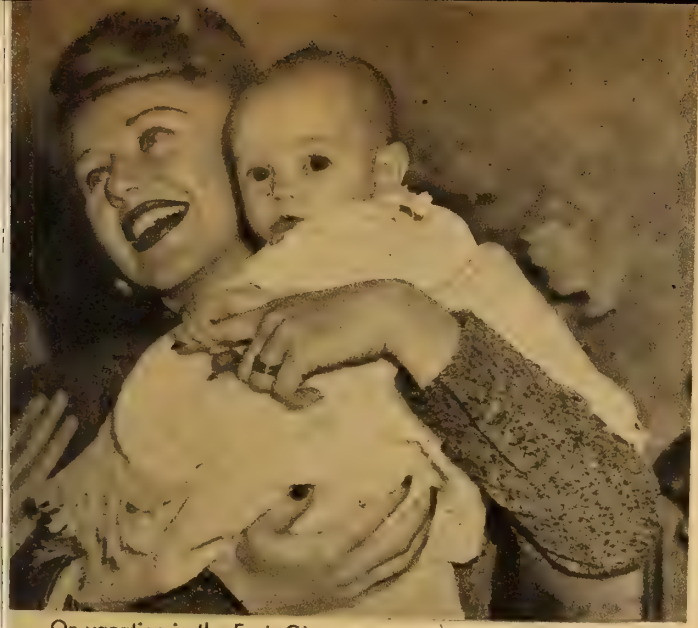
We were sitting at a late table in the Stork Club—Ginger, Jack Briggs, Eddie Rubin and I—at the witching hour, when people begin to mellow. Somehow the talk had drifted to love and how sound and sensible it is to say that truth is stranger than fiction—stranger even than movie scripts!

It all began with the flukiest meeting you can imagine. Ginger Rogers was winding up a long and exhausting War Bond tour, accompanied by her Man Friday, Eddie Rubin. "Only one more stop and then we can take a long rest, Eddie," said Ginger, as they headed for San Diego.

The Marine "brass" gave Ginger a typical Marine welcome when she got to the El Cortez Hotel. There were flowers and baskets of fruit and staff cars and all the trappings. "Pardon me, Ginger, I've got things to do," said Eddie Rubin, and he ducked out. One of the things he had reminded himself to do was to telephone ex-RKO stock company actor Jack Briggs, who was completing boot training at San Diego.

"I was called to the phone," remembered Jack, "and it was Eddie. 'Come on over to the hotel, Jack, and spend the afternoon with us,' he said, so I told him that we weren't in Hollywood, and that a buck Marine simply didn't walk off the base for the afternoon. So we talked a little more, and then we hung up and I went back to whatever it was I was (*Continued on page 68*)

"It's all in the way you flex your wrist," says Jack, who, when he isn't teaching Ginger to pilot a plane with a rubber-band, co-authors a pic for Barbara Stanwyck called *Cattle Kate*.



On vacation in the East, Ginger accompanied Jack to Quakerstown, N. Y., for his grandparents' 60th anniversary party. Ginny met her in-laws for the first time, stood up as god-mother for her new niece.

Both Jack and Ginger are fidgety sitters, but like to sketch—so they switch positions often. When they left for the East, $35,000 worth of Ginger's clothes went with them—including ermine trenchcoat.

Ginger and Jack paid a social call at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. She and Mr. Truman are both natives of Independence, Mo. And, as Dolly Madison in ***Magnificent Doll,*** she's practically a former resident!

The Briggs are excellent tennis players—but Ginger prefers fishing. You'll be her life-long friend if you inquire about the 28 lb. steelhead trout she caught in Oregon—that made the *real* fishermen turn green.

■ The first words I ever said to Jimmy Stewart were, "Why aren't you in pictures?" And guess what he answered—

"Me? How could they put this puss on the screen?"

Jimmy said that with such a self-deprecating snort that I couldn't help firing right back, "Why not? I've been looking at your face all afternoon," I said, "and do you know what I think? I think it's terrific!"

We were both at Katharine Cornell's New York home on Beekman Place that afternoon, reading parts for the play, *Divided By Three* which Kit's husband, Guthrie McClintic, was planning for Broadway. Nobody there, except Guthrie, had ever seen or heard of James Stewart before, least of all me. He was just a skinny young guy out of Princeton, trying his luck on Broadway. But everyone, including me, was plenty impressed with the way he read his part. Jimmy himself thought he was the luckiest lad alive when he walked out with the leading man job.

As I write this, that same skinny, awkward guy, older of course, (*Continued on page 118*)

"Best thing for the nerves—knitting," Jane Wyman advised Jimmy while making *Magic Town*. But he found her take-off on the Man of Distinction ads—which brings a wry grin from him—more relaxing.

Jimmy's current girlfriend, Ellen Ross (above) was a blind date that Jane Wyman arranged. Janie threw a party at Ciro's, and Jimmy swore he wouldn't attend unless she promised to provide a partner for him!

Lucky Brazil's got a lot of coffee, 'cause Jim drinks gallons of it on the set. No one "fetches" for him, either. He pours his own from the prop truck—and he'll likely bring one back for a busy juicer.

EVERYBODY LIKES JIMMY STEWART, THE SHY GUY WHO HAS A WAY WITH WOMEN —WHETHER THEY'RE FOUR OR FORTY.

by hedda hopper

Uncle Jimmy

■ Rex Harrison stepped off the Century in New York's Grand Central Station that morning and was immediately aware of a sense of excitement and a mood of anticipation. A seasoned traveler, he wondered at this; it did not occur to him that this was the first time he had ever arrived in New York from the lazy, sprawling, grove-filled escape of California and that what he felt was the impact of the greatest city on the earth.

But as he followed his porter up the ramps to the cab stand and rode out into the streets, he understood. He smelled the sharp, metallic air; he heard the ever-present voice of seven million people crowded, story-upon-story, onto a tiny island; and he caught the vitality, the danger, the harsh challenge that not even London could generate in peacetime.

And he knew suddenly that he was going to have a wonderful time. He would miss Lilli, of course, and Carey—but it did a man good, he reflected, to get away on his own once in awhile. I'll raise a little hell, he thought cheerfully, and tried to remember, from the time years before when he had done a play here, where he could most advantageously accomplish this mission.

As it turned out, he was not required to trust his memory. He spent the day avoiding phone calls from studio representatives and the press, then dropped into the Plaza's Oak Room just in time to see a British wing commander with whom he had served during the early days of the blitz in London. Commander Kip Madison had a friend with him, an (*Continued on page 116*)

Rex is torn between two countries, his native England, where he, Lilli and son Carey (right) lived through the blitz, and America, which he likes better every day.

manhattan nocturne

THE BRIGHT LIGHTS,

THE BIG TOWN'S MIDNIGHT

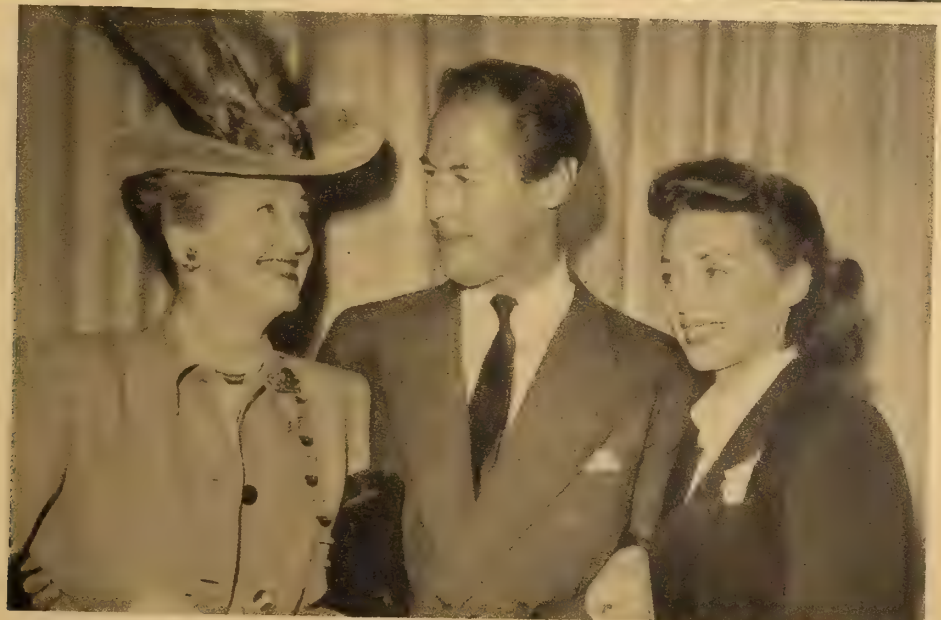
MAGIC—WHAT FUN

WERE THEY, REX HARRISON

WONDERED SADLY,

WITHOUT LILLI TO SHARE THEM?

by Howard Sharpe



Hedda Hopper had better watch out! Rex threatens to punch the nose of the next columnist who reports him separating from Lilli Palmer. While he finishes *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, she's working in *Body and Soul*—but they'll soon be teamed in former Lunt-Fontanne plays.

SHE'S DAINTY AND DEMURE, BUT DE HAVILLAND IS ALSO DETERMINED. AND IN A CLINCH, SHE'S GOT A MIGHTY WEAPON—A FISTFUL OF HIGH IDEALS!

by Hank Jeffries

fighting lady

■ Male members of the press in Hollywood are never going to be too fond of the man who married Olivia De Havilland. At one time or another, all of them have been sweet on her. There was probably never any hope for any of them. But at least she stayed single.

Then along came a fellow by the name of Marcus Aurelius Goodrich. It didn't take Olivia all of the two weeks of their courtship to make up her mind to say yes, which indicates that a man doesn't have to be nine feet tall or Clark Gable to win the prettiest girl in town.

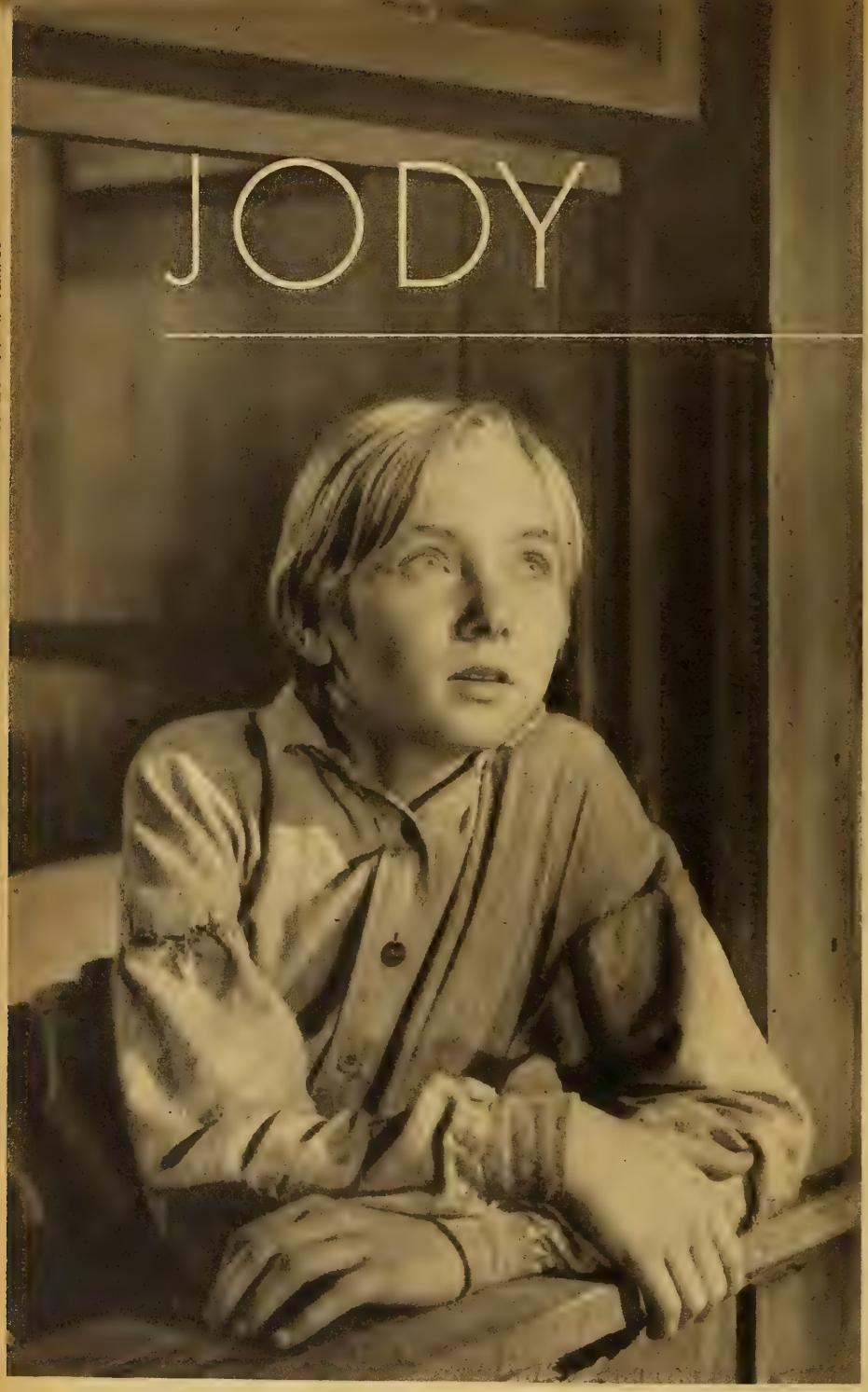
Not that Olivia's husband is a half-pint. He's an impressive five feet eleven and rugged enough beneath his tweeds to have acquitted himself well in two wars, finishing up the last one as Commander in the Navy, with considerable service in the Pacific to his credit.

For those girls in the audience who count each day in their teens lost unless it brings marriage or a successful career a swift (*Continued on page 115*)

Broadcasting *The Dark Mirror* with Lew Ayres was good practice for Olivia, who may do a B'way play this Fall. But her husband says maybe they'll holiday in Peru—for a year or so!

At the Stork Club, Olivia and Mark Goodrich (center) entertain England's Phyllis Calvert and husband Peter Hill (right). *To Each His Own* made Olivia an Oscar candidate!

JODY



Claude Jarman, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., who will probably be known hereafter as Jody.

by clarence brown

director,
m-g-m's "the yearling"

WHEN THE KID HEARD HOW THE DEER HAD DIED, HE BIT HARD—TO HOLD BACK THE TEARS. THAT'S HOW DIRECTOR BROWN KNEW HE'D FOUND THE REAL JODY—AT LAST!

■ By now, since I've bent the ear of everyone I could buttonhole about it, I suppose that everyone knows how I found Jody. It's one of my favorite stories, because—like everyone in Hollywood—I'm an amateur Columbus. I take great pride in having discovered this wonder kid in the wilds of a Nashville, Tennessee, fifth grade school room.

We at M-G-M had been through some rough experiences in trying to get Marjorie Kinnan Rawling's great book, "The Yearling," onto the screen. It had been bad enough to find a suitable locale, and to schedule shooting at the proper time of year, but finding exactly the right lad to play Jody was a headache—jet-propelled.

As you remember, it was ten minutes before three that afternoon in Nashville when my city schools' guide drove up in front of Jody's building and said, "It probably isn't worth stopping, because school will be dismissed in ten minutes."

I had fine-combed Memphis without success, and this school was my last stop in Nashville. My plans were to continue my search in Knoxville, my own home town. I hesitated a second or so, then told my guide that plenty of things *could* happen in ten minutes.

(*Continued on page 70*)

La Cross hands you a new idea!

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Applicator too. It's easy to hold as a pencil, applies
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Color Harmony Make-Up...

"PAN-CAKE" • POWDER
ROUGE • LIPSTICK

Max Factor ✶ Hollywood

(*Continued from page 10*)

very well, showing no signs of jealousy.

Never in my life have I seen anything cuter than Claude making with the low bow from the waist, asking Mrs. Peck for dance after dance, at a little party not long ago.

The kid has just learned to rhumba and he must be devoting the best years of his twelve to it!

Mrs. Peck, who is small and petite, looks like a junior deb in the arms of her small, but persistent, partner.

* * *

The young fellow striding up and down the station platform was making short, impatient noises through his teeth as though he were whistling *The Chief* in from New York.

Maybe he was. It was Larry Parks waitin' for the train to come in bearing his bride of almost four years—and I say bride literally, because of that time they've been able to spend only a few months together—to Hollywood and a honeymoon, at last!

When the train chugged in, an hour late, there was staged a love scene more real than any Larry emoted in *The Jolson Story* and happier than any Betty Garrett sang or danced in *Call Me Mister*.

On the ride back to the little house Larry had rented in Nichols Canyon, he slipped a jeweler's box out of his pocket.

It was a diamond engagement ring.

"Honey," said Larry, "I couldn't afford one when we were married. Not even a diamond chip. But here's what you should have had when I asked you to marry me." And he slipped the four-karat sparkler on the right finger.

This is one marriage I'm betting on to last.

* * *

If it's true that "the course of true love never runs smoothly," then Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer must be truly in love.

These two battle anywhere, any time. They quarrel in Hollywood and make up in New York. And kiss in the Catskills and feud again at Malibu.

They're both intensely proud and inclined to be jealous of each other. But they're in the old spot of not being able to be happy apart—or together.

* * *

I like Cornel Wilde better all the time. There was a time I could take him or leave him. Now he's winning me over completely.

Not long ago, I publicly pointed out some of Cornel's shortcomings as I saw them, calling particular attention to the fact that he seemed a little too serious and without much humor. I also thought he was raising too much thunder about his wife's career.

The other night at La Rue, he came over to my table and with nary a sulk in sight, said: "Thanks for the tip-off about some things you think are wrong with me. I've been thinking about what you said and I think the advice will help me. Sometimes the best thing that can happen to any of us is to see ourselves as others see us. It isn't always flattering—but I hope I never get to the point where I don't pay attention and try to help myself when I feel opinions are honest. Thanks for your interest."

And thank you, Cornel.

* * *

I'm groggy with the marriage and divorce stories that broke this month involving many of the biggest names in the movie colony.

Mickey Rooney and his wife came to a parting of the ways to swell the list of "surprises," although I, personally, had been expecting the break before this.

On several occasions I have talked to Mrs. Panky, Mickey's mother, and she made no attempt to hide the fact that she felt Betty Jane had been neglectful of her. "She never comes to see me," said Mrs. Panky, "and you know how very close Mickey and I are."

Several months before the birth of her second son, Mrs. Mick went back to Alabama to live with her mother. Mickey made a great to-do about planning to fly down there at the time the baby was born. But he never got around to it. In fact, the races at Santa Anita seemed to be claiming his time and attention.

MAY ISSUE

Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, that's the Maytime song. Our Queen of the May is everybody's sweetheart, Ingrid Bergman. She'll be smiling at you from the cover of our May issue —on the stands April 12.

PARTY POSTSCRIPTS

After the round of holiday parties, I thought, "Well, we'll settle down after this. Things will get back in the normal groove after all these festivities." That's what I THOUGHT!

I want to say right here and now that if millionaire-philanthropist Atwater Kent had paid cash on the line for the array of talent trotted out free at his "radio party," even his healthy pocketbook would have suffered it. But, because the affair was in honor of several visiting radio editors—radio row turned itself inside out for the best private show ever staged in this town.

Consider, if you will, this line-up: Jack Benny playing his violin as only he can't play it. ("Laugh if you will," sneered Jack, as the audience went into gales of laughter when he hit the blue notes, "I've made a fortune doing this."); Edgar Bergen with Charlie McCarthy on his knee; George Burns doing a soft shoe dance that would never make Gene Kelly jealous; Fibber McGee and Molly making with the wisecracks; Eddie Bracken doing his famous baseball rookie routine; Frances Langford and Ginny Simms obliging with an unrehearsed duet and Kay Kyser keeping the whole thing moving as master of ceremonies.

Apparently, everybody wanted to get into the act—and me, too. There I was all dressed up and done to the teeth and Art Linkletter of the "People Are Funny" show suddenly had me out in the spotlight doing the most absurd "orange" gag with Kay Kyser. If you want to completely break up one of your own parties, try this sometime:

The lady puts an average sized orange under her chin. The gentleman tries to get the same orange under his chin by simply nuzzling it into place—no hands are permitted. It's the silliest, craziest antic in the world but the results are hilarious.

My escort for the evening at the Kent party was Roy Rogers, making his debut in Hollywood society and Roy was THE celebrity of the evening to the other celebrities. He looked mighty handsome, pardner, in his tuxedo, which he had rented because he doesn't own one of his own. When I returned to our table after my stint, Roy said, "Louella, you shore surprised me." Surprised HIM? I'd practically knocked *myself* out.

Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont were at our table. With them was the handsome French actor, Claude Dauphin. He's something of a French Spencer Tracy. Is that bad? Maria, with her hair high on her head, was wearing one of those gorgeous gowns she brought back from Paris—a pink Angora wool with long sleeves and a high collar. Her evening bag was a stunning thing made of alligator. Leave it to la Montez to be different. Later, the same week, Maria entertained for Dauphin and I'll tell you about that further on.

* * *

But there was still another party to be covered that same evening. Yes, the social affairs are getting so crowded that they're tossing them two at a time.

The famous international hostess, Cobina Wright, Sr., was giving one of her delightful affairs and so I grabbed onto Roy and off we went.

Judy Garland, looking like a fashion plate, was leaving just as we arrived but she was still receiving congratulations on the way she had sung "Little Girl Blue" for the guests. Her dress was pale green and with it she was wearing the loveliest coral earrings and necklace, a present from Vincente. Very sophisticated was our Judy, who was just a little girl such a short time ago. But as Mrs. Vincente Minnelli, she could pose for any fashion book.

Lana Turner had come alone—her heartbeat, Ty Power, being in Mexico making *Captain from Castile*, but, oh, did she look out of this world? She, too, had her hair up and wore a sleek black dress with gold filagree jewelry. Lana never looks the same twice. Sometimes (and this was certainly one of those times) I think she has wonderful taste.

"Are you really in love with Ty?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, turning those big, brown eyes on me. "This is the real thing." How many times have I heard Lana say that before, each time with the conviction of a girl who has finally met the man she's looking for. "I'm deeply in love with Tyrone and as soon as I finish my picture, I'm going to Mexico to be with him. He's so lonesome." Well, THAT I can understand.

Cobina's house is a divine place for a party. It's right next door, or should I say right next hill, to Pickfair, and has a view of the entire city of Los Angeles from its wide windows that almost seem to be glass walls.

A formal dinner had been served earlier in the evening but at midnight, supper was set up on buffet tables in the dining room—wonderful Mexican dishes. Somewhere in the background, someone was playing romantic music very softly until Skitch Henderson took over the keyboard.

Skitch was with Anita Colby, natch. I was surprised that he wasn't wearing a tie and a few minutes later I discovered why. Anita had taken it off him to wear around the neck of her stunning black fur coat—and believe it or not the effect was so smart it's sure to start a new fad.

At three o'clock in the morning, my cowboy friend, Roy Rogers, who had suddenly become the social hit of Hollywood, started down the hill.

"How did you like your first night in Hollywood society, Roy?" I asked him.

"It's shore wonderful," he said, "if you just don't come unfrayed!"

* * *

Every year Louis B. Mayer, boss of M-G-M, tosses a beeg party and when I say beeg, I mean BIG. Two hundred guests sat down to dinner and later danced at Louis' Beverly Hills house that is literally filled with the racing trophies won by Busher, Honeymoon, Be Faithful and others of his famous race horses.

Little June Allyson, cuter than a bug, in a white gown, danced almost every number with that man she loves, Dick Powell. He's lost so much weight his dinner jacket doesn't fit him at all and June said it looked like it had been made for Sydney Greenstreet. "I was never fat," Dick snubbed her. "Just pleasingly plump."

At the next table were Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor—Barbara looking lovely in a decolleté gown, but admitting that she has made so many pictures in the past twelve months that she's practically out on her feet. She won't work so hard next year. Bob insists that she take time off to go to Europe with him.

The tables were set up way past the dining room out to the patio which had been covered with gay striped canvas. Through the open doors I spotted Claudette Colbert in the most unusual color green dress I have ever seen, but on her it looked good, Walter Pidgeon talking quietly with Cary Grant, much to the distress of several belles who would have liked to be talking to Walter Pidgeon and Cary Grant; Gail Patrick, looking like a dream walking—and Ann Sheridan, simply stunning in a gold gown.

* * *

Still another producer who gave with a terrific party was Hal Roach, and the occasion honored my favorite doctor, Dr. Harry Martin, Bebe Daniels and the host, himself, on their natal day.

Hal's beautiful colonial house in Beverly Hills had practically been turned into a smart nightclub—the whole idea being Mrs. Roach's. A full orchestra played for the dancers until the wee small hours and over one hundred and fifty people sat down to dinner.

The Gregory Pecks seldom attend big Hollywood parties, but they were among the first to arrive at Hal's.

Mrs. Peck is such a cute little thing and I have noticed that she dresses in a very distinctive style. She wears high neck dresses for evening, usually with long sleeves. Here she had on a black bouffant model with a tiny ruffle of white around the neck. With her close-cropped blonde hair she looked like a grown-up doll. And maybe you think her good-looking husband wasn't proud of the admiring glances coming her way.

Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard told me that their son, Ridge, had just celebrated his first birthday and that he was on his way to becoming the best dressed man in town. "Best diapered," whispered Bill. But it's true that Dottie is having all Bill's best looking sweaters copied into miniatures for Ridge and sometimes he looks like a football player and sometimes like Clark Gable in the turtle neck numbers!

Jeanette MacDonald looked every inch the glamorous opery star in a gold dress and formal hairdo. But she was sad. Gene Raymond was taking off the following day for New York and a Broadway show and they would be parted for a little while.

I noticed that several of the girls were wearing a new hair arrangement. Both Lana Turner and Mrs. Bob Cobb sported long, straight hair with long, uncurled bangs.

Mary Pickford was wearing her famous diamond and ruby necklace—a truly fabulous piece of jewelry. It is elaborate enough to adorn royalty—but wasn't Mary, herself, the "Queen" of Hollywood for many years?

I got a tremendous kick out of the special "newspaper," Bebe Daniels had gotten up, written as I write my column but filled with crazy, and I fear, scandalous "news" about all the guests present. The papers were delivered by the cutest little newsboy I think I've ever seen. No, he isn't in pictures. He's the kid who delivers papers regularly at the Roach house and he asked to be allowed to be in on the gag. His eyes almost popped out at all the famous stars—but I thought he looked longest at June Allyson.

* * *

Maria Montez, who used to be such a flyaway girl, has settled down into one of our most dignified young matrons. She and Jean Pierre Aumont have a charming home, and when I attended a cocktail party there, I thought how beautifully everything had been planned and arranged.

It was quite a gathering of the French colony, but I must say they are always so polite and never embarrass other people by speaking their native tongue.

Among the early arrivals, I noticed Turhan Bey, talking with a very pretty girl, and Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger.

Greg Bautzer was in a corner with Joan Caulfield and Greg was very cool to me. When I inquired the reason, he said someone had told him I had said on my air show that Joan Crawford had given him a car. "I buy my own," he said stiffly. I told him that any one of seven other commentators must have said it. I didn't.

I don't know at this writing whether Greg, who's been attentive to so many Hollywood beauties, Dorothy Lamour, Lana Turner and others, will make up with Joan Crawford or not. That's a romance you can't figure out.

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Red Majesty

NEW HIT SHADE BY

Tangee

(*Continued from page 54*)

doing, and thinking to myself how nice it would have been to duck out of camp and spend the day with Eddie Rubin.

"About 3 o'clock that afternoon," continued Briggs, "I was called to the office for another phone call. I picked up the receiver and said: 'Private Briggs talking,' and then I almost fell on the floor, because the voice on the other end said: 'Private, this is Capt. Smith talking.' I figured it was a gag but before I could make some comedy crack, the voice said: "P.R.O. has asked that you be permitted to go to El Cortez Hotel to renew an old RKO friendship. A station wagon will pick you up in thirty minutes. Your pass will be good until they leave.' Then the phone clicked."

What had happened was this: Rubin told Ginger about ex-RKO actor Briggs, asked if Rubin could use Ginger's name to get him off for a few hours. "Certainly," said Ginger. "Why ask me, Eddie?" Rubin explained that it might be very embarrassing if the Marines asked Ginger about Briggs, and Ginger knew nothing about it. "When you meet him, Ginger," warned Rubin, "make believe you knew Jack at RKO, or he may get into trouble in boot camp."

h'ya,marine . . .

Pvt. Briggs, No. 435529, got to El Cortez Hotel, feeling plenty awkward. Marines passing by the hotel, as the station wagon pulled up, made typical Marine comments as the rookie clambered out. Briggs says he never felt so completely awkward as he felt at that moment. "Ginger," said Eddie Rubin, upstairs, "this is the Marine I was telling you about, Jack Briggs." Ginger, who had been seeing Marines all day long, said casually: "H'ya Marine?" Briggs said he was all right.

"You have dinner with us tonight, Jack," said Rubin. So it was settled, but when they were about to enter the dining room, Pvt. Briggs backed away, his face ashen. "What's wrong, pal?" asked Rubin, solicitously. "You sick?" Mute, Briggs pointed inside to Ginger's table. "I can't sit there," he said. "She's a real nice girl, Jack," soothed Eddie. "She's no movie star prima donna." Gasped Briggs: "It's not her! But look at those officers with her. I can't sit down at the same table with them. It just isn't done!! I'm going out to a beanery and get me a sandwich and coffee, and I'll see you later. Goodbye."

Rubin chased after him, got him in the lobby: "Now, listen, jerk," he stormed. "This is just another day's work to us. I don't know from colonels and captains and all that stuff. You're having dinner with me, and that goes." At the dining room entrance, Briggs again turned pale but Rubin, behind him, shoved, and this time they got to the table. "Hello, Jack," said Ginger, looking up and putting on a personality smile. "I never suffered through such a meal," shudders ex-Pvt. Briggs. "The officers tried to speak to me, but brother, I didn't try to make small talk with them."

Later he and Rubin were in Ginger's suite after the Bond Show. "Well," said Ginger, "that ends the trip." She flipped off her high-heeled shoes, tucked those good-looking legs under her on the divan, and yawned. "Well," said Pvt. Briggs, taking what he thought was a hint, "I'm shoving off. It's been a lot of fun." Rubin looked at him in astonishment: "Don't you want something to eat? I don't think you ate much at dinner." Briggs looked at him gratefully: "I'd love to eat," he said. So Ginger called room service and they sat around for hours, and probably it was at that point that a movie star and a Marine fell in love.

"When you get up to Hollywood, after boot camp," said Ginger, when he was leaving, "give me a ring."

"I couldn't go to sleep all that night," Briggs told me, grinning at Ginger. "I kept telling myself that she'd said to call her only because I was a serviceman. But then I'd think to myself that, now and then, when our eyes met, she had smiled differently from the way a girl smiles at *any* guy. The next night, I sat down and wrote her a letter, thanking her for the evening and for getting me out of camp. I was really packing a 'torch.' Two days later, I went completely daffy—there was a letter from *HER!* She said to call her when I got to Hollywood."

But by the time he got to Hollywood, Briggs had lost his nerve. He didn't call, because he didn't know her private number. He didn't call Eddie Rubin, because he didn't want Rubin to tell him to behave himself.

"One day Ginger telephoned me," broke in Rubin. "'That friend of yours, Briggs, is a nice guy,' she said. 'I see by the Hollywood Reporter that he was in town over the weekend. Did he call you?'" Rubin said he hadn't. "'He didn't call me, either," said Ginger. So Rubin, burned at Briggs for this breach of courtesy, sent him a letter at San Diego, bawling him out and telling him, next time in Hollywood, to telephone Ginger and act like a gentleman.

"From then on," said Rubin, "I never heard from Jack, and a couple of times, I commented to Ginger how odd it was. "Maybe he's shipped out," said Ginger.

But Briggs hadn't yet shipped out. Each weekend, he came up to Hollywood, and each weekend, he spent with Ginger Rogers. They picked unusual hideouts.

"Then, one day, Ginger telephoned me from Paramount," interrupted Rubin, "and I rushed over to the *Lady in the Dark* set. They were just about to shoot a scene when I came on the stage, but Ginger asked the director to hold the shot. She took me to her dressing room, then closed the door, and said: 'Eddie, I've got something important, very important, to tell you and I want you to know it first. I'm going to be married.' I congratulated her and she asked me to guess the man's name. Now, that's a very tough spot, but I made a couple of stabs at it and she said: 'No, it's Jack Briggs. We want you to be best man.'"

Briggs took over as narrator: "She was to meet me at Los Angeles; wait out there in the parking lot in her car. What a day! At the very time I was supposed to be arriving at L.A., the train was just pulling into San Diego, and we left there two hours and 15 minutes late. I was dying. Every now and then, I'd push the window shade aside to see where we were. Finally we got to L.A. As I stood up to put on my jacket, I looked down and there, on the lap of the lady sitting across the aisle was a MODERN SCREEN Magazine, with a picture of Ginger in it. The magazine was upside down, so I leaned down and turned it around, apologizing to the lady.

"'She's mighty lovely, isn't she?' the lady asked. I told her that Ginger certainly was lovely. 'Too bad,' said the lady, 'I understand she's marrying some Marine tonight.'"

just another couple . . .

With Rubin at the wheel, they sped to Pasadena, to the rectory of a church they could see from the main street. The rectory room was decorated with basketball trophies which the young pastor had won in school. He didn't recognize Virginia McMath, and Jack Briggs was just another Marine. When Rubin tried to slip him a bill, after the ceremony, Rev. Day refused to take it: "The least we can do for servicemen is to marry them free," he pointed out. The next day, Ginger sent him a letter with her appreciation and something from Jack for the church.

For the next 21 months, Briggs served overseas with the Sixth Marines at New Caledonia, Guadalcanal and Okinawa. "Never met so many Texans in my life," he said.

"I'd kid the new ones by saying my wife came from Texas, and that she'd won a Charleston contest down there. 'Now whaddya know?' they'd say, and when I'd tell them her name was Virginia McMath, they'd allow as how they didn't know the name, but that she sure must be a fine dancer. Later, some of the old-timers would tell them my wife was Ginger Rogers, and they'd come back and ask me all about her. When I'd explain she originally came from Independence, Missouri, they'd say: 'Yeah, but she got to Texas right quick.'"

Briggs, in his plans to become a producer, would like to get some of those Marines to join up with him in Hollywood. "I don't know if they'd care much for it, though," he said. "I think if you took them away from Texas, they'd never forgive you."

"Listen, Jack," I told him, "I'd like to write this love story of you and Ginger, because it's the nicest love story ever told, the story of a Marine and a movie star falling head over heels in love, but fan magazines are a little leary of Hollywood love stories. By the time the magazine gets to the stands, naming an Ideal Hollywood Couple, generally the Ideal Couple has made reservations at Reno. Now that's downright embarrassing."

"Look, Ed," said Briggs, "the Marine Corps motto is 'Semper Fidelis,' 'Always Faithful,' and that's the way it is and it's always going to be. She is the loveliest girl in all the world, and I'm the luckiest Marine."

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JODY

(Continued from page 62)

There he was, tow-headed, blue eyed, sensitive faced. As far as appearance was concerned, he was perfect; but there were other things I had to know about Jody, so he was brought to the principal's office. Incidentally, Jody was told that I was a football coach, scouting elementary schools, so he had no real inkling of my errand.

We sat there and talked sports for a few minutes; then I launched into the story of *The Yearling* as if it were an experience of a friend of mine. I had to be sure of at least two things: that Jody was interested in and responsive to the plight of animals, and that he had imagination enough to react to a story situation.

As I reached the episode in which Flag, the fawn, was shot by mistake, I watched Jody carefully. He pressed his lips together, his button nose began to redden, and those summer-sky eyes filled with tears that couldn't be controlled.

great moment . . .

That was a great moment for me, as it would have been for any director. I knew that my original hunch had been right: here was a responsive youngster who could give a great performance.

However, we did go through moments when both Jody and I wanted to give up and hand the deer business back to Disney. Do you remember the sequence in which Jody and Flag romped along the crest of the hill, silhouetted against the sky?

That scene was intended to express several things: the spiritual renewal of spring, the lilt of the morning, the beauty of all young life. I wanted Jody to stride along in rhythm. My idea of background music for that sequence had already taken form, so I wanted Jody to stride, then skip, then lope absolutely on beat.

When we went into rehearsal I was counting measures like an old music master. Once I felt that I had established the syncopation, I asked Jody to try it. Well, the first result was as far from what I wanted as Ed Wynn is from Astaire. "Hold it, Jody. Let's try it again," I said.

We tried it again. And again. And again. He couldn't get it.

I lost plenty of sleep over it. One morning I looked at Jody, who was rubbing his own eyes, and said, "Didn't you rest well?"

"I stayed awake for a long time last night, figuring out how I'm supposed to walk along the hill," he explained. "I've just *got* to do it right."

I stopped worrying. That kind of spirit simply can't fail. A few days later we filmed the sequence without a hitch.

For a long time I couldn't talk about our first day of scheduled shooting in Florida, but I've grown mellow with the passing months. The episode hurt me worse than it did Jody—in a different place, as usual. Naturally, the studio had been put to considerable expense to bring Jody and his father from Tennessee to Georgia, to establish them in living quarters, and to make the preliminary tests. I had vouched for the boy, committing the studio for vast sums of money on my judgment.

That first morning a studio car was dispatched to pick up Mr. Jarman and Jody, and to bring them to our location. As they were whisked along the highway, Jody caught sight of one of those highway stands displaying a sign which read, "All the orange juice you can drink—10c."

In the confusion of the car's arrival, Jody slipped away, unnoticed, from his father and me, and hiked back to the stand. When we couldn't find him, we were frantic.

Meanwhile, Jody slapped his dime down on the counter and took the stand operator at his word. He absorbed one glass of orange juice, another, and another.

He started back to camp, but the warmth of the day and the weight of his burden were too much for him. When he finally dragged up the road and into the clearing —where we were forming a posse—he was the sickest lad I have ever seen.

Usually Jody and Gregory Peck spent an afternoon each week in a flat boat on a nearby lake, fishing. They had consistently good luck, if not in catching fish, in locating other objects of interest. They were near shore one afternoon when they spotted a baby crocodile. It was only about eight inches long, and because it was so small they thought it would make a cute pet. Greg caught it and stuffed it inside his shirt.

Back at camp, Greg and Jody fixed up a cosy nest in a cardboard box, and put the baby croc to sleep.

Some hours later the midnight peace of our cottage court was demolished by a series of outraged howls. Greg rolled out first, muttering something about the mama crocodile probably having come to get her child, as he grabbed a gun.

odd bed-fellow . . .

When we reached the Jarman bungalow, we found Jody doing his best to maintain a sorrowful air and a straight face. He had taken the crocodile to bed with him, a stunt he might have learned from sleeping with Flag in *The Yearling*. Mr. Jarman had come home from a late gin rummy session with members of the crew, had undressed in the dark, and had slid in beside his son. His presence was promptly and actively resented by an object that Mr. Jarman excitedly decided must be at least a diamond-back rattler. He had leaped out of bed, yelling at the top of his lungs.

Quite a few persons have said to me recently, "Do you think Hollywood is going to ruin Jody?"

Certainly I don't. In the first place he isn't the sort of human being who spoils easily. Furthermore, he has a wondering, naïve quality that will—I hope—remain with him all his days.

At Christmas time last year, the cast and crew chipped in and bought Jody one of those canvas director's chairs with his name lettered conventionally in black across the back. You should have seen him. He sparkled like Fourth of July, and thanked everyone remotely connected with the gift. At the end of the day he asked diffidently, "Do you suppose it would be all right for me to take it home to keep?" It never occurred to Jody to keep it at the studio. Impressing anyone is the farthest thing from his mind.

On his birthday, the cast and crew gave him a party—just cake and ice cream on the set—but it made a nice break in the afternoon, and Jody regarded it as a banquet.

A few days later Jody arrived at the studio with a crate of apples and a sign. The apples, which he had bought on his own hook out of his allowance, were placed on a prominent table below the sign which read, "Please Help Yourself."

When he became a full-fledged Boy Scout (he had served his apprenticeship as a cub in Tennessee), Jody invited me to attend the ceremony.

I had never been present at such an affair before. As I watched the lighting of the candles which signified each tenet of the Scout creed, and listened to the tense, dedicated young voices reciting the Scout pledges, I had a lump in my throat the size of a baseball.

There I stood, gazing at Jody and trying to keep my eyes from misting as he marched forward, a lanky, tow-headed, solemn-faced lad who was the very spirit of reverence. I had spent enough time with him to know that his throat was taut, too, and he was having trouble keeping his own eyes dry. After he had finished his part of the service, he swung around and gave me a snappy salute. It was swell. So swell, in fact, that I was glad I had brought along an extra handkerchief.

I've given a good deal of thought to Jody's future. Before long he will have to go through an adjustment period during which he's going to add both height and weight. To judge from the present police-dog puppy size of his hands and feet, I'd say that he may be as tall as Walter Pidgeon or Gary Cooper when he's full grown.

Inevitably, he's going to pass through an awkward stage during which he is going to present a casting problem. Only time will tell how he will emerge from this period of development.

Incidentally, if he goes on with his picture career, he will probably be known as Jody Jarman instead of Claude Jarman, Jr., because no one ever calls him anything except Jody right now.

As I am writing these paragraphs about Jody, the Academy Award nominations haven't even been made. When this is on the magazine stands, the Award for the best performance by a juvenile actor will already have been made, so what I am going to say puts me out on a limb.

Still, I am willing to stake my reputation that he'll win an Award. I think the kid is great and deserves to win because he is intelligent, sensitive, has a swell sense of humor, listens to advice, hasn't grown fresh or wiseguy, and finally because he owns an impressive amount of honest-to-Pete talent. That's my boy.

VIRGINIA WELLES . . .

Paramount featured player, soon to be seen in "Dear Ruth" and "Variety Girl."

Virginia models our pet choice for the Easter parade—a navy blue dress-plus-jacket that sings spring. It's rayon crepe and taffeta. The smart little lumberjacket comes off to reveal a slim dress which will be wonderful all summer long. (You can see the dress without the jacket on the next page.)

The dress is by Doris Dodson. It comes in sizes 9 to 15, and costs about $18.

With it, a pale blue felt cloche—new because it fits the head, because it wears its ribbons on the side. Hat by Ann Portny—$12.

Shining accent—a silver-finished rhinestone chatalette, new because it fastens like a pin. Chatalette by Jordan—$5.

modern screen fashions

Easter must be closer than you think . . .

see the new

VIRGINIA WELLES, Paramount featured player, models your Easter coat. Below, she wears the Doris Dodson dress (without jacket), shown in color on page 71.

1. Short and snappy—with a flare in back. Black and white Shamokin all-wool plaid. 10-18. About **$23**

By Summit Sportswear

2. Slim dressy twill reefer—shining satin binding. Rayon and wool. Comes in black or navy. 10 to 20. **$30**

By Judy Nell

To find out where to buy these clothes please turn to pa

spring coats!

3. Slick gabardine reefer—big easy sleeves. Rayon and wool. Black, brown, navy, others. 9-15. **$35**

By Judy Nell

4. Luscious greatcoat — silver door-knocker buttons, crescent pockets, 100% wool suede cloth. Black, red, pastels. 9-15. **$40**

By Lassie Junior

Easter must be closer than you think . . .

see the pretty hats!

By CONNIE BARTEL

1. Open-crowned flower garden—little brim. By Ann Portny. Swanky, gold-finished pin (copy of a very expensive one), $4. Matching earrings, $2. Both by Jordan. **$5.95**

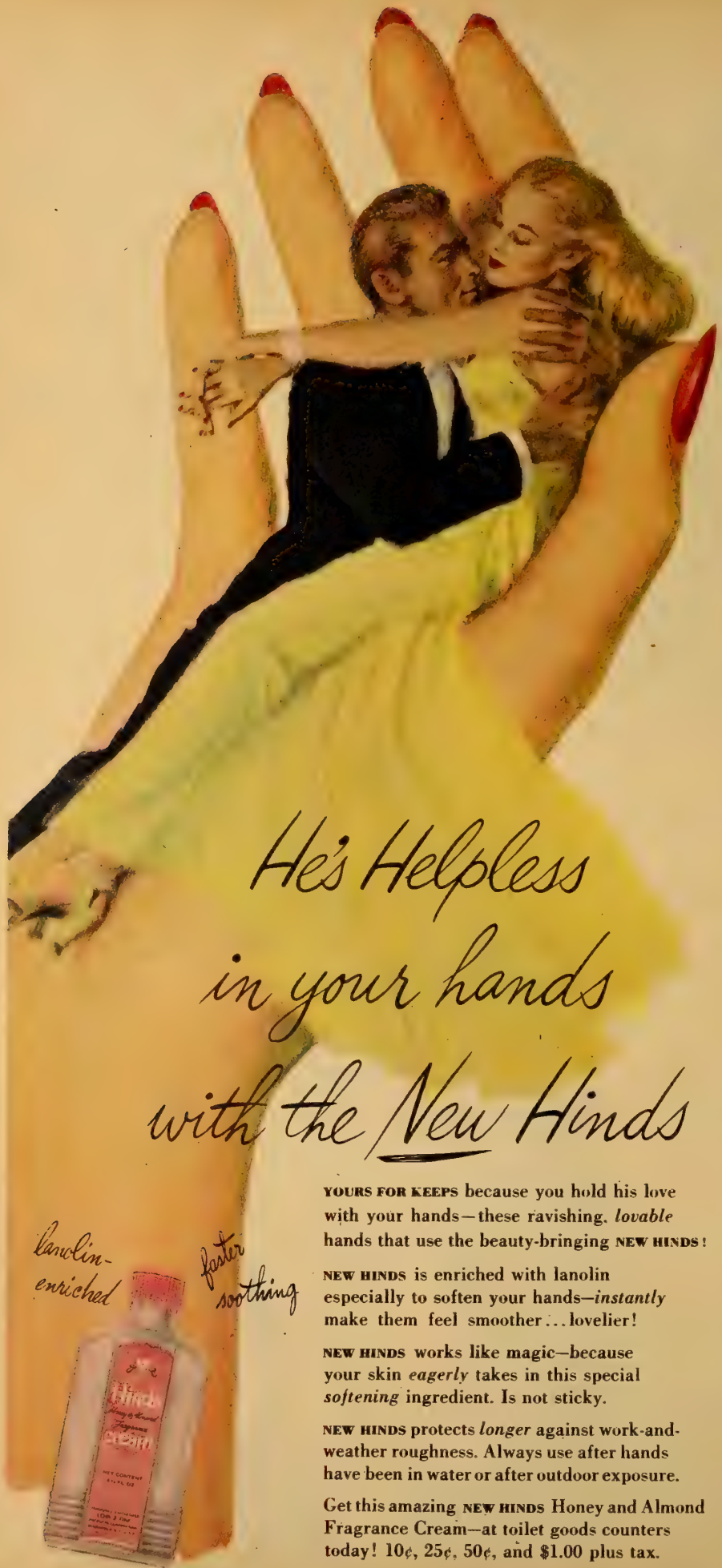
2. Shallow-crowned bonnet—spring flowers. By Ann Portny. Fashion's favorite link choker, gold or silver finished. With matching bracelet, $1 a set. Earrings, $1. By Jordan. **$5.95**

3. Deep-crowned suit hat—gay tailored ribbons. By Ann Portny. **$5.95**
Lapel gadget bound to make conversation—gold-finished peace-pipe, with winking stones. $2. By Jordan.

To find out where to buy these hats and jewelry, please turn to page 79.

4. Sonnet-bonnet—with a here-I-come taffeta bow. By Ann Portny. **$6.95**

Dressed-up pin with spray of sparkles—gold finished with pastel stones. $2. Scroll earrings, $1. By Jordan.



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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Thank you and thank you some more for your wonderful letters about our new Modern Screen Fashion Section. We simply can't express what it means to us to have you say right out loud in writing that you are finding our fashions right for your taste, your purse, and your life.

We'd like to remind you that you can always find out where to buy Modern Screen Fashions in the list of stores in the back of the magazine. On every group of fashion photos there's a line which says—"to find out where to buy these fashions, please turn to page so and so." Just in case you haven't happened to notice this line—start looking for it now. It will always guide you to our list of stores. Don't forget that if a store in your city isn't listed, if you'll write to me, I'll answer promptly giving you the name of a store near you.

Another thing. If you should have trouble in locating a Modern Screen fashion in a store, remember that stores often sell the same kind of merchandise on different floors. Suits, for example, might be divided up among three different departments in one store. That's why it's a good idea to take the photo right out of the magazine and carry it into the store with you—it'll help you locate it faster. And another good thing to do is mention the name of the designer of the garment—which you'll always find under the photo. We mean those lines that say: "By Jonathan Logan"—or "By Judy 'n Jill" or whatever the designer's name may be.

And have you seen our pretty new pink and green fashion tag yet? It says "As featured in Modern Screen" and you'll find it attached to the actual clothes in the stores. It's so new not many stores have it yet—but we're working on it and you'll be seeing it soon. Watch for it!

Best wishes for being best dressed—

Connie Bartel

Easter must be closer than you think . . .

see the fresh white blouses!

1. Adore little collars—push-up sleeves? 9-15. By Toni Owen. **$5.95.** Flashing star pins by Jordan. Large or medium, $2. Small, $1.

2. Love square necks—and fagotting? 9-15. By Toni Owen. **$5.95.** Antique-looking chatelaine, gold or silver finish. By Jordan. $3.

3. Silly for frilly ruffles? 10-18. By Toni Owen. **$5.95.**

Flower-petal earrings set with stones. By Jordan. $2.

All in Bates Chamikin Rayon Crepe.

To find out where to buy blouses and jewelry, please turn to page 79.

Middy dress in Stunzi rayon crepe.
Grey, navy, aqua, melon. 10-18.
By Lombardy **$14.95**

Have you seen the latest?

MIDDY torso
PLEATED skirt

■ Here it is—the biggest and most important fashion news of the year. It's the middy top and pleated skirt—and we want to tip you off in advance because it's spreading like crazy. See the long blouse—coming way down over the hips? See the *accordion* pleated skirt? It adds up to a hit fashion trend you're going to see everywhere—either in one-piece dresses, as here—or in separate middies and skirts. And wait until you try one on—you never saw yourself so slim! The hat is part of the same becoming 1920's trend—too new to be everywhere yet, but a very definite coming attraction. Watch and see!

To find out where to buy the middy dress, turn to page 79

Posed by Paramount's Virginia Welles:

Middy dress—white, aqua, peach top—black or brown shantung skirt. 9-15.
By Jonathan Logan **$12.95**

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

NAVY BLUE EASTER DRESS AND JACKET
Worn by Virginia Welles
(page 71)

Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Brothers
Columbus, Ohio—The Fashion
Detroit, Mich.—Himelhoch's
Houston, Texas—Foley Bros.
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Brothers
Washington, D. C.—F. R. Jelleff, Inc.

Chatalette pin worn by Virginia Welles
(page 71)
(See jewelry list opposite)

BLUE FELT HAT
Worn by Virginia Welles
(color photo—page 71)

Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
Detroit, Michigan—Himelhoch's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Washington, D. C.—F. R. Jelleff, Inc.

"SEE THE NEW SPRING COATS!"
Coat number 1
(pages 72-73)

Allentown, Pa.—Hess Bros.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Trenton, N. J.—Stacy Sports Shop

Coats number 2 and 3
(pages 72-73)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Namm's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers Subway Store
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh's

Coat number 4
(pages 72-73)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's
Detroit, Mich.—Kline's
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's

"SEE THE PRETTY HATS"
(pages 74-75)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—B. Lowenstein & Bros.
Nashville, Tenn.—Harvey's

"SEE THE FRESH WHITE BLOUSES"
(page 77)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
Rochester, N. Y.—B. Forman

JEWELRY

Chatalette pin worn by Virginia Welles
(page 71)

Jewelry on pages 74-75

Jewelry on page 77

(All at stores below)

Ashtabula, Ohio—Carlisle-Allen
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
Atlantic City, N. J.—Maeberns
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Brothers
Boise, Idaho—Anderson's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Butler, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue Co.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Columbus, Ohio—F. R. Lazarus Co.
Connellesville, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
Du Bois, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Easton, Pa.—Orr Dept. Store
Fairmont, West Va.—Jones, Inc.
Flushing, N. Y.—Abramson's
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Herpolsheimer's
Greensburg, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Harrisburg, Pa.—Worth's
Indiana, Pa.—A. E. Troutman
Jackson, Mich.—L. H. Field
Kansas City, Mo.—Peck Company
La Trobe, Pa.—S. P. Reed Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Miami, Fla.—Richard Store
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbel's
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Portland, Me.—J. E. Palmer
Reading, Pa.—Pomeroy's
San Antonio, Texas—Joske's
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche
Springfield, Mo.—Heer's, Inc.
Stamford, Conn.—C. O. Miller
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr
Syracuse, N. Y.—Dey Brothers
Tampa, Fla.—Maas Brothers
Toledo, Ohio—LaSalle & Koch
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.
Wooster, Ohio—H. Freedlander

MIDDY TORSO PLEATED SKIRT DRESS WITH WHITE PIQUE COLLAR AND CUFFS
(page 78)

Chicago, Ill.—M. L. Rothschild
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder

If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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LASTEX* by FABTEX *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(*Continued from page 41*)

be, because I am more than a wife to John. I am also, in a sense, his landlady!

With one exception, I knew the man I married pretty well. The exception was that I don't think I ever realized how much John could change some of my ideas. Or how I'd grow to value his opinions.

For instance, there is the matter of the "little room." In our house, which nestles on the hillside beneath huge pine trees just off the Sunset Strip, there is a tiny downstairs sitting room. I never liked that little room. I have a compelling fear of hemmed-in places.

Of course, that little room would be the one place in the house to which John took a sudden special liking.

"You can stay in there all you want," I said, "but you know how I feel—so we'll just call it your hideout."

John and I had discovered an artist whose work we liked tremendously, and I was delighted that for our first Christmas my husband wanted me to pick out one of his canvasses.

We went over to the studio of Benton Scott, who is one of America's most promising young artists, and it took me ten seconds to make up my mind. I wanted Scott's "The Clown."

I'll have you know that the model who posed for this is a genuine circus clown. The face is so lifelike that the facial expression changes, or seems to, depending on your own mood.

Well—wouldn't you know it—"The Clown" now hangs in "the little room," and I spend hours there. His expression seems to say, "How ridiculous can *you* get?" Subsequently, the last vestige of my complex about the room has vanished.

Maybe one reason John's influence has been so effective is that he doesn't ruffle easily, though his calmness is not of the taunting variety. I think he has good judgment, which causes me at this point to drop the remark that in my opinion, without reference to physical stature (John's being considerable) a girl likes a man she can look up to without the annoying realization that he is looking down at her.

Consider my prime fault. I am not the neatest girl in the world. Oh, I like things in their places. But all I have to do is walk around in a room, and the first thing I know, there may be a dress on the bed, too many magazines on a table and confusion all around. The general effect is as if someone had cleaned the room with an eggbeater!

John, effortlessly, is just the opposite. But bless his orderly heart, he's never once so much as dropped a hint. Unless, of course, you count the time he walked across the room—he *would* be barefoot, of course—and stepped right on my high heeled sandals. He dropped a hint then, all right—in ringing tones! The first time I really became aware of this considerable difference between us was when we decided to build a separate dressing room for him over the garage.

When all this was completed, I observed that John's quarters were invariably as orderly as one would imagine a cadet's at West Point would be.

To bring the point into sharp focus, John is the type of man who either dresses like a man of distinction or else very casually, but never half and half.

Not that my John is perfect. He'll kill me for telling this story. But I've just got to tell it.

Came the approach of a large party. At the time I was knee deep in *Razor's Edge*. I was at the studio before 6:30. John, poor man, was momentarily not working in a picture, and the burden of preparation fell on him.

John said not to worry for a second. He'd take care of the whole thing. During a break on the set that day, I received an urgent call.

"I am ten miles out in the San Fernando Valley," he said, "but I have finally located that coffee pot."

"Coffee pot!" I exclaimed. "Don't tell me it was that hard to find!"

"Sure," he replied, "but it's a beauty. Just like they have in restaurants. As a matter of fact, it's really an urn, six feet high, all aluminum, and with a wonderful spigot. Really, darling it's terrific—and such a bargain at only $50.00!"

"But John," I fumbled for words which would avoid delivering a crushing blow at this moment of his triumph. "All I wanted was one of those large crocks with a spigot. They cost three or four dollars. Please don't buy that restaurant thing."

"Look, Anne," he exclaimed, "I can't go back on that deal now."

"And why not?" I demanded.

"Because," he retorted, "I haven't any sales resistance! I was so happy about finding this that they'll think I'm crazy if I don't take it."

When I arrived home that night I found a man's version of the answers to a list a woman can make out and pick up in a few hours, plus enough candy and nuts to open a small shop of our own.

"John," I said, as gently as I could, "there are some things that only a female mind can comprehend."

I suppose that any young wife wonders what is going to happen when she and her husband "settle down" and she isn't in the spotlight quite as much as she was during courtship.

My experience in the "settling down" process came abruptly when John said one day, quite casually, "Anne, I'm going to take up golf seriously."

I swallowed my dubious thoughts and said it was a fine idea. Then I promptly went to look at my riding clothes. It had been quite awhile since I'd ridden horseback regularly. So when John played golf, it wasn't necessary for me to exclaim, "Oh John, you're not going out to the course again today, are you?"

When we went to Palm Springs for a rest after John finished Hal Wallis' *Desert Fury* at Paramount, I really enjoyed those long rides through the desert while John played golf.

letting her hair down . . .

Since I'm really letting my hair down in this story—maybe I can get away with revealing that John is one of the few actors who doesn't happen to like lunching in all the noise and table-hopping of the studio commissary. After he'd grumbled about it long enough to impress me, I marched myself out one day and purchased a shiny, old-fashioned lunch pail, which I presented to John the next day.

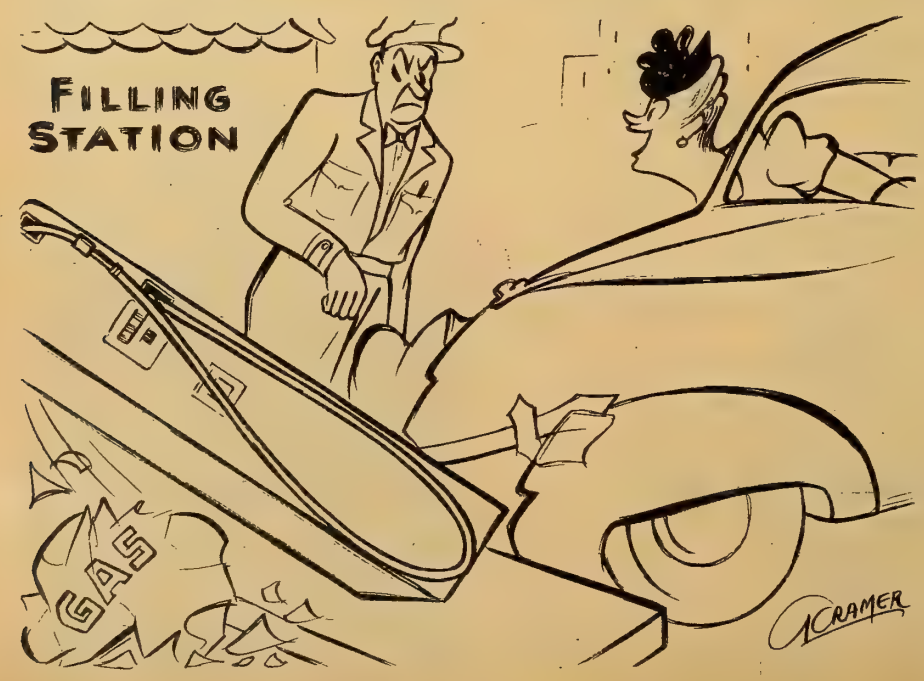
"Look inside, dear," I said, after he'd finished exclaiming. And there, wrapped in double layers of waxed paper, snuggled a fine, fat Dagwood sandwich I had whipped up. You know, one of those super-duper, king-size combinations of bread, meat, cheese, mustard—and pickle, of course! Well, it broke John up. He laughed so hard I thought he'd forget about the practical side of my gift. But not my husband. He toted his pail (and sandwich!) to work the next day and had a nice quiet lunch in his dressing room, where he likes to go over his scenes for the afternoon.

For no reason at all, we put a sign on the pail, reading "The Surrey With The Fringe On Bottom." People look at the sign and roar with laughter or frown and say, "I don't get it." The latter reaction is more sensible—it doesn't mean a thing, except that John and I enjoy our nonsensical jokes.

Don't you think sometimes that

(*Continued on page 83*)

MODERN SCREEN



"It's all right. I just want some water."

Very personally yours

You're Dining Out . . . and you adore it. You love the festive atmosphere . . . listen for the heady Latin music that recalls your first ecstatic glimpse of "night life". It was like a great neon pinwheel spinning with fun and glamour and romance . . . and all *very personally yours.*

Tonight, you're radiant with that same young enthusiasm. Proving once again that *any* woman can stay young-in-heart, when she's free from care. "Those" cares, for example. And that's why you always insist on Kotex, for with that exclusive safety center you're sure . . . secure.

Moreover, you're free from revealing outlines, with those flat pressed ends of Kotex. Free from discomfort, too, because Kotex is a dream of softness . . . is made to stay soft while you wear it. And because your daintiness is so important, each Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. Yes, and only Kotex has 3 sizes (Regular, Junior, Super Kotex).

Naturally, then, your *every* evening can be as carefree as your laughter-loving heart. You can keep that radiant charm always *very personally yours.*

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than <u>all</u> other sanitary napkins

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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

ROBERT STERLING, June Allyson's brother in The Secret Heart, *was born in Newcastle, Pa. His birthday is November 13. Bob's real name is W. H. Hart; he's 6' 1½" tall; weighs 175 lbs. and has blue eyes and brown hair. Married to Ann Sothern, has one child, and used to be a salesman. His favorite sport is golf. Write him at M-G-M studios.*

LLOYD BRIDGES, who played Johnny Steele in Canyon Passage, *is a California boy, born at San Leandro on January 15, 1913. He's 6'1" tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. His wife is Dorothy Simpson and they have one child. Lloyd got his start in stock and loves to browse in quaint book shops. Write him at Universal. Edith Moss, 150 Ridgewood Ave., San Francisco 12, Calif., has a fan club for him.*

HORACE McNALLY, whom you raved about in Magnificent Doll, *was born in New York City on July 29. He's 6'1" tall, weighs 185 lbs., and has brown hair and eyes. Rita Louise is his wife and they also have one youngster. Loves to play football. Write to him at Universal. Lorraine Wright, 25 Manhattan Ave., N.Y.C., has his fan club.*

Irene T., N. Y.: James Mason will not make a Hollywood picture very soon. First, he and his wife, Pamela Kellino, will do Bathsheba *on Broadway.*

A. Iskian, Okla. City: Those were excerpts from Brahms' Third Symphony played throughout Undercurrent *and Chopin's Etude, Opus 3, No. 10, played in* Faithful in My Fashion.

Stephanie F., L. A.: Pearl Tice, 514 Arch St., Perkasie, Pa. has Virginia Field's Club; Iris Archambault, 17 East Greenwich Ave., West Warwick, R. I. has the New Stars Club; Jean Harmon, 26 Foote St., Auburn, N. Y. heads Larry Brooks Club; Jimmy Durante's Club is run by Chuck Mittlestadt, Box 331, Fayette, Iowa.

SPECIAL OFFER

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART — 1946-'47 (10c)—First offered July '46. A new, better-than-ever edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of exclusive, fascinating data on the private lives, wives, hobbies, used-to-be jobs, latest pix of all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please enclose 10c in coin with your order.

That's all for now. Do hurry and send those questions of yours to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.*

THE MAN I MARRIED

(*Continued from page 80*)

really happy people are those who seem just a little "touched" to their neighbors? For instance, if John should decide to pitch golf balls into the swimming pool, he hasn't lost his mind. It's just that there is not one blade of grass around the house on which he can practice swinging.

Somehow, I know I should be more articulate in telling about John, but I'm not. When I try to "sum him up," the reactions come in "quick takes." Like this—

I like the way he looks directly at you and really listens.

He has a good mind.

He is not a superman, but he is big and strong and you know that the width of his shoulders isn't padding plus.

He is an excellent actor who has just begun to hit his real stride.

He is loyal, thoughtful, and wears like a Rolls Royce engine.

More than that—on a shelf in his dressing room, between a volume of Mencken's "American Language" and "The Pleasure of Their Company" is one of those how-to-be-happy-though-married books. No doubt, this volume is a valuable matrimonial aid, but I'll swear that John has never read it.

With no offense to the author, I hope he never does.

I like things the way they are now.

SAINT OR SINNER?

(*Continued from page 49*)

don't like it, you can get out and walk."

The little man got out. He fished in his pocket to pay the fare to this madman of cab drivers.

"No charge," the driver declared.

The little man peered at him.

"Why," he exclaimed, "You're Errol Flynn!"

"Of course, my good fellow," Flynn answered, "Who did you think I was?"

The little man went away from there, shaking his head. It is not known whether he tried to tell his wife that he had been driven home—almost—in a taxi chauffeured by Errol Flynn. The good woman probably would have eventually called a doctor and had him taken away in a straight jacket.

At any rate, Errol Flynn did drive a taxi in New Orleans. He had a right to, because he owned it, and it was not his fault if people pestered him for rides. He enjoyed every minute of it, and of course sold the cab to somebody else for nearly as much as he had paid for it.

There may be some who say that such a prank is not exactly adult. Those would be such prudish individuals as people who have never been to an American Legion convention or seen a free soul really enjoying himself. Flynn was at no legion convention; he is not a free soul, as eight hundred yards of court records will prove, but he does indulge in fantastic flights from the confining business of being a movie star.

What trouble Errol Flynn has had during his span of life in Hollywood is caused largely by the fact that he minds his own business. A lot of other people don't. They mind his.

At one time, Errol had the all-time record for alleged romantic escapades that wound up in court. Certain young ladies, apparently ambitious for both notoriety and cash, filed all manner of legal actions, resulting in Errol's regular appearance before the bar of justice. Few lawyers have spent more time there.

All of these trips to court have cost Errol Flynn an astronomical sum, much greater than the average man will earn in a lifetime. At a salary of $6,000 weekly, he could very nearly afford it until taxes zoomed in war time and left him with less than $25,000 from his salaried income each year.

I, who am clarifying a few points regarding Errol Flynn, do not claim that he is either a saint or a sinner. I have talked with him frequently during his ten years in Hollywood, drunk with him occasionally, although never toe to toe, and engaged in several small business dealings concerning his writings. And anyone who has ever bartered with Flynn would much prefer a workout with a Philadelphia lawyer—he is that well-equipped to handle his personal affairs.

Here I want to give answer to a number of questions that are being constantly asked about Flynn, some of which might even amaze him, aware as he is of the speed with which headlines flash by and the stubbornness with which false rumor clings.

Herewith the questions and answers:

Did Flynn really deny his marriage to Nora Eddington right through to the birth of their child?

No. For reasons of their own, the couple wished to keep their marriage a secret at first. Flynn detests making direct and corny replies to questions which begin, "Is it true that—" Reporters have tried to play cat and mouse with him and invariably discover that he is not the mouse. He denied the marriage at first. Later reporters forgot to follow up, and were amazed when Deirdre was born.

Is he actually married?

Yeah man, until further notice. He and Nora were married secretly in Mexico, Flynn using the name of Leslie Flynn.

Is Flynn a citizen of this country?

Yes, a former British subject, he was naturalized as Errol Leslie Flynn.

What is the mystery of his recent cruise?

There is no mystery, except that conjured up by imaginative writers. Flynn planned a cruise to the waters off the Mexican coast to enable his father and another professor to do scientific research. They discovered and studied new types of fish and their feeding habits with relation to the problem of increasing sea food and extending knowledge and research halted by the war.

Was Nora really a "tyrant" as some of the crew members were reported to have said?

Nora, then expecting her second child, was advised not to go on the trip, and couldn't make up her mind until the last minute. From the beginning, some crew members thought it would be bad luck to have a woman aboard, and resented her presence. One day, she stumbled and fell down a ship's ladder and was greatly worried. If she was touchy and momentarily out of sorts, she had reason to be, and

Infadorable by Doris Dodson

Basinette days ahead? Stay lovely, cool and comfortable in Doris Dodson's becoming Infadorable, with the clever, adjustable drawstring back. Pink, yellow or aqua striped gingham with a bolero length yoke of white, eyelet embroidered pique. Sizes 11 to 17 . . . about $13.00. Write for the name of your local shop . . Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Mo.

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her attitude was considerably more crewmanlike than some of the other members of the party, as was proven when Flynn was forced to discharge several on the arrival of the "Zacca" at Acapulco. Others left of their own accord. One told me he wouldn't take orders from an actor.

Why did Nora leave the ship and not come back on arriving at the first Mexican port?

Nora planned originally to go no further than Acapulco and carried out her plans made with Errol's knowledge. She went to Mexico City and spent some time with Errol, previous to returning to Hollywood She left according to plan—not hastily or in anger.

Does Flynn like to show off pictures of his children just like any other father?

Judging from the pictures I have seen of him posed with them, and his comments, yes.

Why did Flynn halt his trip and loan his boat to a movie company?

He is a good business man. A trip such as he undertook, what with extra expenses that were not anticipated, costs around $3,000 a week. Lending his yacht to the Rita Hayworth-Orson Welles company for a month was simply good business. When the rental period was over, Flynn went on from there, with a partially new crew through the Panama Canal to Jamaica and Haiti. Originally, he intended to cross the Atlantic, but this may be postponed, due to his desire to return home for the birth of the baby.

Why is it that every time Flynn seems to reach an unprecedented peak of domesticity, he takes off on some new adventure?

Errol Flynn is in a position to do what a lot of other men only dream of doing He is a rover and always will be Nora Eddington Flynn is aware of that. He may leave some day and not come back.

Does Nora Flynn live at Flynn's home or elsewhere?

Obviously. As I write this, I just finished talking to her on the telephone via Errol's private number. But I make it a rule never to give out phone numbers of movie stars, in case you don't believe it. It makes 'em furious.

Do you think Flynn will stay married?

Do I think anyone in Hollywood will stay married? In his case, I hope so. As I have observed them, they seem genuinely fond of each other. I'd say that Nora's sense of humor and spirit are a perfect match for his.

What is Flynn's physical condition?

There have been many rumors about this, due to the many times he has been seriously ill. I wouldn't ask any man to answer this question for publication so refrained from asking Flynn when I saw him, the day before he sailed. He looked fit. Several years ago there was a published report quoting a doctor who said he had enlargement of the heart due to excessive athletics. If true, that needn't be too serious.

Is Flynn a publicity seeker?

He is as aware of publicity as any other actor, but grants interviews with more reluctance than most. The headlines he makes usually have been the result of his living just as he pleases and not pulling punches as most prominent actors do.

Can he really write?

Yes. He did collaborate with professional writers early in his career on stories that appeared under his name. This is a common practice. I believe that he has stifled the feeling he had that he himself was not a professional writer. In other words, he writes his own stuff now

Can he really fight?

Pretty well. He was good even before he took lessons from professionals. I wouldn't suggest that any big boys try to

take him on in a night club. Some have tried—ouch!

Where does Flynn live?

In a white, rather stately house which looks like Georgian architecture, once removed. The house is on top of a mountain called a hill in Hollywood, and sits back off Mulholland Drive. The grounds aren't too attractive at the moment because Flynn has recently paid little attention to his stables and kennels which now need painting.

Did Errol and Ann Sheridan ever have a romance?

They have both denied it, and had to many times since they happened to be in Acapulco, Mexico, at the same time a few years ago. Then, Flynn said, "We are friends, and could never be serious together. If we tried, we'd probably break out laughing in the middle of a kiss."

Is Errol less impetuous than when he was younger?

Probably. A man is by no means old at 38 (I hope). I'd say that he has mellowed a little. I suspect he will never change radically, and like any other man, will always like a little "helraisin" occasionally.

What do you think of Nora Eddington Flynn?

She is an exceedingly well-bred, attractive girl. Uncommonly pretty in a manner not common to over-glamorized women who couldn't possibly achieve an equal appeal, particularly for men who like her type.

Are Flynn and his father buddies?

Not in an overly sentimental sense. There is a deep attachment there. They respect each other.

What do you think of Flynn?

In my book, he is a good guy.

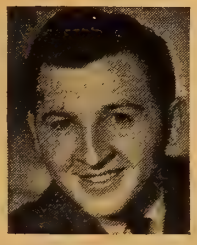
Do you think he is a fine actor?

It depends, as it does in the case of any other actor, on the role. I don't think Flynn, by virtue of the type of pictures the public likes to see him in, fancies himself as the blood brother to an Academy Award. He just does his job.

Will Flynn resent this frank discussion of his personal affairs?

If he does, he can punch me on the nose. (He has to catch me first!)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I'd like to say a word or two for Eddie Bracken. During his tour of the Pacific with a USO troupe, Eddie insisted that the GIs have first preference to all available seats during his performance. At a Saipan theater, he noticed that a large section of seats was roped off for officers, despite the fact that many enlisted men were standing. Because many seats were empty, Eddie requested that the men who were standing be permitted to use those seats. But his request was refused. For this reason, Eddie cancelled the show. The Mid-Pacific edition of "The Stars and Stripes" (our Army paper) in Honolulu printed the story and subsequently received many letters from GIs favoring Eddie's walkout. On his way back to California, Eddie dropped in at our "Star and Stripes" office and we were delighted to shake hands with a guy who really lived democracy.

Sgt. James Lyman
Honolulu, Hawaii

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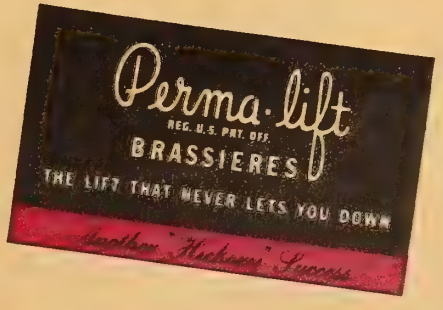

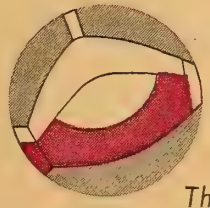

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CLUB CAULFIELD

(Continued from page 44)

Paul's of an afternoon, and having two sisters called Betty and Mary. And not being allowed to wear lipstick until she was fifteen (and then only a little dab of pink pomade) and having to ring the doorbell to get in after a date because her father wouldn't let her have a house key till she was eighteen! It couldn't have happened to Theda Bara or Lana Turner, I betcha. But it happened to Joan.

The only unusual thing about our family at all was our dog, Sunnymead Lady. She was a German short-haired pointer of which there were only sixty-three in the country. Of course she won dozens of blue ribbons in the dog shows, for she'd rarely have any competition. Oh, she did lend us an air all right. I mean there's something about owning a German short-haired pointer. As I say, she was our one oddity.

Not that the Club Caulfield was dull, you understand. Just kinda normal. Smoking out the bath-room window, tiffing over borrowed clothes, that sort of thing. Like the Saturday afternoon that an absolutely divine boy called me up and invited me to the local football game. I was about fourteen and devoid of any really gorgeous sweaters, whereas Joan was just loaded with them. Joan was out, but I got mom to say it would be all right if I borrowed one, provided I took good care of it. I chose a soft blue and a nice tweed skirt, slung on her three-strand pearls, a pair of moccasins, and off I flew. I simply murdered the boy, I was such a dream. He couldn't take his eyes off me. Drunk with power, I steered him into Paul's—and there *she* was. She made a bee-line for our table, eyes flashing.

goodbye, romance . . .

"You've got on my sweater, Betty Caulfield. My best." She hissed the "S" in best. "And my skirt and my *pearls*." I was so humiliated, so downright crushed I couldn't speak. But turnabout was fair play—because only a few weeks ago, Joan had done the same thing to me! She spun around and left us, and when I gazed across at my date he practically had his teeth in his hands, he was so amazed at the whole business. I couldn't seem to regain my poise after that, and he never darkened our doorstep again.

Joan fouled up another romance for me—not on purpose, I must admit—but at the time that didn't make much difference. I was sure my heart was broken. One of my beaux had gotten a job in Syracuse or some place, and he'd come to say goodbye to me. I was playing very, very hard to get. Giving him no inkling at all that I absolutely drooled for him. And he was promising to write often, to come to New York every chance he got. And then Joan had to appear and sit down with us.

"How could you leave this lovely child to sob her heart out over you?" she asked him. "How *could* you go to Syracuse?" The boy looked from Joan to me.

"Well, gee," he said, "well—oh gee—" And presently he bolted. Golly, I was mad.

All has long since been forgiven, because Joan actually taught me all my technique with Men.

"Remember," she informed me, "the rougher you treat them, the better they like you." It was pretty infallible, and jeepers how the lads loved her. She was sort of the belle of the family. Stinkweed (that's Mary), and I were no drips, understand, but Joan was really the spectacular one. The Babe. She played beautiful tennis and had a terrific sense of humor, and

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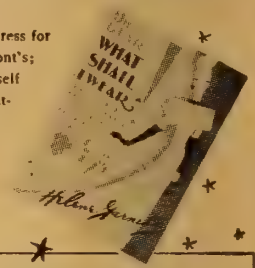

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then she looked so darned wonderful. There was one time, though, that I recall, with slightly fiendish glee, when slow-but-sure won the race.

We had gone away to the lake for the summer, and after casing the place for a day or two, Joan and Mary discovered this perfectly magnificent guy and simultaneously fell for him. The day after the discovery, Joan was up bright and early, dressed for action. She went down to the beach, and he was there. First she walked around a little bit. Then she swam. Then she dove; and after that she rowed a boat about a thousand knots an hour. Along about noon Mary appeared, with a magazine and a knitting bag. While Joan knocked herself out, Mary basked and knitted. The night the guy came over to our house, I opened the door and was all set to yell, "Jo-an," when he spoke. "Is Mary home?" is what he said. We still kid Joan about that one.

Gosh, we used to have a lot of fun. And drive each other crazy. F'rinstance. The doorbell would ring, and I would know it was Joan's date by the make of the car. I'd go to the door all smiles. Then I'd open it, peer into his face and—registering utter disgust and disappointment—murmur, "Oh." The way you would if you'd been expecting Gable and Rooney showed up. It shattered the poor boy completely and was no end of fun. The trouble was Joan would do it to my dates, too.

We were terribly critical of each other's dates. Much more so, I'm convinced, than of our own. I'd blithely go out with various sad numbers, but gee—when Mary or Joan did, I'd pounce. Joan had a repulsive fellow for a while who used to shower her with orchids and take her to fabulous restaurants. I'd say, "I would dearly love to know what you see in Orchid Joe," and she'd say, "Well, for someone who's practically going steady with Chinless Chester—" Funny, though, in a crisis, we stuck together like glue.

tears flowed like wine . . .

There was one New Year's Eve when Joan and her date didn't get home until half past three. Mother and Dad kept an anxious vigil at the window from one o'clock on, and by the time Joan and swain arrived, they were in a state. Daddy called the boy into the living room. "Young man—" he boomed, strictly like something out of a Booth Tarkington novel. Whereupon Joan began to bawl, and Mary and I, eavesdropping from above, began to bawl too. We boycotted Daddy for days.

For that matter, we were always pretty sold on mother and daddy, but when we really *knew* they were something special was when Joan decided that she wanted to go on the stage. There were no scenes, no pleadings. If that was what she really wanted to do, they were all for it. So when she was seventeen, Joan went to Columbia University and took all the dramatic courses she could carry, in addition to a complete secretarial course. She loathed the typing and shorthand and absolutely ate up the drama. When they put on their first play she was beside herself with excitement, and so were we. The play was *The Drunkard*, and Joan was the leading female. Maybe you remember the story. It is an old-time melodrama, corny as anything, and no doubt if anyone besides Joan had been in it, it would have struck us very funny. However, it made us furious when the audience howled over "Father, dear father, come home with me now," drowning out half of Joan's lines. There was a group of particularly loud and obnoxious boys in front of us, and we stood their kibitzing as long as we could. Then we leaned over and said, "We are *trying* to hear our sister, *if* you don't

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mind." Oh, golly, we were stuffy. Sarah Bernhard's sisters, if any, couldn't have hung more on her words. We went to that thing fifteen nights in a row and were thrilled to our toes every time.

After two years at Columbia and coaching with Claudia Franck, who now has to struggle with poor me, Joanie left school and went job-hunting along Broadway; came up with a modelling job, and not so long after that with the lead in *Kiss and Tell.*

She didn't have an agent or anything, you know. She just walked into George Abbott's office stone cold and asked for a chance to try out—and got the part! It was a bit of a tussle, actually, because F. Hugh Herbert, who wrote *Kiss and Tell* had always thought of Corliss Archer as a brunette. For a long time he couldn't see Joan in the part. Opening night, he came around backstage to see Joan. "I should have known Corliss just *couldn't* have been anything but a blonde," he said. Pretty cute of him, we thought.

Opening night, gosh, that was wonderful! I'd never seen a rehearsal because I wanted the fun of seeing the play for the first time with a big audience and lemonade in the intermissions and all the trimmings. I'm awfully glad I waited, and I just wish there was some way of telling you what a very large charge it was seeing Joan on the stage and knowing she was good. I kept thinking, that's Joan Caulfield who shares my bedroom and wears my perfume. My own sister. And it's a silly thing, but I wanted to cry, I was so proud, so sort of hurting proud.

those beautiful reviews . . .

After that first performance was over, we went back to her dressing room and hugged her, and then daddy and Mary and I went home, and Joan and mother went on to a party for the cast. In the small hours the phone rang, and it was mom, all breathless and soft-voiced. "We've just seen the reviews," she said. "They're beautiful." And Mary and I looked at each other, the whole miraculous business hitting us again. *Our* sister.

"Gee," Mary said. "Reviews, yet!" Oh, opening night was terrific.

I went to see the play two or three times a week, and somewhere along the line I got stagestruck. Absolutely nutty crazy stagestruck. I learned Joan's part, and then by hook and by crook I got to be her understudy. After that there was nothing to do but sit around and wait for her to come down with yellow fever or something. "How do you feel?" I'd asked her casually. "You look a little pale-ish."

"I feel fine," she'd say firmly. "Just dandy."

One of the girls got a cold eventually, and I had her part for a month, and then finally Old Ironsides did turn her ankle, and I was Corliss for one exquisite night.

It was my first appearance on the stage, but I didn't muff a line, and the audience laughed in all the right places, and when I went to the dressing-room I was in a pink glow of excitement and joy. In a few minutes there was a knock on the door, and it was George Abbott.

"Betty," he said. "You just aren't Corliss. I can't ever let you go on again."

I said, "Okay, Mr. Abbott," and that was all I could say just then without disgracing myself. When he left Joan put her arms around me.

"He talks like that, Betty. It's his way. Why, you know what he said to me yesterday? 'What have you got—bats in your belfry?' It's his way. Sweetie, don't you mind." But I did mind, like mad.

Then suddenly, Joan got her movie contract, and they needed a new Corliss. I swallowed my pride and begged for another chance, and Jessie Royce Landis (the mother in *Kiss and Tell*) told Mr. Abbott she'd coach me every spare minute, and she did. What an angel of a woman! And in the end I was Corliss—and played it for a whole year!

It was wonderful, but it was lonesome without Joan. I missed her bounce and her Lou Holtz imitations and her clutter in our room. Her letters helped. Sometimes I'd read them on the Madison Avenue bus, and people would peer at me when I'd chuckle and chortle over them. "They're pulling out all my teeth and changing the color of my eyes," she'd write. Then, right after that she'd write: (joke). Just as if we didn't know. When she wrote that they were changing her hairdo, I thought that that too was (joke), but actually they have done that, and it makes her look much, much smoother. She'd write and tell us what stars she saw and whether they were all so all-fired glamorous. And she'd send along clippings from the gossip columns like the one that practically had her at the altar. "This after one date," she scribbled on it.

greek spoken here . . .

The summer after Joan and Mom went to California, Daddy and I went out for a visit. It was so much fun, and it was nice to find her so exactly the same. Except of course, for the new coiffure. She was working at the time and when I'd visit on the set I was terribly impressed with her cleverness at understanding the absolute Greek everyone spoke.

"We'll dolly up on this shot," the director would say, and Joan wouldn't bat an eye. Seems all he meant was, "This will be a close-up." Some friend of hers dropped in one afternoon and, with no build-up whatsoever, said, "Say Joan, where are they?" Quick as a flash Joan said. "They're all in there. They're at the post." After which they went on to talk of other things.

"What was all that?" I asked her later. "That 'They're at the post' business?"

"Oh, just race-trackese," she said. "That's how they talk out here. The climate makes you slightly nuts."

Just this last winter, Joan and Mom (whom we call Cushions) returned to New York for a visit. It was so elegant, showing Joan off to my friends and borrowing all her snappy new clothes.

It was like old times sitting up half the night talking about boys and life. Joan

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was May, 1940, after the matinee performance of Romeo and Juliet *in New York. The stars were being mobbed at the stage door. When I couldn't get anywhere near them, I handed my playbill to the tall young man who was coming through the stage door. He hesitated to sign it, until I said, "Well, you were in it too! I remember you in Act II, a lovely duelling scene!" He signed the program and smiled as he walked off. Someone next to me said, "Who was that?" I looked to see what he'd written, and there across the front of my program was a name that means much more today than it did then: Cornel Wilde.*

Lillian Shay
New York, New York

had a big crush on a lad about that time, and the problem was how to make him fall for her. I said, "Why Joan, that's elementary. You know perfectly well that the rougher you treat them the—" Something in her eyes stopped me. "Only when you really like them, it's different, isn't it?" she said. "Remember Mary and David? When she fell in love with him, she couldn't kick him around." (Stinkweed got married, I forgot to tell you. To the most adorable guy. But the *most* adorable guy.)

"That's right," I said. "It's funny. All the hard and fast rules that used to be so foolproof don't always work any more, when you really care about the guy."

"Maybe that's growing up," Joanie said. "Finding out that things aren't always black or white. Finding out that you really don't know all the answers. . . ."

puttin' on the ritz . . .

After she'd been home a couple of days I forgot that we were harboring a celebrity. We tramped around New York in polo coats and moccasins, and no doubt the autograph hounds thought we were one of their league. We even went to the Plaza for tea with bandanas on our heads and bobby sox. I took one look at her across the table. "You don't look like anyone who's just inherited Marlene Dietrich's dressing-room," I said. She made a face at me, as though it didn't matter at all.

"You ought to *see* how fancy I can look, squirt," she told me. And one night she really did lay it on, and she really did look supreme. Daddy took us to the Stork Club, just to show her off, I'm convinced; and that night they asked for autographs. *Did they ask for them.*

Just before she went back to California we took a flying visit to North Carolina in the new Buick convertible Joan gave Mom for Christmas. (She gave me a beautiful watch, by the way.) Mary and David live down there, and we were all dying to see them. We took turns driving, and when it was Joan's turn, she'd tear along, but when it was *my* turn she'd sit frozen in her seat if we went over thirty miles an hour. "You see this curve, don't you? You just missed that cow. Is that a state trooper behind us?" That sort of thing. I gave up finally and let her do most of the driving. After dinner she went to sleep in my lap and at midnight we arrived. All cross as bears. All with double-feature paralysis. Mary and David were waiting for us. Sleepy, but up. And after we'd talked to them a little while, Mary said, "Come on, let's all go to bed. But first you've got to peek at little Nicotine." (That's their baby, aged almost a year.)

benzedrine next . . .

"I suppose the next one will be little Benzedrine," Joan quipped. And then we stopped talking, because we were in his room, peering into the crib. I felt all funny inside, sort of the way I'd felt seeing Joan on the stage on opening night. Tight in the throat and stuff. I tried to tell Joan about it when we were getting ready for bed, but it sounded so corny, I gave up. I contented myself with, "Hurry up and find a house big enough for all of us so we can all be together again, hey?" She got all misty-eyed, and she said, "Oh Bett, we'll hunt like mad, Mom and I. Truly we will."

And they are. I had a letter from Joan yesterday saying that they're leaving no stone unturned. So maybe we'll be moving out there soon. And oh golly, wouldn't it be wonderful. Because Joan Caulfield in Technicolor is pretty wonderful, but Joanie, the real McCoy, is strictly out of this world. And if I must say so, that's quite a compliment to get from your own sister.

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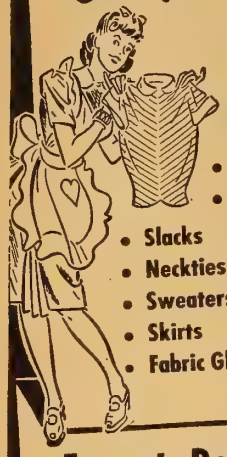

• BLOUSES
• DRESSES

- Slacks
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Expert Results or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

What a chance to discover Renuzit, America's Largest Selling French Dry Cleaner! Try it to dry clean your lovely dresses, blouses or other pretties. See how easy it is to "dip and rinse"—how much money you save—what expert results you get! With the "Double Money-Back Guarantee"—use it according to directions—if not completely satisfied, return the unused portion to Renuzit Home Products Company, Phila. 3, Pa., and receive double the price.

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FRENCH DRY CLEANER

For Hard to Remove Spots!
NEW! RENUZIT SPOT AND STAIN REMOVER
Fruit, Chocolate, Lipstick, Grease and almost all other oil and water soluble spots!

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

HOLLYWOOD PARTY: Some time at the end of June, there's going to be a mass migration of fan clubbers to the film capital. And here's what's in store for them: a whole week of radio parties, theater parties, visits to the studios, a big tea at the Ambassador Hotel and —as a climax—a formal dinner-dance at Ciro's! Of course, there'll be an open forum, too, where each delegate will have a chance to sound off on the ways-and-means of improving clubs! Ellen Roufs and a staff of Coast prexies are engineering this Convention and among those on the honorary committee are June Allyson, Rand Brooks, Rosemary DeCamp, Nina Foch, Andrea King, Dick Powell, Ronald Reagan, Marshall Reed, John Ridgely, Eddie Ryan, Richard Travis and Jane Wyman! Even if you won't be able to attend, you can still share part of the fun, for there's a nation-wide raffle, with proceeds going to the Cancer Fund. Tickets are 25c each and all the snazzy luxury prizes—costume jewelry, leather purses, cameras, etc. —have been donated by the stars. Write to: Hollywood Party, 427 West 5 Street, Suite 707, Los Angeles 13, Calif., for tickets. And here's a special surprise: One month before the Convention, there'll be a drawing—winner to receive a FREE PLANE TRIP to and from L.A.!

FEDERATION: Following the trend toward Federation are the Frank Sinatra and James Mason Clubs. Forty of Frank's most active clubs will be organized into a Guild; receive monthly bulletins, notes from Frank, participate in one big charity drive a year (selected by popular vote). There'll be contests, too! Under plans worked out with Mason, Leona Rosenthal's and Miriam Strausberg's N. Y. clubs will serve as joint-headquarters for disseminating news, photos; while all clubs will unite for publicity drives, request campaigns, parties, etc. Each club, however, will have equal representation in the Federation Council and take turns editing the Federation Quarterly.

CALLING ALL SMITHERINES: Jack Smith gave us this news "in person," when we sat in on his Oxidol show rehearsal. You know how each club puts out a journal for its star? Well, Jack is turning tables and putting out a special journal for all his clubbers! Of course, they'll continue to get out their own papers, too! And here's a special invitation from Jack to all MSFCA-ites visiting N. Y.: there'll be tickets to his Monday-to-Friday early evening show waiting for you! Ask at front desk, CBS studio, 52nd St. (bet. Madison and Park Aves.).

CLUB BANTER: If there's a talent-group in your club, here's a chance to get needed experience—and perform a worthwhile service, too: In honor of National Laugh Week (April 1 to 8), the Nat. Laugh Week Foundation is sponsoring talent shows (recruited from fan clubs, high schools, Boy Scouts and other groups) at nearby civilian, veterans' and children's hospitals. If you want to volunteer, write immediately to National Laugh Week Foundation, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. They'll tell you how to work up a show, send you suitable script material (at your request), and arrange for your hospital appearance . . . Pearl Tice (514 Arch Street, Perkasie, Pa.), who needs no introduction, is taking over that defunct Calif. Alan Ladd C. Pearl is reorganizing from scratch, with Alan's approval and, although the old club's assets were nil, she'll make what we think is an equitable adjustment for all who renew or re-join . . . Congratulations to Glenna Riley's Jeanette MacDonald C., celebrating its 15th anniversary; and to Marion Hesse's Ginger Rogers C., on their 13th! . . . Gwen Littlefield, famous prexy of the Allyson C., and Buddy Roufs, son of the equally famous Ellen, have announced their engagement . . . Doris Anderson (Sinatra's Fellow Swooners) won a scholarship to Wayne University . . . Mary Piancone's Sinatra C. discovered they used up their journals to talk about Frank, so they're getting out two supplements annually, devoted to the club and members . . . English branch of Helen Milton's Victor Jory C., is starting a lending library (modeled after Jane Wyman Club's) . . . Joan Crawford's visit East kept Edith Clemens, prexy, busy, helping Joan shop, first-nighting, etc. . . . Helen Smolensky won a trip to Grand Ole Opry, as guest of honorary Ernest Tubb . . . Ann Papparello's Margaret Whiting Clubbers were March of Dimes volunteers for N. Y. headquarters . . . New Stars C. (Iris Archambault) is sending each prospective member a sample journal . . . We like For Men Only in (Dick) *Haymes Herald* . . . Helmut Dantine invited each N. Y. clubber to the opening of his play, *The Eagle Has Two Heads.*

TROPHY CUP CONTEST: Winners for February (2nd lap). "This Is My Best" (articles and poems from your journals). Each gal receives a lovely gift of Faberge's tweedy, delightful "Woodhue" Perfume and Cologne; Frank, a bottle of refreshing Woodhue Men's Cologne. Each club, 100 pts.: Katie Green, "Salute To World," *Great* (Lizabeth) *Scott;* Frank Dowling, "Television Soon," *Cass'* (Daley) *Columns;* Imogene Greene, "You Gotta Be Nice," *Glenn's* (Vernon) *Book* (McCarthy); Lee Garber, "I Wonder," *Winsocki Kid* (Tommy Dix); Elsa Linke, "What Constitutes a Good Fan Club," (Victor) *Jory-ful Echoes;* Elizabeth Ottilege, "Entertaining Servicemen," *The OK Kid* (Curley Bradley). **CANDID CAMERA CONTEST:** (First prize, handsome leather Tangee Trip Kit, brimming with Tangee's superb makeup aids; 100 pts. to clubs) Mary Spoulos, June Allyson C. Others: (gift package of four super Dell Mystery Books; 50 pts. to clubs) Lee Garber, Tommy Dix C.; R. and J. Mottola, Nelson Eddy Music C.; Ena Svedise, Joe Calleia C.; Anna Hreba, John Ridgely C.; Elsie Ellovich, Louise Erickson C. **BEST ORIGINAL PIECE OF ART** (in journal): One year's sub to: FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE and SCREEN ALBUM Mags., and four Dell Mysteries, PLUS 150 pts. for club: Pete Larney, Tommy Dorsey C. **BEST EDITORS:** (No League One entries were received in our offices this month). Beautiful assortment of Pond's wonderful cosmetics, especially packaged for winners; 250 pts. to clubs: 2. Marion Hesse, *Ginger's* (Rogers) *Gems;* 3. Amena Peacock, *Portrait of Vincent Price.* **BEST JOURNALS:** (500 pts.; no entries in L. 1) 2. (Larry) *Douglas Highlights;* 3. *Basil's* (Rathbone) *Blue Book.* **BEST COVERS:** (250 pts.; no entries L. 1) 2. *Jive* (Bob Crosby); 3. *OK Kid* (Curley Bradley). **WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES:** (250 pts. to clubs) 1. Gene Autry C. ($150 to Gene for favorite charity; chapter gifts, visits to hospitals). 2. Jeanette MacDonald C. (Waddy) ($50 to CARE to feed Europe). 3. (tied) Jan Clayton C. ($60 to Nat. Tuberculosis Assn.). Sinatra (Piancone) ($30, Sister Kenny). Frances Langford ($42 divided among Salvation Army, Sister Kenny, Tuberculosis Seals). **LARGEST PERCENTAGE INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP:** (100 pts.) 1. Rex Allan C. 2. Alan Ladd C. (Spungin). 3. John Lund C. **BEST CLUB CORRESPONDENTS:** (50 pts.) 1. Berenice Olson, Autry C. 2. Betty Sue Dorris, Pee Wee King C. 3. Violet Theisen, Jimmy Morgan C. **LEADING CLUBS SO FAR:** 1. Eddy Music, 750; Dennis Morgan, 650; Guy Madison, Autry, 300. 2. Charles Korvin, Larry Douglas, 600; Scott McKay, Ginger Rogers, Bob Crosby, 350. 3. Sinatra (Beattie), Basil Rathbone, 600; Curley Bradley, 450; Ladd (Pearl), Keenan Wynn, Sinatra (Piancone), Jan Clayton, Vincent Price, 350.

—that Always-Fresh look...

"Try my beauty-freshener . . . Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream beautifies skin as it cleanses,"

says Beverly Tyler

featured in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "THE BEGINNING OR THE END"

WOODBURY *Complete* **BEAUTY CREAM** { *Beautifies* as it cleanses. Contains four rich oils to *soften* and *smooth* tiny dry-skin lines.

around the clock... this Woodbury-Wonderful Way!

8 A. M. **Morning, beautiful!...** Skin a-bloom, Bev reports for film-full day. "Bright and early, I date with Woodbury," she says. "Cream-cleanse my skin so-o smooth." Be as beauty smart, girls . . . this Woodbury-Wonderful care *really* beautifies!

7 P. M. **Evening, lovely!** High spot of a night spot is Beverly . . . with her "Always-Fresh Look"! "Skin sparkles," she says, "after Woodbury-cream-cleansing. A second film is my make-up base!" Easy to revive skin beauty with Woodbury!

That "Always-Fresh Look" this Woodbury-Wonderful Way

Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Tissue off. Repeat creaming for *plus*-softening. Tissue. Splash with cold water—skin glows with that "Always-Fresh Look"!

FOR SPECIAL SKIN PROBLEMS

Very Dry Skin: First Woodbury cream-cleanse. Soften with Woodbury *Special* Dry Skin Cream—rich in lanolin's benefits! Under make-up, Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base.

Oily Skin: Woodbury *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream—melts on skin. Finish with Woodbury *Vanishing* Facial Cream to check shine. Stericin in all Woodbury Creams helps purify against blemish-causing germs.

11 P. M. **Goodnight, sweet!..** "Before dreams, I cleanse with Woodbury," says Bev. "Then my Beauty Nightcap . . . a Woodbury cream-mist to *soften* while I sleep!" Four rich oils soften, beautify. It's Woodbury ... for that "Always-Fresh Look"!

Those BAD DAYS CAN BE GOOD DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope. Write Dept. C-47, Room 1418, 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

(*Continued from page 14*)

—after they return from the war to their town and their families.

What happens to these heroes is good and bad. It is not exaggerated into a painful documentary object lesson; it is not minimized into a wishful slice of Pollyanna. It is just told the way things are, the way they happen to soldiers and sailors and marines in big towns and small towns, and the way they are still happening right now—the unfaithful wives, the faithful ones, the hard-to-get jobs, the hard-to-get loans, the wanted love, the unwanted pity.

I sat next to a veteran at the film's preview, and when it was over he said, "You believe it's true but you couldn't know how true unless you'd been in the service. Some of these things happened to every fellow who ever got out of the army."

But for all its needed "message," for all its great psychological information service to the families of the land, *The Best Years Of Our Lives* is never a preachment. It is just an excellent piece of entertainment, sometimes sad, often very funny, sensitively directed with the sympathetic, amusing and recognizable details that Hollywood loves to call "great touches," and played by a cast that could not have been improved. The minor characters—Ray Collins, Charles Halton, Hoagy Carmichael—are as fine as the stars, and the stars are Myrna Loy and Fredric March and Dana Andrews and Teresa Wright at their very best.

It is only natural that most audiences should go out talking most about a new face in the picture—the face of a boy called Harold Russell who has no hands, only hooks that he uses with amazing dexterity. He is, of course, a genuine veteran, young and amiable and optimistic, with an undercurrent of unquenchable grit. This is his first picture, and they say it will be his last.

But you will remember him for a long, long time.

6 TO 5 ON JONES!

(*Continued from page 38*)

elegance, that "Mainbocher look" that comes from running around with Anita Colby. I had to do a double take before I could realize that this was the bedraggled girl whom I had seen playing the halfbreed siren, Pearl Chavez, in *Duel.*

"You look so different," I said. "I mean from the last time I saw you."

"Let's see, just when was that?" Jennifer inquired.

"Why, you were shooting it out with Gregory Peck, remember, up there among those Arizona rocks."

"Well, I've been on a buying spree in New York," she confided. "I went back there as soon as we finished the picture to get the desert out of my system. It was weeks before I got my nails to look like anything human. The desert is a fierce place."

My interview with Jennifer really turned out to be an experience. In the middle of our talk the phone rang and it was the captain from the Los Angeles homicide squad. I had rushed out to Selznick's from working all night and all day on our recent murder horror, the torture killing of pretty Elizabeth Short, the girl they called the "Black Dahlia." I heard the new developments in the case, hurriedly phoned them to New York, and returned to Jennifer, who sat fascinated.

"Think of such a fiend running loose," she cried in horror.

"You certainly did a thoroughly realistic job on Pearl Chavez," I reminded her. "Tell me just how you did it."

For the first time in her career, Jennifer then led me behind the scenes, so to speak, so that I could view at first hand the mental workings of the star who is hailed as one of the great all-time talents developed in Hollywood.

"I sort of hypnotize myself," she explained. "I find myself really living the roles I play. I've read about the East Indian fakirs and mystics who are able to throw themselves into a trance, and I think that my own mental state is something like a trance when I'm acting. If anything else, any outside thought or impulse, disturbs the spell by intruding into my consciousness, I have to break off and start all over again."

I was reminded of something King Vidor told me of his experience with Jennifer while directing her in *Duel in the Sun.*

"Every morning, while making *Duel,* we would start the day by talking about the story and the characters and the action coming up. She would fix those luminous, intelligent eyes on my face. I could actually see her gradually becoming Pearl Chavez. Jennifer Jones would disappear as completely as if she had never existed.

"Trying to maintain it through the lunch hour was too much. Conversation with me and others always snapped the string. And when we went back to work we'd have to do it all over again."

I don't believe Robert Walker, to whom Jennifer was married, whom she loved wildly as a young girl, and who fathered her two sons, ever had a full awareness of her. Sometimes I wonder if her father, Phil Iseley, the bluff, hearty, outspoken Thespian who became a rich owner of film theaters, does not sometimes look at this amazing child of his in wonder.

Dave Selznick is the only man who understands Jennifer with an unerring instinct, I believe, because he himself, like her, has lived his life under the whiplash of a driving urge. This is a man whom I have known somewhat closely for nearly twenty years. I have watched him in his fevers of creation. He is not a man who is gaited to carry out the will of others but only to obey heedlessly the imperious urge within himself. Fully aware that he is a creator, he moves on to his destiny unsparing of himself or others, with the appearance of arrogance. But those who work with him know that it is a privilege.

David created the Jennifer Jones of today. He breathed life into her, fanned the flame of talent with which she was born into a mighty blaze, as surely as the sculptor Pygmalion breathed life into his creation, Galatea.

Shall we say that David Selznick loves Jennifer Jones? I do not know. But I do know that his feeling for her as an artist verges upon worship. So powerful is the personality of Selznick that he appears to take possession of the lives of his stars.

But Jennifer has an integrity of her

(*Continued on page 95*)

WHICH TWIN HAS THE *Toni?*

Lovely Consuelo O'Connor of New York, the Toni twin, says, "My twin sister, Gloria, had a beauty shop permanent— I had a Toni Home Permanent. And none of our friends could tell which had which— can you?" (See answer below.)

You, too, will want your next wave to be a TONI Home Permanent

You'll thank the lucky day you give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. For you'll discover an amazingly easy and inexpensive way to keep your hair always at its loveliest. Beautifully groomed with deep, luxurious waves . . . silky soft and natural looking. Because Toni Creme Lotion waves your hair permanently, but *gently* . . . leaves it frizz-free and easy to manage.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent — even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. That's why every hour of the day another 1,000 women use Toni.

No trick at all to giving yourself a Toni . . . just three simple steps.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, and dab on Toni Creme Lotion.

2. Tie a turban round your head and relax for 2 to 3 hours. (No sitting under a hot dryer.)

3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Your Toni Cold Wave is finished . . . it's beautiful . . . and will last as long as a $15 permanent.

Now, while you are thinking about it, get a Toni Home Permanent Kit. On sale at all leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Consuelo, the twin at the left above, is the one who has the Toni Home Permanent. Could you tell?

Listen to "Give and Take" C B S Network Every Saturday at 2 P.M., E.S.T.

$1.25 *plus tax*

Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers — but the wave stays in

Toni HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

Keep Fresh!

Feel Smooth!

Stay Dainty!

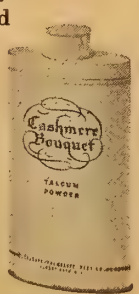
. . . with this delightfully fragrant talcum powder

KEEP FRESH: After you bathe—shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It gives your whole person a thrilling, singing freshness.

FEEL SMOOTH: Cashmere Bouquet Talc dries up every vestige of moisture; imparts a silken smooth sheath of protection. Girdles slip on slick as a wink.

STAY DAINTY: For long lasting daintiness—use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It points up your feminine appeal with the *fragrance men love.*

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

hands around the clock

Is there ever a time you don't want to have lovely hands? But no! Learn the way to keep 'em pretty.

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ It's fun to be a clock-watcher, particularly when "he" is to call for a seven o'clock date. You want to look scrumptious from gleaming pate to rosy fingertips. But the fingertips are going to be pretty tacky if you wait until six-forty-five to dab on polish nervously.

Thing to do is to care for your hands intelligently so that they're equal to any and every occasion. RKO's Virginia Huston agrees and very prettily went through some hand-care paces before the studio camera.

Your manicure should be unhurried. And you *do* have twenty or thirty minutes a week to devote to it. How about that half-hour when you listen to Bing? It will speed up matters if you keep all your manicuring things in one place, a small drawer or a special box. See to it that your working tools are in order. It's a good investment to get a really large bottle of polish remover. Don't hold on to old, dried-out bottles of polish. Toss 'em out and acquire a wardrobe of enamels.

All you really need are three basic shades of red. Have one with a blue base, one with russet tones and one that is a clear, pure red. There you are! Ready to glamourize your nails and to have them agree, not clash, with your clothes. To help your pet polish look its best there is a whole array of bases, finishing toppers and quick driers.

Of course, a manicure looks best on hands that are smooth and unchapped. Use a gentle soap at all times and dry hands thoroughly. And be sure to take Virginia's advice about daily use of hand cream and lotion. There'll never be a moment when your hands aren't gorgeous!

* * *

People were so enthusiastic about our weight-losing pamphlet that I'm offering it again this month. It is "How To Lose Weight" by Dr. E. P. Jordan, syndicated health columnist and associated editor, Journal of the Am. Medical Assn. (First offered Aug. '46.) Eat your way to a lovely figure! A recognized physician has prepared (especially for us) a scientific routine that you'll enjoy following. Send 10c to Service Department, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Time to lacquer nails, says Virginia *(Out of the Past)* Huston, is when you have leisure for a thorough job.

Work time, Virginia tells us, calls for a softening, soothing lotion to ward off all roughness and redness.

Bed time is so welcome! But spare a second for hand-cream massage. You'll rout nasty hangnails, split cuticle.

(Continued from page 92)
own that instinctively resists the obliterating of her ego; for this ego is her own self that lies at the core of her being and endows it with vibrant vitality.

Very soon after those religious protests about *Duel In The Sun* came out, many Hollywood columnists, myself included, began to receive anonymous letters and telegrams viciously attacking Jennifer. A well known Hollywood figure was credited with uttering a devastating wisecrack about *Duel*. Selznick was concerned, traced down the rumor, found it false. Soon a general impression got around that the press agent of a rival actress, also being considered for the Award, was responsible for the anti-Jennifer campaign.

oscar—wham! . . .

"How did you feel that night in 1944 when they called you up and handed you the Oscar?" I asked her.

"I'll tell you truthfully," she replied, "I think I was just numb. It all happened to me so fast I couldn't digest it mentally. I'd been trying so long and with such poor luck to get started on a career, and then all of a sudden—wham! I had success in my hands. I guess I felt like a starving person sitting down unexpectedly to a sumptuous banquet with no warning. The hungry person would gobble up the food but with no leisure or ability to savor it. That was me when I walked on that stage and accepted the little statue. It was weeks before the full significance of what had happened dawned upon me.

"If I ever am able to win another Oscar, I'll be better prepared. I'll enjoy the anticipation. I'll come up to it slowly. Perhaps I'll even be able to make a speech."

Hollywood buzzes from time to time with the story that Robert Walker never will marry again because he's still carrying the torch for Jennifer. I am not one to say that this could not be the case. Robert is a strange, moody boy. It's plain something disturbs him from time to time, otherwise how can one explain his apparent endeavors to escape from reality by disappearing to parts unknown? Perhaps Bob is trying to find himself.

Jennifer refuses pointblank to discuss the boy whom she married and divorced, although her conversation betrays that she retains a very keen and high respect for him both as man and as artist. I'm afraid I worked an old interviewer's trick on her to see if I couldn't get her off guard. I said something not quite complimentary about Bob. Instantly, she flew to his defense with fire in her eyes and wrath in her voice. "Not one of those things has a grain of truth in it," she asserted vehemently. "Bob is a very honorable person and he has high ideals."

The sons of Jennifer and Bob are Michael, now seven, and Bobby, six. They live with their mother, but Bob visits them often. There's a great mutual admiration society between Bob and his boys. They love him and think he's a great guy. "And both of them look like him," Jennifer added.

The future of Jennifer Jones can be summed up in a word, I think, and the word is—career. Just as David Selznick has an irresistible urge to create and develop great stars and screen dramas, she is irresistibly driven by an inner necessity to go on and on scaling the heights as an actress. Wonderful achievements will yet stem from the fire and flint of Jones and Selznick. I said long ago, and in print, that the marks of true greatness in her chosen profession are unquestionably on her. The screen never has had a Bernhardt. Perhaps one is in the making now. If that glory does lie in Jennifer's destiny, be assured of one thing—Selznick will not be far away.

UTTERLY NEW SHAMPOO GIVES softer, more lustrous hair

See how soft — how shining — how easy to manage your hair can be !

NOW, millions of women can have *softer*, more radiant and glamorous hair that's also *easy to manage*—thanks to a remarkable *cream* shampoo discovery — Lustre-Creme Shampoo by Kay Daumit!

Lustre-Creme Shampoo was created by the genius of Kay Daumit. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, she combined rich lanolin with special secret ingredients in an almost-magic new formula. Once you try Lustre-Creme Shampoo you'll find its abundant, pleasant lather offers these advantages—compared to soap and liquid soap shampoos you've used before.

1. Lustre-Creme Shampoo leaves hair glowing soft and brilliant, as though it had been given lots of good brushing. **2.** Not drying. **3.** Leaves no dulling soap film. **4.** Your hair is easier to manage, easier to arrange and keep in place. **5.** No vinegar or lemon rinse. **6.** Works just as well in *hard* water.

So, no matter how you've been shampooing, you owe it to your hair to try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. See how soft, how naturally lovely, how brilliantly-alive and well-behaved your hair can be. Simple and easy to use. Economical—a little does so much. Ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo at cosmetic counters in department and drug stores.

KAY DAUMIT, INC.
(Successor)
540 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago, Illinois

4 oz. jar $1.00 • 1 lb. jar $3.50

"Beautiful?"
"Yes! HOW MUCH?"
"GUESS!"

THE DRAPES		THE WINDOW SHADE
$25.00	?	$ 3.00
$12.95		$ 1.25
$ 4.98		$ .69
$ .98		$ .39

THE ANSWERS

THE DRAPES: They're CLOPAY Lintoned Drapes of genuine plasticized cellulose that looks and hangs like expensive cloth. They're a full 2⅔ yards long with matching tie backs, automatic pleater and reinforced edges. You'll scarcely believe it but they cost only..... **98c** pr.

THE WINDOW SHADE: A CLOPAY oil finish washable shade, Lintone-processed to look like fine cloth. Ready to attach to roller without tacks or tools, only **39c**

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THE FIRST YEAR IS THE EASIEST

(*Continued from page 36*)

can have four—" He grinned at her.

Shirley dips into her own funds only for clothes, which represent professional expense. Otherwise, they live within a budget. Shirley's income is untouchable. Jack's adamant there.

As for in-laws, they happen to be blessed on both sides with the kind who keep their hands off.

It wasn't till last Christmas that the young folks had both families in to dinner. Shirley's a good cook. Most of the Christmas meal she prepared herself—hors d'oeuvres, an Agar ham, mashed and sweet potatoes, carrots and peas and hot rolls. The mince pie she bought. They were fourteen in all, and—again for the first time—Jack and Shirley sat at opposite ends of the table. Ordinarily, he sits at one end, and she at right angles.

They opened their Christmas gifts to each other alone—just the two of them on the couch by the window that overlooks the garden. Shirley gave Jack a white turtle-neck sweater, a folding pipe, some golfballs and cologne. He likes to concentrate on one gift, so he gave her golf clubs—and more about *them* later.

But first—that third rock—incompatibility. Otherwise known as getting in each other's hair. Here the Agars had one advantage to start with. Shirley and Jack had known each other for two and a half years. Long enough to get pretty well acquainted with the other's habits and ideas. Long enough to know that on all the important things they agreed. Naturally, they had less adjusting to do than if they'd just met a couple of months before. . .

But, of course, they sometimes get in each other's hair; they're human. But they try to be intelligent about their differences—sit down like reasonable people and talk them over. . . .

Going back to the golf clubs—Jack plays tennis but much prefers golf. Shirley doesn't play golf and loves tennis. It was all right with her when Jack went off Sunday mornings to play with her dad. She liked to sleep Sunday mornings and it was nice to think of her two men enjoying themselves together.

She didn't like it so well when they went down to Palm Springs and he played every day. Or when he and Dad spent hours rehashing their shots. Or when he got home so tired that after dinner he'd fall asleep in a chair. Or when he'd shove all the furniture to the middle of the room, plant her best measuring cup by the door and putt to it.

"You angry about my golf?" he asked one day. She nodded.

He pulled her down in the chair beside him. "State your case, madam—"

She stated it. He said, "You've got something there. How'd you like to learn golf?"

She burst out laughing at his technique. Like having some man pick your pocket, then turn around and ask how you'd like to learn pocket-picking.

Having restored her to good humor, Jack went on from there. "Look, honey, you're right. I've been overdoing it. From now on I'll quit before getting too tired and —suppose I use your *second-best* measuring cup?"

"And suppose you play more tennis with me?"

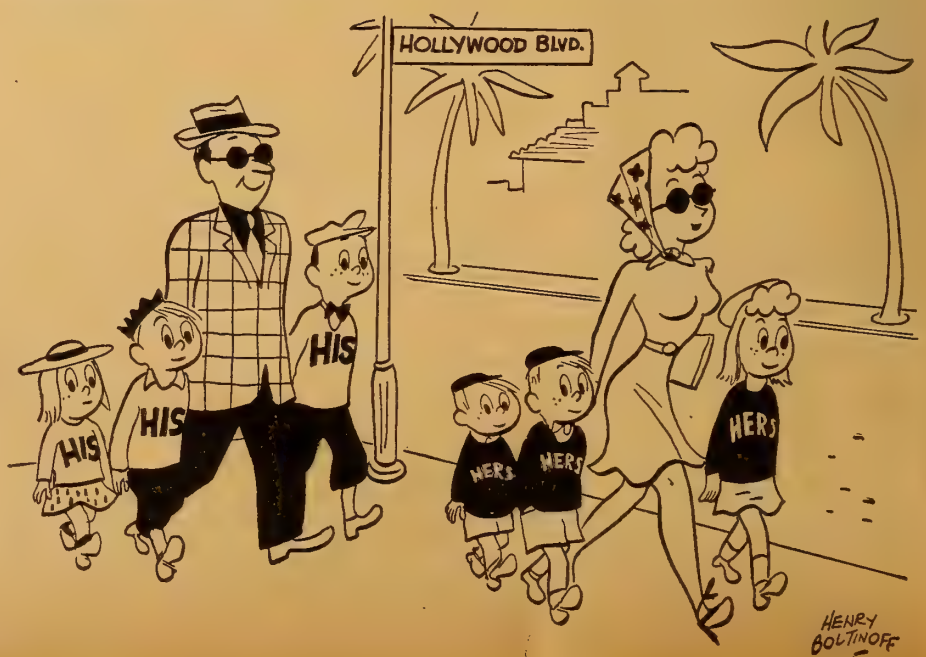
"It's a deal. Only I'd like to play golf with you, too, and I think you'd enjoy it. How about trying?"

She tried it and liked it. Now she's taking regular lessons. That's how come she got the golf clubs for Christmas.

Shirley once read a story about a woman who left her husband because she couldn't stand watching the way he broke his egg every morning. How silly, she thought. Now she knows it had nothing to do with the egg, the woman just didn't like him. Everybody has little habits they get heckled about. With the Agars, it's Jack's passion for onions—Shirley's refusal to use salad dressing—the way Jack devours popcorn at the movies. The best medicine for that is a sense of humor.

Shirley minds the popcorn less for herself than the people around. Jack's method fascinates her. The bag stands open in his left hand. At some crucial moment—like when Humphrey Bogart is about to sock

MODERN SCREEN



the girl—he'll shake the bag like dice, stick the other hand in and toss the stuff into his mouth, one piece at a time. Doesn't even know he's doing it, being completely wrapped up in the picture.

"It's a ghastly habit," Jack sighs. "I'll have to give it up. But I won't enjoy the movies nearly as much."

In displeasure, their reactions vary. Jack has a quick temper. Most of the time he keeps it under excellent control, but when he does get mad, he gets so mad he wants to break things. Shirley's never been the one he's mad at, but of course she has to listen to him explode, that's part of a wife's job. When it happens, she gets terrifically calm—a trick she learned from her mother. She herself has an even disposition—can't remember flaring up more than three times in her life. But she does remember that on those occasions she felt highly belligerent and wanted someone to fight with. Only Mom wouldn't fight.

Still, temper or not, she thinks Jack's way is better than hers. If something goes wrong, he'll speak right out and get rid of it. She, on the other hand, goes up to her room, closes all the doors and play records. When she comes down, she's calm, but untalkative. Gradually, she returns to normal. But the grievance lingers.

shirley gets mad . . .

One night something silly—she can't even remember what it was—happened with Jack. She didn't say a word. Just put a symphony record on the phonograph.

"You mad at me, Shirl?"

"Uh-uh—"

He laid down his book and pulled a hassock over to her chair. "Come on, spill it, honey—"

"Look, Jack, we all have our own ways of letting off steam. You lose your temper. I play symphonies."

"Why? To make me mad?"

"N-not exactly—"

"But I've hurt you and you want to get back at me, so you're going to stew around for a while. Let's have it out instead, honey. From stewing comes ulcers—"

Of course she had to laugh at that, and they did have it out, so there was nothing to store up.

They have one hurdle, not mentioned by the experts, because it's peculiar to Hollywood. Marriage is supposed to be more of a risk in Hollywood than elsewhere. If you're both in the movies, there's the danger of clashing careers. If only one's in the movies, there's the danger of subordinating marriage to the lure of ambition.

Their attitude toward the Hollywood scene is healthy all over. It's generally believed that the rumors of gossip columnists have broken up more than one marriage in the movie colony. Certainly they've caused untold friction and heartache. But the Agars aren't having any—

Jack came in with a newspaper one day. "C'mere. Take a look at this."

The item read: "Shirley Temple and Jack Agar have come to the parting of the ways—reason being that Shirley likes mystery shows while Jack likes symphonies and good books—"

Naturally they howled. Apart from the fact that they listen to mystery shows and symphonies together and read the same books, it sounded so completely idiotic as the reason for a rift. "Shows how hard up they are," said Jack, "for stuff to print.

"But suppose," said Shirley, who's been in the movies longer, "they'd said something that didn't sound quite so idiotic. Would it have bothered you, Jack?"

"Well, I don't think it's fair to print lies and I don't get the point, but why should it bother me? How can someone outside know better than us if we're happy?"

Mrs. Agar hugged him. "Go to the head of the class," she said.

"I get so darn mad!"

"I'm fed up with 'wash day fairy tales.' How any grown woman can believe some of them is more than I can understand!"

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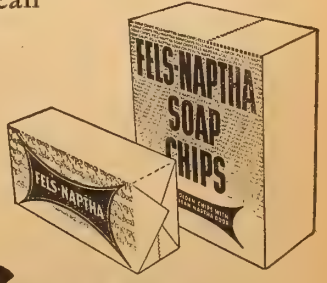

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

"THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT TOM"

(*Continued from page 52*)

just when things got interesting.

Before Peter grabbed his train, though, he asked Tom to pinch hit. "Look after Maurine, will you? And let me know what goes on every minute."

"Sure, Pete, I'll take care of everything. Don't you worry," said Tom. He meant it. There's nothing Tom loves more than rallying for a friend.

Well—as soon as Peter left, the stork flapped his wings. I called Tom. He owned the one automobile in our crowd. It was quite a ride to the hospital, and Tom chewed his fingernails with one hand and steered with the other. But we made it somehow, and I went into my act and Tom went into his. Very realistic acts they were, too.

But I'll never forget Tom Drake for that scene in my life and neither will Peter. It's just one of many I can remember during the happy years we've all been close friends. I've known Tom when he couldn't squeeze his toe inside a Broadway producer's door. I know him now when he's a famous Hollywood star. If there's any difference in Tom Drake himself, I can't name it. He's still the same: kind, thoughtful, charming, a gay guy who has a wonderful knack of brightening up our lives every time he drops in.

I remember one time, when Peter and I had a tiny apartment on 75th Street, in the days when Peter and Tom were battering away at Broadway. We lived on our hopes in those days; money was a rare commodity. One night we were having dinner—maybe you could call it that—Pete, me, and Tom, in the kitchen. The entree was corned beef hash—period. That's all we could afford. The service was tin pie plates—also our speed in elegance. We'd just sat down to this festive spread—it looked exactly like plates of dogfood—when the bell rang and in popped an old friend of ours whom we hadn't seen for years.

To make matters worse, he was one of those critical, fastidious people. He'd looked us up expecting, I'm sure, to find glamorous actors dining and wining in the smartest Manhattan style. When he caught us with the pie plates and "dogfood," it was a pretty embarrassing moment for all concerned—except Tom.

He rose gallantly and bowed to the caller as if he were a visiting prince. "Won't you join us for dinner?" invited Tom, in his best stage Oxford accent—just as if he were about to ring for the butler and order another place set with the gold service. With no apologies at all, Tom daintily dished out another heap of dogfood on a pie tin and we had a dinner party—a good one, too.

The first time Peter and I ever saw Tom Drake was up in the pretty New England town of Westboro, Massachusetts. We were there for summer stock at the Red Barn, and Buddy—he was Buddy Alderdice then—was there, too, with his sister, Claire. We all played together in the Barn production of *George Washington Slept Here*. Buddy played the funny gardener, a character part, and at first Peter and I wondered what went on when we saw him doing his scenes at rehearsals.

What made us shake our two heads then, when we saw Tom practice his scenes, was that every day he was different. He'd be one kind of crazy gardener one day and the next a completely different one. "That Bud Alderdice," Peter and I agreed, "has a memory about as long as his nose. He forgets what he did the day before." We wondered how he'd ever remember his lines when he went on stage.

We could have spared our worries. Tom knew what he was doing—or rather, he found out. The night the play opened he was perfect. He was just feeling around all week for the right approach. That's the way he always acts.

Next to acting, the two real loves of Tom Drake's life are children and animals.

I'm afraid I've imposed on Tom dozens of times by letting him play nursemaid to my children. But I've never really felt guilty, because I know Tom loves it. In New York, if I could coax my baby girl, Brooksie, out for a stroll in Central Park, I thought I was doing all right. But she much preferred to go with Tom. He'd take her to the Zoo and spend a whole afternoon buying her things she shouldn't have at all.

Peter and I and our family haven't missed a Christmas with Tom since we've known each other. I'll never forget the first one, because of Tom's present for Brooksie. She was just a baby then, and Peter and I and our friends loaded her Christmas tree with the things we thought she'd adore, mostly beautiful dolls and

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"But tonight I'd like to find a case of Pepsi-Cola under the bed."

feminine baby trinkets. Tom was coming over to our place for the day and when he arrived he suddenly looked panic-stricken. "Migosh," he cried, "I forgot Brooksie's present!" He rushed out of the apartment house and was gone about twenty minutes. He came back with Brooksie's present—a gun!

Of course, we all had to howl. Imagine buying a toy gun for a little two-year-old girl! "Typically bachelor," we hooted. Were we surprised! When Brooksie opened her things, she tossed the beautiful dolls aside with a sweep of her chubby hand. What she reached for happily and played with all day was Tom's gun.

Tom was in Seventh Heaven when his sister, Claire, visited him in Hollywood with her two girls, Chris and Casey; he was always darling to his wife's baby, Chrissie, too. The back yard of that house was a regular carnival with slides and sand piles when the kids were around.

This yearning of his for some kind of family life reminds me of the time we all lived in Tudor City in Manhattan—a regular colony of young stage hopefuls. Peter and our family. Tom and Claire. Chris, who later on was Tom's wife. Maggie Ledbetter, Michael Harvey, Kay Sweeterman—a bunch more.

With two babies, Peter and I didn't exactly rattle around in our apartment. But it was headquarters for the gang and they were always dropping in. Tom usually came loaded down with chocolate marshmallow cookies, I remember, and something to make a party—some wine or spaghetti from the delicatessen.

pushcart posies . . .

Tom can take terrific delight in some simple achievement if it happens to be a project of his. He was over at our apartment one gray day in New York. The tiny place wasn't cheerful anyway, and it looked particularly drab that day because of the weather and because for both Peter and Tom a couple of Broadway leads on jobs had fizzled out. We were discouraged and all about broke. Brooksie Jane had a bad cold, coughing away in the bedroom. Tom was looking out the solitary window through which a little light dribbled in. He spied a flower vendor way down below, trundling his gay pushcart. "That's what we need," he cried. "Some cheer in here—flowers. Quick," he yelped, "how much money have we?" We pooled our resources on the rug. I don't know how much it totaled—but Tom ran down to the sidewalk and came back with six bunches of violets. We put them in water glasses in the window sill and Tom nursed them for days, hoping they wouldn't wither and die. "If we can keep them blooming," he said, "our luck will turn."

And sure enough it did. That week Peter got a job in a road show, Brooksie got over her cold and Tom and Claire got a check from home! Tom was sure the violets had worked the whole miracle.

Tom will settle any time for fun around the house with his friends. He's shy and quiet in crowds, but when you know him, you love him and realize how funny, gay and entertaining he can be. I remember once, here in Hollywood, Tom and Peter had some spare time on their hands between pictures and they got an idea for a vacation trip to Sun Valley.

"That's out for me," I explained. There were the children and no one to take care of them. "But," I suggested, "you and Peter go on. You two can rustle up fun."

"You won't mind?"

"Of course not," I said, thinking I meant it.

They made plane reservations, packed their bags, skiis and everything. Then they rolled off in Tom's car to the airport. In

(*Continued on page 101*)

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COLEMAN HAWKINS—*Bean and The Boys (Sonora)
Both the Gillespie and the Hawkins records above are strictly on the modern jazz bebop, but sound quite different.

WOODY HERMAN—**Woodchoppers Album (Columbia)
Here at last are the discs made last summer in Chicago by Woody, Red Norvo and seven other men: *Someday Sweetheart* and *I Surrender Dear* and others.

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD—*Margie (Majestic)
If this sounds identical with the record the Lunceford band made of this tune on Decca almost ten years ago, don't be surprised. It's the same arrangement.

RAY McKINLEY—**Tumblebug (Majestic)

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CARNEGIE HALL—Beware My Heart: *Margaret Whiting (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

LADIES' MAN—What Am I Gonna Do About You?: *Perry Como (Victor); Margaret Whiting (Capitol); Skip Farrell (Mercury)

MY HEART GOES CRAZY—Title Song: *Modernaires (Columbia); Bing Crosby (Decca). So Would I: *Bing Crosby (Decca)

NEW ORLEANS—Endie; Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans; Where The Blues Were Born In New Orleans: *Louis Armstrong (Victor)
The first side features Louis' big band; the other two, a small group.

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Here's a real collector's item. This side and *Ain't Misbehavin',* too!

THE TIME, THE PLACE & THE GIRL—A Rainy Night In Rio; Through a Thousand Dreams: *Desi Arnaz (Victor)

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—*All Star Jerome Kern Album (Capitol). All The Things You Are: *Tony Martin (Decca); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Carmen Cavallaro (Decca)
The Capitol album features all the top names—from Johnny Mercer through the Pied Pipers, Martha Tilton, Margaret Whiting and the King Cole Trio.

SONG OF THE SOUTH—Uncle Remus Said: Guy Lombardo (Decca)

(*Continued from page 99*)

an hour they were back, unpacking.

"I must be dreaming," I kidded them. "Is this Sun Valley?"

"Nope," said Tom. "We got to the airport and it didn't seem like such a good idea leaving you here. Anyway," he grinned, "we can have more fun at home."

Tom has a memory like an elephant about gala dates—anniversaries and holidays. Since I've known him I've never had a birthday go by without a box of flowers from Tom no matter where he was.

I can think of only two bad personal habits of Tom's—and he doesn't know he's doing either one. He bites his nails—which burns him up. And he doodles on tablecloths—which he thoroughly enjoys.

The other love of his life is surprises. Tom would rather pull a surprise—a pleasant one—on some of his friends than get a bonus.

There was the way, for example, he let us in on the news of his engagement to Chris Dunne. Peter and I were tossing a New Year's Eve party at our house a couple of years ago. We'd asked Tom, of course. He called me up that day. "Mind if I bring a girl along?"

"Of course not," I told him, "the more the merrier."

That's all he said. All our old friends were there when Buddy came in with Chris on his arm. We all knew Chris; she was part of the Tudor City crew. Nobody even knew she was in Hollywood. Somehow, Tom had found out and looked her up. We were tickled to death to see her.

A few days later Tom drove up one afternoon with Chris and surprised us again with, "We're going to get married." There's absolutely nothing that Drake would rather do than toss a good news bombshell into your lap!

Peter and I have been in on most of the big moments of Tom's life, and vice versa, since we met him. We've spent every Christmas and Thanksgiving together, birthdays, anniversaries and special events.

Tom changed my mother's name, for instance. It used to be Jeannette until Tom spied her wearing half-sox to keep her feet warm and called her a Bobby-Soxer. It stuck and now Mother's name, even to us, is "Bobbie." My niece and nephew, Janie and Tim, who live with Peter and me, are as proud of Tom—and as pestiferous, too—as if he were their very own big brother.

the children's hour . . .

We simply have to keep the news away from Janie each time Tom's expected. If we don't, Janie's collected all her girl friends, then Tom's blushing and we're practically pushed out of the house. Tim, thirteen, has an even brighter idea he tosses at Tom every time he corners him these days. Tim's trying hard to make some time with a certain dream girl—but it's tough going to get a date, with all the competition.

So Tom finds himself with a real argument on his hands every time Tim spots him. Tim wants Tom to go over to the hard-to-get girl's house with him. "If you'll do that, Tom," Tim argues passionately, "she'll be crazy about *me!* Don't you see?" I don't think Tom does. Anyway, so far he's managed to duck playing added attraction for young love, and Tim's strictly out of luck!

But short of playing glamorous lovebait, Tom's ready, willing and always able to be the best friend anyone could possibly want. He's always around when you need him and ready to rally. If he isn't, he gets there fast. It's trite but true that to know Tom Drake is to love him. Peter and I do—like a brother. He's the best friend we've ever had or ever will have. I hope he always will be.

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"I GIVE YOU JANE WYMAN"

(*Continued from page 28*)

up when we got there. We didn't go to El Morocco, or the Waldorf, either. Jane picked a little hole-in-the-wall café for dinner. After that she had another startling idea. "There's a red hot basketball game on at Madison Square Garden," she announced. "Gee, I sure would like to see it."

We went to the Garden. And we had a wonderful time. We liked Jane; she wasn't Miss Movie Star at all. She was real, she was regular, she was swell. That was strike number one for Peck.

The next time I saw Jane was on a test stage for *The Yearling*. We'd been working months on that picture in Florida. Back in Hollywood, Clarence Brown, the director, asked me one day, "Greg, will you make a casting test with me tomorrow?"

I said, "Of course. What's it for and who is it?"

"For Ma Baxter. Jane Wyman."

I must have looked surprised. "Jane Wyman?"

Clarence gave me a look. "Did you see *The Lost Weekend?*"

"Not yet."

I wondered if Clarence Brown had been touched by the sun in Florida. Jane Wyman for Ma Baxter! I remembered liking Jane in New York. I'd seen her on the screen by now, too. But as an actress, I confess I saw her playing light comedy, surrounded by guys, gobs and marines. And Ma Baxter had already defeated two actresses who weren't right for the deeply dramatic part.

We did the test. I found myself raving afterwards to Jane, "You were wonderful!" and meaning it. Jane grinned.

"Good golly—don't act so surprised!"

After that, I make a point of seeing *The Lost Weekend*—one night while we were still shooting *The Yearling*. Next morning I rushed on the set, a confirmed Wyman fan. Jane's makeup girl was daubing mud on her face for a swamp scene. I gave Wyman an admiring smack on the cheek. "I just saw *Lost Weekend,*" I explained, "and that's exactly what you deserve. You were marvelous!"

"You've got mud on your face," said Jane.

So—that was strike two for me on Jane Wyman—selling her short as a dramatic actress. There won't be strike three. By now I know a fine actress when I see one, and that's what Jane Wyman most certainly is. I also know a very grand girl.

quick change artist . . .

Jane has great courage—professional and personal, too. Jane was on the spot when she took on Ma Baxter. Besides the two actresses who had bowed out and her own hot-cha movie past, Jane had to be a lady. Jekyll-Hyde through the first days of her *Yearling* job. She ran between *Night and Day* at Warners, quick-changing from that dressy, sophisticated version of Cole Porter's life, to our backwoods world of rain, mud, shanties and mushmouth talk. It's always tough enough making two pictures at once, but to switch colors like a chameleon every day doubles the order. One minute they were patting her with powder and perfume—the next with mud. Still the amazing thing to me was Jane's masterful switch from the brittle Broadway lingo of a show girl to the soft, drawly speech of the swamps. I complimented her the first day.

"Oh," breezed Jane, "I've just got a gimmick for accents. Look, I can make like a Spaniard or a Frenchman or anything. Listen—" And she went into a dialect routine that was swell. She calls it "gimmick." An-

other word I like to think, is talent.

Maybe I missed something, but I don't remember seeing Jane look in a mirror all the time we made *The Yearling*. She wasn't interested in how she looked but how she acted. We worked in the rain for three long days. Jane's hair straggled down but she didn't try to look glamorous.

Jane's a good sport, and she can certainly take it without flinching. I'm thinking particularly of what happened on location one day at Lake Arrowhead.

We went up in the mountains to make some lake-front scenes. There was one where a team of horses pulled Jane, Claude Jarman and me up a steep bank in a rickety buckboard. The first take was no good and we went down to do it again. Unfortunately, we rode the wagon back down. It was very steep. The brakes gave way and the wagon smacked the team in the hind legs. They bolted. A wheel flew off the buckboard and the thing started to fall apart, careening down the hill.

Luckily, Claude was tossed clear and I jumped over Jane's head to grab the horses. I saw her pitch forward on to the tongue between the dashboard and the traces. That's where she teetered the rest of the precarious ride until we got the horses stopped. I reached up and lifted her down. I thought she'd be hysterical. But Wyman winked.

"Thanks," she cracked, "for the buggy ride."

two of a kind . . .

It was through a mutual weakness Jane and I discovered on between-take waits that I found out how sentimental and sensitive Wyman is beneath her bright and breezy manner. Maybe that's what makes her such an unsuspected but fine actress. We're both jive hounds and more or less amateur hep cats, it turned out. I'm strictly an instrumental man, while Jane's strong on vocals. So Jane toted her portable phonograph to the set and we filled in the wait stretches with some solid stuff.

One day we were twirling some platters in her dressing room. I slipped on an old number of a good decade ago—"The Lady is a Tramp." It had made only a few turns when Jane said, "Let's play something else, hey?" Brightly, she said it, but she meant it. I lifted it off. "You know," explained Jane. "I used to sing the socks off that piece once and I've never been able to enjoy it since. It was when I was trying to break into bands as a singer, before I started dancing in Hollywood. Boy, was I busted! When I hear that melody all that old agony hits me right in the face again." We played something else.

Another time I put on another old timer, "Take a Number From One to Ten." It had barely started when I saw a sad look sweep Jane's face. Her lips started to tremble and I yanked it quick. You get sensitive to other people's moods when you work with them day in and day out.

"Darn me!" recovered Jane. "I almost cried. You know, that's really one of my favorite pieces. It came out when I made *The Kid From Spain*—just a hoofer in the chorus, I was, but it was my first Hollywood picture and things sure looked up for me."

I guess I looked puzzled. If it brought back happy memories how come Jane verged on tears? "Lyda Roberti was in that," said Jane. "Gee, she was a swell girl. Lyda's not here any more," she added, "She died a couple of years ago."

Greta and I and our family got to know the Reagans best when we moved, family style, to Arrowhead for the lake scenes of *The Yearling*. Both of us took cabins on the lake, rented speed cruisers and foamed back and forth across the waves to each other's lodge every afternoon when the whistle blew. Every night we'd toss a coin

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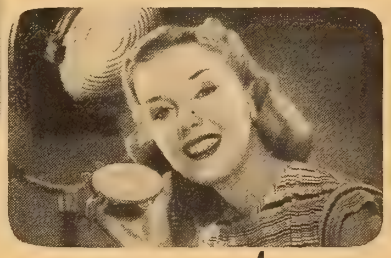

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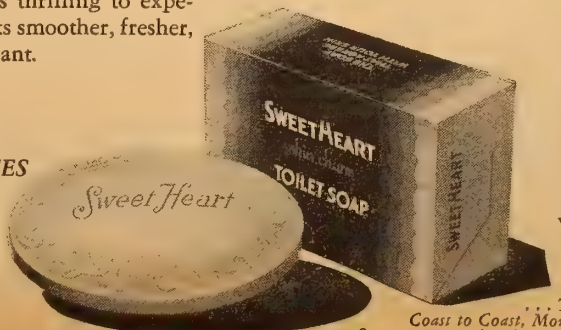

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to see who cooked the dinner, Greta at our house, or Jane at the Reagans'.

Jane is no slouch on the domestic side. In fact, at this point, I'll have to tell you what a farsighted mother she is. She's already planning Maureen's wedding.

It seems when Ronnie and Jane were engaged a few years ago in Hollywood, Ronnie gave Jane a huge amethyst ring, instead of the usual diamond sparkler. It was a birthstone, that's why. At the wedding, he came through with a clip of the same beautiful stone and at every anniversary since he's contributed a bracelet or something else to match. Jane keeps these all packed away—with her wedding dress—for Maureen to wear when she's a bride.

The reason I know this intimate and sentimental bit of Reagan family lore is because Jane wore that wedding dress (it's ice-blue and does she look a dream in it!) and all the amethyst pretties one night at a party she gave.

That party she gave was something very special indeed—even in Hollywood. The last guests made their adieus at 5:30 a.m. I know, because those last guests, I'm afraid, were the Pecks.

Jane loves to entertain and she'll worry for weeks to dig up a new idea. This particular party, for instance, was a birthday party for Joan Crawford—and it posed a problem to Jane. How to bring in the cake without the old tired routine of lighting candles while the guests harmonized (they thought) on "Happy Birthday to You"?

The Reagans had their back-yard all covered with cellophane and lights that night to create a night club interior outdoors. Ronnie emceed at a microphone and along about the middle of the evening he stepped up and announced.

"Ladies and gentlemen—welcome to our modest plush-lined saloon. I must explain the reason for this party. There's a little lady in your midst who likes to sing. She can't sing anywhere else because they won't ever let her. But she's boss here, so—ladies and gentlemen—I give you Jane Wyman, and you're stuck with her—"

frustrated singer . . .

Jane stepped up to the microphone like the most frustrated torch singer and the orchestra gave her a slow beat. She's always dying to sing, and all her friends know it. Some of them half believed Ronnie's pitch. But what Jane sang was "Happy Birthday to You" to Joan Crawford—as the cake came in. It was a neat surprise and you can be sure that's just what Ronnie and Jane had beaten their brains to achieve.

The first time we actors of *The Yearling* saw the finished picture was one night when Clarence Brown and Sidney Franklin, who directed and produced it, asked us to a private, pre-preview showing at the studio. There were just a few of us there—Ronnie and Jane, Greta and I, Clarence and Sidney, Claude and his mother.

After the screening we went across the alley to a little beanery. We drank toasts and decided the world was a wonderful place and that we all loved each other. Then Jane started dabbing her nose, and we tried not to notice—until the tears became too big and often.

We thought we understood. This was the payoff of thirteen years of fighting her way to the top for Jane Wyman.

But that wasn't what Jane was thinking about. She wasn't crying for joy over her success. What made Jane cry was the same sad and wistful feeling you have when you're graduated from a school you've loved, or quit any place where you've left part of your heart.

But that was really the beginning for Jane Wyman—the start of a new, bright career. I'm sure of that. I hope she'll let me get with her again. It's a privilege

MARK STEVENS

(*Continued from page 42*)

drove out in the country on picnics and clambakes, clustered in juke-box joints over cokes and malts, acted his own age, like an American boy of nineteen.

But Mark was still too independent to accept the Shipples' hospitality indefinitely. He moved to a room of his own soon and got a job. They weren't hiring any and everyone at A. Polski's Department Store, even if it was close upon the Christmas rush. But when Helen Fennell, the personnel manager, talked to Mark, she knew there was a place for him somewhere. He was such a handsome, friendly, attractive young man, she told herself.

They put him first in the men's department, selling shirts. The shirts sold out. They switched him to electric razors. Mark's sales set a store record. He might have blossomed into a department store tycoon, if business hadn't slumped after Christmas, and a drastic cut laid him off. That shocked him out of his respectable, cozy dream.

Mark had been spending his salary as fast as he made it. He moved to a $2 room and looked for another job. He was about broke when he heard of a radio announcer's job open at a small station in Erie, Pennsylvania. Mark spent his last dimes on the phone call. He exaggerated his show business and radio record in Canada. He hinted that he was pretty good.

"Yeah?" they told him. "Okay, you can have the job."

He should have known it sounded too easy. But he went ahead and borrowed money for the trip from a store pal. When he got to Erie, he hustled over to the radio station.

The manager looked bored. "What job? Oh—you the kid from Canada? Well, sorry, but the spot's filled."

Mark's blood boiled. He felt the old tenseness, the rebellious anger flood back into his veins. He'd never trust anybody again. He turned on his heel and walked out.

He had six dollars left in his pocket. He bought a bus ticket to Youngstown and looked up his Uncle George Morrison and his aunt. Uncle George had an offer ready. He was in the steel business and Mark could start work right away at good wages in the machine shop. "Go to bed now," said Uncle George. "We'll talk about it in the morning."

Mark went to bed, but even though he was dog tired he couldn't sleep.

He rolled out of bed at dawn and told his aunt and uncle goodbye. He wouldn't let them fix him breakfast or drive him to the bus. He walked three miles through snow to town, grabbed a bus to Akron with fifteen cents in his pocket and dropped his bag in the $2 room with a promise to pay rent next week. He didn't let anyone know he was in town—not even Marge Shipple. Not any of her good natured gang he'd had fun with, nor any of the friends he'd made at Polski's store.

Because a radio station had made him sore, that's where Mark was determined to get a job. There was one in Akron, WAKR, down below a drug store where he often grabbed a cup of coffee. Mark walked in. He was tired, travel-stained and rumpled. He looked down and out and he was. Bernard Burke, who ran WAKR, was not impressed when Mark hit him for a job.

"Any experience?"

Mark mentioned his Montreal microphone jobs as grandly as he dared. "Sorry," vetoed Burke. "We need a real experienced American radio man."

On his way out Mark looked exactly the way he felt—sore and desperate. A woman saw him and sized up his plight. She happened to be Bernard Burke's wife. She asked Mark if he needed any help. He shook his red head savagely. "No, thanks," he said. "I want a job."

"I'll see my husband," said the lady, kindly. "He's the manager of the station."

Mark grinned bitterly. "I just did. He said 'No'."

But she took him back in and he walked out with a job—not much of a job, but something. Frankly, Mark Stevens started at WAKR as a flunkey. Everybody at WAKR soon knew him and one of them was Carl Kent, the station's prize announcer. Mark wasn't always busy, but he was always hanging around. Carl would have him cue him now and then.

"You've got a good voice," he told Steve one day. "You ought to learn radio announcing. Stick around and I'll teach you all I know."

"Thanks," grinned Mark. That voluntary gesture of friendship put him right back on the ambition beam. He lost himself in the station. Carl coached him in announcing, and they soon trusted Mark at the mike on a show for the Firestone

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Your red blood cells may be faded and shrunken, weakened to a point where they cannot transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia.

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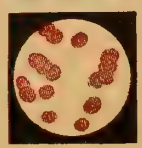

Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

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TABLETS

Rubber Company, called "Was I Right?"

Before long, Steve was opening WAKR at 6 a.m. and closing it at midnight. Mark moved into the YMCA in a $7.50 room. He didn't have time to see Marge Shipple and her crowd or much of anyone else the rest of that year.

Mark didn't mind the work, but his touchy temper fired when he found out he was being underpaid—just half what his job was worth. So he switched his voltage to a rival station, WJW, on a full time announcer's spot with five newscasts daily and a commercial show every Monday night. He felt better and got $75 a week.

In what spare time the new job gave him, he found himself wandering over to the Weathervane Theater in Akron to do amateur plays. Vi Oakes, who played there too, was a sensible, understanding girl who caught the spark of restless ambition behind Mark's moody mannerisms.

"I'm not getting anywhere," he fretted to her. "I'm doing the same things over and over again. I've been in Akron two years and I'm darned near twenty-two."

"Well, what do you want to do?" asked Vi.

"I'd like to try Hollywood," began Mark. He was thinking out loud what he'd been thinking for some time—of all the people who'd suggested Hollywood for him. Funny thing, they were all little, unimportant people, not the big stars he'd gazed at in awe around Montreal's show houses, or seen talking big at Dinty Moore's.

And now Vi Oakes, a young girl anxious to act like himself. She said, "Hollywood—why that's just the place for you! Why not?"

Mark shrugged. He was making good money in Akron, but he was still broke. He knew if he struck out for Hollywood, he'd expect that town to say "Hello, Steve—come right in!" And he knew it wouldn't be like that, because Hollywood was the most heartless place in the world. But still Mark had to try Hollywood.

So one morning he climbed out of his YMCA bed with a set look on his square face, walked down to the station, quit his job and took a bus to Montreal. This time he knew what he was going home for—not to lick his wounds—but to tell his mother and Dad Cooke goodbye. He knew they wouldn't like it, this Hollywood idea. He walked inside the familiar front door and blurted out his plans. "And I'm not

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Several years ago, Tyrone Power was visiting Guyaquil, Ecuador. A wild group of fans was mobbing him, and he finally escaped into his hotel room, thinking to avoid further violence. However, a flock of young bobby-sockers had hidden themselves in his room, and they sprang at him as he entered, trying to get a piece of his wearing apparel as a souvenir. Just as he saw an opening in the crowd and tried to duck through, one of the girls caught hold of his suspenders and yanked them loose. His trousers slowly started to slip down, and the girls ran squealing from the room, leaving Tyrone in much deserved peace.

Knud Holst
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

coming back," Mark added. "I'm going to stay until I do something."

But he was dead wrong on their attitude then. They were beginning to understand; they wanted to help. Dad Cooke bought Mark's ticket west on the Santa Fe's top train, the Super Chief. He handed him a $1000 stake. Mark's parents drove him to the railroad station, took snapshots, gave him a warm send-off, with the comfortable invitation: "If things go wrong, you know you're always welcome here."

Mark Stevens didn't know a soul in Hollywood. The only vague introduction he had was the name of a third-rate talent agent. Larry Sunbrock, a cowboy showman who occasionally brought rodeo shows through Akron, had said, "Look this guy up if you ever get to Hollywood. He might get you a job." Mark had the name scribbled on a piece of paper in his wallet. Maybe he'd look him up, Mark thought, and maybe he wouldn't. He wasn't counting on any help.

When he climbed off the train in Los Angeles, the California sun beamed a dazzling greeting. Mark's spirits zoomed. "This is it," he exulted. "This is for me."

He told the cab driver, "Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel." He whirled up the Boulevard, craning his neck like a hick at the movie sights he'd read about—The Derby, Max Factor's, Grauman's Chinese. The desk clerk said, "Room or suite, sir?" Mark was feeling swell, shot through with luck. "A suite," he said, grandly. He patted the $1000 in his inside coat pocket. He'd shoot the moon, as his old New York hash-slinger pal had advised. His extravagant mood was to cost him dearly, but he didn't know that then.

i want to act . . .

Next morning Mark looked up the agent Larry Sunbrock had recommended. The flesh peddler fixed him with a cold, appraising eye. Mark rattled off his record. "I want to act in pictures."

"Uh-huh. Where you staying?" Mark told him. "Got plenty of money?"

"Sure," said Mark.

"Well," announced the agent. "You don't look like a picture type to me, Bud. But we'll go out to Universal and see what they think."

They didn't think so either. Mark strolled into Casting Director Dan Kelly's office with his guide. He felt cocky and confident. Kelly shot him a flat, impatient stare. Thousands of good looking young guys were led to his desk every week. He listened to Mark's story between phone calls, half listened, half looked. His verdict was blunt and rude.

"Look, son," he said, "why don't you go on back home and forget it? You're no good for pictures. Not the type. Goodbye, now."

That old pressure clamped Mark's jaw. That old furious feeling that surged up when he was smacked down made his muscles tremble. He gritted, "Thanks," and walked out.

He didn't see the man who stared at him keenly as he strode furiously out of Dan Kelly's office. His name was Herb Tobias. He was an agent, too, connected with a big Hollywood talent office, the Goldstone Brothers. He filed what he saw away in his memory. Mark didn't know that.

Mark Stevens' own memory had turned a burning blank. All his dreams darkened and when that happened he could sting himself like a scorpion. He took a cab back to his hotel suite and got on the telephone. He'd run across some party guys and gals in the hotel grill but he'd ducked them. He got in touch now and stayed in touch. He didn't go near the agents again. His marathon mad-on lasted

"RC tastes best, I found!"

says

ANN BLYTH

See her in Mark Hellinger's

"SWELL GUY"

A Universal-International Picture

"IT WAS 'WAY BEST IN MY TASTE-TEST!" says Ann. "I tried leading colas in paper cups and chose Royal Crown Cola—my favorite ever since!" Try it! Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a delightful quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

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a week and a lot of his $1000 stake went with it.

On Sunday Mark's distracted rambling led him to the home of a kindly woman interested in the struggles of young Hollywood unknowns. She lived out in Fox Hills and her back yard looked down on the back lot of Twentieth Century-Fox's great studio, studded with sets and stages. A poignant urge struck him.

Mark said it before he thought, with all the wistful desire that burned beneath his angry frustration. "If I could only get inside there!"

"I'll bet you can," said the lady. "I was thinking when I met you that you'd be perfect for pictures. I know a wonderful agency you ought to see." She named the Goldstones. She told what they had done handling stars like Bob Taylor, Alice Faye, Tony Martin, a dozen others. "Why don't you go see them?"

"What's the use?" smiled Mark crookedly. He was still nursing his independence, but not too hard. He couldn't bring himself to call another agent, but that next week he let a Hollywood friend make an appointment with the Goldstones for him. Herb Tobias was there when Mark came in.

"I've seen you somewhere before," he said. "And I liked your style. Were you ever at Universal?"

"For maybe five minutes," cracked Mark, and told his story. Herb stopped him halfway through. He'd heard that so often he could say it backwards.

"I'll bet I can get you a contract," Herb said. "At Warner's. They use lots of young guys like you. They love 'em. I'll promote a test. Keep in touch with us."

no more dough . . .

Mark said, "Sure," and felt better. But the minute his problem with himself ended another popped up. He didn't tell the agents that keeping in touch was going to be tricky. That he'd run through his thousand-dollar stake, was down to $30. That the Hotel Roosevelt address he'd given was good for maybe a couple of hours more, until he could check out and find a cheap room somewhere.

The only room Mark could find was in Long Beach, thirty-five miles from Hollywood. A friend he'd met had an apartment there on the ocean front, and worked in a beach defense plant. Mark moved in and tried to get a defense job himself. The medical exam spotted the smashed vertebra in his back, the one he'd got diving as a kid in Canada, the same injury that had kept him out of both Canadian and American services when he'd tried to enter. The answer was "No."

He was getting pretty seedy, haggard and anxious when the break came. In fact, Mark was actually sleeping on the sands by the ocean, saving his few remaining nickels to drop in a phone slot to call the Goldstones. One Sunday he got the word from Herb. "Get yourself in shape. You make a test at Warner's Tuesday at one o'clock."

Mark couldn't do much about getting himself in shape. He had just twenty cents left. His suits were a mass of soiled wrinkles; he needed a haircut. He thought he'd have Monday to pull himself into some sort of condition for a camera. Luckily, he called Hollywood the next morning. "Date's changed," Herb Tobias told him. "The test's today. Get up here!"

Mark took a bus, he thought, for Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard. He dropped one of his two dimes in the box. The other would get him over the pass to Burbank. Then he asked if he was on the right bus. The driver shook his head. "Give me my dime back," demanded Mark.

"I can't. You dropped it in. It's already rung up."

Mark spent his last dime on the right bus. But it dumped him four miles from the Warner Studio. He hoofed it over Cahuenga Pass. He was late but they shot the test anyway. They took Mark over to wardrobe first and tried to dress him up. But fiasco piled on fiasco that day. There wasn't a suit in the whole department that fitted his wide shoulders and small waist. He wound up with a pinch-back number tailored for Humphrey Bogart.

Since he's become famous, Mark Stevens has tried time and again to find that screen test and buy it to run for laughs. He can't, though. Warners long since burned it up. It was horrible. But in spite of all the ghastly trimmings, there was something that came through. His agent, Herb, saw it and went to bat with the studio. He talked them into giving Mark a six-month trial contract at $100 a week.

Mark was floating on air. The Goldstone agency was more sold on him than the studio, too. They bought him a jalopy to get around in, lent him some money for clothes, yanked him out of Long Beach and back to civilization. "Stick at Warner's a while," they told him. "Get your bearings and get fattened up. Then we'll go to town. There are other studios who'll test you."

So Mark Stevens joined the Warner team with rosy hopes. He moved into a furnished room in Beverly Hills. He wheeled his jalopy out over the pass daily. It had no top and when it rained he hunched up in the seat under a battered hat and let the water trickle past down his ears. The jalopy started his troubles.

park outside, bub . . .

Mark drove it up to the studio gates one day and started in. They'd given him a bit in *Passage to Marseilles* and he was on his way to work. The gate cop barred his way. "Park outside on the street, you," he ordered.

"Why?" asked Mark. "I'm working in a picture."

"You haven't got a pass have you?" Mark said no, he hadn't. He went to get one, found he wasn't earning enough money to rate it. That made him sizzle. The next morning the cop stopped him again. "Okay," said Mark. "If I can't drive in the gates, I'll go home." That started the fireworks.

He was called on the front-office carpet, and for almost two years Mark camped there until he almost wore the thing out. It was that old wounded ego again, Mark's resentment at being underestimated, brushed off, put in his place. He played bits in pictures— *God Is My Co-Pilot, Objective Burma, Pride of the Marines, The Doughgirls.* But his main role at Warner's was one long fight scene with the studio bosses.

Mark read every script and plugged belligerently for a good part to play. The refusals infuriated him: "Why should we put you in that part when we've got actors earning ten times as much around the lot?"

He balked when they called him in once and made him a mere voice over a loudspeaker in a picture. "You must be kidding!" flared Mark. He was boiling so when he went on the set to do it that he tangled with the director and slammed off in a rage.

You'd have thought Warner's would have been glad to drop him like a hot potato at the end of his first option. But they kept him on, to Mark's chagrin. Because by now other studios were listening to the Goldstones. They said if Mark Stevens ever got free they'd take a look.

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American Cancer Society

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That made Steve all the more a problem player. One decent part and some kind, understanding treatment would have cured him. But it never came.

But in the depth of his misery, Mark found a new happiness to soothe his desperation. He fell in love—for the first time since his summer romance with Marge Shipple, in Quebec. He met the girl he was to marry, pretty Annelle Hayes, and of all places—on the set of the picture that was rubbing his temper raw.

Mark was in the cockpit of a prop plane that day, making process shots for his bit in *Objective Burma*, and cursing his fate. He didn't know that John Sheridan, another Warner stock player, had met the pretty Texas U. co-ed in the casting office. He didn't know Annelle had scanned the Warner players' picture gallery dotting the wall, picked out Mark's and asked, "Who's he?"

"A very interesting character who's working with me in a picture," said John. "Want to meet him?"

So they visited his set and there was something in Annelle's fresh friendliness, her pert charm and the understanding look in her gray eyes that made Mark forget his troubles the minute he saw her.

Annelle lived at the Studio Club. She was in Hollywood for a picture try herself, but she wasn't too sure she really wanted it.

Annelle had more than beauty and sweetness. She had great confidence in Mark as an actor; she supplied what he'd lacked—understanding and sympathy.

lucky 13 . . .

He needed someone to keep telling him, "Never mind, you'll get there." Someone to back him up. From the start Annelle had complete faith in Mark. One night they went to Ocean Park to do the fun pier. Mark bought tickets on the roller-coaster, and after one dip, with his arm around Annelle, he said, "Let's get married." Before the teetery car came to a stop, she'd said "Yes." They planned to get married on a Friday, the 13th of January. The 13th was Mark's birthday and Annelle's, too, their lucky number. The fact that Mark's Warner contract ended at last on that same day and that he was out of a job didn't bother Steve. He had an ace in the hole by then.

Mark was playing a bit in *Pride of the Marines* when the Goldstone Agency called. The test at Twentieth Century-Fox they'd promoted was scheduled. Mark will always be grateful to Delmer Daves, his director, for re-arranging his shooting schedule to let him off. He hurried out to Fox and made the test that was to give Mark Stevens his first real Hollywood chance.

He'd made the test, but he didn't know the verdict when he married Annelle, on the 13th, as advertised. They waltzed into a little church in Beverly Hills and the minister's wife was their witness. They didn't have a honeymoon, and Mark had no place but his room to take his bride. They kept the wedding a secret for four months until they could find a place to live. The new Mrs. Stevens stayed on at the Studio Club and the newlyweds still had dates. Mark waited for the news on his test—and stewed in his own impatient juice.

But while he paced the floor of his room, Mark's test was writing his future at Twentieth. It went first to Rufus Le Maire, the casting director. He took it to Bryan Foy, the "B" boss of the lot. Brynie already had an actor cast in a prison drama he was making, *Within These Walls*. He looked at Mark's test and changed his mind fast.

"That's the man I want," he said. He pulled the other actor out. Mark was at

home when the telephone rang. Herb Tobias had the good news. "It's a contract—$275 a week. Can you go right to work?"

"You mean they've got a part for me already?"

"Yep—in a 'B'—but a good one."

"A-B-C-D or E—I don't give a damn," shouted Mark. "They can use up the alphabet if it's really an acting job."

Within These Walls was a prison picture, but it gave Mark Stevens the freedom he'd been desperately seeking. The freedom from his own anger, the heart-sickening rage he invariably threw himself into when he was ignored, scorned or belittled. Because Mark acquired his first boosters with that first real acting job. Bryan Foy and his ace producer, Ben Silvey, thought Mark was wonderful. They told him so. They built him up. He purred like a kitten and blossomed like a rose at last.

But that wasn't all that happened. The plans Bryan Foy had to make him a busy star of "B" pictures had been vetoed. And by the boss at 20th-Fox himself, Darryl Zanuck. Zanuck took one look at Mark on the screen and said, "No more 'B's.' Hold him for a good part. He's star stuff." But Mark didn't know all of that. All he knew was that Zanuck was making him wait around. He waited seven months—and being Mark Stevens—he darned near went off his nut.

Those seven months were the Kid's Last Fight for Mark Stevens. He scrapped with his own fretful impatience and won—because while the delay made him wild—he knew he was being appreciated, valued—that at last he was a man with a future.

The only job he did at the studio was a test for *Fallen Angel*, although Director Otto Preminger told him frankly, "It's probably a waste of time. I want Dana Andrews if I can get him." He got him all right. But that test was no waste of time for Mark. It landed in the hands of Herb Tobias and became the one-way ticket to the stardom Mark longed for. Herb showed it to Producer William Periera at RKO. When the news came to Mark one day—that RKO might co-star him with Joan Fontaine in *From This Day Forward*, the old jumpiness hit him again.

It was triply tough for Mark to endure

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the suspense that dragged him over the hots and colds for weeks. Almost every star in Hollywood was up for that part. It finally simmered down to Mark and one other actor. That's when Bill Periera, with Joan Fontaine's okay, decided to pick the winner with a contest.

He called all the studio secretaries at RKO together one afternoon, ran off Mark's test and his rival's. He asked for a vote. There were thirty-six secretary judges. The vote was for Stevens—34 to 2.

Then began the battle of the telephones—RKO versus Twentieth Century-Fox. Three separate times Mark saw the deal fizzle out, because RKO wanted half of Mark's contract and Zanuck wasn't giving his aces away. They wanted him for peanuts; Zanuck demanded a fat price. It see-sawed back and forth but the good news finally came through and Mark pinched himself. He was a star—it was in the contract—right along with Joan Fontaine. There was his chance, at long last, in black and white.

What Mark Stevens did with it is happy Hollywood history by now—happy for Mark Stevens and Hollywood, too. In *From This Day Forward* he won the applause of critics, of new and ardent fans. He rose to the top of Darryl Zanuck's new star list of '46. He won a star's job in *The Dark Corner,* which let him act, and now in *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now,* which let him dance and sing.

under the knife . . .

The other battle Mark won was a two-fisted scrap with bad health. Mark's had two major operations since he reached stardom. He's had his backbone laid bare by a surgeon's knife twice to correct an old diving injury. He's been punctured by penicillin needles so much he feels like a sieve.

But Steve gives his battered body the back of his hand. He can't be bothered—even if he's the nurses' Nemesis and the doctors' despair—to let mere flesh and blood get him down.

Last September, for instance, he drove Annelle and his brand new namesake, Mark Richard Stevens, Jr., proudly home from the hospital. "A little ham just like me," Mark grins proudly.

And then, right before his birthday last December 13th—that lucky 13th for Mark and Annelle—good news came from Darryl Zanuck: Mark's contract was torn up and his salary tripled. The night before his birthday, Mark was wishing out loud.

"What would really make me happy now," he mused to Annelle, "would be to see Mother and Dad Cooke. It's been a long time—five years. Maybe now I rate a trip home."

He didn't particularly like it, either, when she froze up on the idea. "Oh," said Annelle hastily, "you'll get around to that later."

So the next morning, bright and early on his birthday, the knock came at the door. And in walked the very people he wanted to see most—his Mother and Dad, both maybe with a little more gray and with an extra wrinkle or two—but the same pair who'd backed him all his life and now, proud as Punch, they were, of Sonny Stevens, the problem boy of Montreal. "It was so nice of Annelle to ask us out," his mother said. So he gave Annelle a kiss, then turned to his Maw.

"Think I've changed?" grinned Mark.

Mrs. Cooke took a long, happy look before she answered. "Yes, you have. You look like you're happy—for the first time since you were thirteen years old. I think you've found what you wanted at last, here in America, as I said you'd find it some day."

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EASTER DREAM

(*Continued from page 32*)

fat flower. But the dream remains the brightest part of the costume.

There's a girl named Esther Williams, for whom the dream came true.

Esther is a movie star, all right, but she's also young and wide-eyed. One day she was talking about how wonderful it would be to have a splendid new Easter outfit, and a MODERN SCREEN spy who had been sneaking around eavesdropping went racing back to write Al and Henry.

Al and Henry got excited, and their excitement spread to Donn, the clothes designer, and John-Frederics, the hat designers, and the first thing Esther knew, she was going Cinderella two or three better.

When she walked into the place called Donn, Ltd., she was slightly nervous. The rug in the salon was a sort of beige-grey, and marvelously thick under her feet. The walls and furniture were modern, and the same beige color, and there were small, bright touches here and there.

Donn himself, a blond man in a red and black jacket, came to say hello to Esther, and he showed her through his work-rooms (he decorated the whole place) and during the entire tour, Esther scarcely took her eyes off his red and black jacket.

When she couldn't stand it any longer, she began, "Did you—"

And Donn grinned, and said, yes, he had designed it, and she said she thought it was so cute, the way the lapels almost came to his waist, and he said you had to be extreme in this business, and then they got around to Esther's Easter outfit.

Donn's clothes are beautiful. So are the women who go into them. He designs for Lana Turner and Judy Garland, to name a couple, but right then, he was giving his complete attention to Esther, who went from dress to dress gasping, "Oh, look at this! Oh, isn't that charming? Oh, oh, oh—"

She ended up with an Easter trousseau, practically. A white evening gown, a beautiful thing, a thing that would melt in your mouth. A little black suit with a checkered vest; a dress with a darling print—

to top things off . . .

By the time Esther was ready to leave Donn, Ltd., she was floating. But as any young girl could have told her, floating around without a hat is very undignified stuff. A bonnet's the most crucial part of an Easter outfit anyway.

So to John-Frederics. Everybody's heard of John-Frederics, Esther included. But she'd never been inside their Hollywood place. All she knew was that they made fabulous hats, and were probably Lily Dache's worst enemies.

She found out more. John-Frederics, Inc., has bleached wood panelling and tables and cabinets. John-Frederics, Inc., has crystal candelabra, and soft lights, and $500 mink hats.

The designer himself comes out from New York for his Spring and Fall shows, and his Hollywood place is run by a Mr. Wally and a Mr. Rex. Mr. Wally took care of Esther. He showed her sets of hand-painted stoles and hats, at $350 a set. He showed her handbags and cosmetics and jewelry. He left her breathless.

And she left him minus several of his most enchanting numbers.

Esther Williams is going to look handsome in that Easter Parade. As for you, you'll probably go back to chocolate rabbits. Or to shining up that gay old dream.

How much freedom can a career girl enjoy?

102 OUT OF 127 MODELS, ARTISTS, WRITERS REPORT NO CHAFING WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS

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Girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride* Modess. *Object:* To see if it gave freedom from chafe.

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The secret of chafe-free comfort so many girls found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

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"The Course was easy," she says. "Each day was a thrilling adventure. I'm down from 150 to 116; from size 18 to size 14. My skin was never bad, but DuBarry beauty care improved it. Now I make up with skill; do my hair smartly and save beauty shop bills. I have only one regret—that I didn't start sooner."

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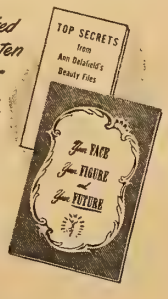

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WHY GENE'S DIVORCING MY BROTHER

(*Continued from page 30*)

Tyrone Power . . ."

"Oleg Cassini is crazy about a beautiful (*and* mysterious) Hollywood lady . . ."

"Now they've kissed and made up . . ."

"Now they're back at each other's throats . . ."

And so forth!

Not a grain of truth in a carload. I think the Ty Power rumors originated smack on the set during the filming of *The Razor's Edge.* In fact, when Oleg arrived one day for Gene, one of the technicians voiced an uncomplimentary remark regarding Gene and Ty and promptly wound up on the floor.

The whisperings spread from the set; finally they made print. All this was strengthened by the fact that Ty and his own wife, Annabella, were also on the verge of breaking up.

The truth of the matter is that Ty, Oleg, Gene and Annabella were *all* friends—good friends. They were often seen together. But the rumor-mongers made nothing of it until the question of Oleg's divorce rose to the fore. Had there been anything between Gene and Ty, I'm certain that Oleg and Ty would have engaged in (at least) sharp words. They did not. They are still friends.

Okay, so what *did* cause the break?

Don't accuse me of taking the easy way out when I blame . . . *circumstances.* It's a vague word, I know, but I'll explain:

First, you must understand that one of the unfortunate things about Hollywood marriages is that "famous" people more than anybody else are apt to get into each other's hair. Not only are they temperamental, but they move under a constant strain. The merciless glare of the public eye is no pleasant thing. It causes the tiniest, most ridiculous spat to become a home-shaking event.

Look back at Oleg and Gene before either knew what the word fame meant. They eloped nearly six years ago (against the consent of Gene's parents), and at that time neither was established.

Gene had been miscast so many times that the critics had a field day lambasting her. Many producers called her a mediocre actress—nothing more.

Oleg, for his part, was a little-known designer. True, he had established an enviable reputation in Rome and Paris, but six years ago in Hollywood he was just another guy named Joe.

designing husband . . .

Oleg began "dressing up Gene." Sweaters and drab skirts gave way to glamor gowns with trick lines. He showed such a marked improvement over studio-picked designers that eventually he, alone, designed Gene's clothes. And he made her one of Hollywood's Best Dressed Women.

But all was not peachy. Oleg is strictly Continental. He was born and raised in Europe. He lived in a host of countries, studied in various European schools and learned to speak four or five languages. Gene, on the other hand, is strictly American—and the two personalities are bound to clash.

Gene, for instance, wanted to "Americanize" Oleg. She dreamed of him with a crew hair-cut and with the speech and general makeup of an American. A sterling goal, indeed, but hardly a practical one. Birth and tradition and breeding are not easily replaced in a matter of years.

And I ask myself—would Gene have ever fallen in love with the "crew haircut" type of male? I doubt it. I doubt it because I think that European quality is the very thing Gene liked upon first meeting Oleg. But as I have said, I believe this difference is a trifling one—as long as you are not famous.

Where did fame first start? I think Gene first tasted it in *Laura,* which was a hit. Other hits followed, and she was set.

For Oleg, too, things were opening up. After having left the Army (where Gene had spent a year with him—a year in which she gave up pictures), he was signed on as chief wardrobe designer at the Eagle-Lion studios. Next, he opened up his own thriving business (Casanova), and eventually signed a separate contract with 20th Century-Fox. His reputation as one of the country's top designers was definitely established—as was Gene's reputation as one of our finest actresses.

Their affairs became the public's affairs. Their every move made print.

Their careers were different. They could seldom arrange their schedules to see one another. When Gene was working, Oleg was free. And vice versa. At nights, when they were worn out, they would hunt for rest and comfort in some small cafe—only to be sought out by autograph collectors. Weary and aggravated, they might easily nag at each other.

Hot tempers can get hotter under these circumstances, and sense of uneasiness is increased hourly. What were formerly "nothings" were now subjects for long, heated arguments. Add to that the fact that (as I have mentioned) Gene's parents never really sanctioned her marriage.

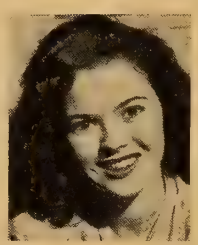
Comprehend the fancies that play in one's mind. They have been sentenced to divorce—by press and public opinion—before the word ever entered their minds.

Now the thing has got to be "played to the finish," as it were. It's almost too late to back out of divorce proceedings—because "everybody" expects it now.

Gene already has started proceedings. I, as her brother-in-law, am not so certain that she will ever complete them. I believe they actually still love each other. I know they are both tremendously fond of their young daughter, Daria. They might still be held together. It's a strange world . . .

Anyway, I'll wait for the final results before I make up my mind.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Shirley Temple's husband, John Agar, was still in the Army, Shirley came to Salt Lake City to visit him. One evening I took my grandmother to the Centre Theater to see a picture, and found a long waiting line. Since Grandma is about 80, I went into the lobby to find a place for her to sit. But there were no seats. I stood there, looking around, when Shirley stepped out of line and smiled, showing those famous dimples. "Why don't you take my place?" she said. "We'll go to the end of the line." I started to object, but she said, "Oh, we'd just as soon wait—so long as we're waiting together!" and she took her new husband's arm and went to the end of the line.

Beverly Burt
Salt Lake City, Utah

FIGHTING LADY

(*Continued from page 60*)

step nearer there is food for thought in the fact that Olivia collided with her thirtieth birthday, the decision to marry and a nomination as the best actress of the year, all at once.

This year, in *two* pictures, namely *To Each His Own* and *The Dark Mirror*, Olivia has given *five* outstanding performances. Regardless of Academy Award arguments, no other actress has even come close to that. To explain: in the first picture, Olivia played a young girl in love, a frantic mother who had lost her child, and a hardboiled, elderly business woman. The other two performances were the Ruth and Terry roles opposite Lew Ayres in *The Dark Mirror*. Most capable actresses would not have too much trouble carrying off the first three chores, but the dual role must be considered a singular achievement.

Just what these dual roles added up to is best expressed by Thomas Mitchell, who said: "The public may see the picture and be amazed by Olivia's performance. But no one except those with personal experience will appreciate the understanding and intellect necessary to deliver as she did."

no tantrums for livvy . . .

It should be added that at no time did Olivia crack under the strain and relieve herself with tears, fainting spells or outbursts of temperament as is more or less a common practice. On the other hand, because she loves her roles so intensely, there were occasional brushes with Director Siodmak over script interpretation. Of course, a fight with Olivia is not to be viewed in the popular conception of the word. Olivia does not do battle *against* people but *for* the right to uphold her convictions. But for this, she might have lost her famed legal campaign to break her Warner contract. Most young actresses are too concerned with the business of living up to their station to dare risk their careers in such a battle. Olivia stayed off the screen for two solid years while an army of lawyers skirmished through the courts to a decision in her favor.

As a result, Olivia's lawsuit changed the lives and careers of every player in pictures—on one simple point. If a player refuses to do a part, or takes a suspension for other reasons, studios may not add the length of that suspension to the contract. Thus an actor need no longer live in fear of a suspension which might add months to a contract from which he wants to escape.

Lest anyone at this point believe that it is the author's intention to make a "double-domed heroine" of Olivia, the memory of one of her brightest interviews is called to mind. The subject was a press agent-inspired story on the occasion of her 1000th movie kiss.

The interviewer was Frederick C. Othman, now a Washington correspondent. He asked her whether her first screen kiss, engaged in with Dick Powell, was a brotherly affair.

"Brotherly?" retorted Olivia. "I do not know the meaning of the word." She then went on to rib Errol Flynn, who was somewhat under the weather at the time, by pointing out that he had to go to the hospital after each one of their kissing scenes.

Recently, during the rehearsal of a radio broadcast, Olivia called for a chair and a cup of coffee. These were brought to her promptly. Olivia looked up from her

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script in wide-eyed concern.

"Oh," she exclaimed, pointing to a tall radio actor who had been moaning about the anguish an expectant father goes through, "the chair and coffee are not for me. Pass them on to Fred—he's in such a delicate condition."

To many it would seem that Olivia, until now, has been leading a colorless life. For two years she has been living in a small, but attractive, apartment called The Shoreham. This is but three blocks as the Old Crow flies from a night club called Mocambo. Olivia has been there so seldom that if it were not that headwaiters also go to movies she could walk in unrecognized.

If there are more than a dozen costumes regularly in Olivia's wardrobe, this correspondent will buy her a new hat to go with the average. Olivia's clothes are superbly cut and in good fashion, but more the type worn by a well-dressed Eastern girl than the flamboyant creations for which Hollywood women are famous.

Most of her free time is spent reading scripts. She reads them by the bushel basket full, hoping to find a scant few parts she really wants to do, and may choose of her own free will now that she is a free lance player.

Despite this extreme concentration, which should again put her in line for another Academy nomination next year, Olivia does not lead an unsocial life. She simply circulates in a less obvious sphere than most actresses of equal popularity.

As for perpetuating the beauty of face and figure, she accomplishes this perhaps without being aware of it. On several evenings a week she and Mr. Goodrich walk slightly more than a mile round trip from their apartment down Sunset Boulevard to Schwab's drug store to purchase sundry articles and talk with the natives.

Which they are.

MANHATTAN NOCTURNE

(*Continued from page 58*)

American air forces Major; and it seemed that both Kip and Major Jimmy, who had been on the point of taking off to wider horizons, would be delighted to delay their departure for further refreshment.

Kip was a lad Rex had known for years, a cheerfully disenchanted young bachelor who had seen the war through with a grin. Jimmy, it appeared, was of a pattern—a lanky, graceful chap with a charming smile, green eyes that knew too much, and a sense of humor. The three of them made a group designed for the evening Rex had in mind. "Where," asked Jimmy, "shall we start?"

"Let's do the luxury circle first," Rex said, "beginning with the Pierre and working down through the Sherry-Netherland, the Savoy Plaza and the St. Regis. Then—"

"The Village," Kip suggested, "and the Bowery. Sammy's—"

"And then uptown." Jimmy gave a sudden, exuberant chuckle. "One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street."

They were still at the St. Moritz at nine o'clock; and Rex and Kip were in the throes of reminiscence. "You disappeared," Kip was saying, "along about '42. I never found out what happened. One moment your were flying along with us, and the next you were sitting in a bomb shelter coping with that radar thing. Weren't you bored senseless with it?"

"You're being sensitive and very nice," Rex told him, "but you needn't bother. The truth is, I'm nearly blind in one eye. When the shortage of pilots was over they began insisting on people with third-dimensional vision, oddly enough. So I went into radar."

the bowery, the bowery . . .

"I suggest we go to Sammy's," Jimmy said. Their cab-driver deposited them in the Bowery only one block from Sammy's, and they made a three-man phalanx down the sidewalk, through the accumulated characters, gently elbowing away the professional panhandlers and threading their way through the throng of innocuous drunks, until they were inside and seated.

"The nice thing about your life," Kip was saying, "is that it's been so satisfactory. No struggle. No fuss. No black years. Lucky chap."

"If you think," Rex said, "I've been wallowing in that thing called the lap of luxury ever since I was born, you've some more thinking due you. What d'you think I've been doing all these years? Playing Noel Coward? Living in a Mayfair flat with a gentleman's gentleman and a smart Rolls Bentley waiting at my door?"

"No offense."

"Let's go over to the Village," Jimmy said.

They went to the Village Inn, big, spacious, vulgar. They found a table.

"If you think," Rex said, "it's been all velvet, let me disillusion you. Without undue emphasis on my past life, that is."

"Well, happy day," Jimmy said.

all wet . . .

"But d'you know what happened to me on my first assignment in repertory?" Rex asked. "I was cast as a native in O'Neill's *Gold*, and I was supposed to climb a prop palm tree, sight a ship, and then slide down again. Only they fireproofed the blasted tree an hour before curtain, and it was still wet, and when I slid down again all my makeup had come off. Leaving me white in front and dark behind."

"What'd you do?"

"I huddled, rest of the act."

"And all that for thirty shillings a week," added Kip.

Jimmy looked blank.

"About $7.50," Rex explained. "You see what I mean by everything not being crumpets and tea all the while."

They went on to Ruban Bleu, arriving half an hour before the midnight show. Rex went over to another table for a few minutes to chat with an acquaintance, and Jimmy said, "There's one of the smoothest guys I've ever met."

"Have you seen his wife?"

"Isn't she the Lilli Palmer who played the Italian girl in *Cloak and Dagger?*"

"Right. Lord, she's a beautiful girl. Odd how they met—he was waiting to be called up in 1940 and decided to do a tour in *Design For Living*. Lilli was in another show and they hit Birmingham at the same time. Met in a restaurant and had a pleasant evening, and thought that was the end of it. Then by a coincidence both outfits went on to the next city together. Seemed too much like fate not to do something about it. So they were married."

"Just like that?"

"Well, there was a bit of a wait. Rex was married before, you know, to a retired Army major's daughter, Collette Thomas. It hadn't worked for years, but they'd never done anything about it."

"Here's the show," Rex said, sliding back into his seat. "I've seen it three times. There's a gal who does Hildegarde won-

derfully well."

"Let's catch Hildegarde herself at the Persian Room," Jimmy said. "We'd be in time for a song or two. . ."

By five the next morning the streets of Harlem were deserted, and a light rain had begun to fall. The three friends, emerging from one of the noisier clubs, let the cab they had chartered follow them for a block while they walked. It was Rex's suggestion. "My head needs clearing," he said. His eyes were stinging from the smoke of the hot, tightly packed rooms. It had been a wonderful, fantastic night but there was something missing and he felt oddly depressed.

Suddenly he knew what it was. "I wish Lilli were here," he said aloud.

"Does she like to walk in the rain?"

He laughed. "Yes," he said, "but that isn't precisely what I meant. . ."

Lilli met him at Pasadena in his own Cadillac, with three-year-old Carey standing smartly in the back seat; and she said, "Well, darling, did you have a marvelous time?"

"Mmm," he said, obviously with too much relish, because she gave him a quick look of comprehension.

"I think," she said, "I'll come along next trip."

"I was desolate without you," he told her. "We must make sure you don't miss the next one."

"*I'll* make sure," she said.

There were important portions of his life that had not emerged, even by implication in terms of twice told tales, that revealing evening in New York. There were little things that only he knew, or that he and Lilli shared knowledge of, together: the years of struggle and poverty, of dank, awful lodgings in small English towns; the despair of realizing, when he finally got into movies, that all his stage experience had done not one thing to prepare him for film techniques—

But this year in America was compensation for all that. As they drove up to the Mediterranean house he had bought from Dick Greene, he remembered a certain draughty room in Brighton, complete with cold running water and a family of three cockroaches, and smiled.

afternoon in the sun . . .

They had tea on the terrace and sat afterward in the late afternoon sun, watching Carey ride his tricycle.

"About this New York thing," Lilli said, after a lazy, companionable silence. "There's a sort of deal on for a radio broadcast for both of us, in a month or two, and we could go ostensibly for that, but truthfully speaking, I'd like to be in the East when my sister has her baby. Also," she added thoughtfully, "I'd like to be in New York with you, and have you show me the itinerary you followed."

"Mmm," he said.

"Was it *that* much fun?" she asked, rather wistfully.

"Yes," he said, "it was. And you needn't sound so much like a wife. But I'll tell you what—we'll do Los Angeles one evening this week, and I'll take you down to Central Avenue, and Skid Row, and a few sinks of sin I've heard about. Then, if you develop a passion for low life, you shall see New York as only a cad of my stamp can show it to you."

"Do you know," she said suddenly, her face lighting up, "I'll bet five pounds you spent a thoroughly dull fortnight in New York, surrounded at every turn by stuffy matrons and guarded by studio people, and didn't have a chance to fly off at all."

He offered her a look of utter astonishment. "How did you guess?"

She settled back in her chair and surveyed her nails with a certain smugness. "Just wifely intuition," she said.

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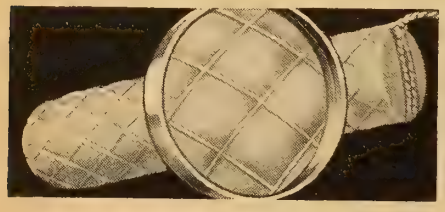

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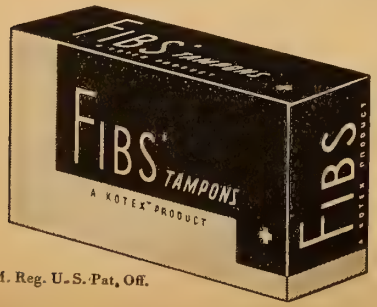

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UNCLE JIMMY

(*Continued from page 56*)

but famous, distinguished, beloved by all, is up for a crack at his second Hollywood Academy Award. Maybe he won't get it, with Greg Peck and Freddie March running strong at the finish, but even if he doesn't, Jimmy Stewart has proved in *It's A Wonderful Life* that his post-war comeback is solid and wonderful indeed. And he's as terrific to me now as he was then.

But I don't think Jimmy Stewart quite believes that yet. Not with a string of movie hits back of him longer than Joe DiMaggio's batting record. Not with Hollywood and the movie-going world at his feet again. I'm not sure Jimmy Stewart ever will believe he's much shucks as a movie hero, just as no one will ever sell him on the idea that he was ever a war hero, ever anything but "one of eleven million guys in service."

But I'm glad I thought Jimmy was something special 'way back then in New York and did something about it. When *Divided by Three* closed, I came back to Hollywood, looking for a job. I stopped in to see Rufus LeMaire, casting director at M-G-M.

"You're just back from New York, Hedda," he said. "See any picture bets?"

get that boy . . .

"You bet I did," I told him "There's a boy just played with me who can't help be a big star!" And I told him the story Before I left his office Rufus was dictating a rush New York wire to his secretary. "Locate James Stewart through Guthrie McClintic stop make test and airmail immediately." Jimmy followed that test West.

Why was I so red hot then on that raw, unknown youngster? For the same reason that I'm red hot on Jimmy Stewart today and always will be. Because I know —I ought to—what makes fine actors. Not just a beautiful "puss," a torso, a personality smile or wavy hair. What makes the really good ones is sincerity, simplicity, utter honesty and a natural instinct for acting—an instinct for what's right and what's real. That's what Jimmy Stewart has. That's what he was born with.

God just has His arms around Jimmy Stewart as He always has had. I don't think there's an inch of conniving cleverness in Jim Stewart's six feet three. In fact, Jimmy bends his lanky frame over backwards to duck the limelight. Nothing makes Jimmy run, but when he says his piece he's right. He knows—from inside.

I can prove that—and it's a story that I've never told before. I saw it happen, right on the stage, in that same McClintic

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play *Divided By Three,* where I first met Jimmy Stewart. I was in it too.

Divided By Three was a family love tangle. A woman tried to parcel out her love between her husband, his best friend and her son. It was touchy stuff. One night we were at dress rehearsal in New Haven, Connecticut, before opening on Broadway, when Guthrie McClintic called Jimmy Stewart aside right before curtain time. He told him he had a new line for him at the end of the second act, where Jimmy discovered his mother was philandering with his father's best pal. Guthrie gave Jimmy the line. "You turn to her then and say, 'You're nothing but a ——!'"

It was such a strong word it's even unprintable here. Jimmy turned white as a sheet, and shook his head. "Mr. McClintic," he said, "I can't do that. No matter what my mother did I couldn't call her that. It's against life."

But McClintic knew what he wanted; he was powerful and persuasive. Jimmy said the line that night and at the opening in New York, too. It was such an unpleasant shock that it killed his notices and wrecked his spot—helped wreck the whole play. It ran only eight weeks. Jimmy was right—from the start. He had the right taste, the right instinct. He usually has. He has never acquired the usual actor's callousness.

Jimmy trusts anyone who has proved friendship for him. He's as loyal as a bulldog to people who have helped him to success. Frank Capra made Jimmy's greatest picture, *Mister Smith Goes to Washington,* and Frank is still Jimmy Stewart's Hollywood god. He placed his comeback fate entirely in Frank's hands.

once an actor . . .

Jimmy never thought of doing anything but returning to Hollywood and acting again if he survived the war. While he was signed up with Uncle Sam, his M-G-M contract ran out. Offers swamped his manager, Leland Hayward. But Jimmy kept mum as long as he was in uniform.

Then, at last, he went on terminal leave and home to visit his folks in Indiana, Pennsylvania, where his first Oscar still sits proudly in the window of his dad's hardware store. He got restless even with the whirlwind hero's reception that greeted him wherever he showed his famous face. He called Frank Capra in Hollywood one night.

"Frank," he asked, "have you got a job for me?"

"I've got an idea," replied Frank.

It was just a rough idea in Frank Capra's mind when Jimmy arrived and sat up most of one night to talk it over. But he told Frank that night, "It's for me." The result was *It's A Wonderful Life.* And typically, Jimmy was never worried a minute about anything about his comeback picture—except himself.

Frank Capra was telling me a story the other day about Jimmy's first post-war scene. After five years in the world of war, Jimmy quite naturally had some serious misgivings about his first day back in grease paint, before the cold eye of a camera. He was out of practice. It scared him when Capra picked a long, tough first scene with Donna Reed—three pages of action and dialogue. He named the script pages for Jimmy: "Pages 31, 32, and 33."

Jimmy took them home, studied and rehearsed until he had them perfect. But he arrived on the set the starting day wearing a deep furrow in his brow, which isn't attractive. He was tense and nervous. Then Frank sprang his surprise.

"Jimmy," he said, "I've changed my mind. We'll do page *34* today."

On page 34, Jimmy's entire dialogue

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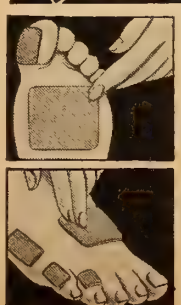

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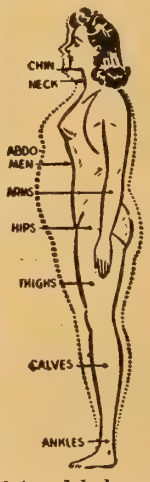

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was one word, "No." And Frank Capra okayed the first take of that. Jimmy's nerves vanished, and never returned.

But frankly, I think it's too bad Jimmy Stewart doesn't love himself a little more. A few weeks ago, for instance, Jimmy was on a radio show in Hollywood. The script writer had a flowery introduction ready—all about the star who rose from private to colonel, etc., etc. Jimmy took one look, whipped out his pencil and crossed it off. His self-written introduction read, "James Stewart, who served with the Army Air Forces overseas . . ."

That's swell. I admire it, and who doesn't? But Jimmy Stewart has no business selling himself so short as an actor and as a person. It's not good for him and —darn it—I love him, like a lot of other people. And I'm old enough to get a little motherly, Lord help me!

I can see Jimmy now that night six years ago at the Biltmore Bowl when all Hollywood was gathered to honor him as its best actor of the year. Jimmy hustled self-consciously up on the platform to get his Oscar from Alfred Lunt as if he was stealing something that wasn't his. He made the shortest, shyest acceptance speech on record. Then he ambled off looking twice as frightened as the deer in *The Yearling*. He was in such a hurry he almost fell down!

I wish Jimmy Stewart would find himself the right girl and get married. Fundamentally, he's a plain, earthy guy with all the normal, right, solid-citizen instincts. He's devoted and loyal to his family and his close, old friends to the Nth degree. He loves kids. He likes home life. He's "Uncle Jimmy" to the children of two of his oldest pals, Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan.

two big kids . . .

Jimmy spent Christmas with the Fondas. He brought a teddy bear to their 7-year-old son, Peter, about twice Pete's size. He helped trim the tree and set up the electric train. Frances Fonda had one of those wonderful model planes that fly with a real motor for Jimmy's present from Peter, but when Hank saw it—the big kid!—he said, "Hey, I want that myself!" Then Jimmy arrived happily lugging an identical model plane that Jane Wyman had sent him for Christmas. Those two big lummoxes spent the day happily buzzing their planes all over the neighborhood.

With a few special exceptions Jimmy sees the same old friends he saw before he went to war—John Swope and Dorothy McGuire, Hank and Frances, Maggie and Leland, Josh Logan, Johnny McClain, Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard, Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan.

That's a pleasant social set-up for Jimmy Stewart, all right, the kind he likes. But it's also a dangerous one for a bachelor. Jimmy doesn't have to plan a private life; it's organized for him. Maggie Sullavan, the spark-plug of his set, is a natural organizer. There's always something coming up to pass a pleasant evening.

But Jimmy's 38. He needs a real home and his own kids. He shouldn't go on being "Uncle Jimmy." Will he ever get married? Why hasn't he before now? Every time I see him I kid him with that question, "When are you going to get married?" and all I get is an evasive grin and a shrug. I don't think he's a confirmed bachelor, but the longer a man stays single the harder it is for him to settle down. He gets persnickety. Besides, a shy, sensitive guy like Jimmy Stewart has a high hurdle placed before his romance when he gets himself halfway interested in a girl. A bachelor in the movie limelight can't take out anybody in skirts without marriage predictions getting in print. Jimmy's just not working at romance—and I'll have to admit—when he tries, Jimmy seems to be snake-bitten with bad luck.

A few weeks ago, we had the worst pea-soup fog on record here in Hollywood. That foggy Saturday night Jimmy went to a Hollywood party. He spotted a beautiful girl he didn't know and it took him all evening to worm his way inside the cluster of attentive males and get in some work. But Jimmy was intrigued—he turned on the charm and it paid off. The fascinator finally agreed to let him take her home.

Jimmy helped her into his blue 1940 Ford coupe he bought when he came back home. It has a leaky radiator and a bad habit of stalling now and then but Jimmy wasn't counting on a long trip. He asked the girl where she lived. She said, "Saugus." Jimmy almost fainted.

only forty miles . . .

Saugus is a California town some forty miles from Hollywood and, in the fog, Jimmy couldn't see much past his eyebrows. He crept along in low gear all the way, consoling himself that after that rugged trip the girl would practically *have* to ask him in when she got home. But she tripped right up the steps with a "Thank you. Goodnight!" and slammed the door. Jimmy crept painfully all the way back home, dragging in bed at seven a.m. He'd lost all interest in that romance by then.

But if Jimmy is unlucky at love, he's very fortunate, indeed, to be happily, devotedly wedded to a career he loves and respects as few Hollywood stars do. Heaven knows Jimmy has been through enough vital experiences to make him scorn the artificialities of our town—if he was the type to be running down his profession, as some of our clever young men who rose to fame during the war are prone to do. But nothing burns Stewart more than young actors with their ears barely dry, who have found freak fame and go around pretending it bores them to tears.

Jimmy's next try is in *Magic Town* which he's doing with Wild Bill Wellman. After that, he does *One Big Happy Family*, with George Stevens, a war buddy director, who's one of our best. These combinations click like turnstiles—so don't be surprised if next year, they'll be talking about Jimmy Stewart when Academy Awards come around.

Now—if Stewart only had his *own* big happy family, in his personal life—but there I go again—being Dorothy Dix! The trouble is—I guess I just think Jimmy is too good to waste. And coming from Pa., I just hate waste, even in romance. Jimmy hates waste, too, but then, he's younger and has time for it—I haven't.

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SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY...

(Continued from page 46)

aesthetic value of the sarong as opposed to the girdle. But here, in this hotel room, they were hearing a Hollywood glamor girl demanding open discussion of a subject upon which even angels refused direct quotes, the explosive subject of Negro segregation.

"Well, I'll tell you the answer," said Ingrid, a spot of angry color flaming in each cheek, her eyes stormy: "If I had dreamed that such a law, or custom, was in effect in America's capital city, I should not have agreed to come here. But I learned of it too late, and upon learning of it, I offered instantly to give a special performance for the Negroes. They have rejected that offer, on the wise grounds that such an acceptance could only underscore the discrimination."

actions speak louder than words . . .

While personages as important as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Claire Boothe Luce had condemned the action of the D.A.R. in barring Marian Anderson from Washington stages, it was the Bergman resentment that persuaded Actors' Equity to demand a new 4-point contract with the League of New York Theatres, Inc. A clause in this contract stipulates that Equity members shall not be asked to perform in Washington, so long as Jim Crow laws exist in that city.

The scene at Washington happened last October, when the Maxwell Anderson play, *Joan of Lorraine,* was breaking in before its Broadway premiere, the wildest opening night in theater history, with disorderly mobs of autograph hounds holding up cabs and popping flashlight bulbs at startled celebs.

Five hundred years away, the original Joan of Arc must have cheered the courage of this Swedish Joan of Arc, in thus attacking the archaic race ritual still persisting in the Land of the Free. The original Joan had uttered equally frank censure of traditional practices, even though it had cost her life. Here was this modern Joan alarming the winds with equal disregard for the consequences. The Washington drama critics looked at Ingrid Bergman clearly for the first time, and suddenly they must have understood what it was that illuminated that face from within, what it was that had gripped the public in her screen portrayals.

If you can force your way through the autograph fans at the Alvin Theater stage alley, and if you can persuade the naturally skeptical stage door man that you have an appointment with Ingrid, you find yourself in the outer room of the two-room suite which serves as her dressing room. First thing which strikes your eye is a cartoon which shows Ingrid in costume on the buckboard of a "Lorraine Milk Co." truck. Perched up with the horses is Sam Wanamaker, who plays opposite her in the show. Other souvenirs are all around this outer room, tiny lambs made of straw, statuettes of Joan of Arc, pictures of Joan—all sent to Ingrid by fans.

At the makeup table in the inner dressing room, where you find a robed Ingrid wiping off her stage makeup with a large, coarse towel, your attention focuses on a Guaranty Trust Co. check in the mirror, tucked into the wooden mirror frame. The check is for $1. "Payment for the first thing I ever wrote," explains Ingrid. "Some magazine sent it to me for quoting something I said."

How, I asked, did she like the experience of again playing on the stage. "Frankly, I had been fearful that a play, any play, would become tiresome, soon after the

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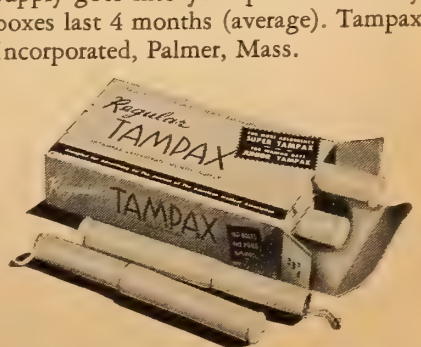

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opening," she admitted. "After all, you are doing the same lines over and over again. But this play gives you a feeling of exaltation. Sometimes when I arrive at the theater I am tired, feeling a bit 'down,' but it is a most curious thing: when I come off the stage, I feel refreshed."

One of the stage crew told me: "She cries real tears in those scenes, Ed, no kiddin'. We watched her night after night, figgered there must be a trick to it, but those tears are on the level." Joe Steele, who is closest to her professionally, agreed with the stagehands. "I've begged her not to work herself up to such a pitch, each show," he told me. "She thanked me, said that was the only way she could play it."

How did Ingrid react to New York's notoriously insistent autograph fans? "They know now that I won't sign autographs in public," she explained. "I will sign for them if they send a request backstage, but not on the streets or in front of hotels or in taxicabs, because then a crowd gathers and it becomes chaotic. Oddly, since they learned that, the inveterate autograph collectors no longer wait for me. The people now who wait at the stage door are older people, and the occasional youngsters are quieter, a different type. They call out to me when I pass through them, but they don't ask for autographs."

After Ingrid had returned from an overseas tour with Jack Benny, Jack told me a lot about her, stressing the fact that she was all theater, even to the point where she lavished weeks of preparation on each role. "Before she made *Notorious,* with Cary Grant," Jack pointed out, "she privately ran picture after picture which Cary had made, to study his technique, his manner of reading lines." I told her what Jack had said, and she smiled: "Jack, I think, is one of the kindest and nicest human beings I have ever met." I pointed out that she was evading the question.

"Well," she smiled, "sometimes I have been in trouble because of that manner of preparing for a picture. Before I made *The Bells of St. Mary,* Director Leo McCarey learned that I was having private screenings of some of his pictures, and they told me that he was very pleased at my interest in his work. But then, Leo apparently learned that I had gone back about ten years and dug out a print of *Ruggles of Red Gap.* The next day, at lunch, he told me that he felt very hurt and I expressed complete bewilderment, because I'd never done anything to offend him. 'Look, Ingrid,' he told me, 'if you are so darned uneasy about my work as a director that you must go back to examine it in *Ruggles of Red Gap,* then it can only mean that you doubt my ability.' The minute he said that, earnestly, I started laughing and I explained to him that far from being a slur, it was just my way of learning what he wished to stress before the camera."

an artists' artist . . .

I asked if other Broadway stars had been in to see the play. She evaded the question, but Joe Steele, her right-hand man, answered. "Helen Hayes, Ina Claire and a lot of great actresses have seen the play, and while Ingrid won't tell you what they said —I can tell you that she was deeply thrilled at their delight that she had come home to the legitimate theater." She held up her hands, "That is all, Joe—no more of that—and anyway, I'm going out to catch Joan Crawford in *Humoresque,* unless there are other questions you want to ask." I told her that if the last question had produced nothing but the Bergman smile, I'd better let her go and ply Joe with the others, because they were personal things she'd probably rather not answer. "Don't tell him, Joe," she warned, laughingly.

Quite apart from my very sincere respect for him, there are two other reasons for the bond between me and Joseph Henry Steele. He was born in September and so was I. Additionally, we both have ulcers!

What sort of a person was she, I asked him.

"I've met a lot of stars," said Joe, "but she is something superlative. On my word of honor, I have never heard her complain about anything. I've never heard her excited, except on that one occasion at Washington, D. C. And so help me, Ed, each time that wonderful face is a new revelation of lights and shadows. I've often discussed that with her husband, and he says that meeting her, or looking at her, each time is a new experience in beauty. On all of her War Bond tours, or war camp shows, she'd get out of a plane, no matter how tired, rub some cold water on her face, push back her hair and look as though she'd stepped out of a bandbox. If the schedule got out of hand, I'd propose that we postpone a long air trip until the following day. 'No,' she'd say, 'those youngsters have been expecting us, so we'd better push on.' Where she gets her energy from, I don't know, but I'd certainly like to find out."

double trouble . . .

I asked him how she ever had managed to study her long, exhausting part in *Joan of Lorraine* while working on *Arch of Triumph.*

"That was completely incredible," he agreed. "But you know only part of it, Ed. While she was making *Arch of Triumph,* she'd also use up half of her lunch hour taking a French lesson, and at night, before dinner, she'd take a singing lesson. In between times, on top of everything else, she had to go down to Western Costume Company, in Hollywood, where they were making the mail and coat of armor for *Joan of Lorraine.* They had no suit of armor for a girl, so it was a long and involved process, and successive fittings were necessary."

Joe Steele gravely paused: "Then came the day when the armor was ready! I can still see her as she looked, standing in front of the full length mirror. As she regarded herself in the glass, she sort of threw her head back and raised the sword to her chest and by God, there was Joan!

"We finished *Arch of Triumph* on a Saturday afternoon," he recalled, "and the balance of the day she spent packing. On Sunday, we were on the plane heading east, and at 11 o'clock, Monday morning, she reported for rehearsal. By the end of the first week of readings, she had her part letter-perfect, all except that one tremendously long speech near the end of the play. She said she was afraid that if she rehearsed that one too much she'd lose some of the values in it. There were only three weeks in which to rehearse, and so she had to go to the costumers for fittings regularly, and to the bootmaker, and sit for photos. But she never became upset, never spoke sharply to anyone, never relaxed her thoughtfulness toward others in the cast. 'This may last for a little while,' some of the cast agreed, 'but one day, Joe, your Hollywood star is going to get an attack of temperament and go right through the roof—and we won't blame her.' Well, it never happened and it won't happen, because she is all thoroughbred."

Talking to Ingrid before, I had told her that Jack Benny had a complaint. "Not Jack," she demurred. I told her that Jack said she'd completely exhausted him, on the overseas tour, by her habit of sitting up until all hours of the morning, over cups of coffee, discussing all sorts of things, generally the stage and acting. "Finally," said Jack, "I told her in self-defense that I was

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an old comedian, and that she'd have to sit up with Larry Adler, a young harmonica player." She smiled brightly at the recollection: "That is right, but Jack should have told you I could even outsit Larry." She said it quite proudly. "What a grand trip that was," she continued. "I love to travel, I suppose every girl does, but just imagine traveling that way, with everybody going out of their way to be nice to you—and all expenses paid." That is quite an interpretation of dangerous airplane trips, Army chow, emergency trips to outlying camps, the strain of hospitals and shaking hands with thousands of GI's. "No, it was wonderful," she repeated, and the sincerity in her eyes and voice was not fabricated.

One night, in Germany, she told me, the Benny troupe ran into some gunfire. They were speeding through the night, and their Army driver didn't notice that he had been flagged down by an M.P., half-obscured at the side of the autobahn they were traversing. As the car sped by the sentry, there followed a burst of gunfire. Larry Adler, sitting in the rear of the car with them, let out a gasp of pain as the bullet plowed through the car's upholstery. "I'm hit, Jack," he called out, as the car crunched to a jarring stop.

They lifted him out carefully, as other sentries came racing up. It was discovered that Larry had not been hit at all. What had happened was this: the bullet plowed through the body of the car, hit a ring of the seat spring and the spring, released, had belted Adler through the upholstery with the force of a trip-hammer. It was painful, but not a certificate for a Purple Heart, so on through the night they went, with Ingrid and Jack kidding Larry about his "wounding."

Suddenly, the headlights of the car revealed, in the middle of the highway, a black cat.

"Look," said Benny, "now he tells us."

Whereupon the dignified Miss Bergman admits she collapsed on the bottom of the car and shrieked merrily until they pulled up at the next camp. It must have been quite a trip.

THERE WAS ALWAYS DAD

(*Continued from page 34*)

bubble. But his forebears can't subdue the light in his eyes, nor keep an occasional quiet sentence from slipping out. Like for instance, "She's a parent's dream come true—"

The Best Years Of Our Lives worked its own private miracle with him. That he considers it the finest picture ever to come out of Hollywood is standard procedure. Most people agree with him, including the writer. But Teresa's performance in *Pride of the Yankees* so moved him, that for him he felt it could never be topped. This got to be a family gag about other pictures.

"What did you think, Daddy?"

"I thought you did a fine job, dear."

And they'd finish together—"But Eleanor Gehrig is still my favorite."

Till he saw *Best Years*. "I thought it was beautiful, dear . . ."

"But . . ."

"No. Peggy's my favorite now."

He's proud of her success, but prouder of her as a person. Thinks character's more important than fame and fortune—not on high moral grounds necessarily, but because it gives you a surer footing from which to cope with the world, and so makes you a happier person.

Her mother, after an illness of five years, died when Teresa was seven. Teresa went to boarding school, where she stayed for three years. Most of her adolescence was spent in boarding houses. At eighteen, she

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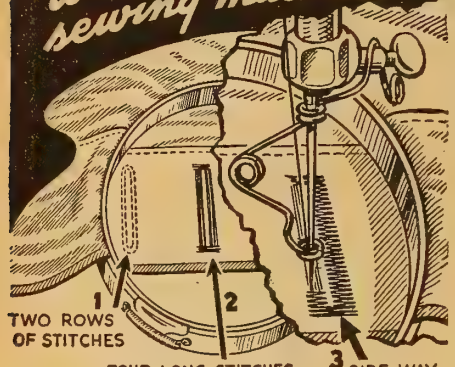

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Dennison
DIAPER LINERS
Wherever Baby Goods Are Sold

was sharing a New York apartment with another girl—the first place she could even remotely call her own. Psychologists would frown over such a history. More than anything else, they'd tell you, a child needs the security of a stable background. Yet Teresa *was* a happy child. She *had* security. That was her father's great achievement. His love was the abiding element of her world.

Her earliest memories are of being fed and bathed by him, of turning to him in all her childish woes. The cherished companion of those days was a life-size baby doll, known as the Peggydoll. Catastrophe in some form overtook this treasure, and left Teresa desolate. But Daddy scoured the highways and byways till he managed to turn up an exact counterpart. Wherever she went, the Peggydoll went along—even to Hollywood.

There was another quest her father set out on one day, with something more on his mind than dolls. Teresa was in the hospital, very ill after an appendectomy. Nothing would stay on her stomach, not even ginger ale. "Champagne," said the doctor, "is lighter than ginger ale. Maybe she could keep that down."

Prohibition was still in. Not only was champagne high, but it was hard to come by, unless you knew the ropes. Daddy didn't know the ropes, but he finally ran a bottle of champagne to earth and paid for it through the nose.

expensive ginger ale . . .

"Mmm," said Muriel Teresa, aged four and a half. "*Nice* ginger ale." By any name it would have sounded sweet to her father, for it did stay down.

She trusted him completely. He didn't lay down laws or give orders. "We'll work it out together," he'd say when a problem came up. Because he explained at length why it was best for her to go to boarding school, she accepted the idea at once.

Rose Haven was a small school that stressed home life, cultural activities and close personal attention to its 25 boarders. For Arthur Wright, it must have meant cutting corners, but Teresa stayed at Rose Haven for three happy years. Every Sunday, Daddy would come out.

There were special holidays, when he'd take her out to lunch. She always wanted the same lunch—bacon and tomato sandwich, chocolate ice cream and milk. But he always asked, "What'll you have, dear?" She liked that. It made her feel grown up.

He never had a lot of fancy pet names for her. Till she was nine or ten, he called her Chickie, and she returned the compliment by calling him Chickiedaddy.

Very early in her life, it seemed apparent to others that Teresa was destined for the theater. In a croquet game at Rose Haven, a mallet collided with her nose. One of the teachers rushed her to the doctor.

"You've got to take care of Muriel's nose, doctor. It just mustn't be broken. She's going to be an actress, you know."

That was the first she'd heard of it, and she went very still and ashamed inside. "It's because I'm not bright," she thought, remembering her spelling. "The only thing left for me to be is an actress."

Dad was neither depressed nor elated over the prospect. When people said, "Why don't you put her on the stage?" he'd shrug it off, his instinct being to mind his own business. Teresa's life belonged to Teresa. If the talent and ambition were there, they'd come out.

By the time she was attending Columbia High at Maplewood, Teresa wanted nothing more than to be an actress. But those were depression days. The depression had taken her out of Rose Haven. Which was all right. She couldn't imagine being happier than she was at Columbia, where Stanley Wood, who taught English, and Mildred Memory, the dramatic coach, both thought she could act. Only for training you had to go to dramatic school, and dramatic schools cost money.

But Dad was thinking his own thoughts, meantime. He'd seen her play Grazia in the high school production of *Death Takes A Holiday*. To him she'd seemed exquisite, but he *could* have been prejudiced. The New York critic, however, who compared her performance favorably with that of the original Grazia, couldn't be prejudiced. Neither could Stanley Wood. "Your daughter's a natural actress," he'd told Dad. "I'd like to see her encouraged."

He started scheming as to how he could manage the impossible. Independently, Teresa wrestled with the same problem. It was Stanley Wood who came up with an answer. Associated with the Wharf Theater at Provincetown, he said he could arrange a summer scholarship for her. This would pay her expenses in part. The father of a friend, also going to Provincetown, offered to pay the balance.

She told him about Stanley Wood and Provincetown and—now came the hard part—about her friend's father. He looked away toward the window for a moment, but when he turned back, his face was perfectly clear.

"This means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

"It means everything, Daddy."

"Well, I'd like to help, and if I can do that by letting someone else help, it's all right with me."

It was all right with him, too, when she took a small apartment in New York with another girl. She was eighteen and knew how to look after herself, and you can't haunt agents' offices from New Jersey. They had dinner together a couple of times a week, talked on the phone almost daily. If he was lonely, he kept it to himself. When she needed him, he was there . . .

She must have phoned him a thousand times about *Our Town*. They needed an understudy for Emily, and Doro Merande, whom she knew from Provincetown, had put in a good word for her. She'd read for the stage manager, and now she'd been waiting a month to read for Jed Harris. "Be here at such-and-such a time," they'd say. "We're expecting Mr. Harris." She'd go down and wait. Then they'd say, "You'd better go home. He isn't coming."

It happened again on a day of teeming rain. She had a cold in the head, felt rotten and looked worse. Late in the afternoon they sent her home.

At nine the phone rang again. "Be down here right after the performance tonight. We're expecting Mr. Harris."

bawling bernhardt . ...

For a wonder, their expectations were realized. She read one scene, but how good can you be with a running nose and eyes like a couple of puffballs? He told her to wait. She retired to the wings, leaned her head against the nearest prop and bawled.

Her eye caught sight of a pay phone on the wall. In New Jersey a bell shrilled, waking one A. Wright. "Daddy," said a tense voice. "I've just read for Jed Harris and I'm waiting to read again. Could you meet me at the theater?"

He got up and dressed and took the tube to Manhattan, where he found a deliriously happy girl who'd just copped her first professional job in the theater. That was a night to paste in their memory books. The rain had stopped, so they climbed on a bus which floated them uptown . . .

She gave him a bear hug at parting. "Poor daddy, now you'll have to go all the way back alone."

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything. First time I ever rode a bus with an actress."

She played the part on the road and got rave notices in Boston. Dad saw it in New Haven, took her out to supper, felt like any

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proud papa when people stopped by to compliment her. But their biggest night was Teresa's first Broadway opening—as Mary in *Life with Father*. They celebrated with a party at the Biltmore—Teresa and a boy friend, Edna and Daddy (who were married in '40, with the groom's daughter as maid of honor).

Those days were tinged with glory, and quite unbelievable. All she'd hoped for was a chance, and here she was in a Broadway hit, getting offers from the movies. Daddy'd meet her every Saturday after the matinee, and they'd have dinner at Bleeck's, where actors and writers congregated. "Guess you'll have a bacon and tomato sandwich," he'd say gravely.

He was far from enchanted when she finally accepted Samuel Goldwyn's offer to go to Hollywood for *The Little Foxes*. Not that he had anything against the movies, except that they were 3000 miles away. But it might have been a lot worse. After all, she was coming right back.

i wanna get married . . .

She came back all right, but in such a frenzy to get something off her chest that what her greeting amounted to was, "Hello, Daddy, how are you, I'm in love with a man and want to go back and marry him."

He sat there carefully, trying to reassemble his brain as it had been before the explosion. What did you say when your only beloved daughter informed you suddenly that she wanted to marry a man? You asked about the man. Naturally—

"What's the color of his hair?" Dad demanded.

This broke them both up enough so that they could relax. By the time she got through telling him all about Niven, including his hair, Dad was himself again. "If you love him, I'll like him."

But when Niven wrote, saying how he felt about Teresa, Teresa's dad wrote back: "I have every confidence in Muriel's ability to choose her own husband. You must be a fine person, or she wouldn't be interested in you."

Niven Terence Busch is directly responsible for the fact that Edna and Arthur Wright now live in California. Dad had missed Teresa's wedding—the one great disappointment of his life—but he wasn't going to miss the baby, by gosh!

When they learned that a baby was on the way, he talked things over with his wife. Young in spirit, he saw no reason why he couldn't sell insurance in California as well as Detroit. Edna agreed, and out they came. Dad was partial to girls. He wanted one just like Teresa.

Things happened so quickly the night the baby was born, that they had to go to the hospital without calling Dad. Waiting for a phone call, Dad was startled to hear a knock at the door.

There stood Niven. "What did you say you wanted, a boy or a girl—?"

"A girl."

"Well, you've got a boy."

"That's fine. I wouldn't change him for two girls."

Terry's past two now, and clever enough to look like both his parents. When Niven's dad came out to visit, he realized the necessity of distinguishing between his grandfathers, and without any prompting, started calling one G'pa and the other G'poo. Grandfather Wright was G'poo.

G'poo gave him his first rocking horse, and felt slightly cheated because somebody else turned up with a bike before he got around to it. For the rest, he considers himself the most fortunate of men. Having spent some of the best years of his life with the little girl who was (and is) his lovely daughter Muriel, he's now spending some more best years with the little boy who is his g'son.

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BREAK OF HEARTS

(*Continued from page 50*)

in his voice; observed his puzzled shrug; listened to him forthrightly declare that "Margot is the swellest girl that ever lived."

"We met while I was working in *Stage Door* for the Group Theater in New York," he told me. "We went together for a year before we married. We were married five and a half years. Our separation is really months old. We decided quite a while ago that we couldn't make a go of marriage any longer. But, at the time, we were living in a big place I bought in Brentwood, and there wasn't any place Margot could go.

"I felt that she was unhappy because she found it impossible to go on any further as a concert pianist. She has a wonderful talent, but a professional pianist has to keep in training, like a fighter. Margot couldn't take it any longer."

Dane should know about those things. He was a professional boxer before he became an actor. Today he keeps himself in tip-top condition by never missing a day's work-out at a gymnasium. As I sat talking to him on the set of the *Deep Valley* location, I couldn't help comparing him mentally with the sleek, thoroughbred horses in the corrals at the Harry Warner ranch nearby. Dane is the racehorse type. He doesn't bend to the will of others.

And right there, I believe, is the rub. I'm sure that's the secret of why he and Margot have called it a day. Margot is as high spirited and independent, herself, as a thoroughbred. All her life she has been making her own decisions, living her own life, asking no odds. A girl like that becomes more dominant as the years go by. She's had a romantic career of her own.

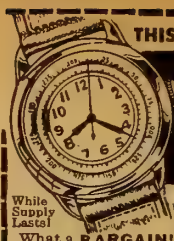
The second child and the eldest daughter of a well-to-do Texan, who founded the town of Snyder, Texas, she left home early to make her way. Her artistic talents were pronounced: she painted; sang; played the piano; read everything, and absorbed what she read. As a girl she married a struggling young painter in Chicago, where she was a student at the American Conservatory of Music. But, he died soon after.

She went to Paris; became the bride of a titled Englishman; studied piano with the famous Alfred Cortot for two years. She was part of the artistic life of the French capital. Charming, vivacious, temperamental, her redheaded beauty adorned social gatherings in high circles. She absorbed her marvelous piano technique by

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My friend and I went to a musical comedy, and when the lights flashed on between the acts, I recognized the face of Ted Briskin, sitting a few aisles away. Oddly enough, I saw him before I saw his lovely wife, Betty Hutton. They both seemed surprised when I asked, "May I have your autograph, Mrs. Briskin?" Turning to her brand new husband, Betty exclaimed, "Gee! She called me 'Mrs. Briskin!' Here, honey, just for that, you must sign your 'X,' too." It seems it was the first time anyone had ever called her that in public.

Lorraine Hartley
Pittstown, New Jersey



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I SAW IT HAPPEN

When our Robert Mitchum fan club arrived at the RKO studios, Bob was making a close-up with Laraine Day. The director was explaining the scene, in which Laraine was to slap Bob. They rehearsed the scene over and over before Miss Day could get up enough courage to do it. Finally she said she was ready. The cameras rolled and the scene progressed; then came the slap, loud and hard. We all breathed a sigh of relief, but to our amazement, Miss Day had stopped the dialogue of the scene and was saying apologetically, "Oh, Robert, I'm so terribly sorry! Did I hurt you?" Everyone roared, especially Bob, and when we left, he was still reassuring the gentle Miss Day that he wasn't mortally wounded.

Pat Hutchison
Los Angeles, California

accompanying Cortot on a tour.

Ten years ago she came to Hollywood, met and married George Fisher, now a brilliant writer and radio commentator; then, a struggling press agent. She tried to become an actress and studied at Jean Muir's school. Margot's tendency to dominate was a factor in the breakup of her marriage to Fisher, who professes the highest regard for her.

The careers of the Hollywood stars run in a pattern: success goes with success. There came a day when Dane Clark began to find the recognition that his talents deserved. He became known as an actor of importance. His studio handed him better roles, heavier responsibilities.

And he has a temperament of his own. If an actor hasn't got temperament, there's a pretty good chance that he hasn't got anything else that success in his craft demands. And so two egos clashed. For there is nothing lackadaisical about Dane Clark. Not only is he a two-fisted young man physically, but he has strong notions about where he wants to go and how he proposes to get there. He's definitely not the type that craves petticoat government.

But he is sad. Life has dealt him a blow. This handsome chap said to me, "I hate to talk about it. It's like probing an open wound with a knife. Margot's really a swell gal. In fact, she's the swellest person I know. And, of course, it makes me furious to have insinuations made that there is someone else in my life. The way I feel now there never will be."

Undoubtedly, there is a deep friendship between Dane and Ida Lupino. They are both passionately interested in the theater. They both have the same keen, restless minds, always searching for something new to challenge their understanding. Few actors in Hollywood have Dane's education. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in New York State, and if acting ever fails him, he could undoubtedly take his place among the outstanding attorneys in California.

As soon as he finishes *Deep Valley*, he is going to New York for a meeting with Margot. He doesn't know how their estrangement will come out. I suggested to him that everything might be patched up when they sit down to talk things over. He smiled a bit wistfully and said, "the fact that we are separated now is evidence that we are pretty far apart. I'm not optimistic about our getting together again."

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THOSE ACADEMY AWARDS

(*Continued from page 27*)

performance by an actor was turned in by Fredric March as the middle-aged homecoming veteran in *The Best Years of Our Lives*—and I'm right here to state that my vote went to him in the New York critics' poll. Great motion picture acting is a rare and remarkable thing; we see it about as often as we see great motion pictures—and that's not often! Too many times, mere acrobatics are mistaken for acting art; too frequently are we deceived by personal charm. But I am firmly convinced that Mr. March's performance in *The Best Years* is great—and, no matter who gets the "Oscar," he is definitely my boy.

He is an adult, mature and finished actor who has long since graduated from glamor roles and is one of the screen's men of real distinction. That's the key to his success in *The Best Years*. For, in this facile portrait of a husband and a father who returns home from war, expected to resume civilian routines in a good but inevitably stuffy job, aware that he is not a chipper youngster yet reluctant to detach himself from youth, Mr. March has created a character of warm and inspiring quality, demonstrated in a hundred subtle ways.

best scene, best years . . .

I'd say that one of the most appealing scenes I've ever witnessed on the screen is that which takes place in Butch's tavern in the early part of *The Best Years*. For here Mr. March, grandly pickled as a normal way of release from the tensions of sudden reunion with his family (Myrna Loy and Teresa Wright), reveals in his manner of introducing his wife and daughter to his veteran friends, Dana Andrews and Harold Russell, all the joy and the pathos of the back-to-civilian-life jump. Acting a drunk is not easy, and many an actor has floundered in such a task. But Mr. March, being blessed with a magnificent sense and tempo for comedy, as well as a feeling for human sentiment, has illuminated in this scene—as well as in that later one, when he gets up to speak at the dinner for him—a sweet and heart-warming character, a real man.

A role must be written as well as acted. The greatest actor in the world can't give an Academy performance unless it is in the script. For this reason, I found it most revealing when Mr. Robert E. Sherwood told me the other day that the role played by Mr. March in *The Best Years* was rather negative as originally conceived—that it wasn't until Mr. Sherwood knew that Mr. March was going to play the role that it took on a positive magnetism and became the focal character in the script. That, in my estimation, is a score for Mr. March.

It might, too, be well to remember that Mr. March is an old and honored hand—that he was playing romantic heroes back in the Garbo-Shearer days when most of our current heart-throbbers were playing mumbly-peg. How fondly do many of us recall him in *Anthony Adverse, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (for which he won the 1932 "Oscar"), *Smilin' Through* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street!*

Oh, sure—there are other contenders. Jimmy Stewart (see page 56) in *It's a Wonderful Life* gives a charming and flexible performance of a big-hearted, small-town guy—a multi-mannered fellow with a wide emotional span. And Dana Andrews, Gregory Peck and Rex Harrison (see page 58) turned in swell ones in 1946. But where Jimmy's performance, for instance, is patterned to a stamped theatrical style—a "typical Frank Capra hero"—Mr. March's is unique. I'd vote for him.

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Citing an actress for the "Oscar" is a little bit tougher for me because my admiration is divided among three or four ladies of note. I think that Rosalind Russell did a remarkably dexterous job with her difficult role in *Sister Kenny*—an oddly exacting task—and especially was I attracted by the sincerity of her attitude towards the children in the film. I liked, too, Olivia de Havilland's (see page 60) sensitive playing of the tragic heroine—the self-sacrificial mother—in the highly sentimental *To Each His Own*. Both Miss de Havilland and Miss Russell covered a wide range of ages in their respective roles with fascinating development of each small detail.

But I am also quite vividly mindful of Dorothy McGuire's striking versatility in the role of the mute girl in *The Spiral Staircase* and of Teresa Wright's (see page 34) wistful yearning in *The Best Years*. Indeed, in my estimation of the virtues (and faults) of all of them, I find my book near a Mexican stand-off. But in the last analysis, I'd give Miss Russell my vote.

However, there's no denying that I think the best actress of the year was the aforementioned Celia Johnson, who helped make the British film, *Brief Encounter*, such a gem. Her unglamorized demonstration of how an English housewife might behave if she found herself desperately attracted to a young (and married) doctor whom she met, struck me as supremely true and finished—a rare exposure of a woman's heart. But she's not eligible for an "Oscar," since *Brief Encounter*, being an English film, is outside the "jurisdiction" of the Academy.

supporting roles raise problem . . .

The choice of supporting players for Academy honors must be hard for those who are qualified to make them. So many contradictions are involved. For instance, I think Hume Cronyn was extraordinarily good as the mean-minded Scottish grandparent in *The Green Years*—but wasn't that a leading role? Likewise Michael Chekhov, as the gaudy ballet impresario in *Specter of the Rose*, played a character of primary importance in the tale. Philip Merivale was excellent as the doctor who opposed Sister Kenny in that film. His was hardly a "supporting" performance, yet I suppose that is how it is classed. At the same time, a very slight appearance, such as that of comedienne Celeste Holm in *Three Little Girls in Blue*, a slight picture, would not, I presume, qualify for Academy consideration, but I thought it quite a winning bit.

However, I have my own hopefuls. I'd like to see Mr. Cronyn get the nod for his role in *The Green Years*. And I'm confident that the best supporting actress that I saw during the year was Leopoldine Konstantin, who played the German mother—an awesome creature—in Alfred Hitchcock's *Notorious*.

As for the best child's performance, can there be any question that little Claude Jarman, Jr. (see page 62) who plays the role of Jody in *The Yearling* will run away with the prize?

But, again I repeat, we working critics have no vote in these affairs. Selection is strictly limited to those who work in Hollywood. So are the qualified candidates. Both limitations strike me as wrong. For I feel that some partial determination of the highest film awards of the year should come from outside the industry—and I feel that all film artists in the world should be qualified for consideration. The motion picture is an international art in which the measure of talent and accomplishment should not be made along national lines. That's how we New York critics feel about it—and that is why we give our awards to what we think are the "best" in the year's productions that are laid before our eyes.

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(Continued from page 12)

struggle she waged since. She has been acutely aware for a long time now that life without Leo Durocher means nothing to her. Actually she and Leo are worlds apart. Durocher comes from a world to which she is a stranger. Leo is a man's man, tough-bodied, tough-minded. He knows what it means to fight and claw his way to the top. He's smart, aggressive, wise in the Broadway sense, sophisticated, and no stranger to romance.

Yet once the hands of these two had clasped, once their lips had met, they knew that none of life's glories or triumphs ever could mean a thing to them unless they could share them.

But, of course, Laraine is a girl of gentle, rigorous upbringing. She comes from Mormon people in Utah. High ideals of personal conduct were early instilled into her character. She was determined above all else that this irresistible love should not wreck her career or her life, that it must not touch her adopted babies.

Leo loves the children. Laraine yearned for children of her own to satisfy her mother instinct. When the story of their love first broke as a stunning surprise on Hollywood, I went to see Laraine at her Santa Monica home. I found her changing the baby's diaper. Only one of her three youngsters has been legally adopted, the others being in process now. Fear that she might be deprived of any one or all of them worried Laraine.

The complaint filed by Ray Hendricks in which Leo was made to appear a "love-thief," stealing into his and Laraine's home to make off with her affections, shocked and stunned her. She realized the threat involved her right to keep the children.

Behind the scenes the lawyers haggled. When the divorce matter finally came up before Superior Judge George A. Dockweiler, it was cut and dried. Durocher's name was not mentioned. Only consideration for the children induced Laraine to go through with a settlement which unquestionably gave her the worst of it financially. What price freedom indeed?

On a Monday Laraine's decree was granted. That night she and Leo boarded a plane for El Paso over American Airlines using the names of A. and V. Johnson. Her real name is Loraine Johnson. The word seeped around that they were eloping. Reporters pursued them.

At El Paso they went to the Hilton Hotel. The manager delightedly prepared to show them to the bridal suite.

"No, no," Laraine protested. "We want two rooms!"

The hour was early morning. They slept briefly, refreshed themselves, and kept an appointment with an El Paso attorney who escorted them across the International Bridge to Juarez. In a few minutes she had a Mexican divorce to add to the interlocutory decree granted in Los Angeles.

Hurrying back into the United States, they proceeded to the office of a justice of the peace where they remained for more than an hour. When they emerged reporters asked if they were married. Leo replied curtly: "No, we're not married."

Meanwhile in Los Angeles things were happening. Attorney Bernard Silbert, Laraine's divorce counsel, was worried for fear of what they might do in Texas and had advised them against a hasty marriage. They assured him that they had no intention of getting married. And I think when they said that they meant it. Judge Dockweiler, hearing that they had flown away together, promptly developed a fine case of judicial anger, threatening to set aside the divorce and property settlement if they should, as he put it, "flout the laws of California."

Silbert called Durocher in El Paso. "It's too late," Leo told him. Durocher called Judge Dockweiler. "We are very much in love," he pleaded. "We were married on an impulse, the spur of the moment. In two weeks I am going to Havana to start spring training with the ball club. I promise you that we will not live together as man and wife in the interim."

His Honor was grim and unyielding. "See me when you get back," he ordered.

The plane that brought the newlyweds back to Los Angeles arrived ten minutes ahead of time, but I've learned not to trust airplane schedules too closely. While wire services fumed and fretted and sent wrong stories to New York, while all Hollywood waited and wondered, I got the whole story directly.

"We shall live apart in California," said Laraine. "I am going right home and Leo will go to the Hotel Miramar. Yes, it is true that we are married. I do hope the Judge will not be too angry.

"In two weeks Leo goes to Havana. I stay here working on my picture, *Tycoon*, with John Wayne, until February 22. Then I, too, shall fly to Havana and we shall have a two weeks' honeymoon. Then back to work for me and at the end of April, I'm going to pack up and go to New York where we shall live."

They were a worried pair of wedded lovers. I don't know which was the more worried of the two, but maybe it was Leo. He told me volubly that his New York lawyer, Bernard Sandler, had assured him a Texas marriage was okay and did not "flout the laws of California." New York recognizes both the Mexican divorce and the Texas marriage, Sandler assured Leo.

Friends of Laraine who have watched her closely these last few months have been amazed at the change in her. Once she seemed definitely the mousy type.

Now she has become one of the town's dashing beauties. Her laughter is gay and sparkling, her manner warm and friendly.

Somehow the whole affair adds up to the most thrilling love story that has come out of Hollywood in a long, long time. And to me, the magnificent transformation in Laraine proves anew the sagacity of the old philosopher who said, "A woman is not truly a woman until she has loved!"

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We're laying aside modesty and admitting quite frankly that we're pretty proud of our story line-up for April. But, first, last and always, it's *your* opinion that means most to us. So—after you've read the stories and features in this issue *carefully*, take a few extra seconds to fill out the Questionnaire below. If you do it NOW, you may be one of the lucky 500 who'll receive a three months' subscription to MODERN SCREEN (May, June and July issues) ABSOLUTELY FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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Those Academy Awards! by Bosley Crowther ☐
The First Year Is the Easiest (Shirley Temple) ☐
Saint or Sinner (Errol Flynn) ☐
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I Give You Jane Wyman, by Gregory Peck ☐
"That's What I Like About Tom" (Tom Drake) ☐
The Man I Married (John Hodiak) by Anne Baxter ☐
Club Caulfield (Joan Caulfield) by Betty Caulfield ☐
She Walks In Beauty (Ingrid Bergman) by Ed Sullivan ☐
There Was Always Dad (Teresa Wright) ☐
Uncle Jimmy (Jimmy Stewart) by Hedda Hopper ☐
6 to 5 on Jones! (Jennifer Jones) ☐
Fighting Lady (Olivia DeHavilland) ☐
Mark Stevens Life Story (Part Two) ☐
Why Gene Tierney Is Divorcing My Brother ☐
Manhattan Nocturne (Rex Harrison) ☐
Full Confession (Ginger Rogers) by Ed Sullivan ☐
Jody (Claude Jarman, Jr.) by Clarence Brown ☐
Suddenly It's Love! (Laraine Day) ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

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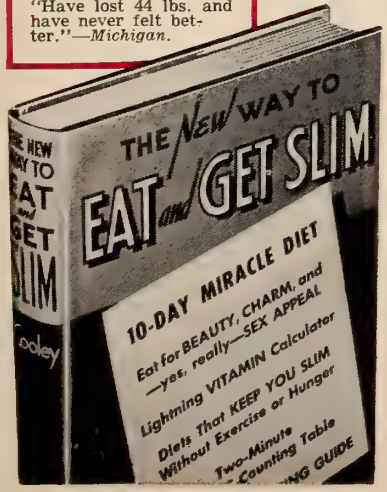
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PARTIAL CONTENTS

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I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets.

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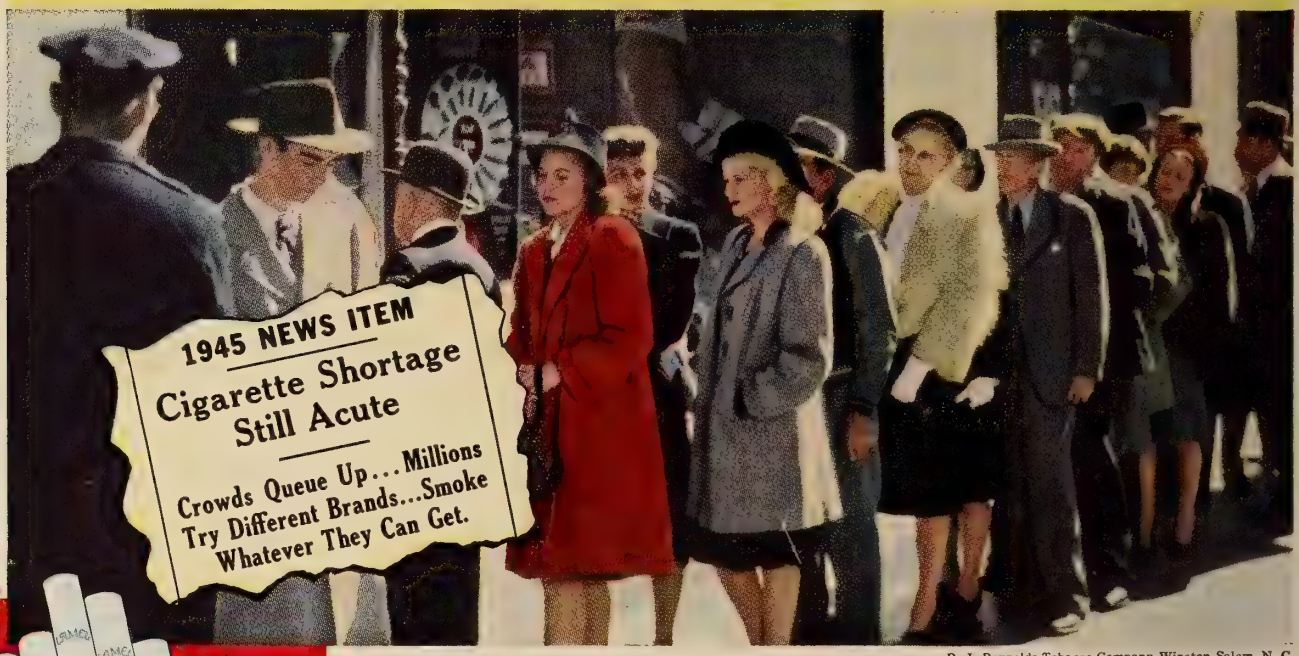

1945 NEWS ITEM
Cigarette Shortage Still Acute
Crowds Queue Up... Millions Try Different Brands...Smoke Whatever They Can Get.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

Result: *Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.*

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not.

And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels . . . always great . . . grew greater still . . . so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

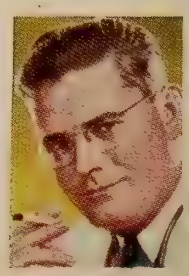
But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette



When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—*the brand named most was Camel!*

may 15c

modern screen

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RECEIVED

Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!

MRS. JOHN WILLIAM COURSEN
the former Marian Reid of Valley Stream, N.Y.
Bridal portrait painted by SANDOR

It's lovely to look at—thrilling to touch—the clearer, softer complexion that comes with your *first cake* of Camay! So change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions; reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother skin!

WITH THE COURSENS

A mutual interest in auto racing helped to bring engineer Johnny Coursen and lovely Marian together. They went often to a speedway in a New York suburb. But races couldn't compete with Marian's fair-skinned beauty for Johnny's attentions! She uses Camay for her skin!

Now the Coursens have a home in Connecticut, and Johnny vows he'll build a closet just for Marian's hats. She has dozens—and her young-bride complexion looks lovely with every one. Marian pledges: "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you? Follow directions on wrapper.

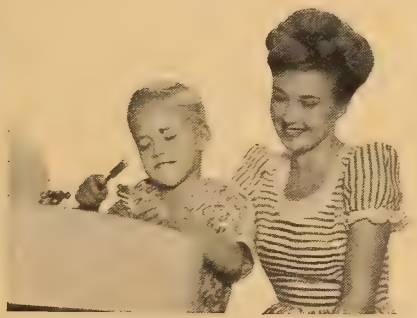
©CIB 71857

Handsome lifeguard in daring rescue. Every day, almost, Junior (very) Lifeguard Georgie rescues his "model" mother. It's good fun and exercise. Fortunately, Virginia knows that gums, too, need exercise. Because today's soft, creamy foods often tend to make them tender and flabby. So the Swensens use Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

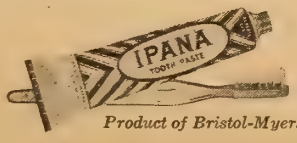
This Mother never dreamed of becoming a Model

...until her lovely figure and winning smile won Virginia Swensen a Florida beauty contest

Giddyap Napoleon! A few more riding lessons and Georgie will go tearing off in a cloud of dust. But he needs no lessons in care of teeth and gums. "When you brush your teeth, massage your gums gently," Virginia has taught him. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up circulation within the gums.



"A lifeguard must be strong," Virginia reminds ambitious Georgie, "with sound teeth and gums." Sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

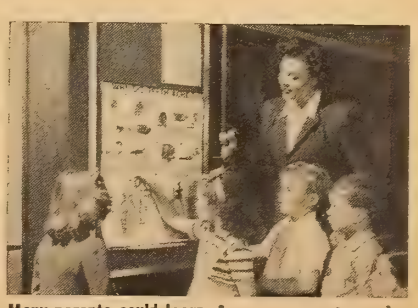


Product of Bristol-Myers

IT'S POSSIBLE that if she hadn't won a beauty contest, Virginia Swensen of Miami Springs might still be modeling aprons in her kitchen ... instead of fashions in a model agency.

It's possible—but not probable. With her figure, her sparkling smile, she couldn't miss becoming a hit. Today this lovely mother knows more than ever the importance of a smile. So she's teaching 4-year-old Georgie her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana—then gentle gum massage.*

Mrs. Swensen knows what thousands of dentists and schools teach—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for healthy gums.



Many parents could learn from youngsters the importance of gum massage, taught in thousands of schools. Also, 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows. *(And dentists, 2 to 1, prefer Ipana for their own use!)* But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

Start today with Ipana and Massage

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Brooklyn boasts a tree, a ball club, and a flair for butchering the English language.

★ ★ ★ ★

But that's not all. Now it's also famous for a wonderful musical film!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has turned four of its most talented stars loose somewhere in the area of Brooklyn Bridge . . . and what comes out is sheer enchantment, sure-fire humor, solid entertainment entitled "It Happened In Brooklyn".

★ ★ ★ ★

Frank Sinatra is cast as the girl-shy hero who thinks that "New York is just a place to see Brooklyn from". And "The Voice" is in rare voice.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, to prove that Brooklyn has an eye for beauty and an ear for song, there's lovely Kathryn Grayson.

As the romantic young blue-blood who doesn't know that Greenpoint is pronounced "Greenpernt", Peter Lawford proves he's the screen's new heart-throb.

★ ★ ★ ★

Brightening "Brooklyn" with songs and quips is Jimmy Durante, who's got a million of them!

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, it happened in "Anchors Aweigh"; it happened in "Till The Clouds Roll By"; and it's happened again.

★ ★ ★ ★

That now-famous M-G-M "musical romance" touch is TOPS!

★ ★ ★ ★

The screen play by Isobel Lennart, based on an original story by John McGowan, abounds in happy moments.

★ ★ ★ ★

Richard Whorf directed and Jack Cummings produced the picture and it's a happy combination.

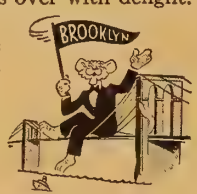
★ ★ ★ ★

"It Happened In Brooklyn" is a wonderful weaving of story and song, a rollicking, easy-going motion picture that simply bubbles over with delight.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's just about the happiest thing that ever happened!

— Leo



P. S. Best-sellers make best pictures! Three great novels are on their way to being M-G-M hits: "The Hucksters", "B. F.'s Daughter", "East River".

MAY, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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it's the happiest thing that ever happened!!!

FRANK SINATRA

sings 7 romantic songs . . . and

KATHRYN GRAYSON

finds love in the arms of handsome

PETER LAWFORD

Hollywood's new heart-throb, and

JIMMY DURANTE

is funnier than ever!

It's from M-G-M

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART • Based on an Original Story by JOHN McGOWAN

Directed by RICHARD WHORF • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Song Hits

"Time After Time"
"Brooklyn Bridge"
"It's the Same Old Dream"
and many more!

louella parsons'

■ *Murrrder!* Are the bachelor girls getting good and miffed with Peter Lawford and Keenan Wynn!

With Hollywood embarrassingly short on eligible males, these two attractive gents are starting something guaranteed to drive single gals crazy.

What they do is merely this: They start out on a stag evening and then wind up in one of the local cafes featuring a pretty girl singer. The singer is then invited to join their table for supper, following her show, and the boys take turns dancing with her.

It's a lovely way for bachelors to spend an evening. Nice company, pretty girl, no romantic implications. But how the "date"-able gals hate it!

* * *

That very young star, with a baby not yet a year old, can't hide the fact much longer that her marriage is tottering.

She shows up at the studio every day almost a nervous wreck, with dark shadows under her eyes, and her face is getting so thin the cameraman has a hard time keeping her glamorous.

All but one of their marital tiffs have been kept very much on the q.t.

* * *

You'll never guess who is Bing Crosby's rival for sporting the loudest shirts.

Gregory Peck showed up on the set of *The Paradine Case* wearing a shirt that made Bing's selections look like studies in pastel.

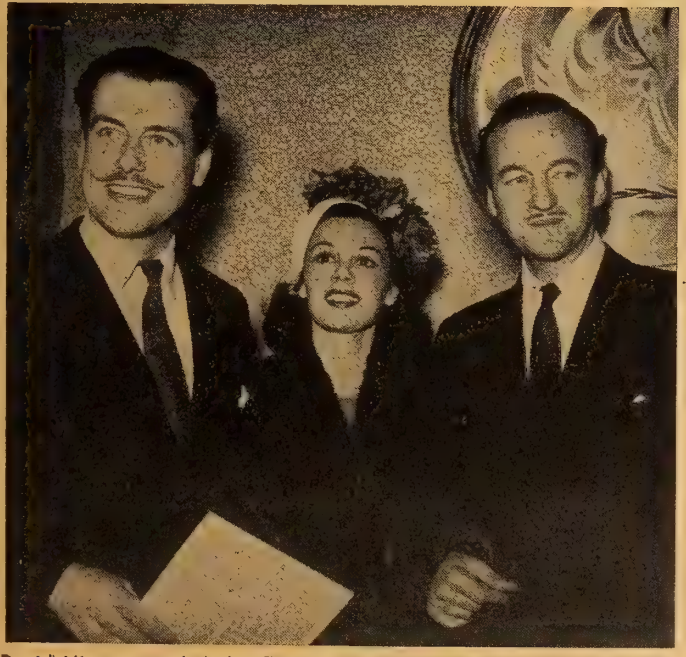
The colors were green, yellow and red in checkerboard pattern and with this charming creation Greg wore a bright yellow tie. (*Continued on page 6*)

Glo DeHaven Payne's new hair-do created a minor sensation at a recent Hollywood shindig. Note the on-the-bias cut of the bangs. John's headed for the hospital shortly to fix up his knee, injured when he was a G.I.

The wedding of Ella Raines and Major Robin Olds, former jet plane ace of the 8th Air Force, was the most elaborate since the Shirley Temple-John Agar merger. See the impressive rows of ribbons on Robin's chest?

David Rose seems to have invented a new ear-boxing technique that delights June Haver. A few weeks after this photo was shot, June, who had vowed not to wed for 5 years, eloped to Las Vegas with Jimmy Zito.

Charles Boyer, happily married for 13 years, teased bride Olivia De Havilland, at their recent Lux appearance. "Mark and I will beat your record," challenged Livvy, "because he won't interfere with my career."



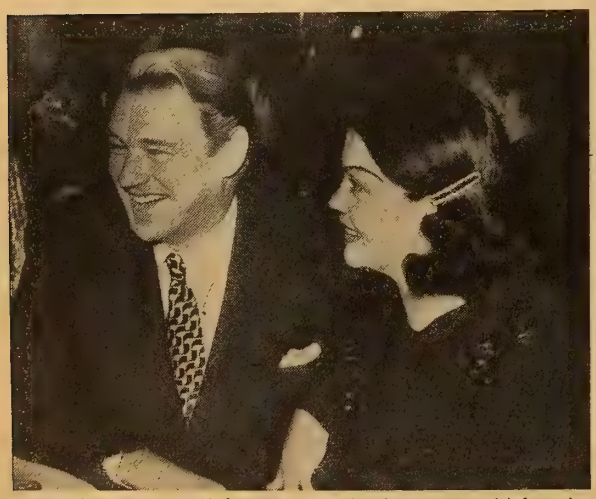
David Niven attended the *Stairway To Heaven* opening with Richard Greene and wife, Patricia Medina. Pat refused a contract at Richard's studio, recalling bad publicity Cornel Wilde and Pat Knight received.

At Earl Wilson's Marquis party, Esther Williams congratulated Jackie Coogan on, 1: his forthcoming marriage to starlet Ann McCormick and, 2: his new radio show. Esther and husband Ben Gage are adopting a baby.

louella parsons'

Alice Faye and Phil Harris spend a rare evening out—dining at the Beverly Tropics. Getting ideas, maybe for their planned coast-to-coast chain of restaurants.

Lon McCallister squired Ann Blyth to the Look Award party; drank a toast (in water) to Ann's hope of getting the role of Regina in *Another Part of the Forest.*



Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts, guests at Look's party, told friends they'd given up the idea of adopting Don Devlin, the boy who worked with Sonny in *Swell Guy.* Don's dad objected.

(*Continued from page 4*)

Without a word to spoil the gag, director Alfred Hitchcock had a prop boy supply the entire cast with dark glasses! If you think that piqued Mr. Peck you can guess again.

The next day he wore a black shirt and white tie with bright yellow canaries on it!

* * *

Have you ever stopped to wonder just what a traveling movie star has to take along with her in the line of clothes when she goes out on a personal appearance jaunt?

When Martha Vickers headed for New York to appear at the Strand Theater with *That Way With Women,* it was decided that the glamor build-up was as important off the screen as on. Martha isn't a million dollar salary star—so here's what the good brethren Warners loaned her:

15 evening gowns designed by Bernie Newman, Milo Anderson, Travilla and Leah Rhodes.

22 pairs of shoes.

One $3000 evening coat trimmed with ermine.

One stone marten stole valued at $2200.

One $6000 mink coat.

One leopard coat—$750.

Five suits and five dresses.

25 hats of all types from five leading designers.

Appropriate costume jewelry to match each complete outfit.

Pretty nice to have such a wardrobe checked off to "exploitation" isn't it— even if Martha, like Cinderella, does have to return most of the finery when she gets home.

* * *

By the time he finishes *The Hucksters,* Clark Gable will be the most-kissed man in Hollywood. His first scene called for him to kiss Connie Gilchrist, who plays a telephone operator, three times. Later, the same day, he kissed Deborah Kerr, Ava Gardner and five-year-old Diane Perrine!

Clark has dropped 20 pounds since he made *Adventure*—and not from all that kissing, either. He didn't like the way he looked on the screen with all that weight and went to work exercising it off.

Here's a little tip that may interest you. After seeing Gable and Ava Gardner in action, M-G-M is thinking about remaking some of the old films Clark made with Jean Harlow —particularly *Red Dust* and *China Seas.*

* * *

Van and Evie Abbot Wynn Johnson have been living so quietly since their marriage that some of their closest friends haven't been invited to their new home. They've gone mad for tennis and play every day.

The few times they've dined out, on cook's night out, it's been at one of the quietest cafes in town. Evie's wearing one of those old fashioned gold bands for a wedding ring and Van has one just like it. Theirs was a double ring ceremony.

But just in case you WERE lucky enough to be invited out to (*Continued on page 8*)

TIERNEY

with a taunting smile . . .

HARRISON

with a haunting kiss . . .

. . . doin' what comes super-naturally!

It's the man-woman affair like nothing on earth . . . from the best-seller that spread a sly smile across the face of America!

GENE TIERNEY · REX HARRISON · GEORGE SANDERS

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir

A 20th CENTURY-FOX ROMANCE!

with EDNA BEST · Vanessa Brown · Anna Lee · Robert Coote · Natalie Wood · Isobel Elsom · Victoria Horne

Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Screen Play by Philip Dunne From the Novel by R. A. Dick

That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby . . . You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming . . . The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast —if you don't anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

John Agar takes Shirley Temple out for a Saturday night on the town. The place is Earl Carroll's—and did Shirley ever look more sophisticated than she does in that off-the-shoulder gown! They'll be up early tomorrow, though—for golf!

louella parsons'

their house—here's what you'd find:

The Johnson home is situated in Santa Monica at the end of a dead-end street. It is protected by high shrubbery and an electrically controlled gate.

Inside, the house is extremely modernistic. It was designed by Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M's art director, and the front is almost entirely glass. From almost every room in the place you can look out on the tennis court and swimming pool, the latter boasting heated water.

On the first floor are a foyer, bedroom, dining room, kitchen and pantry. This downstairs bedroom has been converted by the Johnsons into the one and only guest room. It's furnished as a combination library and bedroom and is more fitting for a gentleman guest than for a lady.

The second floor boasts a large, cheerful living room opening onto two bedrooms with private dressing room suites and baths. Every bit of the furniture in the place, with the exception of the dining room, is built in. For instance, an open fireplace in the living room has two built-in divans on either side, a huge built-in mirror, and bookshelves built almost to the ceiling lining the walls.

The newlyweds' house will be painted white inside and out and the carpets and draperies in the living room are white, too.

* * *

Hollywood hostesses who have hesitated about inviting Evie and Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn to the same party, need have no fears. The Johnsons paid Keenan a visit on the set of *Song of The Thin Man* and all of them seemed, I must say, the best of friends.

I noticed, however, that at Louis B. Mayer's big party for the young Henry Fords, Keenan brought Nan Bennett. On the same night, the Johnsons were the guests at Atwater Kent. These two big parties, on the same night, had every big star in Hollywood circulating between the two hilltop mansions.

We have few visitors in our town more popular than Ann and Henry Ford. They are so attractive and likeable. At L. B.'s party for them, I sat between Cary Grant and Peter Lawford and I must say I enjoyed myself. I want to predict right here that Cary will marry Betty Hensel. He says he never missed a gal so much in his life since she's been visiting relatives in St. Louis.

Cary's ex, Virginia Cherrill, is back in Hollywood and divorced from the Earl of Jersey—but he has had no dates with her. He also told me that Barbara Hutton, also an ex, had called him from Paris to tell him she was marrying again. That boy certainly stays friends with all the women in his life.

Both my dinner partners were doing raves over Virginia O'Brien, the famed "dead pan" singer who is rapidly developing into one of the real beauties in our town. This night she was wearing a coral-red gown and with her dark hair piled high on her head in an upsweep and her big blue Irish eyes, she was a rarin', tearin' beauty, believe me.

Loretta Young was another beauty in red —one of the new short evening gowns. On her it looked good, but I think most women look better in long evening gowns. It seems to me the new dresses which end at the ankle are awkward and unbecoming to most women.

The two dancers who "necked" most on the floor were June Allyson and Dick Powell. "Look at those two," said my husband. "They're certainly in love." And believe me, it doesn't mean that they're in love just in public—they really care.

Joan Crawford, who at this writing is madly, but madly, in love with good looking, Irish Peter Shaw, came late. But her appearance was worth (*Continued on page 10*)

THE EXCITEMENT THEY COULDN'T DRIVE OUT OF THEIR BLOOD
WILL SURGE IN YOURS...THESE TWO WHO SHARED A SAVAGE
LOVE NOT EVEN THE LAWLESS WEST COULD FORGIVE!

TERESA WRIGHT ROBERT MITCHUM

"PURSUED"

with Judith Anderson · Dean Jagger · Alan Hale · AND INTRODUCING John Rodney
DIRECTOR Raoul Walsh · PRODUCER Milton Sperling
ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY NIVEN BUSCH · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER
Produced by United States Pictures for Warners

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Dept. D5, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Please send me free tour folder as checked:
Gulf Coast ☐ California ☐ Florida ☐
Southwest ☐ National Parks ☐
Historic East ☐ Southeast ☐

Name.....
Address.....
City..... *State*.....

louella parsons'

waiting for, Joan and George Murphy danced together and they were so wonderful that most of the others got off the floor to watch. No exhibition dancers were ever more graceful. "And George and I haven't danced together for fifteen years," said Joan. Peter said that after watching Joan dance with George, the only thing left for him was to go out and take dancing lessons.

I saw the other Joan—Joan Caulfield—with Hurd Hatfield at Atwater Kent's. Maybe Greg Bautzer, the popular lawyer-about-town, had a night off and was playing cards with the fellas.

Cleatus Caldwell, Bob Hutton's pretty bride, had had her hair made several shades lighter that very afternoon—and was worried! She goes to Perc Westmore's, the hair-doing emporium all us girls "take" from, and she was in a private tizzy that Bob might not like the new color. She could have saved her fretting. He told me he thought she had never looked so beautiful.

I have often said that Ginger Rogers overdresses. Now I want to take back those words and say that she was one of the smartest looking women at the Kent party. Ginger wore a plain black gown set off with a stunning diamond pin shaped like a fan. She and Jackie Briggs have such fun together.

I asked Ginger how her "boarder" was getting along. Richard Ney went to the Briggs' to live after he separated from Greer Garson. She told me he had left and was looking for an apartment. We both agreed that boy is carrying a torch.

Merle Oberon looked like a dream walking in a white lace gown with diamond necklace, earrings and bracelet. Merle really has THE most gorgeous jewels of any of the screen stars.

Diana Lynn, on the arm of Robert Neale, the young Texas millionaire who has been trailing her all around the country, fairly beamed. Young Diana falls soooooo in love and then, boom, it's all over. I can't say she'll marry young Neale (she didn't marry Henry Willson after announcing their engagement) but there are rumors thataway.

Robert Stack came with vivid Yvonne De Carlo. He has also been escorting Irene Wrightsman McEvoy, socialite, to various places and s'help me, the way he dreams into the eyes of both fair charmers—it's hard to say which has caught his heart.

June Haver, all by her little self, came with that "old" married couple, the John Paynes. By the way, Johnny and Gloria de Haven seem to have ironed out those matrimonial troubles that once parted them.

Brian Aherne and his charming wife were among those I said "Hello" to and Brian told me that he had just that day talked long distance to Katharine Cornell, completing plans to tour the Coast this summer in their old hit, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.*

You have to take off your hat to a girl like Jane Wyman, who has always put her family ahead of her career. I certainly doff my latest Josephi chapeau to her. She and Ronnie Reagan are expecting their third baby and Janie couldn't be happier about it.

It doesn't matter in the least to her that her career is right at its peak. In fact, I broke the "scoop" about the expected arrival the very week Janie was nominated as an Oscar candidate for her wonderful work in *The Yearling.*

How different her attitude is from another young actress I know, also going places in a big way right now, who told me:

"I would love to have a baby. *But my agent thinks it would be very unwise right now—when I'm just beginning to get my best breaks!"*

* * * *

Everything has happened to the Guy Madison-Gail Russell romance—but my bet is that true love will conquer all, as they used to put it in the old-fashioned novels.

In the beginning, their studios were opposed to their (*Continued on page 116*)

That's Anita Colby in the foreground, with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis (Loretta Young) behind her. Tom surprised everyone at Look's party by announcing he'd been given the most excellent Order of the British Empire by the King of England.

Look who's back! It's Bill Holden! It's Sterling Hayden! They're not only back on the screen . . . but they're *both* in love with the same girl!

THEY WERE BROTHERS . . . who shared the desperate adventure of flying the mail!

BUT THEY WERE MEN . . . who couldn't share the warm heart of the girl one of them married and the other loved so hopelessly!

Paramount presents

"BLAZE OF NOON"

Back together.. after their super-smash in "Two Years Before The Mast"!

All kinds of men were interested in Poppy's charms . . . but only one kind of husband.

Starring

ANNE BAXTER
WILLIAM HOLDEN
SONNY TUFTS
WILLIAM BENDIX
STERLING HAYDEN
HOWARD DA SILVA

with

JOHNNY SANDS · JEAN WALLACE

Directed by **JOHN FARROW**

Screenplay by Frank Wead and Arthur Sheekman

by Florabel Muir

THE WHOLE THING WAS SO SWIFT AND SECRET, YOU'RE PROBABLY STILL WONDERING HOW IT HAPPENED. SO HERE'S THE INSIDE STORY—BY OUR SPECIAL HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT.

how Van got married

■ Here's your ringside story of the stunning elopement and marriage of Van Johnson and Evie Wynn, a love dénouement so sensational that it jerked even blasé Hollywood out of its joint and collective seats and left it agasp!

On Friday, the 24th of January, Evie Wynn, telling not a soul, quietly obtained air passage to El Paso, Texas, via American Airlines. Alone, mind you. Van drove her to the airport and then returned quietly to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio where he hurried to the office of a friend.

"Evie has just taken off for El Paso," he announced. "I'm flying back there tomorrow. We're going to be married."

Before the friend could react from his astonishment, enter a tall, dark and handsome figure. Just how and why Keenan Wynn happened to drop in at that moment no one will ever know. Keenan doesn't.

(*Continued on page 125*)

For weeks before Evie Wynn and Van Johnson were married, Evie haunted local antique shops looking for furnishings for their new home. Now she says that there's no room—Van's cluttered up everything with his books and records.

The same Glenn Ford who tamed GILDA!

"I didn't ask you to come into my life!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Glenn Ford

in

FRAMED

with

Janis CARTER · Barry SULLIVAN

Edgar BUCHANAN · Karen MORLEY · Jim BANNON

Screenplay by Ben Maddow

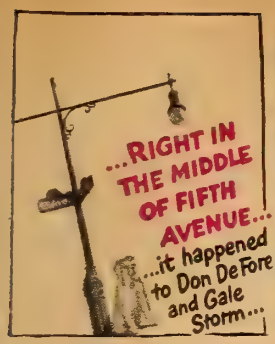
Directed by RICHARD WALLACE · Produced by JULES SCHERMER

dorothy kilgallen selects "the beginning or the end"

■ Any Hollywood producer knows as well as he knows the palm of his hand that no ticket-buyer ever walked up to a box-office and put his dollar on the line because a picture was advertised as "significant," "historical" or "important." Those are frightening adjectives to the average cinema customer; he is traditionally lured into the flicker palaces by words like "daring!" "passion!" "adventure!" and "Betty Grable," and surveys prove that when history is being shown on his local movie screen he is apt to be bowling 250 or spending a quiet evening at home.

So I am reluctant to say that *The Beginning Or The End* is an important picture, for fear of poisoning it at the box office. I hesitate to describe it as historic because that is never a lure to the public and I fervently hope that every man, woman and child in the nation—or even better, the world—will go to see it. I don't like to brand it as "significant," because any apprentice ad writer would scream, with justification, that a picture could be killed overnight by such a tag. But the fact remains that the atom (*Continued on page 98*)

Experimenting on the world's deadliest weapon, scientists Richard Hayden, Tom Drake and Norman Lloyd are sworn to secrecy.



ON THE STREET WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN . . . ONE WONDERFUL NIGHT **EVERYTHING DID!**.....

"IT HAPPENED ON 5TH AVENUE"

ALLIED ARTISTS PRODUCTIONS, INC
Presents

DON DeFORE · ANN HARDING
CHARLIE RUGGLES · VICTOR MOORE
GALE STORM
in ROY DEL RUTH'S
"IT HAPPENED ON 5TH AVENUE"
with GRANT MITCHELL · EDWARD BROPHY · EDWARD RYAN, Jr.

Produced and Directed by ROY DEL RUTH · Associate Producer, JOE KAUFMAN · Screenplay by EVERETT FREEMAN
Story by HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS & FREDERICK STEPHANI · Music and Lyrics by HARRY REVEL & PAUL WEBSTER
Musical Score by EDWARD WARD

ALLIED ARTISTS

Macomber (Bob Preston, right) reveals his cowardice early in the hunt, when he leaves the job of killing a charging lion to his professional guide (Gregory Peck).

Macomber's wife, Margaret (Joan Bennett), has seen him fleeing from the dangerous beast, and is filled with loathing. Wilson, the guide, is an embarrassed observer.

The attraction between Margaret and Wilson increases as Macomber's weakness becomes more apparent. Their problem is dramatically resolved.

"the Macomber Affair"

■ "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" was what Ernest Hemingway called it when he wrote it, and you'll understand why when you see the picture. Francis Macomber (Robert Preston) doesn't really begin to live until the morning of the day he dies, but his life is very important to two people. One is his wife, Margaret (Joan Bennett). The other is the guide Macomber has hired for his East African hunting trip, Robert Wilson (Gregory Peck).

In Nairobi, when you start out on a hunting trip, there are certain conventions to be observed. You treat the native bearers well, you keep your guns clean, and you never let anyone know if you're afraid. Francis Macomber breaks every one of these traditions. All his life he has been afraid. Four million dollars hasn't helped. Neither has his beautiful wife, because he knows her contempt for him. Now he has come to Africa to hunt lions, hoping that he can prove to her—and to himself—that he isn't really afraid at all.

Wilson doesn't know at first the situation he has gotten into. On the surface, the Macombers are a charming couple. As a rule, Wilson doesn't like taking women along on trips, but Mrs. Macomber doesn't seem the type that would frighten easily. She isn't. But Francis is. Wilson finds that out on their first lion hunt. The beast is wounded and they must go into the brush after him to finish him off. The lion charges, and Macomber runs away, leaving Wilson to do the job. Then Macomber vents his rage at his own cowardice on the native bearers and that night Margaret leaves her husband's tent.

The next day they hunt buffalo. Not too dangerous, ordinarily. But somehow in the course of that hunt Macomber comes alive. He isn't afraid any more of anything or anybody, even Margaret. And so he dies.—*U. A.*

(*Continued on page 18*)

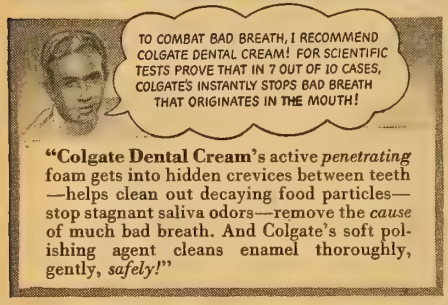
MOVIE REVIEWS

by Virginia Wilson

SHE'S HIS GLAMOR GIRL...HE'S HER GUY!
Elope to Mexico City with Shirley, gay and grown-up... and Guy, ready for romance... in a very funny story of a marriage in the making!
The Guy you loved in 'Till the End of Time!'
RKO PRESENTS
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
FRANCHOT TONE
GUY·MADISON
in
Honeymoon
A WILLIAM KEIGHLEY PICTURE
with
LINA ROMAY · GENE LOCKHART
CORINNA MURA · GRANT MITCHELL
Produced by WARREN DUFF • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Screen Play by MICHAEL KANIN • Based on a Story by VICKI BAUM
RKO RADIO PICTURES

No Male... Either!

U.S. MAIL
IT'S JUST NOT FAIR, CLAIRE! I WRITE THE LETTERS—AND YOU GET THE MAIL! MUST BE WHAT I WRITE IS WRONG!
I THINK IT'S MORE A MATTER OF BREATH, BETH! WHY NOT ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, HONEY? THEN SEE IF THE MALES DON'T CROWD THE MAILS!


TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently, *safely!*"

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

Framed: Janis Carter puts up bail for Glenn Ford, who's been framed in a truck accident. Actually, she's planning to double-cross him herself.

FRAMED

Glenn Ford, as exciting as when he speeded up your pulse in *Gilda*, now plays a guy who has two weaknesses. The usual two—liquor and women. Between them, they almost cause his sudden and violent demise.

Mike Lambert (Glenn Ford) is a mining engineer, out of a job, when he comes into La Paloma cafe. He has landed in this out-of-the-way Arizona town by accident. An accident which involved a truck without any brakes, and which cost him next to his last dollar. The last one he has left to spend for a couple of drinks.

There's a blonde waitress at the cafe who evinces considerable interest in Mike. Not for the routine reasons, either. Paula (Janis Carter) has been working there for six weeks, on the chance that someone who looks like Mike will show up. She has her own mysterious purpose in this, and it isn't a pretty one.

Mike is having his first drink when the cops come in and arrest him for the truck accident. Paula, surprisingly, pays the fifty-dollar fine for him, and gives him enough extra so he gets thoroughly drunk. Then she dumps him in a hotel room while she goes off to a mountain rendezvous with Stephen Price (Barry Sullivan). Price is the town's leading banker, and no one knows of his connection with the "waitress." He and Paula have concocted a neat little plot between them. Price will steal a quarter of a million dollars from the bank, and put it in a safe deposit box which Paula has rented. Then, if they can find a man who looks something like Price, they will stage an accident. A fatal accident, with Price as the supposed victim.

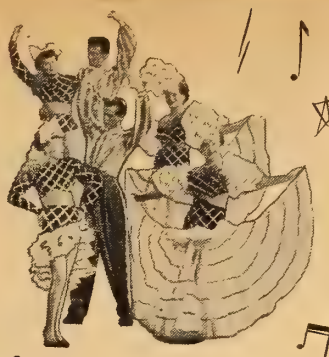
They have the man now, Paula tells him. A few days to arrange the last details and they'll be all set. But the next day they almost lose their prospective victim. Mike is offered a job as engineer at a nearby silver mine. It takes some fast finagling on Price's part to kill the deal, but he manages it. Now everything is ready, isn't it? Only—people do unexpected things sometimes. This is one of the times.—*Col.*

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA

What's the difference between the county fair in a small American town and a carnival in Costa Rica? Not much, really. You have color and music and boy meets girl, and that's the same anywhere. In Costa Rica, the girl happens to be Luisa Molina (Vera-Ellen), daughter of Rica Molina (J. Carroll Naish) and his American wife (Anne Revere). The boy is Jeff Stevens (Dick Haymes), who is from Kansas. (*Continued on page* 20)

Carnival in Costa Rica: Vera-Ellen, promised to another, falls in love with Dick Haymes at the Carnival. Here, they're on Celeste Holm's float

A great big wonderful show!



***Great* Tunes!**
***Big* Laughs!**
***Wonderful* Romance!**

Hit Parade of 1947

Starring

EDDIE ALBERT · CONSTANCE MOORE · JOAN EDWARDS

with GIL LAMB · BILL GOODWIN · WILLIAM FRAWLEY

WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA • and REPUBLIC GUEST STARS ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Songs by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON • Screen Play by Mary Loos • Original Story by Parke Levy

Associate Producer and Director — FRANK McDONALD . A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Swing With Woody Herman
Sing With Joan Edwards
to songs by JIMMY McHUGH
and HAROLD ADAMSON
"I Guess I'll Have
That Dream Right Now"
"Is There Anyone Here
From Texas?"
"It Could Happen To Me"
"Chiquita From Santa Anita"
"The Cats Are Goin'
To The Dogs"

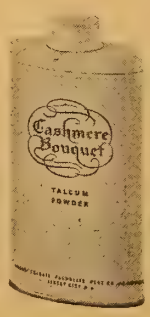
with this delightfully fragrant talcum powder

KEEP FRESH: First bathe and then sprinkle Cashmere Bouquet Talc into every curve. Like a scent-laden breeze it freshens and cools your skin.

FEEL SMOOTH: Shake Cashmere Bouquet over those chafable places. It gives your skin a satin-smooth sheath of protection . . . girdles slip on like magic.

STAY DAINTY: To prolong your bath-tub freshness, use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It perfumes your person with the *fragrance men love.*

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

Luisa's father has arranged a marriage between her and his best friend's son. But when Luisa meets her fiancé, Pepe Castro (Cesar Romero), she finds him definitely depressing. He takes pills and his temperature alternately. He says dancing sends his blood pressure up. When Luisa wistfully mentions that she would like to visit the glamorous El Sesteo club, he almost faints, and forbids her ever to go there. As Luisa's kid sister, Maria (Barbara Whiting), remarks, "Pepe isn't half dead. He's dead, period."

It's really no wonder that when the Molinas go to the Fiesta, Luisa gives Pepe a tactful brush-off and wanders with Maria to the Promenade. There she meets Jeff, who quickly makes her realize that love is not a matter of family arrangements. Jeff is fascinated by the lovely Luisa and has no idea that she is engaged to his friend, Pepe.

At that moment, Pepe, completely re-vitalized from the languid specimen Luisa knows, is dancing a fast rhumba. In his arms is the reason he forbade her ever to come to El Sesteo club. The reason is named Celeste (Celeste Holm) and she and Pepe are in love, but he doesn't dare tell his father.

The Fiesta is especially brilliant that year. Rica Molina is one of the judges, and is in a high good humor until he recognizes his daughter, Luisa, on one of the floats holding hands with an unknown young man. That is the first time it has occurred to him that perhaps she isn't exactly thrilled with the husband he has picked out for her. You had better see for yourself what happens next—in Technicolor.—*20th-Fox.*

JOHNNY O'CLOCK

If you're in a bad racket, maybe it's better to be all bad yourself. Because if you're a good guy in a bad racket, like Johnny O'Clock (Dick Powell), you're likely to end up with a bullet in your back.

Johnny's been around. He was brought up in a tough school and he's gotten pretty near the top in the racket world. He's a junior partner of Guida Marchetti (S. Thomas Gomez), who runs a string of fancy gambling clubs. The third member of the gang is a policeman named Blayden (Jim Bannon). If a rival gambler gives Marchetti any trouble, he's "arrested" by Blayden and "shot while trying to escape." Very neat. Johnny doesn't think so much of this system, but he's a smart guy, he keeps telling himself, and the way to get rich and live to an old age is to keep your mouth shut.

However, Johnny forgets to stick to his system. Blayden has been playing around with Harriet (Nina Foch), a pretty hat-check girl, and is now giving her the brush-off. Johnny tells him to mend his ways or there'll be trouble. There's trouble anyway—a police detective, Koch (Lee J. Cobb), comes around next day to tell Johnny Harriet has been found dead in a gas-filled room. And Blayden has disappeared.

There are other complications, too. Marchetti's wife, Nellie (Ellen Drew), is in love with Johnny. She has given her husband a beautiful platinum watch, specially made. Not being a very bright girl, she gave Johnny one just like it. He handed it over to Harriet to give back to her, but now Harriet is dead and the watch has vanished.

Harriet's sister, Nancy (Evelyn Keyes), arrives and refuses to believe her sister committed suicide.

Blayden's body is found floating in the river, and the police consider the possibility that he, and perhaps Harriet too, have been murdered. By now Johnny and Nancy are in love, but that word "murder" stands between them. That and Johnny's past.

Dick Powell is excellent as the good guy in a bad racket. Lee J. Cobb and Nina Foch are particularly helpful in supporting roles.—*Col.*

THE ARNELO AFFAIR

Advice to husbands: Don't get so absorbed in business that you forget about your wife. *Advice to wives:* Even if your husband neglects you, don't get involved, however, innocently, with another man. *Advice to husbands and wives:* See *The Arnelo Affair.* (*Continued on page 22*)

Johnny O'Clock: Detective Lee Cobb quizzes Evelyn Keyes in the "suicide" of her younger sister. He's trying to pin the rap on Dick Powell, whom Evelyn loves.

WIN A *free*, ALL-EXPENSE 2-WEEKS TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD!

...FOR YOURSELF AND A MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY!

Or $50.00 Second Prize — $25.00 Third Prize — Five $5.00 Prizes

Contest Rules . . .

1. Entries are limited to girls between the ages of 16 and 22. Awards will be based on cuteness and personality as shown by snapshots plus the originality and interest of the written message.
2. Send us a full-length snapshot and negative, unretouched. Professional studio portraits or prints from retouched negatives will be rejected.
3. Snapshots must have written on the reverse side, in ink, the name, address and birth-date of the contestant. You may submit as many snapshots as you want, but be sure to accompany *each one* with the other items specified in the next paragraph.
4. Each snapshot must be accompanied by either a Victory bobbie card or a Victory hair pin container (without pins, of course), or facsimiles of them, and an original statement in 25 words or less, on the subject, "What I Look For in a Bobbie Pin."
5. Entries will not be returned, and the decision of the judges will be final. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Ineligible are all Smith Victory Corporation employees and their families, the employees and families of the company's advertising agency, and artists or models or others employed by the agency in the preparation of Smith Victory advertising.
7. Entries, to be eligible, must be postmarked no later than midnight of July 1st, 1947. The name of the winner will be announced in this magazine.
8. Smith Victory Corporation shall have the right to use the photograph of the winner in its advertising and packaging.

Here's all you do -

- Send us a full-length snapshot, with the negative, to prove that you most closely represent the typical American girl now portrayed by "Vicky," the trade-mark girl of Smith Victory Corporation. NOTE: *Color* of hair is not important.
- Also write a 25-word (or less) message on the subject, "What I Look For in a Bobbie Pin."
- And accompany your entry with either an empty Victory bobbie pin card or an empty Victory hair pin package, or facsimiles of them

YOU'LL BE JUDGED BY:

PERC WESTMORE

Director of Make-up and Hairstyling for Warner Brothers Studios

and a panel of HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

Enter Today!

Hi Chicks!

Want to know what the excitement's all about? Just this—they're trying to find *me!* No, I didn't get lost or kidnapped—I just never existed, I mean, *really* existed. An artist dreamed me up to be a trade-mark girl for the Victory line of hair and bobbie pins. Now they want to produce me in the flesh—and they're offering a two-week trip to Hollywood, with all the trimmings, to the girl the judges say is the cutest, peppiest, most typical bobbie pin-up in America . . . and to some member of her family! You can be blonde or brunette, blue-eyed or brown-eyed, 16 or 22—it doesn't matter—just be *cute.* But whatever you are, don't be late!

Yours,

Vicky

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Department D, SMITH VICTORY CORPORATION
2969 Main Street, Buffalo 14, N. Y.

Enclosed is ☐ a Victory Bobbie Card
or ☐ a Victory Hair Pin Package

together with my snapshot and a 25-word (or less) message on "What I Look For in a Bobbie Pin." In addition, I consent to all the rules of the contest.

*Name*_____ *Age*____
Please Print

*Street*_____

*City*_____
Zone State

*School*_____

SMITH *Victory* CORP. *Hair Pins and Bobbie* Pins* BUFFALO 14, NEW YORK
Since 1871
**The Original Bobbie Pin Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

NEW Lustre-Creme Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SOFTER, MORE LUSTROUS... EASIER TO MANAGE

Not a liquid — Not a soap — but a revolutionary new CREAM shampoo that gives amazing results!

See how soft—how shining—how easy to manage your hair can be with Lustre-Creme Shampoo!

Now, millions of women can have *softer*, more radiant and glamorous hair that's *also easy to manage*—thanks to a remarkable *cream*-shampoo discovery—Lustre-Creme Shampoo by Kay Daumit!

Lustre-Creme Shampoo was created by the genius of Kay Daumit. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, she selected lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve an almost-magic new formula. Once you try Lustre-Creme Shampoo you'll find its abundant, pleasant lather offers these advantages—compared to soap and liquid soap shampoos you've used before:—

1. *Lustre-Creme Shampoo leaves hair glowing soft and brilliant, as though it had been given lots of good brushing.* **2.** *Not drying.* **3.** *Leaves no dulling soap film.* **4.** *Your hair is easier to manage, easier to arrange.* **5.** *No vinegar or lemon rinse.* **6.** *Works just as well in hard water.*

So, no matter how you've been shampooing, you owe it to your hair to try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. See how soft, how naturally lovely, how brilliantly-alive and well-behaved your hair can be. Simple and easy to use. Economical—a little does so much. Ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo at cosmetic counters in department and drug stores.

KAY DAUMIT, INC. *(Successor)*
540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

4 oz. jar $1.00 • 1 lb. jar $3.50

Ted Parkson (George Murphy) and his wife, Anne (Frances Gifford), have been married for ten years. They have a charming home, and a little boy, Rickey (Dean Stockwell), whom they adore. Their friends point them out as an ideally happy couple until Tony Arnelo (John Hodiak) comes along.

Arnelo, a night club owner, has known many women but none like Anne. When Ted takes him home to discuss a business deal, Arnelo's bold, black eyes take in Anne—and the situation. He sees that Ted has let his law business crowd out his personal life. Anne, still young and lovely, naturally feels neglected. Arnelo's first move is to admire the way Anne has furnished the house. Now if she would just be willing to give him some advice about his apartment. Anne is doubtful at first. Arnelo's eyes have informed her quite plainly that it isn't her ability as an interior decorator he's interested in. But perhaps it wouldn't do any harm to go and *look* at his place. . .

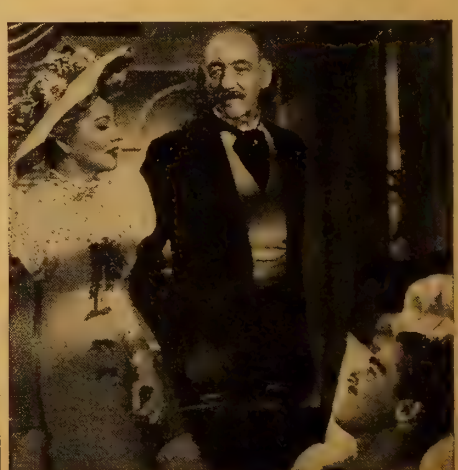
So she makes her first visit to his apartment. Harmless enough as to what actually happened, but far from harmless in its implications. Arnelo gives her a key to use on future visits. Next day he hasn't arrived when she gets there, but a girl comes in. Claire Lorrison (Joan Woodbury) her name is, and she warns Anne in coarse and bitter terms against Arnelo. Anne leaves, shocked and frightened, dropping a compact in her hurry.

The next day she reads that Claire has been murdered and that the only clue is a woman's compact found with the body, and initialed "A." Anne realizes in terror that Arnelo must have deliberately involved her, as indeed he has. And what will happen when Ted finds out?—*M-G-M.*

IVY

In 1909, there's no one in all England as beautiful as Ivy Lexton (Joan Fontaine). Beautiful and child-like and imperiously charming. But Ivy is what's known as a "femme fatale"—meaning heaven help the men who love her. And, particularly, heaven help her young husband, Jervis (Richard Ney), because he is in her way, and Ivy is as ruthless as she is beautiful.

She and Jervis have been married just long



Ivy: As Joan Fontaine's husband, Richard Ney is a weak tool for her ruthless schemes.

enough for them to have spent his entire inheritance. Now they're living in cheap lodgings and cadging meals from their friends. Ivy has been having an affair with Dr. Roger Gretorex (Patric Knowles), who wants her to divorce Jervis and marry him, but the idea only irritates Ivy, since he, too, is poor.

Then she meets Miles Rushforth (Herbert Marshall). Miles has several million pounds, and is fascinating, besides. Ivy makes herself seem as appealing and helpless as possible. Soon Miles and the young Lextons are on intimate terms. He takes them for a cruise on his yacht, and then gets Jervis a position with his London firm. However, Ivy runs into a difficulty she has not expected. Miles Rushton is an honorable man, and when he finds himself falling in love with another man's wife, he goes to South Africa to forget.

But Ivy has no intention of still being married when he gets back. She gives Jervis what she considers a fair chance. She asks him for a divorce. When he refuses, his fate is sealed. She steals poison from Dr. Gretorex' surgery, and a few doses in Jervis' scotch and soda do the trick. Ivy is the loveliest widow in London. She weeps bitterly.

Ivy is beautiful, but she isn't really very clever. And you have to be clever to get away with murder. Not since *Rebecca* has Joan Fontaine had as exciting a role as this. —*Univ.*

THE BELLS OF SAN ANGELO

Excitement in the little border town of San Angelo centers around the Monarch silver mine. Gridley (John McGuire), its owner, has a nasty habit of shooting trespassers first and asking questions afterward, if at all. The padre at San Angelo asks Roy Rogers, border investigator, for assistance.

Roy isn't fond of Gridley and is sure the mine owner is up to no good, but he hasn't a thing in the way of proof. The Sheriff, Cookie (Andy Devine), is helpless for the same reason. They know that Ulrich (David Sharpe), Gridley's assistant, shot Ramon, a young Mexican boy. However, Ulrich claims that Ramon was stealing silver from the mine and produces a chunk of silver ore from the dead boy's pocket to prove it.

Roy gets a wire from the Chief of Border Investigations which comes as near making him lose his temper as anything can. The Chief says that Lee Madison, writer of lurid Western mystery novels, will arrive that afternoon.

Roy decides grimly that he'll provide some local color that will send Mr. Madison screaming back to civilization. He disguises himself as a Western desperado and holds up the wagon. Only Lee Madison turns out to be a pretty girl instead of a man, and she isn't even faintly impressed by Roy's rootin'-tootin' desperado act.

Later Roy and Lee get on a more friendly basis, and she joins him in the investigation of the Gridley mine and its attendant complications. They find clues indicating that the mine may be a blind to cover the smuggling of silver across the border. A lawyer from England shows up to say that all this land belongs to a missing Earl, thought to be around here somewhere. No, it isn't Roy, so help me! You'll have to see for yourselves!—*Rep.*

That April shower won't bring you flowers!

LEAVES YOU whistle-clean and sweet—a refreshing shower like that. But don't stop there, honey. Think of your *future* charm!

Remember, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor *to come.*

So follow up your bath with safe, dependable Mum. That's the way so many popular girls win bouquets and *keep* a beau enamored.

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better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
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Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Product of Bristol-Myers

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

You'll laugh a lot and maybe cry a little, too, at *The Farmer's Daughter*. The story is simple enough. A pretty Swedish girl, Katie Holstrom (Loretta Young), leaves the farm to study nursing in nearby Capitol City. She only has seventy-five dollars, so to save the three-fifty bus fare she accepts a ride with a neighborhood house painter, Adolph (Rhys Williams). Adolph gets drunk en route, smashes up his car and borrows the naive Katie's money. She arrives in Capitol City cold broke, and takes a job as waitress to get money enough to start her nursing career.

It's a big, imposing house she comes to, but the people are not imposing—they're friendly and charming. There is Congressman Glenn Morley (Joseph Cotten) and his mother, Agatha Morley (Ethel Barrymore), and the butler, Clancy (Charles Bickford). Clancy was an old friend of the late Senator Morley and is on such close terms with the family that he calls Mrs. Morley, Agatha. A bit startling to guests, but they get used to it.

Katie fits in from the beginning. She isn't afraid of Clancy's acid wit, and she makes wonderful coffee. Her only fault as a waitress is her habit of joining in the political discussions that go on. She doesn't approve of all Glenn Morley's policies, but she does approve of Glenn, very definitely.

And Glenn finds himself curiously attracted to this demure girl with the Scandinavian accent and the practical idealism. His mother likes Katie, too, and watches with slightly perplexed interest the progress of this unexpected romance. Less impartial but even more interested is Virginia (Rose Hobart), a newspaperwoman who's had a predatory eye on Glenn for years.

Everything is fine until the evening Katie goes to a political meeting. She asks the speaker some very direct—and very awkward—questions. The next thing that Glenn, angry and baffled, knows, Katie is running for Congress.

There's sly humor and excellent characterization here. Charles Bickford as the butler is one of my favorites of the year.—*RKO.*

Stallion Road: Ronald Reagan, proud owner of Stallion Road ranch, loves pretty Alexis Smith, but does little about it.

The Farmer's Daughter: Congressman Joseph Cotten finds himself curiously attracted to Loretta Young, the poor farm girl, who takes an interest in his politics.

STALLION ROAD

Between the blue-black mountains of the Sierra Madre range and the placid waves of the Pacific lies some of the best grazing land in the world. Horses are all-important to the people who live there. People like Larry Hanrahan (Ronald Reagan), who owns Stallion Road ranch, and is, besides, a skilled veterinarian.

Steve Purcell (Zachary Scott), who comes to visit his old friend Larry, is not particularly interested in horses. He prefers women. The first one he meets at Stallion Road is a pretty matron, Daisy Otis (Peggy Knudsen), who obviously is much more intrigued by Larry's handsome tallness than she is by her dull husband.

The next girl of the Sierras is quite different. Her name is Rory Teller (Alexis Smith) and she's one of the most accomplished horsewomen anywhere around. Both Larry and Steve fall in love with her, but in quite different ways. Steve makes his usual pitch, gets nowhere, and settles down for a long siege. Larry puts Rory on a romantic pedestal, but doesn't do anything about her. No woman wants to be left sitting around on a pedestal indefinitely. Also, Rory's little sister, Chris (Patti Brady), reports that she has seen Larry kissing Daisy Otis, which doesn't help the romantic plight of the lovers in the least.

When Larry lets Daisy ride his horse in the Madre Range show, Rory is determined to win with her own mare, "Sultan's Pride." She gets the blue ribbon, but is sure she has no chance with Larry. Then the mare falls ill of anthrax and she phones for him frantically. Larry is the only one who might have a chance of pulling the horse through. And Larry can't come because he is inoculating Daisy's cattle, hoping to prevent an epidemic. To Rory that's the last straw. She convinces herself that she's through with Larry, and she tells Steve she'll marry him. But when Larry himself comes down with anthrax, nothing in the world can prevent her from going to him . . . —War.

THE IMPERFECT LADY

The English upper classes have never been noted for their broad-mindedness. In 1892, girls of the theater occasionally made temporary romantic alliances with dashing young lords, but never matrimonial ones. An exception is the case of Milly Hopkins (Teresa Wright) and Clive Loring (Ray Milland).

Milly meets Clive by accident. She and her friend, Rose (Virginia Field), have squandered their last shilling on a hansom cab ride home from rehearsal, and they stop to listen a moment to a political speaker being heckled. The speaker is Clive, who is running for Parliament on a platform which includes women's suffrage—a very unpopular subject with the crowd. To escape a barrage of tired vegetables, he jumps into the cab.

Rose sees a chance for a free meal and tries to impress him with their "gentility." Milly is more interested in his views on suffrage. She agrees with them, but suggests more tactful ways of putting them across. Clive is amused by her agile mind and delighted by her beauty. They see each other again, and soon Milly gives up the theater and goes to the city where Clive lives. He wants to marry her.

But his elder brother, Lord Belmont (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) intervenes. He persuades Milly that it would be ruinous to Clive's political career to marry a girl of her background. She sees his point, and without a word to Clive, joins a theatrical troupe.

One night she and Rose meet an ex-concert pianist, Martinez (Anthony Quinn), and to escape a misguided policeman, Milly has to spend the night in his rooms. It is all quite innocent, and she forgets about it when Clive comes to see her next day and demands that she marry him. She agrees and they spend a delirious honeymoon in France. When they come back, she hears that Martinez is on trial for murder, and only her testimony that she spent the night with him can save him. Quite a dilemma for an imperfect lady!—*Par.*

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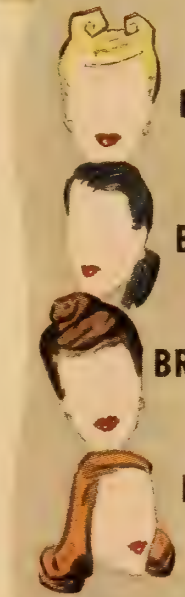

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Remember, *new* Cutex contains a specially developed ingredient. Tests* prove it wears longer, dries faster than even higher priced polishes. See for yourself what a difference it makes! See how it wears and wears and wears!

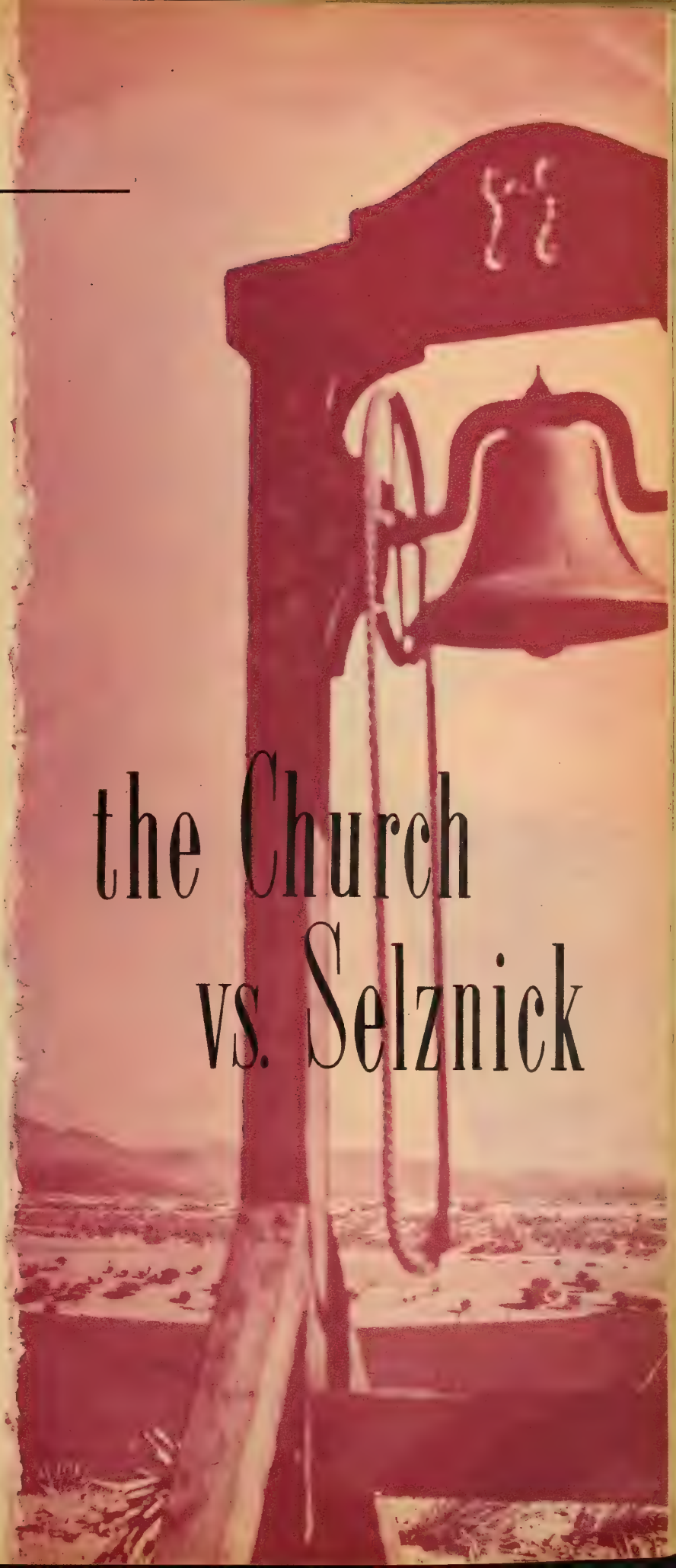
Shhh! Rumors are flying about a new Cutex idea . . . for Cutex, the originator of matching lips and finger tips, is preparing a new harmonizing lipstick that'll open your eyes! Watch for it soon.

* * *

**Tests made in our own research laboratory by one of the foremost nail-polish chemists in the country.*

the Church vs. Selznick

by Albert P. Delacorte



■ Oceans of printer's ink have been spilled in the course of the *Duel in the Sun* controversy. The Catholic press has carried reams about it. The secular press has, too. Now *we* want to get into the act—but don't get us wrong. We're taking no sides. We simply want to point a moral, as we see it, to this whole unhappy fiasco.

In March, 1944, David O. Selznick began the making of *Duel in the Sun.* After seemingly interminable delays, brought about largely by wartime shortages and strikes, the tremendous job was finished; and in December, 1946, a purity seal was issued for the film by Joseph I. Breen, administrator of the Production Code Administration, in the following emphatic language: "This is to certify that Vanguard Films, in producing *Duel in the Sun,* has complied with the self-imposed regulations of the industry to maintain right standards in the production."

So far so good. Now, normally, David Selznick would have immediately rushed a print of the picture to the New York office of the Legion of Decency. (This is not only as a courtesy, but as self-protection, since the rating given pictures by the Legion affects their standing with state censorship boards. A "C" rating from the Legion almost automatically means condemnation by the censorship boards of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Ohio—which states comprise approximately 50% of the movie-going public.) However, due to the film industry strikes, he had only one Technicolor print assembled, and this he just managed to get under the wire for consideration in the annual Academy Awards.

The film was shown for the first time just prior to the first of the year, and immediately afterwards a hostile review of it appeared in The Tidings, (*Continued on page 85*)

by charles boyer

as told to howard sharpe

ingrid

■ You may remember the extremely dramatic opening scene of Erich Remarque's *Arch of Triumph.* Ravic, the refugee doctor practicing in Paris without a license (this is my role in the film) reaches out and takes the arm of a girl as she stumbles past him. She has a "pale face, high cheekbones and wide-set eyes." The face is "rigid and masklike."

"He took out a package of cigarettes and fumbled in his pocket for matches . . . bent down cautiously to shelter the flame with his hands against the soft breeze of the river.

" 'Give me a cigarette too,' the woman said in an almost toneless voice.

". . . She smoked hastily, inhaling deeply."

After the first take of this scene Ingrid lunched at Lucey's with David Lewis, her producer. When the coffee was brought, he lighted up a cigarette.

"Give me one, too," said Ingrid.

"You're not on the set now," Lewis said. Nevertheless he gave her a cigarette and held a match for her. She smoked three before they left and each time singed her lashes with the match flame. Lewis was concerned. "You'll make yourself sick, inhaling like that," he told her. "Save it for the camera."

"You misunderstand," she said. "I'm learning to smoke for myself. People seem to enjoy it so much."

"That's different," he said. Then he did a double-take. "Bergman, learning to smoke?"

"Isn't it high time?" she asked demurely.

Next day he presented her with a lighter that would not burn her lashes. She learned rapidly. By the time we made the final take of the "cigarette" scene she was able to inhale as if she had been addicted to nicotine since the age of five.

And just before she left for New York to do *Joan of Lorraine* (*Continued on page 103*)

Frank started his vacation trip alone, later wired Nancy, "Will you be my valentine? Meet me in Mexico City." Nancy (that's Phil Silvers kissing her above) did; both went on to Acapulco.

Most of us have never heard the hilarious Command Performance broadcasts Bing and Frank made for the armed forces. The friendly, hearty ribbing each gave the other is now legend; made the GIs love 'em all the more.

Frankie, Jr. visits his Dad's radio show often, sings for the studio audience. At dinner in Maxim's, he broke up the crowd by asking loudly, "When do we go to Romanoff's, Daddy?"

by hedda hopper

Peter Lawford, his British pal in *It Happened in Brooklyn,* is as happy as Frank over Harper and Brothers' book, called "The Voice." Based on E. J. Kahn's New Yorker articles, it's the longest work on Frank.

■ One morning last year I ran into Frank Sinatra in the Waldorf-Astoria. He was pale as a ghost, skinnier than usual, and drooping like the last rose of the summer before last.

I'd attended his opening in the Wedgwood Room the night before. It was Frankie's opening but he wasn't there. His friend, Danny Kaye, pinch-hit when he heard a flu bug had hit Frankie. One look at Sinatra and I knew he still shouldn't be walking around. When he said hello he was as hoarse as a bullfrog.

"Coming over to hear me tonight, Hedda?" Frankie croaked.

"You don't mean you're going to sing?"

He nodded, "Sure."

"Why," I exploded, "you haven't got enough energy to swat a mosquito the way you are. You sound like a crow. Go on back to bed!"

"I can't."

"Listen," I said, feeling like shaking that little guy. "Singers just don't act like that. You have to take (*Continued on page 94*)

HE WAS "THE VOICE"

THAT COULDN'T SAY "NO."

THEN SUDDENLY, HE

BANNED HIS BOBBY-SOXERS,

SPURNED HIS SPONSOR

AND WALKED OUT ON HIS WIFE.

WHY? THE ANSWER WILL

AMAZE YOU.

what's wrong with FRANKIE?

SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO LIVE IN HOUSES. BUT FOR STERLING HAYDEN, THERE'S NO ROOF LIKE THE WINDSWEPT SKY AND NO FLOOR LIKE THE BOUNDING SEA.

By Hank Jeffries

captain courageous

Giving Sterling a hand with the chores is blonde, lovely Betty De Noon. A model by profession, she's just as much at home on a boat as he is. A good reason why she may become Mrs. Hayden.

Back home after a brilliant war record, Sterling spends his time aboard his 63-foot schooner, the "Quest." On land, he lives above a garage, in an apartment he rented while working in *Blaze of Noon*.

■ The night was dark as the heart of a Hollywood villain. A snarling surf bounded shoreward from a violent sea. Precariously close to the beach, a sixty-foot fishing boat stood by, its crew expecting momentarily to find out how it feels to be drowned a long way from home.

A certain John Hamilton was among those present, and he was muttering to himself.

"Times," he grumbled, "are tough all over."

At that instant the moon, which had been winking its indecision through racing, dirty clouds, made up its mind. A baleful, pale light stared brutally down at more than fifty guerrilla fighters on the strand below.

A machine gun began to chatter from the cliff above. The matter of fact cursing of men who face death often rose above the snarl of the surf. In the water swimmers were straining clumsily toward the boat. Some of them made it, but ten or more drowned silently.

The firing was (*Continued on page 99*)

STUDIO AUDIENCES DON'T

FRIGHTEN HIM, BUT HEAVEN HELP

BOB HOPE IF HE FLUFFS

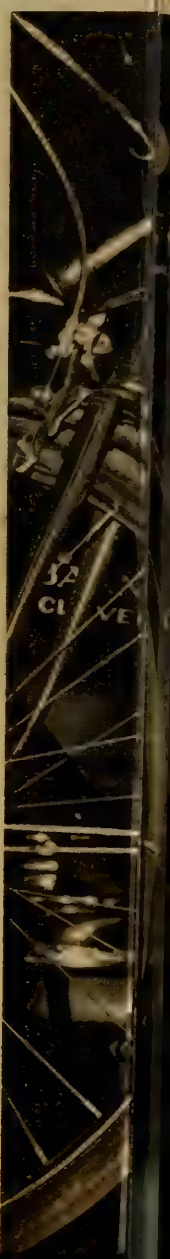
A LINE WITH THOSE SMART KIDS

OF HIS LISTENING IN!

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

With Mrs. Hope, Bob reads aloud an account of his and Bing Crosby's ball teams. They're part owners of the Cleveland Indians and Pittsburgh Pirates. (Above, right: in uniform.)

Bob's a sucker for all kids, but especially for his own Linda and Tony. A sentimentalist, Bob's favorite song is, "It's Only A Paper Moon," which his wife was singing when he met her.



HOPALONG HOPE

■ Once, during the war, Bob Hope came home to Hollywood from a flying GI tour. His family—wife Dolores, brothers Jack and George, moppets Linda and Tony—all met him at the airport. "Hello!" everybody yelled.

"Goodbye, Daddy," lisped Tony. That's what he was used to saying whenever he saw his Pop!

Bob breezed into the nursery the other morning where his new infant darlings, Kelly and Nora, were wolfing their formulas. They both gave him that surprised "Who dat man?" look and burst into bawls.

"Hey," protested Bob to the nurse, "what are they crying about?"

"They're scared of you," she explained. "After all, you're a stranger."

"Stranger?" yelped Bob. "Heck—I'm their dad!"

That snapped Bob into a state of surprised shock. Then he realized he'd been spending about six (*Continued on page 89*)

Now that *My Favorite Brunette* and *Road to Rio* are both filmed, Bob goes in for golfing and bicycling. A theater fan, Bob's idols are Charlie Chaplin, Bea Lillie.

Guy's still teasing Gail about the puppy she was going to give him. Gail (who's now in *Calcutta*) made the mistake of taking the dog home overnight. She couldn't part with the pup, so she bought Guy another!

The nose is right, but Gail isn't satisfied with the rest of her efforts at sculpting Guy. Once she's perfected the clay model, she'll make a bust of him. Gail's also interested in wood-carving, ceramics.

■ Her beau, Mr. Madison, that tall, handsome vision, almost split his floating rib, laughing. If men have floating ribs.

It made her so mad she wanted to split all his other ribs, too.

"Why didn't they tell me?" she kept wailing. "How was *I* supposed to know? Just because your boy friend is an archery expert doesn't mean you absorb it by osmosis!"

Mr. Madison, the archery expert, smiled at her pityingly. "Poor child. Any cluck should know enough not to hold the bow upside down!"

He ducked just in time. "Any cluck" had hurled a pillow at him.

The whole thing happened when a magazine decided to shoot some pictures of Gail practising archery. Gail, being a sweet, agreeable soul, said why not?

As she explained to Guy later, "I figured if a bone-head like *you* could manage—"

Anyhow, the pictures were taken, and the magazine came out, and the letters started pouring in. Miss Russell, the bow-and-arrow beauty, was holding the bow upside down.

It doesn't really matter. She's got other talents. She does clay modeling, and she finished a head of Guy that's pretty good. She claims it's not so hot.

"The nose is you," she says. "But that's all."

And he wants to know, "What are you going to do with it?"

And she says, "Well, if you behave, maybe we'll hollow a hole and grow ivy out of the top of your head."

He's so grateful.

She intends to put him up in the den, with ivy growing out of his head. The den used to be a patio, but the Russells roofed it over, and put a fireplace where a barbecue used to be, and it's practically a hunting lodge now. Deer's head over the mantel, animal skins on the wall, and Indian rugs thrown artfully here and there.

It's also got something a lot of dens don't have. Leaks. The leaks are artistically spaced, and the Russells stick potted plants under them. They don't like to be too obvious with dishpans, and this way the plants get (*Continued on page 118*)

for sentimental reasons...

OUTSIDE, SHE'S ALL [illegible] VOICE AND DARK SOPHISTICATION. BUT THE REAL GAIL RUSSELL HOARDS OLD LOVE LETTERS AND SOBS OVER SAD MOVIES.

By Kaaren Pieck

by george benjamin

Before a broadcast, Don Ameche and Linda Darnell swap baby talk—Don about his six kids, Linda about the two she and husband Pev plan to adopt after their vacation.

Changing her mind is a woman's oldest prerogative. So nobody was surprised when Linda Darnell left husband Pev. But when she went back...!

A woman's prerogative

■ When a young Hollywood actress decides to divorce her husband, that's not news—it's routine.

On the other hand, when a very special girl who is playing the outstanding role of the year decides to end her separation and go back to her husband, stop the presses, boys!

Linda Darnell was nice about the whole thing. I wanted to talk to her about her reconciliation with Pev Marley. We made a date to talk it over, and sat down to do just that in her second floor dressing room suite on the 20th Century lot.

This was Linda's third day off in four solid months of strenuous work in her role of Amber for *Forever Amber*. She should have shut up shop and refused to see anyone. Instead, she faced the inquisition cheerfully.

I said: "I thought it would be a good idea, at first, to talk to Pev Marley about this, but I understand he is in Honolulu, enjoying your second honeymoon."

Linda smiled gently, and retorted: "I like you. You're practicing to be a cad, aren't you?"

She lit my cigarette.

"The only reason I am talking to you is that you once said *(Continued on page 133)*

Pev Marley, Linda, Ann Miller, Phil Raffin at Mocambo's in 1943. Ann was Linda's bridesmaid, is her best friend.

stop, look and whistle!

HER FAIRY GODMOTHER MUST'VE HEARD THE SKINNY KID PRAYING SHE'D TURN OUT PRETTY—BECAUSE WHEN SHE GREW UP THEY NICKNAMED MARIE McDONALD "THE BODY"

By Abigail Putnam

■ The prop man stopped short and stared. He watched the blonde girl, laden with luggage, struggling through the door of the elaborate bungalow that had belonged to Eleanor Powell. Hastening down the studio street, he caught up with a pal.

"Hey, Mike," he said. "Who's that blonde in Powell's bungalow?"

"Marie McDonald," came the answer.

"Who?"

"You know—The Body."

"Oh! I've heard of her. What's she doin' here? That's the first time they've given Powell's bungalow to anybody since Eleanor quit."

"Yeah. I heard she's Gene Kelly's new leading lady."

"Geez. Must be good, huh?"

Inside the bungalow, Marie McDonald dropped her luggage and stared. The furniture was sumptuous, including a fine piano, and the walls were lined with mirrors. She did a time step and smiled at herself in the

That fragile, blonde exterior is a fraud—Marie McDonald's a ju-jitsu expert! But she also has her domestic side; the star of *Living In A Big Way* once designed a parasol that sold commercially.

mirrors. Her multiple images smiled back at her.

"Gee," she said aloud. "They must think I'm good."

Two weeks later, producer Pandro Berman sat in the bungalow, watching Gene Kelly put Marie through the steps of his own choreography for *Living In A Big Way*. The producer of the old Astaire-Rogers films, Berman knows dancing talent when he sees it.

A month later a perspiring publicist put down his telephone.

"I don't get it," he said to his fellow worker. "That's the fourteenth request I've had this week for pictures of McDonald. She's been in Hollywood two years and made fifteen pictures, and now that she's over here and up to her neck in work, they're all screaming for her."

"Marie!" It was the assistant director, howling for the star. "Where's The Body?" he bawled.

The Body, thought Marie. The nickname given her by the GIs had done a great deal for her career. Fifteen pictures and nobody knew (*Continued on page 92*)

Peter Lawford had better guard his station wagon; nothing mechanical is safe around Marie, who's invented an electrical bed. The pride of the house, it pops up a desk, radio or coffee at the proper button!

■ The antique shop was spotted with dormer windows that looked out on the sunny New England street. It was one of those old Connecticut shops that seem to have snuggled in one spot since time began. Sue saw it first, and touched Alan's sleeve.

"Let's look inside," she said.

Then she saw the cradle. It was very old, made of solid cherry wood, and had an air about it of having made scores of babies extremely uncomfortable.

"Let's buy it," said Sue.

"What *for?*" Alan wanted to know.

"Because it's cute." That settled it, as it always does for females.

Back in Hollywood, it was installed in their bedroom. And within a few weeks, the Ladds found that their family was going to be increased by one.

"It's the cradle," said Alan. "It's New England witchcraft." He looked at Sue. "Well, (*Continued on page 131*)

Alana Ladd, called "Lonnie" by everyone, suggested "Butch" for her new brother, David Alan—so "Butch" it is. Lonnie holds on to Butch's hand while he's fed, is fascinated by the whole process.

EVERYBODY WAS "EXPECTING"—THE MARE, THE RABBITS AND THE LADDS—WHICH WAS KIND OF COZY, BUT HARD ON ALAN, WHO HAD TO WORRY FOR THREE.

By Jane Wilkie

Susie was sicker than even Alan knew, after the birth of their son (5 weeks old, above). Even required several blood transfusions. "Now she can't brag she's never been ill," says Alan. He was a bit wilted, too, after a month of phoning home hourly for news of the stork.

Alana, just getting wise to the fact that her daddy's a film star, has been promised visits to the movies to see him in *Wild Harvest* and *Calcutta.*

Dr. Francis Griffin and his wife, Irene Dunne, celebrate their 17th wedding anniversary this spring—quite a record for a Hollywood marriage. Aside from their chosen professions, the Griffins are hotel owners.

madam queen

IRENE DUNNE HAS ALL THE POISE AND STATELY SERENITY YOU'D EXPECT FROM ROYALTY. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN-TO-EARTH ABOUT THAT DEVASTATIN' DIXIE DRAWL!

by Jack Wade

Irene, who's Mother in *Life With Father,* made a rare radio appearance with Rex Harrison in *Anna and the King of Siam.* Daughter Mary, who's 12, is a piano-prodigy, already launched on a successful concert career.

■ Irene Dunne was sitting that day in Leo McCarey's office—it was a Tuesday—and they had completed an hour-long discussion of the picture just finished and the promotion campaign planned for it. Leo stretched back in his chair.

"That's that," he said. "Now to get back to work."

"I know what kind of work you mean," Irene told him. "I saw the paper on your desk when I came in—you were looking over the entries for the Kentucky Derby. Next Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes. It is, and I was. Do you know," he added pathetically, "I've always wanted to see a Derby, and I never have. How about you, Irene?"

"Why, I've seen dozens of them, naturally. Don't you hear mah Suhthen accent? I was *bohn* in Louisville."

"In Louisville, hey?" said Leo. He stared past her, his eyes glazing with thought, his fingers drumming meditatively on his desk.

"What are you cooking up now?"

"I can see it now," he said. "Local Louisville girl makes good. Mayor presents her with keys to the city. Speeches on the steps of the City Hall. School children assembled to cheer an alumnus who fulfilled her dream. Banquets in her honor . . ." He paused for breath.

"*Me?*" Irene shrieked. (*Continued on page 120*)

IF COFFEE TASTES JUST LIKE CHAMPAGNE AND

YOU PLAY YOUR MOST ROMANTIC SCENES OVER THE PHONE—THAT'S LOVE.

AND MRS. LARRY PARKS HAS IT BAD—FOR GOOD!

"I'VE GOT IT BAD"

by betty garrett parks

■ I was working at a place called the Clover Club, when I got the call from the Actors' Lab. Would I like to do a show, they wanted to know.

I said sure. The Lab is for people like me—fools who'll perform all day and all night, and then, for relaxation, go over to the Lab and perform some more.

I went, and there was this boy. Brown eyes, brown hair, serious-looking. He said, "Hello, I'm Larry Parks," and I said, "Hello," but I wasn't sure *who* I was. I think it started right then, with me. Like they say in the movies, it was bigger than I was.

He asked me if I wanted a cup of coffee. He could have held out for a short opium pipe, and I wouldn't have known the difference. When he smiled, I sort of got lost in it.

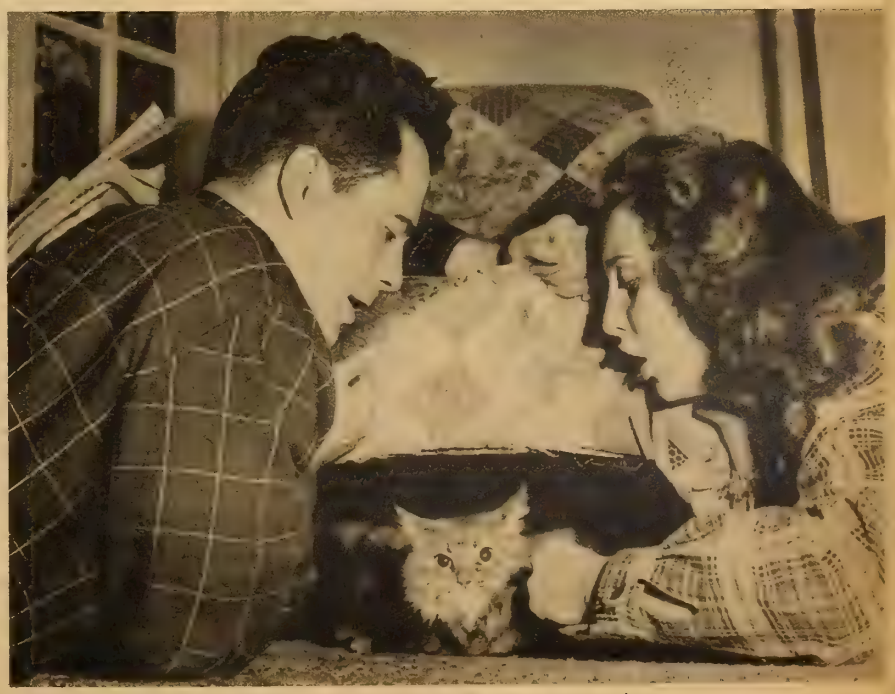
For a week, steady, we saw each other, until I had to leave for Chicago, where I was going to play a date at the Camellia House in the Drake Hotel.

I was in Chicago two days, and the phone rang. Phones play a big part in this story. There was a familiar voice on the other end. "Care to have a cup of coffee?" it said.

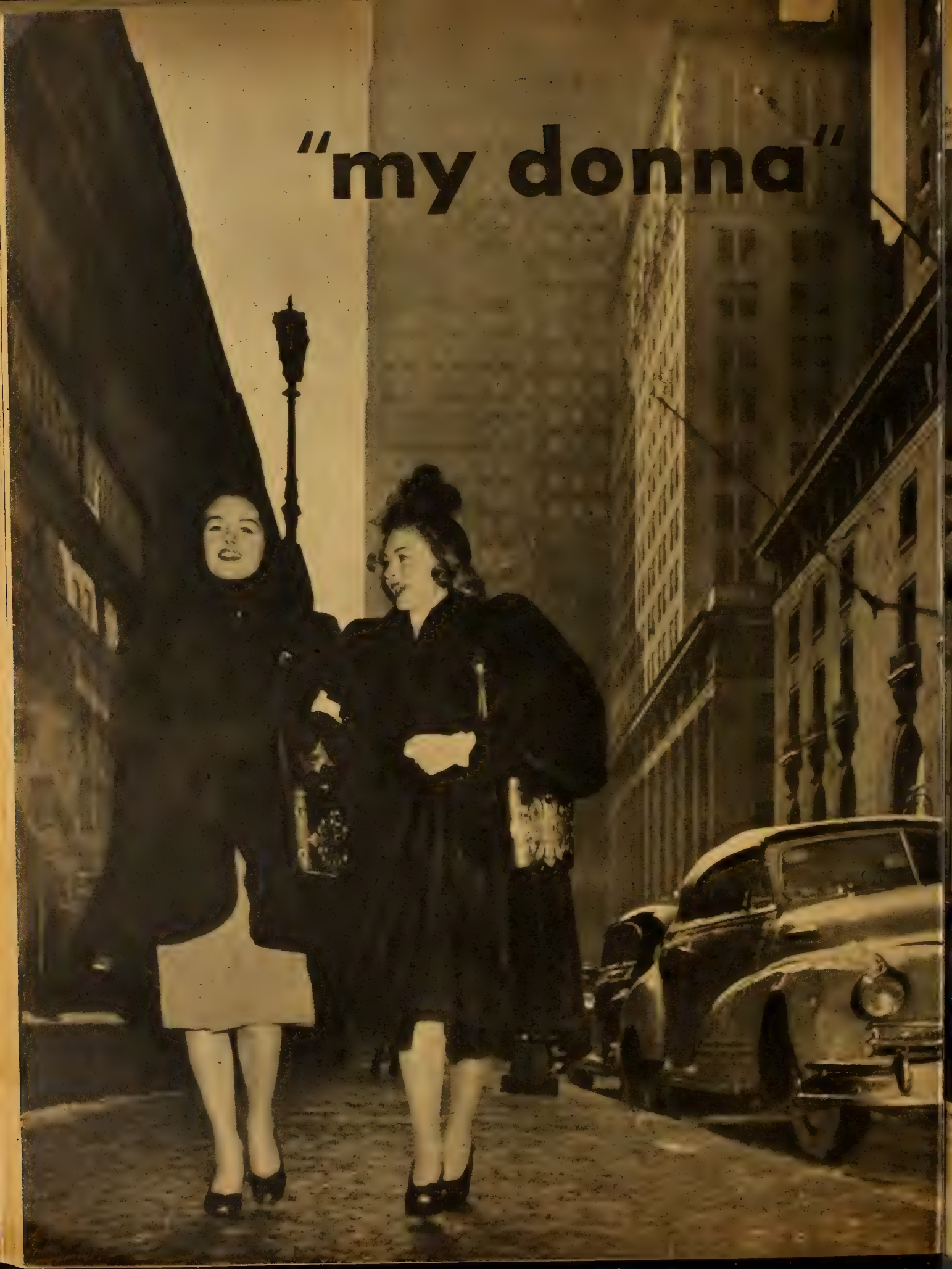
So he was there, and we had one more week. After that, he had to go back to California. For three months, I worked at the Camellia House, (*Continued on page 108*)

"He did it with his own little hands," Betty laughs proudly —referring to the cactus Larry raised. He's learned from painful experience to handle his "baby" with gloves.

ɔtty's in Hollywood for good now, with a brand new M-G-M ɔntract and a big role in *Good News*. Larry's latest is *Down o Earth*, but the Parks'aren't taking that title seriously at all.



Pepper's a Blue Persian who makes you lure her out from under chairs and has seven toes on her south paw. Larry's scared of the "beast"; not even her impending motherhood can soften his heart.


"my donna"

odel agent Harry Conover, Donna and sister Heidi (a Conover gal her-lf) look over the new crop of hopefuls. Donna did some modeling etween scenes of *Green Dolphin Street* for our Fashion Dept. (p. 73).

■ The radio was playing "Some Day I'll Find You." I could hear it from the side porch where I was sitting alone in the swing. I could look in the window, too, and see Donna and Jack dancing. I could, but I wouldn't. Dancing was silly, I told myself firmly. Having boy friends was silly, too, and even when I got to be seventeen, like Donna, I wouldn't waste my time with them.

Sure, that's what I kept telling myself, but I knew it wasn't true.

I sat there with the toe of my battered old saddle shoe tapping to the music. I looked up at the May evening sky and wished quickly on the first star I saw. "Star light, star bright . . ." But I didn't have time to finish because the door opened and there was Donna. (*Continued on page 123*)

emember the gawky kid you were at 14?" Donna chides. Donna (of *a Wonderful Life*) and husband Tony Owen are so happy their own little cover girl, Penny Jane, they'll adopt another.

SOMETIMES IT'S HARDER

TO SHOW GRATITUDE TO YOUR OWN

FAMILY THAN TO A STRANGER.

THAT'S WHY ALL DONNA REED'S SISTER

CAN SAY IS "THANKS, DONNA."

by "heidi"

Sister of

M-G-M Star, Donna Reed

the adventures of **glenn langan**

It all began when he was 15 and ran away from home—because of a girl. After that there were tent-shows, burlesque, Broadway—and finally Lucille.

By HOWARD SHARPE

When Glenn and wife Lou bought their own home, they fulfilled an old ambition—to cram it with the over-sized furniture necessary for their respective 6'4" and 6'1" frames.

"I should have gone to fencing school, instead of dramatic school," sighs Glenn, whose role in *Forever Amber* requires lunging as well as love-making. His fan clubs now total 23.

Lillian, the Langans' cook, has to chase her boss out of the kitchen—he's a celery-snatcher. Glenn scares party guests by staging fake seances, playing the ghostly visions himself.

■ Glenn Langan has laughed and bullied his way through life for thirty years. When success finally came to him, it came as an anti-climax . . .

He had already brought a kind of fame to the respectable, immigrant Irish family of Langan by the time he was fourteen. He accomplished this by reaching the height of 6′ 3″ at that age and thus becoming The Tallest Boy Scout in America. For some reason this was considered news of nationwide importance, and the press everywhere published photographs of him, standing thin and proud and towering in his uniform.

His father was a retired fireman, a pillar of the community of Berkeley Gardens (which is a small suburb near Denver), and a good (*Continued on page 71*)

by
Betty
Hutton

Poor Betty had to shed 20 pounds after the birth of Lindsay Diane, who's every bit as photogenic as her Ma. Radio's "Hit Parade" claims Betty's services soon for eight weeks.

It's fun now, but Mrs. Mabel Hutton remembers when dish-washing was a chore. Mabel bit her nails to the elbow over *Perils of Pauline,* but wait'll she sees Betty in *Dream Girl!*

Betty says, "Thanks, Mom"—from the heart. Because Mabel Hutton knew the price of her daughter's happiness, and paid it gladly through the lean years.

On Mothers' Day

■ I once heard somebody say that Mother's Day is sentimental. "That's for me," I said. "I'm a sucker for sentiment."

So when Al Delacorte asked me to tell the story of my mother for Mother's Day, he was doing me a favor. I've been wanting to tell that story for a long time. And for lots of reasons, all sentimental.

I always knew my mother was a swell person. Even as a kid, I knew what she went through for my sister Marion and me. But now that I have a baby of my own, it's different.

Our baby has everything Ted and I can give her, but I still worry. One day the baby had a little upset and I fell completely apart. In the midst of the circus, in walks my mother, and looks at me with a kind of funny expression. All of a sudden, my mind flew back to the old days—Momma working at the factory for just about enough to keep a roof over our heads and food in our (*Continued on page 111*)

■ I've known Jane Powell since we were kids in Portland. I was older, but she was brighter, so it sort of evened up.

Her name was Suzanne Burce, those days. We went to a school called Beaumont, and we had nothing much on our minds most of the time. We didn't even have much minds, most of the time. Certainly, Suzanne didn't sit around plotting to be a great singer. She had a good, healthy life with her mother, who's tiny, and curly-haired and simply darling, and her father, who has the gayest brown eyes you ever saw.

Our big passion was ice cream sodas, but we still had our baby curves and we used to look unhappily at the way our clothes fit. Or fat. Every day, we'd go to this soda fountain and stare the man straight in the eye and order one soda and two glasses of water, please. We got to be known as the "two-on-a-straw" kids.

And then, one afternoon when she was thirteen, and we were batting around on a handball court, she announced casually that this friend of her family's was on a War Bond Committee. "They're looking for a girl who can sing," she said. "He thinks I might do."

She did, all right. The next thing we knew, Suzanne—or maybe I'd better call her Janie from now on—was the Oregon Victory Girl. And all of her friends went around looking smug, as if we'd had something to do with it.

Janie snowballed into a national figure awfully fast. She had two radio shows in Portland, and she went on a tour of Oregon to sell bonds.

I got a letter full of enthusiasm from her. It seemed she was riding through towns in fire trucks, with the siren going full blast, and you know how satisfactory a thing like *that* can be. When she wasn't singing, or riding in a fire-truck, she was eating four-inch steaks. That letter was insufferable. Four-inch steaks, and Portland hadn't seen a cow since the war began. Obviously, patriotism was paying off. (*Continued on page 128*)

two on a straw

Jane is a very good cook, claims author-friend Christopher Kane. But she'd rather sing on Sinatra's radio show or make wishes about Cornel Wilde—like wishing he'd have a picture taken without his wife!

Jane has a whole drawerful of bathing suits, loaned a blue one to Chris and wore a pink two piece job. Now in *The Birds And The Bees,* Janie prefers pedal pushers and plaid shirts to slacks.

Chris helped Jane's mother, Mrs. Burce, wind up balls of wool for her daughter's hobby: knitting. Janie's just finished a pair of baby blue socks for herself. Her feet are so small, socks look like a child's.

WHEN THEY WERE KIDS IN PORTLAND, JANE POWELL AND CHRISSIE SHARED SODAS TOGETHER. FOUR YEARS LATER, THEY MET IN HOLLYWOOD—AND SPLIT A MALTED TO CELEBRATE!

By Christopher Kane

just because she's joan

Graciousness comes from the heart, not from any stuffy books on etiquette. And Joan Crawford's got a king-size heart . . .

By CARL SCHROEDER

■ I put my feet up in one corner of Joan Crawford's dressing room, all set to pop that $64 question: When was she going to re-marry? And whom? The question never got out, drowned by the violent barking of an outraged dog just outside the door. I thought somebody's Great Dane had broken loose on the studio lot and was assailing a passing profile. But no. As the roar of airplane motors receded in the distance, a Cocker Spaniel puppy rushed in and tried to wiggle its way into Joan's lap.

"Honey Boy, you mad fool," Joan exclaimed, "don't you know you'll never win?"

Honey Boy has an idea that he will some day get his teeth into the tail of a four-motored (*Continued on page 64*)

On the set, Joan and producer Jerry Wald discuss the suit brought against her by a former mental patient. The woman has alleged that Joan invaded her privacy to observe psychiatric treatment for her role in *Possessed*.

Joan's newest romance is British Peter Shaw, former escort of Lana Turner. They had tongues wagging at Look Award party. So perhaps Greg Bautzer has bowed out of Joan's life.

IN JOHN'S SCHOOL, A KID WHO WAS YOUNGER THAN THE OTHERS, READ BOOKS, AND KNEW THE RIGHT ANSWERS, WAS A SISSY. SO JOHN HAD TO BE TWICE AS TOUGH! (PART ONE)

By Ida Zeitlin

john lund life story

■ It's your own fault that you won't be seeing John Lund in *Blaze of Noon*. When he hit the MODERN SCREEN poll, Paramount yanked him. Why waste this new bonfire on a picture loaded down with guys? Betty Hutton got him instead as the principal peril in *Perils of Pauline*.

For the benefit of those unfortunates who missed *To Each His Own*, John Lund played Olivia De Havilland's sweetheart and son. The footage was relatively brief, the impact was socko. As Captain Bart Cosgrove, he gave you a sense of masculine ease and authority more potent than dimples. When, as Greg, the son, he spoke that simple, scalp-tingling last line, "This is my dance, Mother," you'd have loved to change places with Mother, agonies and all. That moment paid for the years, with some change left over.

You MODERN SCREENers weren't the only smart ones. There was, for instance, the phenomenon of the secretaries . . .

Studio secretaries are immune to actors; they've been vaccinated. Naturally, you get an exception here and there, but the over-all attitude is healthy, skeptical and matter-of-fact. They like the good eggs, they dislike (*Continued on page 66*)

Wife Marie taught him about realism for Theater Guild's *Time Of Your Life* radio show. For the scene where he had to talk and chew 14 sticks of gum at same time, she suggested John (in *Perils of Pauline*) hold a wad ready.

Stars look forward to personal appearance tours about the way the kids look forward to mid-year exams—with teeth on edge and hearts of stone.

"Darling," everyone told Diana Lynn as she packed her bags for her Chicago junket, "it will be strictly awful. You will emerge a blithering wreck. You will absolutely *die*." And now it's all over, and Diana's almost ashamed to admit it, but she actually gained a little weight; she never felt better in her life; she *loved* it! Eileen Horn, her secretary and good friend, has an explanation for it. "It's Chicago," she told Diana. "You couldn't possibly blither in Chicago. It's too magnificent."

Their visit got off to a good start. It was snowing the day they arrived, and the wind piled the snow into great drifts and flung handfuls of it into their sun-kissed faces. Waiting for a cab, Eileen hopped from one foot to the other to keep warm, but Diana sort of leaned into the wind, letting her hair blow.

"*You* look positively pleased," Eileen accused her.

"Why, I am," Diana said, a little surprised, herself. "I really am."

The Chicago Theater where Diana appeared is perfectly enormous, and when she first saw it she very nearly swooned. "Look," she told Nate Platt, the theater manager, "there's been a mistake. I'm not a real pianist or anything. I just play a few little pieces, and I don't play very loud. If there was a smaller place—an auditorium or something—"

"We have a fairly modern public address system, Miss Lynn," she was informed. "Frank Sinatra sang here, and they heard him way up in the last balcony."

The day she opened, the place looked even bigger, and just before she went on, she stood in the wings with Eileen and shook. Eileen put a clammy (*Continued on page 114*)

Voted Queen of Chicago's B. & K. Theaters, at their annual employees' party, Miss Marianne Russell gets crowned by Diana Lynn. Chicago showed off for her, Diana insists, giving her a display of all kinds of weather, from springtime to snowtime.

"Hi-Shoppers"—that's the name of a newspaper feature devoted to Chicago's teenagers. Editors held a contest, the subject of which was "Why, I'd Like To Meet Diana Lynn." Here winners and editors swoop down on Diana in her dressing room.

"CHICAGO, I love you"

Trombone artist Bill Harris gives Diana Lynn a sample of what won him the Esquire Jazz Award. The trophy Diana's holding was given to Bill at a jazz concert held in Kimball Hall. Diana still prefers the piano—you don't have to carry it around!

That straw bonnet didn't stay on Diana's head long. Chicagoans Mrs. Utley and Mrs. Grubb persuaded Diana (in *Variety Girl*) to donate her hat to a charity auction.

"You'll hate it," everyone assured Diana Lynn. "Personal appearances are *awful*." But Diana fell in love—with Chicago

By JEAN KINKEAD

crack-up

Before their separation, Greer Garson and Richard Ney attended many Hollywood parties. Richard's completing his role in *Ivy,* and plans a long European tour afterwards. He's still upset over Greer's near-drowning at Monterey while making *A Woman Of My Own.*

Laughing on the outside, crying on the inside—that's the way Richard Ney feels. Because deep down he still thinks Greer Garson's the only one . . .

By VALERIE SLOAN

Special Reporter for Modern Screen

■ When I first heard the news of the crack-up of Greer Garson's marriage, I was reminded of the evening Hollywood threw the big dinner in honor of the first showing of *It's a Wonderful Life.* Greer was so beautiful that night, and happy.

And I think I've never seen a young man so completely in love as Richard. He could speak freely and from the heart because he so little suspected that the dashing of his hopes lay just around the corner.

"Valerie, I can't visualize a future for myself without Greer," he said earnestly. "She's the only woman in the world for me!"

What has happened to this, the latest "perfect Hollywood marriage," to wreck itself in shoal waters?

I wish I could have got Dick or Greer to answer this question for the readers of Modern Screen. But as soon as Greer reached her decision to separate from Richard she tore herself out of Hollywood and went into the strictest seclusion at her home in Pebble Beach. And Richard sealed his lips like the gentleman he is.

This much is clear. Richard had left home ten days before the outside world or even his closest friends suspected it. He went to the (*Continued on page 136*)

Hollywood inspired Woodbury *Fiesta*

...saucy, spirited new powder shade named for the technicolor hit picture "FIESTA"

Rose-sparkle for your skin! Wear Fiesta, spirited new powder shade that warms and livens your skin to breathless new beauty. Blended first for Fiesta's dazzling star, Esther Williams, this enchanting Woodbury shade is color-right for YOU! Luscious rose-rachel—disarming, disturbing! A Woodbury-Wonderful shade that stays *color-fresh*. See its loveliness on you! For free "try-on" sample, mail coupon below!

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Esther Williams

starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "FIESTA"

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See Fiesta's sparkle on your skin! Send for free Woodbury Powder Sampler (contains eight other flattering shades), plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail* to Box 45, Dept. 303, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

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(Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.) *Paste coupon on penny postcard, if you wish.

JUST BECAUSE SHE'S JOAN—By Carl Schroeder

(*Continued from page 57*)

Constellation as it gains altitude over the studio. Honey Boy doesn't bother about the two-motor jobs, but his back hair curls when he hears Connie warming up over at Lockheed.

"Personally," Joan said, "I'll always be a Dachshund woman, and Honey Boy was not my choice of a name for this hysterical little sweetheart—Christina insisted on the name and the breed, too. I'll confess, though, that I can see now why she wanted one so badly."

I've seen a good deal of Joan when she is around her children. As a male parent, I thought she was a little overboard on the subject of perfect manners. But I must admit she makes a good case for her side.

"Personally," she said, "I think nothing is more important than discipline of the right kind. We have an understanding around our house that when anyone is talking on the telephone, people in the same room are quiet. I had an important call one morning and in the midst of it my two angels dropped their haloes and began to yell at each other. When I hung up, I gave them whatfor. Then I took Christopher, who is just four, on my lap for a session of hugging, because I don't think any child should be disciplined without being left with the idea that you love him very much."

Discipline or no discipline, Joan, in my book, is a sucker for other people. She is an habitué of a restaurant on the Sunset Strip known as The Cock 'n' Bull, an English type pub, frequented largely by journalists who are both in and out of work. She appears there so frequently that she is accepted as a regular by the customers who consider themselves a part of the management. One day, while on the way to her table, she said hello to a feminine writer who was sipping a cocktail and mulling over a personal problem. The writer looked up, mumbled "Lo," and went back to her mulling. About six weeks later, she bumped into Joan at a party.

Joan said, "Tell me, have I done anything to offend you?"

The writer was astonished. "Of course not, why?" she asked.

"Now I feel better," Joan said. "When I passed you a few weeks ago at the C & B, I thought you were a little abrupt, and it's been worrying me."

One night, not long ago, I had occasion to put Joan's association with people under a microscope. I had been on a howler with Mr. and Mrs. Bob Preston, a howler being my word invention for a lot of evening. I was convinced, as we left Mocambo some time after midnight, that I had to go swimming. After the Prestons tossed me at a towel and poured a black cup of coffee, we fell to talking about their house on North Bristol. I asked whether the next door neighbor was likely to complain about odd-hour athletes who made so much noise in the middle of the night.

Kay Preston said, "Oh, no—Joan Crawford is our ideal neighbor!"

Then Bob Preston, who never throws a punch or a remark unless he means it, said, "You know why I like Joan? The night of the Academy Awards, Kay and I listened over the radio. When we heard that Joan had won, Kay scribbled a little note and I took it out and put same in Joan's mail box. Next afternoon when I picked up our mail, I found a note in return. It said: 'Thanks, neighbors, for completing my happiness!' "

Some volunteer is always "completing" Joan's happiness. Cameraman Joe Valentine and his crew were assigned to do *Possessed*, Joan's current picture. For the first few days, the simple chalk marks which were scrawled on the sound stage floor, indicating that Joan was to put her feet there in order to be in proper focus, were as efficiently drawn as ever.

Abruptly, the chalk marks disappeared. One morning Joan found a drawing of a boy and girl holding hands. Thereafter there was an original idea every day, the last of which was a pair of hearts and the words, "We love you!"

Joan can count the day bleak when she fails to receive or send a couple of notes. One day while we were lunching in the Green Room at Warners, Joan looked up from her plate of fried chicken to exclaim, "That girl over there—who is she?"

I glanced around. Four tables away sat an almost chubby blonde girl, wearing glasses and the look of a seventeen-year-old. "Somebody's movie fan, I guess."

"No," Joan replied, "I've seen her somewhere before—and not around Hollywood." In another moment she had the answer. The girl was Bambi Lynn, a standout performer in *Carousel*. Joan remembered that on her last trip to New York she had seen the musical and was so impressed with Bambi that she wrote her a fan letter. Now Bambi had arrived in Hollywood and at Warners to test for an important picture. When I saw her later she told me that Joan's note had given her the confidence she needed.

for the love of mike . . .

Speaking of confidence, I asked Joan why she didn't appear more often on the radio. She by-passed the question, but a prominent radio producer supplied the answer. "Some of our finest actors," he said, "have difficulty in achieving a relaxed approach. Fear of not doing a good job over the microphone is not an uncommon malady. Joan is rapidly surmounting her phobia, but she likes to have a chair handy so that she can grip the back of it between lines."

Actually, though, Joan can rise to any occasion. I discussed Joan's superior ability to concentrate on the business at hand with Herschel Daugherty, an actor-director from the famed Community Playhouse in Pasadena. Hersch is just beginning his screen career and confessed that he had never seen anything like Joan in *Possessed*.

"There is a scene in the picture," Hersch told me, "in which Joan goes mad and loses control in an animalistic sort of way. Obviously, it was extremely difficult to do without over- or under-playing and losing the complete meaning. It couldn't be done, except by someone who is really great—a star who could combine technique with heart and soul and belief.

"We started work early in the morning. Everyone knew that Joan had been worrying about this scene for a week. There was no rehearsal. We simply roughed in the scene. Joan was in a hospital bed, and the camera moved in above her on a crane. When she took her place, it was as quiet as grass growing on the set. A tear trickled from the corner of one eye. She nodded her head, and director Bernhardt called, 'Roll 'em!'

"Joan began to babble incoherently, then ad libbing, she screamed, 'David—David—I killed him!' The camera crane came in close as two actor-doctors bent over to administer a prop hypodermic, and the scene concluded. There was a crop of goosepimples blossoming under my collar and I saw several girls on the set crying openly. Joan's hysteria seemed almost to be out of control. She was helped from the bed and to her dressing room.

"Then minutes later she reappeared, subdued but smiling a little ruefully. Director Bernhardt said, 'All right, let's do it again, Joan, with just a little less emphasis.' She didn't bat an eyelash, but climbed back into bed and repeated the same scene with just a slight undertone of restraint. The telling of it can't possibly be as dramatic as the actual occurrence—to employ an overused word, she was terrific." That's a good word for Joan—terrific.

MODERN SCREEN

"May we have the windows closed, please?"

there is no substitute for the professional touch . . .
YOUR BEAUTICIAN'S SKILLED
PROFESSIONAL TOUCH AND A
Helene Curtis Cold Wave
FULFILL YOUR WISH FOR LASTING HAIR LOVELINESS
LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM . . .
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You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it

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JUST ONE TREATMENT with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much clearer, fresher, *younger* your skin can look!

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, caused by your natural skin oils mixed with cosmetics and dirt.

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Here's the safe, sure way to get rid of this stubborn, clinging film!

1. Smooth over your face and neck my unique Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off thoroughly.
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This second cleansing, with Lady Esther, really removes that stubborn film. Now your skin is really clean!

Instantly, you see and feel the difference! Your skin looks so much clearer, fresher, younger! It feels so much softer, smoother. Now, your skin has a real chance to build new loveliness.

My Cream is Unique!

The very texture of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different . . . so soft, so effective. And remember . . . every time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most: **1)** *cleanses thoroughly;* **2)** *softens your skin;* **3)** *helps Nature refine your pores;* **4)** *and leaves a perfect powder base.*

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today. Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on your skin!

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream

JOHN LUND LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 58)

the stinkers and they swoon for nobody. But all of a sudden at Paramount, secretaries started hanging out of windows. "What is this?" yelled the bosses, and it was always John Lund crossing the courtyard. "What's he *got?*" they demanded. One crisp keypuncher hit nearest the bull's eye. "That's not an actor," she declared firmly. "That's a man!"

Unlike many discoveries, John was acting when they found him. Playing Yank in *The Hasty Heart.* "Paramount," says John, "plucked me from the dark obscurity of a leading role in a Broadway hit."

His humor is ironic, but for the most part, genial. At the *Ice Follies,* a child asked for his autograph. Ten minutes later she came back with a furrowed brow. "Please would you tell me what this name is? It *looks* like 'John Lund'."

"It is 'John Lund', my pet, and you're stuck with it."

Paramount has no reason to feel stuck with John. He photographs well enough to have rolled up—on the strength of a single release—a round, a firm, a fully-packed 2000 - fan - letters - per - week. His sea-blue eyes he must have got through his father, a Norwegian-born glassblower who died when John was three. The way he tosses language around sounds more like a gift from the maternal, or Irish side.

His mother was small, but not meek. If something went wrong with the garbage disposal, she'd call the mayor. Once they got a gas bill to the tune of thirty-five bucks. Obviously, a clerical error. But Mother stormed into the president's office and harangued him to such purpose on the subject of rascally public utilities, that it was months before the company dared send another bill.

quiz kid . . . .

John was the youngest of seven, with a gap of many years between him and Louise, next older and his natural champion. Their home was in Rochester, New York. They didn't have much money, but managed to live on the more respectable side of the tracks. For the first decade of his life, John was a law-abiding quiz kid who shot through six grades in three years and entered junior high at the age of ten. That year marked the climax of his good citizenship phase. For a statewide hospital campaign, he wrote an essay winding up as follows: "A hospital is a sacred thing. Life begins, life ends. I challenge you one and all to do your duty toward life."

This won him the privilege of appearing at a money-raising luncheon. Only he forgot about it till somebody plucked him out of a ball game, and said: "It's time to go." He didn't look too formal. There was a tooth missing, but that wasn't his fault. There was also a hole in his stocking, mud on his shoes, a rip in his pants and an all-over sense of grime. He knew his mother'd raise cain. She raised cain if you wore your underwear twice in a row. "Suppose you got run over and they saw your dirty linen in a hospital!"

He decided to solve the problem by keeping his coat on. This garment—sheepskin-lined and fur-collared, had been a gift from his brother Ole, and in it he felt like the Czar of all the Russias. Attempts to get him to remove it were in vain till they led him to the speaker's table to introduce him. There, someone too firm in authority to be resisted, said, "Sonny, take your coat off."

Cornered, John hurled it to the floor in a grand gesture. His head was just visible

over the table-top. "Fellow citizens," he began, and the cameras popped.

The early editions were out before he got home. "Mrs. Lund, Mrs. Lund," shrieked the little girl next door. "There's a picture of John in the paper with a dirty old sweater on and his mouth open."

This plunge from glory into shame may have had some bearing on John's sudden revolt against organized authority. A more potent influence was society—the society, that is, of his peers. He was 10 in a class where the others were 12 and 13. Being 10 was sissy. Reading books was sissy. Knowing the right answer was sissy. John wanted in. The shining goal was to be a toughie.

The heaviest cross he had to bear was his age. He'd have died before admitting to less than 13. In class, he'd give wrong answers deliberately, go out of his way to prove how dumb he was.

All this paid off in 9A, when he was not merely left back, but demoted. John Lund was now definitely recognized as one of the elect—an honor which bore him serenely through the storm at home. By the time he was 14, he'd been thrown out of three grammar schools and as many high schools. To study was against the code. To pass an examination, you copied.

It all ended inevitably one day when he announced defiantly to the family:

"I'm quittin' school."

They couldn't budge him. This was still the Red Grange era. Thanks to the Galloping Ghost and his ice-wagon, manual labor lay bathed in radiance. Anyway, working was more hard-boiled than school. What's more, teachers were dopes.

"*You're* a dope," said Ole. "I *wanted* to go to school and couldn't."

jack of all trades . . .

His mother drew dark pictures of doom. Even Louise was against him, but he went his way. For two years he worked at odd jobs, learned to shoot an indifferent game of billiards, and got hep to the joys of staying up late. Being a clean-cut young fellow, he didn't have much trouble finding work.

He lasted longest as a pattern-chaser in a clothing factory. The boss was inclined to bully him at first, but one day John turned on him. "Go to blazes, will you?" he remarked conversationally.

"What's that?"

"Go to blazes, will you? At your convenience, of course."

From then on he was left to his chores in peace till the truant board caught up with him. On quitting school, he'd neglected one small formality—to register for continuation classes. Faced now with the choice of making up his time at night, or finishing it out at regular school till his seventeenth birthday, he picked the latter and speedier course, and took revenge by making a nuisance of himself. If the question was, "How old is Charlie?" a voice from the rear would boom, "Old enough to know better." With such pleasantries he managed to pass the time, and everyone was relieved to see the last of him.

After that, he jerked sodas, worked on farms, dug ditches, collected bills and left adolescence behind for his early twenties. Al Sweeting, a friend, who'd been working with stock companies in and around Rochester, joined a newly formed dramatic club to direct a production of *Waiting for Lefty*. He needed more actors. He new John had a loud voice.

"Come on in with us. You can play Keller. Leader of the strike block. Good part."

"And you can go fly a kite."

"Nothing to it, John. Like a school play. You must've acted in school plays."

"Not so much as The-Spirit-of-Clean-

Are you really sure of your present deodorant? Test it against Fresh
See for yourself why more and more women are switching to Fresh—the new cream deodorant they find the most effective and so gentle

Use FRESH and be lovelier to love

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sings of sheer enchantment

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Teeth in a pageant."

"Well then, do it to help me out."

This went on for four weeks, with John saying yes on Monday and no on Tuesday. In the end he gave in. On opening night he climbed into his oldest and most disreputable clothes, slipped a flaskful of martinis into his pocket and prepared to slink from the house.

"Where you going in that get-up?" asked his mother.

"Gonna be in a play."

"Not in *those* filthy clothes you're not. Go put on your new suit."

"I'm a cabdriver on strike, Mom. The guy hasn't smelled a new suit in thirteen years."

There was quite an argument. He left her moaning, "In front of all those people! What'll they think of us!"

Without the martinis, it would have been impossible. With them, it was a nightmare. But once he'd come through it and out at the other end, he decided it hadn't been so bad.

"That's good," said Al. "We've been asked to do a repeat in Buffalo."

They did it in several surrounding towns. Result: a bid from a bunch of college kids who'd started a stock company and craved Mr. Lund as their leading man. It was the kind of outfit whose 19-year-old press agent popped a cigar in his mouth, stuck a hat on the back of his head and—to retrieve the balance—talked British.

Paid $12 a week, John earned every penny. They opened with Ibsen's *Doll's House* and closed soon after. John profited to the extent of a call from the Community Playhouse and allied himself with that organization. It was a pleasant social endeavor and coddled your vanity, but didn't pay your bills. John continued to thrust feelers into industry—more with the brain now and less with the brawn, though he could still dig ditches when he had to. "Here a sewer, there a sewer," he recalls. Did he want to be an actor? It was like asking, did he want to be a pearlfisher? Both pipedreams that had nothing to do with the workaday Lunds of a workaday world.

He moved to New York to go into the circular ad business—a minor branch of advertising that he'd tried with some success in Rochester. But by the time he'd scraped a few dollars together and landed in Manhattan, the guy he was supposed to go in with had another job. John looked the place over and decided to stay anyway. He stuck some ads in the trade papers, got a few answers, and wrote enough copy to keep body and soul together.

i've been workin' on the railroad . . .

Meantime he'd run into Joe Bassett, another Rochester alumnus, with whom he was presently sharing an apartment. From the Flushing dumps, the World's Fair was about to blossom. Joe nailed a job as stage manager for the Railroad Pageant, and what was simpler than to ring in his housemate as one of the actors. With John, it was *Waiting for Lefty* all over again. On the one hand, circular ads were opening up. On the other, he'd be sure of a small but regular income. Still, he'd settled on some form of writing as a trade. Shoemaker, stick to your last.

At next to the last minute, a change of heart sent him hiking over to Grand Central where the show was rehearsing.

That first season with the Railroad Pageant cooked his goose. Meeting show people, learning their jargon, getting the feel of the theater from its outermost fringes where he dangled, he was caught up once and for all in the magic of show business.

One day he and his new crowd were

hanging 'round Walgreen's, when word came by the grapevine that Shumlin had a call out. John let the tide carry him. The line was so long, it made you feel anonymous, and staying was more conspicuous than leaving. They moved fast—up the stairs, along the hall, through the door and into the room where Shumlin leaned against a desk and said—wearily, but courteously— "No, thank you." John felt a sense of achievement. A Broadway producer had said, "No, thank you," to him. (Shortly after the opening of *Hasty Heart*, Shumlin called John's agent. "I want a Lund type," he said. Such are the satisfactions of success.)

The second encounter was even more accidental. John bumped into Joe on the street; Joe had an appointment at the Theatre Guild; John went along to kill an hour. He was sitting there, minding his own business, when the executive-in-charge appeared from the inner fastnesses, sort of looked around, sort of nodded to people she recognized, and brought her eyes to rest on John in a kind of glazed stare. He stirred uneasily.

"What's your name?" she asked.

He couldn't say, "I'm waiting for Joey;" it sounded foolish. For a second it looked as if he couldn't say anything. Then he pushed it out. "John Lund."

"Oh yes, I've heard of you. What have you done again?"

"Uh—nothing much—"

"Oh, yes." If she'd had a beard, here's where she would have stroked it. "Will you stand up, please?" The target of fifteen pairs of eyes, he stood up. "Mmm. Will you turn around, please?"

"And as God is my judge," he groaned, telling the story to Joe, "I turned around."

"Then what?"

come back thursday . . .

"Then she said to come back and see her next Thursday."

On Thursday the lady said "Oh, yes" again, but more vaguely. "Would you come back next Thursday?"

He went back four Thursdays running, by which time the lady'd forgotten who he was. "Oh, yes," she said. "That part is cast."

Thus encouraged, he registered at Feagin's Dramatic School. One day a fellow asked him how he felt about Shakespeare.

"He sends me."

"That's what I thought. I just got a job stage managing *As You Like It*. Alfred Drake and Helen Craig. Come on over and read."

They hired him to understudy Drake. While Drake remained in good health, John was to wear tights, say "Ho, who comes?" and carry a stool after the wrestling match. On learning that they didn't rehearse understudies till the run had started, his delight ebbed. Drake could drop dead on opening night and it wouldn't do *him* any good, they'd just ring down the curtain.

Came summer and the World's Fair again. And a party. And a girl . . .

A guy named Arthur invited them to the party. It was a party with a purpose. Bunch of kids in the theater wanted to form a little dramatic group to keep their hands in. Bassett and Lund were through with little dramatic groups, but sure, they'd come to the party.

It was Arthur again who introduced them to the girl. Marie Charton. Tall, dark and slender, with creamy skin and a child's hazel eyes in the lovely oval of her face. The general effect was best described by a friend who said: "When Marie walks into a room, people fall down."

Marie had a phone call to make in the course of the evening—rather a personal

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Delicious to kiss . . . skin that's satin-smooth with Jergens Face Cream. *Enriched with Vitone!* Unsurpassed as a dry-skin smoother, Vitone is *exclusive* with Jergens Cream. Tests by doctors show: with Jergens, 8 out of 10 complexions improved . . . "Skins softer, fresher, smoother."

All-Purpose...plus Vitone

Works like four creams. Jergens *Vitone-enriched* Face Cream is your "beauty-all" in one jar. It softens . . . cleanses . . . helps smooth tiny lines of dry-skin...acts as clinging powder-base. Contains Vitone, yet costs no more than other fine creams. 10c to $1.25. (Plus tax)

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(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish. Sorry, sample offer good in U.S.A. only.)

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(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)

Miss Ella Wigren, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart — *can you?*" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins.*"

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No trick at all to give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. And you'll be delighted with results. Deep, wonderful waves — heavenly soft and natural-looking. Easy to manage, too, because your Toni Home Permanent is frizz-free from the start.

Toni works like a charm on any kind of hair – even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the permanent is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 permanent—or your money back. Try Toni today. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Just ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit at your drug, notion or cosmetic counter. Ella, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent, is the one at the left above.

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers	Regular Kit with fiber curlers	Refill Kit complete except for curlers
$2.00	$1.25	$1.00

All prices plus tax

Toni

HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

call. As she talked, the feeling came over her that someone was listening. Turning, she found Mr. Lund smiling down at her. Hm, pretty fresh. Another girl might have told him off. But Marie is of Russian parentage, with manners a shade more formal than those of the average girl. She cut the conversation short, and stood up.

"Pretty dress you're wearing."

"Thank you very much."

"Are you an actress?"

"I had a small part in the road show of *Golden Boy*. But mostly I work as a Conover model."

They rejoined the others. Plans were being made for a follow-up meeting next week.

"Will you be here?" asked John.

"Oh, I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"Then I'll come too."

Arthur took her home. "Joe Bassett's a nice guy," he volunteered, "but that John! Works in the Railroad Show and has about eight girls."

So it didn't surprise her when *that* John failed to show up.

A couple of weeks later they ran into each other at Sardi's. Marie felt self-conscious. Despite her profession, she was no sophisticate. An only child, her life had been sheltered by both parents till her mother's death some five years earlier. This had drawn her still closer to her father, a wise person who left her free to do the work she liked. She'd met plenty of men, but a guy with a fast line still made her self-conscious. John's line was terrific. To confuse her still further, she found him and his mocking blue eyes very attractive. So, in spite of the line, she was glad when he asked, "May I have your phone number?"

He scribbled it down on a matchfolder, but he never called.

smoke got in his eyes . . .

John pulled out the last match, ignited the folder and watched it burn.

He'd meant not to ask for her number, but his tongue had betrayed him. Now he had it, okay, what was he going to do with it? Where could he take her on thirty-five a week—to the zoo?

So he burned it, and that was that. Finished. Forgotten. For the next several months he forgot her frequently, though in order to do so, he had to remember her first. Moreover, he saw the wisdom of his course justified. As the World's Fair followed world peace into oblivion, he landed a much more stylish job as actor and announcer with CBS television. Those were the days when you got into television on the ground floor. "Only," says John, "they didn't tell you you had to mop it." Along with opportunity, they gave you impressive-looking cards and twenty-five a week. At that figure, even the zoo became a luxury.

Having forgotten Marie, he couldn't account for the way his ears pricked up at mention of her name. "I hear Marie Charton's on the road with a show." He couldn't account for the sense of loss that crept over him. But when he suddenly glimpsed her at Walgreen's one day—a Vision with Hatbox—he didn't stop to account for anything, he just walked over.

"I thought you'd gone out of town."

"I thought you took my number."

He smiled. "I lost the matchfolder."

She knew there was more behind it, but she didn't care.

"Are you free now?" he asked.

"Yes. I've just come off a job."

So they walked up Fifth Avenue, talking about astrology, which neither believed in. They bought peanuts from the vendor in Central Park, and fed them to the squirrels. Then they went to the zoo.

(See Part II, June Issue)

THE ADVENTURES OF GLENN LANGAN

(*Continued from page 50*)

churchgoer. He knew what a son ought to be: diligent, ambitious, a good Boy Scout and a good churchgoer. He felt that Glenn had fulfilled these expectations to the letter and that, by way of reward, he should be allowed certain liberties.

It was with good will, then, that Mr. Langan surrendered the keys to the family Maxwell sedan to his son, Saturday night after Saturday night, during the following year. Until, one midnight, Glenn found his father waiting up for him.

"Son, I'd like a word with you."

There was something wrong. A girl named Irma Wilkins. A nice girl, too, but Glenn's father just didn't like her family.

"I don't want you to see her again," said Father Langan. "You might stay serious about her. You might want to marry her in a couple-three years."

"What if I do?"

"There'll be no one from that family brought into my home."

A few minutes later Glenn left by the front door and started walking.

It was 1932. He sat on a bench in a Denver park, reading meager want ads in the Post by early morning light. "Wanted," one of them said, "asst. stage manager for tent show. Denver to Albuquerque, and return. Apply—"

He found Ted Grant, entrepreneur, thespian, showman, in a walkup room. Ted Grant had a lot of hair at the nape of his neck, an open Barrymore collar, and the brightest Ascot Glenn had ever seen. "What can you do?" Ted asked, speaking around his cigar.

"Anything."

"In that event, you're hired. As a matter of fact, you'll be my partner if you've any money. Have you?"

"No."

"You're my partner anyway. Half the profits."

"I'd rather have a salary till I find out what the profits are."

"Oh ye of little faith," said Ted, registering agony. "All right, a salary. Can you leave tomorrow?"

"I can leave this minute."

"I see," Ted said, registering affectionate joy, "that we shall get on together—pardner."

prestige, but no pay . . .

As a matter of record, he did pay Glenn a salary. For one week. For the next fifty weeks he handed Glenn an occasional half dollar, when pressed. Glenn drove the truck, set up the tent, handled the heavy work, and played half the roles in a skit designed for small town audiences. Ted played six other roles, including the lead.

And it was 1933, and he was now sixteen, and he walked into the parlor of the little house in Berkeley Gardens, saying, "I've come home."

"We're glad," his mother said, simply.

"But only out of desperation." He straightened himself, banging his head against the white chandelier. "I'm an actor," he declared. "It's my life."

Glenn hung around home for awhile, getting a bit of dramatic coaching, holding down odd jobs.

Then he met Dolores Miller. Dolores dropped by his dramatic school one day, to say hello to the gang, and remained to look at—and get to know—Glenn Langan. She was thirty-eight, and her hair would never see its natural color again, but she had the figure of a sylph, the facial bone

—that Always-Fresh look

says **BARBARA BRITTON** co-starring with Randolph Scott in "Gunfighters" a Producers'-Actors' Production

"My beauty-glow cleansing

"In Hollywood, a girl's skin *has* to be on-the-glow! I'm always *cleansing fresh* with Woodbury Cold Cream! It's different—*so quick 'n' clean-cleansing*—make-up whisks away—and skin's fresh-lovely!" Know why, Barbara? Four rich oils in Woodbury—*deep cleansing oils* float out dirt, powder, rouge. Try it, girls, for that "Always-Fresh Look!"

Dream-lovely Barbara—dining with husband Dr. Eugene Czukor. "After the studio—my Woodbury cream cleansing! So smo-o-thing...my skin blooms afresh!" Reason? Woodbury's *rich softening oils!* Try Woodbury Cold Cream for cleansing fresh, for softening all-night. Keep skin Woodbury-Wonderful!

—with Woodbury Cold Cream"

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM—rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks fresher, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It *melts*—takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

structure of a fallen angel; and Max Factor had the rest under control.

"Come with me," Dolores said one day. "I can get us booking, even if it is 1936. With my figure, and what you've got—you can play straight man to my strip tease, and we'll do the sticks."

When he and Dolores finally parted company, he owned a train ticket to New York, $168 in folding money, a small wardrobe and incredible brass. The $168 he lost in a hectic half hour at craps with the depot porters, while awaiting his train; the ticket he exchanged for a Greyhound bus passage, with $15 left over.

Three dollars and forty-eight cents of this still remained in his pocket when he arrived in New York.

Several months later, Glenn stood in his shorts before the miniature stationary tub in his third-floor-back 47th Street tenement apartment, scrubbed earnestly at his two white shirts, and reflected upon his first months in New York.

In the beginning there had been the job at the Automat, washing dishes for three squares a day. He had lived in Sloan House, on 34th Street then. He had also met Lucien Self, stage manager for *Swing Your Lady* at the Booth Theater, and Lucien had said, "I'll give you a walk-on. One buck a performance. That's $8 a week. Want it?"

share-the-wealth . . .

On this munificence, Glenn had moved to this flat, which he shared with a well-to-do family of cockroaches.

Swing Your Lady had closed, unlamented; Glenn had had about $10. It had not been enough. There had been the day when Glenn stepped off a penny scale that registered 155 pounds for his long, big-boned body, and had walked three blocks to the Astor and passed completely out in front of it.

Someday, God willing, he would learn the name of the old gentleman who had come along, fended off the police with his walking stick, remarked, "He isn't drunk. He's hungry," and had sent him in a cab to the Polyclinic Hospital.

They'd fed him up there, for a week, all expenses paid by the little old guy; then, on the way home in the subway, he'd struck up a conversation with another chap who, by virtue of also being 6' 4" tall, was the only face on a level with his.

John Collier, Roxy Doorman. The Roxy hired you if you were taller than anybody else in New York, and had manner, and could wear your uniform like a Colonel in the White Russian Army. "Hell," Collier had said. "Maybe there'll be another opening. I'll speak to the big boys."

But there hadn't been . . .

Someone, Glenn realized suddenly, was knocking. He stripped the suds from his hands, and went to the door. Collier stood there, grinning. He had a girl with him.

"Ouch!" Glenn said. He made an undignified retreat to the bedroom, emerging after a moment in a sweater and a pair of pants. This time he looked at the girl. Really looked at her.

"Lucille Weston," Collier said. "Show girl. Dancer. Lately of Long Island. A girl in a million. The point is, lay off, you bum."

Glenn didn't answer. He was too busy taking stock of the only girl he had ever met whom he would like to marry. His eyes, although he did not intend them to, said this to her; and her eyes, in recognition, were ready with his answer . . .

The next day one of the Roxy doormen quit, and, on Collier's recommendation, Glenn got the job. Eighteen bucks a week. "This is the deal," Collier told him, gleefully. "You move in with me in that place I told you about. Thirty-eight a month, uptown, and a kitchen. Okay?"

"You're talking now, boy," Glenn said. But his mind was saying, "She makes $60 a week. You get $18, you big dope."

"You want to move this week?" Collier asked. "We could be settled by Saturday and throw a party."

"All right. You'll bring Lou?"

"Of course."

They were not really finished with the apartment before eleven Saturday night, and no one could come around until the theaters closed anyway. The party was a post-midnight supper, with seemingly limitless quantities of beer, and over-seasoned Welsh rarebit. Neither Glenn nor Lou paid proper attention to their food. They did not look at each other during the party, and when of necessity they spoke, it was in monosyllables, brisk and self-conscious half-sentences.

At three-thirty the beer ran out.

Glenn departed, returning half an hour later with a heavy load. Lou opened the door. They stood facing each other, smiling a little.

Suddenly he put the bottles down on the hall table. He reached out and touched her shoulder, very lightly, with the tips of his fingers.

She stepped forward, deliberately, not smiling any more.

Collier found them there, a minute later. He said, "Hey!"

He had to say it twice . . .

They told him then. There was no alternative. "These things happen," Glenn said helplessly, hating the cliché which was the only thing to say; and, "We tried. It wasn't any use . . ."

"Sure," Collier said. White-faced, he walked past them to the door, closing it very softly after him.

"I'll wait for you, of course," Lou said. He had been offered the juvenile lead in a Denver production of *Ah Wilderness*, and it had looked like something to do, and he had gone to Denver, and played the juvenile lead, and an agent—fresh from Hollywood—had visited him backstage, saying, "If you'll come to Hollywood I'll do this, and thus, and whatever . . ."

". . . so you see it's the only answer," Glenn had explained to Lucille. "If I'm ever going to amount to anything, be able to support you, I'll have to hit the movies."

"I'll wait," Lou said.

brush-off . . .

He went to Hollywood. He languished two months before the agent's secretary at last said that he was in; then the great man said, "Who? I beg your pardon—*who*? Well, yes. Denver. Yes. Uh . . . Do you remember when this was? Oh, yes. Uh—if you'll give me a ring one of these days . . ."

So Glenn went to Henry Duffy, then conducting a school of the drama, and talked himself into a scholarship which paid $1 a day plus tuition. There was a bed on the roof. After the first week, Duffy, who was a thrifty man, fired his janitor. With Glenn on the premises, the janitor was no longer needed.

"I'm doing very well," Glenn wrote Lou. "I'm working with the Henry Duffy Players—you must have heard of them—and I've a penthouse atop a theater, and a salary that makes sense. It won't be long now."

"It isn't going to be long at all," she wrote back. "If you're doing that well we needn't wait any longer. Meet the Chief on Tuesday."

She had already left New York by the time his frantic wire was delivered to her address.

"So all right," she said, when she discovered to what extent his pride had misled her. "We can't get married but I'm staying here. Something will turn up."

But nothing did turn up. Lou said one day, "Why don't we get married anyway?"

"On ten bucks?"

"On ten cents," she said. "Haven't you heard preachers are notoriously not very bright about money?"

They had four dollars left when they walked out of the minister's house, husband and wife.

With a little luck, they finally made enough money to take them back to New York. They were living at the Van Cortlandt when Glenn first felt the sharp, knife-like pain in his chest. They called the hotel doctor, who said, "Worst heart I've heard in twenty years. Call his parents. It may not, of course, be fatal."

"Well, this licks me," Glenn said. "I'm in my twenties, and I've got a heart like that. Why try?"

Lou called her father, in Long Island. He sent over a specialist, routed out of a poker game. He listened to Glenn's chest.

"Damn!" said the specialist. "Pleurisy. Best heart in the world. Tape him up. Good as new in a week. Damn!"

But there wasn't any luck left, after that. Nor any money. One day the Van Cortlandt's manager said, "You can go but only with what you've got on your backs. I keep the rest."

"After all," Glenn told Lou next day, "Horatio Alger didn't write us. We don't have to play by the rules all the time. I think we need a boost. Shall we just relax, and call your father, and ask him to send us a check?"

"Okay," she said, laughing suddenly. "I'll take you up on that." And a few minutes later she said, into the phone, "Dad? Look, we're in a spot. Want to help?"

Sometimes, when at last you break the pattern and do something that isn't cricket, you startle your personal Fates into fixing you up. Maybe they are grateful for a good laugh. Anyway . . .

A man with the improbable name of Harry Wagstaff Gribble signed Glenn almost immediately thereafter to do a play called *Johnny Belinda*, which ran for ten months; he played with Luise Rainer in *A Kiss for Cinderella*. He was brought to Hollywood by Mitch Leisen, wasted a year at Paramount, went to Twentieth, and played small parts, until something titled *Margie* eventually happened to him.

And you found him there. You said, all of you, "Well what do you know? Where've they been keeping *him*?"

Wherefore this story has been written. You wanted to find out what made with Langan. Now you know . . .

Donna Reed . . .

who zoomed to stardom with her wonderful performance in *It's a Wonderful Life*—and who will soon be seen in M-G-M's *Green Dolphin Street*.

Donna poses for Modern Screen in one of the summer's prettiest dresses—a mint-fresh green and white striped cotton.

It's two-piece, the top is long-torso, the skirt is pleated—and that adds up to just about every high-fashion point of the season. The fabric is Hope Skillman's smooth satin-striped chambray—and it comes also in red or royal blue stripes. Sizes 9 to 15.

By Junior House $14.95.

Necklace and bracelet by Jordan.

To find out where to buy these fashions, please turn to page 90.

modern screen
fashions

Donna Reed watches sister Heidi pose for fashion photos

Donna's pretty sister is a Conover model. Recently Donna dropped in to watch Heidi model summer cottons; tried on a couple herself. Left, she wears Tommie Austin's money pocket dress, in Bates cotton.

• Heidi models a city-slicker peplum suit that can go anywhere—with cool assurance. Cotton plaid top is red and navy; aqua and brown; or yellow and black. Skirt is navy, brown, or black butcher rayon. 10-18. $10.95.

By Jerry Gilden

WHERE TO BUY
See page 90

• Between takes, Donna tells Heidi what fun she and Jimmy Stewart had making *It's A Wonderful Life*. Donna looks dreamy in a silvery grey suit that makes you feel ten degrees cooler just to see. It has a saucy little peplum, nicely cut revers and cuffed sleeves, and elegant covered buttons. The fabric is a fine combed cotton, and comes also in aqua, lilac, maize or brown. Sizes are 10-18. By Jerry Gilden $12.95.

• Heidi is all set for the half-dozen poses a model must strike—and hold—in each fashion she wears under the lights. The question is—should this plaid tunic dress be shot front or back? It's two-piece, with that oomphy long torso look, and the buttoned-up back is something. Oh, well, let the photographer figure it out. Red and navy; aqua and brown; or black and yellow cotton. 10-18. By Jerry Gilden $10.95

suddenly it's spring

and Arleen Whelan, starring in Paramount's gay comedy of the same name, tries to choose between two very cute spring numbers. *Left:* gold smoothie with high neck and lizard-like belt —worn with Betmar's big gingham hat and bag. *Right:* navy blue darling with a green doodad on the pocket and bright green belt. With it, she wears Madcap's white pique helmet. Both dresses in linen-like butcher rayon, in navy, black, grey, luggage, pastels. 10-16; 9-15.
R. & K. Originals Each, about $15.

WHERE TO BUY
See page 90

"SUMMER MAGIC"... cap sleeves and peplum crisped with white eyelet embroidery. Your Carole King Original of *MALLINSON'S Miami* spun rayon. Junior sizes 9 to 15. About $11.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

WHERE TO BUY
See page 90

● Arleen Whelan wears an all-round pleated seersucker—for all day cool crispness. Green, blue, brown or red striped rayon and cotton. Also in checks. 10-18. A Tommie Austin Casual — $10.95.

● And what would we do without the shirtdress? Right, Arleen wears chambray with full cuffed sleeves, carries a little straw basket. Red, blue, brown striped cotton. 10-18. A Surrey Classic About $11.

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for the store nearest you, write

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suddenly it's spring

. . . and Paramount's Arleen Whelan decides to take her skye terrier, Pic, along on her tea date. Must be something special, from the looks of her pretty peplum suit with the square neck and festive bows. It's a heavenly slate grey chambray with raspberry satin stripes, and the buttons are smoky grey pearl. Also brown with aqua stripes, or blue with lemon, in Dumari's cotton. 12-20.
By McKettrick Classics. About $13.

WHERE TO BUY
See page 90

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

We're feeling like strawberries and cream and big shady hats, and the cool, awninged feeling you get in soda fountains, and the creak of a porch swing, and the small pleasurable thrill of hearing people say: "It's going to be a scorcher."

In short, we feel like summer. We always *do,* the minute we take off our Easter bonnet—even if we haven't so much as spied a robin.

Because we've observed that once spring comes, warm weather is just a matter of waking up suddenly one morning and thinking—"wish I had something *cool* to wear!"

So, naturally, we're preparing you ahead of time for the hot spell, with the most spellbinding fashions we can find. (We hope that you don't need to be reminded that the prices have our usual tender regard for your budget!)

Isn't cotton wonderful? What makes you feel so pretty and so feminine? What's crisper? What's cooler? What can you dunk so blithely in suds—and press so quickly back to fragrant freshness? Can't help it—love that cotton!

Love the cottons we've selected for you in this issue, too. We drooled over the terrific striped number Donna Reed wears on the color picture—and so did everyone else who saw it, including the photographer—and he's hard to impress. Then those slick little suits Donna and her sister Heidi wear on pages 74 and 75! They're our idea of what *you'd* like to wear when the thermometer zooms.

And that's only the beginning! Starting on page 76, Arleen Whelan models for you a terrific little navy linen-like number—plus a wonderful checked hat and bag, plus—well, see for yourself.

And oh, yes, we want to thank you again for your letters—we love 'em. But here's a little thing: we'd appreciate it if you wouldn't enclose actual cash (might get lost)—and if you wouldn't order our fashions C.O.D. That C.O.D. stuff is too complicated for us to handle. But if you write us for the name of a store in or near your city—either we or the designer will write you pronto and tell you where you can actually try on the fashion. Or you can order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from one of the stores listed as featuring the fashion. OK? And thanks for remembering.

Yours for a well dressed summer,
Connie Bartel,

DD
DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS . . .
in Doris Dodson's beguiling Zephyr Gingham tunic dress, "Sophisticated Summer." You'll love the smart saw tooth edging and beautifully colored checks, designed exclusively for Doris Dodson. Pink and grey, yellow and grey or blue and grey. Sizes 9 to 15. About $11.00.
Doris Dodson
JUNIOR ORIGINALS
Write for name of your local shop... Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri

2-timing Accessories

SCARVES can make a plain dress and hat look very sophisticated-lady, if wound 'round head, knotted at throat Glen fashion hat, Glentex silk scarf, $3.

. . . or SCARVES can make a long skirt an evening dress—if draped as a bodice, pinned with jewels. Glentex rayon crepe 36" scarf comes in all colors, $2.

BELTS can turn your favorite basic black dress into a vogue-y looking day costume, if decked with a pair of gold-finished safety pins by Coro, $1 each.

. . . or BELTS can be romantic on dates, pierced with a pretty posy, real or fake. Criterion's plastic calf belt comes in navy, red and many other colors, $3.50.

GLOVES can be an immaculate accent on dark day or office clothes, if snowy white and sparkling fresh. Arisette's shell-stitched cotton gloves, $1.75.

. . . or GLOVES can be dressed up and festive if pinned at the edge with a jewel. Coro's gold-finished sun-burst with fake amethyst rhinestones, ruby $2.

WHERE TO BUY
see page 90

BY MAXINE FIRESTONE

Modern Screen shops for you

Pert and perky twin gold or silver-finished lapel pins set with multi-color stones. Designed by Alpha Craft. You can get the pair for $2, plus tax. At Saks-34th, N.Y.C.

The look men like—a soft shoulder peeking from a simple Vicki Lynn cotton blouse. Red, blue, green, black dots, sizes 9-15. At Bamberger's Basement, Newark, N. J. $3.

Look what Ben-Hur has done—put a jeweled turtle on the end of a gold-plated bobby pin. What won't they dream up for us next! About $1 each, plus tax. At Macy's, N.Y.C.

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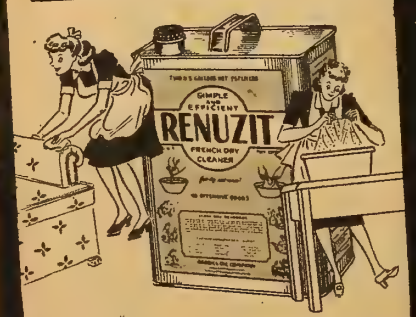

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Modern Screen shops for you

BY MAXINE FIRESTONE

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Fun afoot with these Kickerinos wonderful red wedgies. Wear them with everything! White or natural leather too. About $7. Marshall Field's Budget Floor, Chicago, Ill.

Another gift for Mother. Gold-finished lighter with red, green, or blue jeweled ladybug on top. $3.60, tax included. Order at Nilmelior, 15 E. 52nd St. N.Y.C.

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THE CHURCH VS. SELZNICK

(*Continued from page 27*)

a publication of the Catholic archdiocese of Los Angeles. Not long after that, Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles agreed that no Catholic could see *Duel* with a clear conscience until it had been given a rating by the Legion of Decency.

Selznick was stunned. He had worked closely with the Production Code Administration and the Motion Picture Association of America throughout the filming, and his picture had received the purity seal from Joseph Breen—a devout Catholic and former secretary to the president of Fordham University—without question. Now, suddenly, it was in ill-repute. Catholic societies and sodalities were campaigning against it. There developed overnight a completely false impression that the film had actually been banned.

Is the Church then to blame for this terrific furore? Emphatically no. She is the guardian of the morals of her people. Then is David Selznick to blame? Again an emphatic no. His job is to provide entertainment for the world, under the supposedly adequate supervision of the Production Code Administration. Both the Church and Selznick have done their jobs well. The trouble is that there are too many censors, and the right hand apparently does not know what the left is doing.

A way must be found to reconcile the Legion of Decency and all other large censorship groups with the Production Code Administration, so that they are able to work together rather than against each other. If this were accomplished, a producer—having once achieved a purity seal—could consider his work finished and well-done. He could put his heart and soul into the next job at hand. If such a merger is not accomplished, producers will grow increasingly fearful of investing large sums of money and months of labor in their films, having no guarantee that some powerful group outside the industry won't condemn the production. Film fare will become ever more watered, more childish in scope. The movies as a real medium for artistic expression will no longer exist. And the people in the movie industry won't be the only ones to suffer. You and I will suffer. The Church—whose cause has been furthered by such beautiful films as *The Bells of St. Mary's, The Song of Bernadette,* and many others—will suffer.

We, who have faith in the future of motion pictures, plead for a closer understanding between the Church and the industry, both of which exist only to serve the people. We are raising our voices in praise of a centralization of authority among movie censorship boards. We would like to see this accomplished soon—so that *Duel in the Sun* may be the last duel between the movies and the Church.

JUNE ISSUE

J is for June is for June. That's a riddle, son—but we're not going to make you wait a whole month for the happy solution. We're passing the good word along right now that the June issue of MODERN SCREEN will be the one with the *prettiest* cover, the one with pretty June Haver on it. On your newsstand May 13th.

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HOW DOES SHE DO IT?

How does she do it—that terrific looking girl down the street, or at the desk next to yours at the office, or in your home-room at school?

How does she manage to look always wonderfully dressed—morning, noon and night—at work or at play—on the dance floor, the skating pond, or just doing the marketing for her mother?

Even when you unexpectedly ring her bell, on, say, a Saturday morning—does she turn up in a nobody'll-see get-up that looks as though it were thrown at her? Not a chance. She comes to the door in the slickest of slacks—or a cute housecoat—or maybe a darling sweater and skirt.

Yet you absolutely *know* that her salary or allowance isn't one penny more than yours—if as much. What's her secret?

Well, it's an open secret, thank goodness. Anybody can learn it.

Our best dressed girl friend simply knows that anyone can look terrif on even a handful of cash—by being a smart shopper. And that means *really* smart—and careful. After all, looking like whistle-bait brings so much fun in the way of dates and friends and a generally wonderful life—that you can't expect to have it by merely *wishing* for it. You've got to earn it.

But earning it is a cinch and it has absolutely nothing to do with how much money you have to spend.

First of all, the thing to do is be very cagey about every purchase you make—right down to the merest accessory. In buying clothes, you're striving for a record of *all* hits, and no errors. But before a dress, or a suit, or a hat, qualifies to be a real hit, it has to meet a lot of tests.

First, does it do something for *you?* Does it show up your best features, and tone down your not-so-goods? Suppose dropped shoulders *are* all the rage. If they make you look droopy, what good are they to you? Suppose full skirts *are* the latest gasp? If they make you look hefty—the heck with them! In other words, never buy a single thing that doesn't more or less hint that someone ought to photograph you immediately.

Next, once you're sure the dress, or whatever, is more than becoming—consider how it fits into the rest of your wardrobe. All right, it's emerald green—and you look like a dream in it. But your coat is blue plaid, and besides you've just bought that red bag and belt. What are you going to wear emerald green *with?*

Point is—no dress, or suit, or hat is worth a red cent, regardless of how it looks on you—if you can't wear it with at least two things you already have in your closet. Buying anything that doesn't meet these requirements add up to a big error—the kind of error that will make you complain that you have a closet full of clothes, and not a thing to wear!

Where were we? Ah, yes, *fit.* Now suppose that you've latched on to something that meets our first two tests—becomingness, and happy marriage with the clothes you already have. Next question is, does it fit? And we mean *really* fit. How are the shoulders? Are the seams where they should be—right at the edge of your own shoulders? What about the collar? Is it too loose? Or does it lie flat to the back of your neck—where it belongs. Take a look at the back view. How's the distance from collar to waist line? Does it bulge out or does it lie smooth, and still give you room to move your arms? Does the waistline coincide with *your* waistline?

Unless the fit fits all these musts—pass it up. The best looking dress is a flop if it's too big, too tight, and buying it is another fatal error—

And those three tests are the answer to "how does she do it"—when a girl on a budget always looks like a magazine cover.

—Connie Bar

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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

Everyone's interested in the real **AL JOLSON** since the release of *The Jolson Story*, so here's some data about him. He was born Asa Yoelson in St. Petersburg, Russia, on May 26, 1886. Stage career began in a bit role in a N.Y. show. Then went into vaudeville and minstrel shows before crashing the Broadway big-time. Early shows included *Honeymoon Express, Bombo, Sinbad*, and *Big Boy*. Made screen debut in 1927 in *The Jazz Singer*. Other pics include *The Singing Fool, Mammy, Hallelujah, I'm a Bum, Wonder Bar, Rose of Washington Square*. He married Ruby Keeler (Julie Benson in *The Jolson Story*) in 1928. They were divorced eight years ago. He's married to Erle Galbraithe now. Ruby remarried John Lowe and retired. Al's busy making records, has no movie plans. Yes, he has recorded the beautiful "Anniversary Song," from the pic. He did the singing for Larry Parks, of course, and you can write to him at Columbia Pictures.

JAYNE MEADOWS, who attracted your attention as Sylvia Burton in *Undercurrent*, was born in China on Sept. 27, 1922, of American parentage. She is 5'6", weighs 130 lbs., and has black eyes and titian hair. Was a model before being discovered for films. Write to her at M-G-M. She has no fan club, and is currently being seen as a psycopathic girl in *Lady in the Lake*. Next pic: *Song of the Thin Man*.

BRUCE BENNETT was formerly known by his real name of Herman Brix when he appeared in several Tarzan pics. He was born in Columbia, Wis., on May 17. Is 6'2" tall, and weighs 192 lbs. Is married to Jeanne Cannon, but has no children. Write to him at Warners, Burbank. He has no fan club. You'll be seeing him soon in *Nora Prentiss* and *Dark Passage*.

Leonard Joseph, N.Y.: It's The Same Old Dream, I Believe, Brooklyn Bridge, Whose Baby Are You, Bach Invention, The Song Got to Come from The Heart, Time After Time, Bell Song from Lakme, Selections from Don Giovanni are the songs from *It Happened In Brooklyn*. (Clip for future reference.) Billy Roy was Leo, Bobby Long played Johnny in the picture.

Jackie O., Queens: J'Aime Ta Ponné was the name of that French song in the cafe scene of *The Razor's Edge*. It was revised by Edmund Goulding, had American words added by Mack Gordon, and is being published under the title of Mam'selle, by Leo Feist, Inc. Recordings in English should be out soon, but the French words are unavailable.

Cynthia Dodd, Boston: If you wish the music from *Humoresque*, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and I'll send the score. Too lengthy to print. Same thing goes for the entire list of Academy Award Winners from 1928. Anyone else interested in either, do the same.

F. J., Omaha: Your favorite, Gertrude Niessen, has no pic plans, but has been busy wowing them at B'way's newest night-spot, Vanity Fair, together with Jan Murray and Boyd Raeburn. Val Valentinoff has changed his name to Paul Valentine, and will soon be seen in *Out of the Past*. This picture is also the next for Kirk Douglas and Richard Webb. All can be reached at RKO.

Joe Walker, Pa.: Lorraine Rossi, 47 W. 87 Street, N. Y., now has the Larry Parks Club. There are two for Burt Lancaster: Jo Ann Julian, 1233 E. 21 Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, and Dwayne Armsted, Madelia, Minn., are in charge. Muriel Scott, Star Rt. Box 98, Detroit Lakes, Minn., has a club for Joseph Cotten, and Beverly Montabano, 2691 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Calif., heads one for James Mason.

The above is just a wee sample of the info I have stored away for you. So keep sending those questions with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Okeh?

SPECIAL OFFER

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART — 1946-'47 (10c)—A new better-than-ever edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of exclusive, fascinating data on the private lives, wives, hobbies, used-to-be jobs, latest pics of all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to **Service Dept.**, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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HOPALONG HOPE—By Kirtley Baskette

(*Continued from page 34*)

hours out of every twenty-four at home, and most of that in the hay, restoring his battered tissues. The reason—Bob Hope is Hollywood's Public Personage Number One, the busiest star in the business. Between movies, radio, records, his column, and bundles of benefits, he spins like a top. The guy has practically no home life at all.

That old Bible scholar, Bing Crosby, handed Bob a framed Good Book quotation the other day that he'd dug out of the Chapter of Matthew: "For where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them."

"That's you, Bob," said Bing. Bob hung it in his dressing room. "Well, at least," he sighed, "the Bible says I'm on the beam."

spell it backwards . . .

So are Bob's family—right along with Bob. They couldn't help it, so mixed up is Hope's public life with his home life. Both Tony, 7, and Linda, 6, are hep to-the-minute on their old man's career. He breezes down for breakfast in the morning.

"Hi Trebor!" Trebor is Robert spelled backwards. "Dad" is still "dad"—so is "Bob"—so they're no go.

"Hi Adnil! Hi Ynot!" Usually, Bob's had about five hours sleep. Something's kept him up until midnight—a benefit rehearsal, a movie conference, writing a script, editing jokes. If it's the morning after his regular program, Adnil and Ynot take Trebor apart. If a joke died they remind him; if he fluffed, they lecture him severely. If Miriam is out of Irium they're appalled. They like his "conscience" routine especially. You know, where Bob says something like, "I love my sponsor," and then, through a filter-mike, his "conscience" voice echoes:

"Yeah—then why do you steal his money?" The kids love that.

"Do the conscience next week again, Trebor."

"Okay," promises Dad Hope. Because that's an order. Bob Hope has two bosses on his program—his sponsor and his kids.

He whizzed off once to do a broadcast in San Diego. Linda yelled down from the nursery window, "Can I go?"

"No," said Bob. "But if you and Tony are nice, you can listen in and maybe I'll say 'Good-night, Tony and Good-night, Linda' at the end of the show."

That sounded swell to Linda; but she wasn't taking any chances. "Put it in the script," she said.

Another time Bob and Dolores had the kids up at Pebble Beach for a few days of golf. Bob was in the dining room of the Lodge one morning having breakfast with his foursome. Linda bounced in soon with her nursemaid, spied Bob.

"Hi, Bob Hope!" she caroled. Bob's golf partners roared along with the other diners.

That kidding stuff was okay at home, he reminded Linda later, but when he was with other grown-ups, in a public place, there should be some respect, some family dignity. It should be "Hello, Daddy," not "Hi, Bob Hope."

Linda pouted. "Aw," she sighed, "you just want to get all the laughs!"

Actually, Bob's loaded with sentiment. Most funny guys are. Underneath Hope's breezy, funny front, he's got a heart soft as a ripe strawberry.

An incident that hit Bob hardest of all his war tour experiences happened in a hospital on Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides. In one ward a young kid, badly wounded, was getting a blood transfusion as he passed. Bob stopped, grinned down at the weak, wan face.

"Giving you the old raspberry, hey?" he cracked.

"Yeah," whispered the soldier, "and it feels mighty good." Then he smiled straight up into Bob's eyes. Bob couldn't forget that smile. He still can't. An hour later, he was having chow at the officers' table. A medic came in and sat down silently, didn't touch his plate. He'd escorted Bob through the hospital. Bob asked what was the matter.

"Remember that kid you chatted with, the one getting the transfusion?" Bob nodded. He felt a catch at his throat.

"He just died." Bob has never forgotten that crack of his and the kid's smile. He knows sometimes it's not so funny being a funny man.

Around this last Christmas time, Bob emceed the annual all-star Elgin radio show in Hollywood. It ran two hours and Bob had to keep up laugh chatter all the time. He drew on all his old sure-fire gags, among them the alcoholic jokes on his friend, W. C. Fields, that Bill himself had always chuckled over. Bob's first Hollywood job was with Bill in *The Big Broadcast of 1938*. Every time he'd used a Fields likker gag on his show Bill had always sent him a funny message the next day. So this time he brought in a couple of jokes ribbing the same subject: "I passed W. C. Fields on the Boulevard coming down here today. I waved at him."

"What did Bill do?"

"He *weaved* back."

After the broadcast Bob Hope learned a shocking bit of news. A few hours before, W. C. Fields had made his last exit. Bob felt awful. Never in the world would he have made a joke on Bill at that point if he'd known. Although up above, he knew, Bill's spirit was probably chuckling at that. A few days later Bob received a record album from W. C. Fields' secretary. A note explained: "Before he died, Bill picked out the close friends he wanted to have this. I found your name on the list." It was a recording of Bill's famous and very funny Lecture on Temperance!

Bob's not a fake, calculating comic; he's really a funny guy, all the time. That's why he gets a kick out of real life jokes on himself. He knows, as all great comics do, that fun is only a hair's breadth away from tragedy. That nothing's really funnier than a celebrity getting a kick in the pants. And something funny's always happening to Hope, levelling his dignity.

One of his favorite stories on himself is a crack his daughter, Linda, made. Driving with Bob, Linda heard her dad bawl out motorists who blocked his path. "Just look at that jerk! Why doesn't he learn how to drive? Now look at the idiot!" Bob mumbled constantly.

One day, Linda was riding with Dolores. They rolled along quietly and without any fuss. Pretty soon Linda asked, "Mommy, where are all the idiots today?"

"You only see them when your daddy's driving," explained Mrs. Hope.

Bob's convinced he's got a funny looking puss and isn't touchy about it. One time in a Chicago night club, *Chez Paree*, Bob was sitting at a table when a middle-aged woman came over, grabbed him by the chin, swivelled his profile around and yelled to her girl friend across the room, "See, Julie—this is it. Ain't it funny?"

Actually, Hope's a good looking guy—a six footer with all his hair, teeth, even his figure. But he takes care of himself. Golf is Bob's conditioner and favorite sport.

Johnny Weissmuller, Jimmy McLarnin and Vic Hunter—a favorite foursome of Bob's—were touring the Lakeside course with him one day when they spied a couple of little men in aprons chasing them from hole to hole. They caught up at the thirteenth green. Bob was putting. "Mister Hope," panted one, "please—the measurements." One man whipped out a tape measure, the other a pencil and pad.

"Pardon me, fellows," apologized Bob, resting his putter while the Paramount wardrobe tailors measured him for a costume. Then he knocked in a 30-foot putt, and went on with the game.

Bob likes to gamble at golf. He's not much at horse-racing, but he's superstitious and can't resist hunches. The other day, Bob spotted a horse running at Santa Anita named "Lakeside Hope." Lakeside is his golf club; Hope's his name. "That's for me!" yelped Bob. He placed a bet, across the board, 5-5-and-5. His horse-wise friends on the set of *Road to Rio* including Bing Crosby, told him he was out of his mind. "Even my dogs can beat him running backwards," scoffed Bing. But Bob wouldn't be touted off. Lakeside Hope came in the winner and paid $84 on a $2 ticket!

the family comes first . . .

Bob isn't a particularly self-indulgent guy. But nothing's too good for his family. The Hopes don't live in royal style, but they live well. Bob and Dolores and all the little Hopes, with their cook, maid, nurse and Great Dane, "Red Son," live in Toluca Lake.

Bob has an office over the garage where he huddles with Brother Jack, his personal business man, his radio writers, and all sorts of slaveys connected with Hope Enterprises, even when he thinks he's having some home life. That's where, half the time, his famous "check, mark and circle" triple-tested jokes are determined, where Bob edits what his six gag men think is funny and puts his radio show together.

Inside the house, his dream room is a circular chamber right off the bedroom where he's got the walls covered with autographed pictures—from Eisenhower, FDR, Churchill, MacArthur, Ernie Pyle—every hero he rubbed up against in his wonderful war tours. He's got closets

(*Continued on page 91*)

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!

We'd look awfully silly throwing $5 checks to the dogs. (What piggy bank would cash 'em?) But we've got a bright, shiny, new check for everyone who sends us an "I Saw It Happen" anecdote that we can use. Take a peek at the "Happen" boxes printed in this issue, so you'll get the style down pat. Then, write out as plainly as you can your true experience in meeting up with a movie star. It can be amusing or dramatic—but it must be short! Send your story to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And if you win that $5—you can really put on the dog!*

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WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

Green and white striped long torso dress with pleated skirt worn by Donna Reed (Page 73)

Baltimore, Md.—Stewart's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Jewelry worn by Donna Reed (Page 73)

Jordan necklace and bracelet, $1 per set

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

"DONNA REED WATCHES SISTER HEIDI POSE FOR FASHION PHOTOS"

Plaid and dark suit worn by Heidi (Page 74)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Washington, D. C.—Brooks, Inc.

Silver grey peplum suit worn by Donna Reed (Page 75)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
San Antonio, Texas—The Vogue, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Brooks, Inc.

Plaid tunic dress worn by Heidi (Page 75)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Houston, Texas—Sakowitz Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
San Antonio, Texas—The Vogue, Inc.
Washington, D. C.—Brooks, Inc.

"SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING"

Both dresses, navy blue with green belt and gold with lizard-like belt worn by Arleen Whelan (Page 76)

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros. Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne & Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous Barr & Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

White pique helmet worn with navy blue dress (Page 76)

Madcaps helmet, $4

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
Erooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Pleated seersucker dress worn by Arleen Whelan (Page 78)

Dallas, Texas—Sanger Bros.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable

Chambray shirtwaist dress worn by Arleen Whelan (Page 78)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Harold's
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker

Little straw basket carried by Arleen Whelan (Page 78)

Basket shoulder-bag by Beltmodes, $3

New York, N. Y.—Gimbels

Striped peplum suit worn by Arleen Whelan (Page 80)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

"2-TIMING ACCESSORIES" (Page 82)

White gloves, both scarves, belt, safety pin and sunburst pin all at these stores:

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner Co.
Nashville, Tenn.—Harvey's
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 89*)

there, too, stuffed to the bursting point with souvenirs from all over—mostly things grateful GIs shoved into his hands around the world's battle stations. He has a wonderful collection of Nazi trophies: Hitler's personal stationery, a Nazi flag, gold draperies from Adolf's Chancellery hideout, a Gestapo ring of Himmler's—all trophies of his on-the-spot visit to beaten Berlin. That's just one collection. It's matched by others from every other battle area.

Bob's always planning on getting everything arranged, building a trophy room to display them all properly, but he probably never will. He's a creature of habit. Bob still has the same dressing room he started with at Paramount. They pester Bob all the time to give him a fancy, glamorous new salon like Bing has, but he shakes his head. "I'm at home here," he says.

To Bob, the main room in his house will always be the nursery. The most important meal is breakfast with Tony and Linda. He nodded yes to all the work requests around last Christmas week, but Christmas Day he took off. "I've got to see the 'takes' on the kids' faces," he explained. It's that way with most holidays for Hope. He's a sucker for 'em—and they have to be at home. Thanksgiving, Christmas and such, Bob himself carves the turkey for all the Hope relations from nearby El Segundo.

Bob doesn't get to see his sidekick, Bing Crosby, much away from the studio, except on the golf course. But since he and Bing turned producer tycoons they see each other often during business hours.

For *The Road To Rio,* which Bing and Bob have just finished, Hope Enterprises & Crosby, Inc., merged. Strictly for laughs, both Bing and Bob have seized on this new partnership to razz each other silly. They keep time clocks on each other and have executive conferences constantly.

it's only money . . .

Bing, for instance, wanted to go up to Pebble Beach while *Road to Rio* was shooting, for a golf tournament. Bob called a corporation meeting. He had it all figured out that it cost Hope Enterprises and Crosby, Inc., $10,000 a day to shoot the picture. Bing asked for three days off.

"That's thirty thousand dollars," cried Bob. "I vote 'No'!"

"What's money," argued Bing, "compared to my artistic happiness? I vote 'Yes'!"

They were deadlocked until the Paramount representative made the big kids compromise. Bing got a day-and-a-half off for his golf. That was $15,000. Bob decided to come along, too. So it added up to $30,000 after all! But, after all, what *is* money?

Now that *Road to Rio* is in the can, Hopalong Hope is going to take himself a two-months rest with the kids at his hideaway Palm Springs retreat where there's no telephone. After that, he sails on a boat to Rio and then to the South of France. It's all arranged. "I am going to do an *el foldo* in a deck chair," Bob assured me with his hand on a Bible, "and spend all my days hissing shuffle-board players!"

I'll bet a cookie that Bob's back at work inside a month instead of the six he says he's going to spend in a lazy daze. Maybe not, but at least Robert the Hope realizes *one* of his own limitations. He's taking French lessons, he and Dolores and the kids and everybody. Maybe he can get along in a prone position. But to exist for months without opening his trap!

"With all those foreigners popping off?" gasps Bob.

That's why he's boning his *parlez-vous* every second he can snatch. "So I can talk back," says Bob.

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NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

STOP, LOOK AND WHISTLE—By Abigail Putnam

(*Continued from page 40*)

Marie McDonald—but they knew who The Body was.

She thought of the days when she had despaired of her figure. She had been a bright kid in school, and consequently was two or three years younger than her classmates. Her legs were too skinny and her hair was straight, and she wanted terribly to be pretty—and grownup.

"Mom," she'd say, "please could I have a four-gore skirt like the other girls?"

"You haven't the hips to hold up a skirt like that. You're thirteen and they're sixteen."

And Marie would clump into the classroom, day after day, in laced health shoes, high socks, no makeup—and no four-gored skirt. The humiliation seared her young soul.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "please give me a pretty figure when I grow up."

Confined to earth, her thoughts wandered to show business but were promptly discouraged by her mother, who had been in the *Ziegfeld Follies*. Wiping her hands on her apron, she looked dolefully at her daughter and said, "Forget it, Marie. Forget it. It would break your heart."

Marie, of course, had no intention of forgetting it. One night, at a meeting of her sorority chapter, one of the girls swayed languidly into the room.

"I am now," she announced, "a Powers model."

That did it. The next day Marie went to see John Powers.

His reception room was jammed with smartly dressed girls when a wide-eyed Marie stole through the door. She found a seat by the window, protected from the stares of the other girls, and sat down until Powers came into the room.

"Line up," said his secretary. The girls scrambled into a long line, and Powers walked slowly past them.

"You in the blue hat, go into my office. The red purse. The bolero suit. The alligator shoes." He paused a moment. "That's all."

one more chance . . .

He had passed Marie as though she weren't there. Crestfallen, she slipped out and started down the hall. A few steps away, she noticed the girl in the blue hat come out of a door without lettering. Marie stopped short. When the girl with the red purse came out, Marie desperately shoved her foot against the door before it closed, thrust her shoulder against it, and fell flat on her face. She looked up to see John Powers glaring at her from behind his desk.

"Well?" he said.

She scrambled to her feet and let loose a stream of breathless dialogue.

"Oh Mr. Powers—I want to be a model. One of my sorority sisters works for you and if she can I guess I can. And if I want to be a model I figure I ought to work for the best, and you're the best, Mr. Powers, so I ought to work for you." She paused to note the effect. . . .

He was looking her up and down, and he was smiling.

"If you have enough nerve to come popping in here like this, I suppose you can be a model."

Marie was sent out on her first job that day. She was to pose for a stocking ad, and her heart swelled at the news that her legs weren't too skinny, after all. Arrived at the photographer's studio, she found she was to pose in a slip.

"I won't do it," she said.

"But—" said the photographer.

"No." She wanted to cry, but she turned and walked out.

Mr. Powers was a patient man, wise in the ways of youth's modesty, and instead of reprimanding Marie, proceeded to send her on assignments modeling for teenage clothes.

The summer Marie graduated from high school, her mother admitted defeat in the matter of her daughter's ambitions. The annual State beauty contest was raging and Marie had badgered her mother to the edge of complete surrender.

"What'll you do about the space between your front teeth?" her mother asked finally.

"Oh, that'll be easy. I just won't smile, that's all." Marie knew she had won.

"Well—"

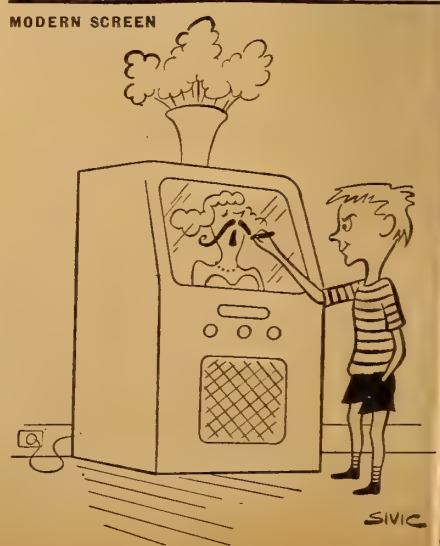
"Oh, let her go." This was Marie's stepfather, a man who married her mother when Marie was still in school. A great bond of mutual admiration had grown between the man and girl, and now they winked at each other like fellow conspirators.

The day of the judging found Marie nervous but confident. She knew her legs were good enough to have been displayed in scores of advertisements, and she had stood before a mirror for hours, practicing smiles that did not show her teeth. Tight-lipped, she walked past the judging stand, and won.

As Miss New York State, she was flooded with offers, among them the chance to join the George White Scandals as a showgirl.

Show business led to many things. She went on the road with the show after playing Broadway, and quit in California to break into pictures. Studios had numberless blue-eyed blondes under contract and were unimpressed. She was signed by Tommy Dorsey and sang with his band, along with Frank Sinatra, Connie Haines, Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers. She sang in New York night clubs. Then came word, finally, from Hollywood. Universal offered her a contract, and Marie had the space filled in between her teeth, packed her luggage and steamed to movietown. Cast in picture after picture as a Tahitian maiden with little to wear and less to say, she began a trek from studio to studio, faring little better. Until she made *Lucky Jordan* at Paramount, Marie hadn't been particularly interested in acting, but with

MODERN SCREEN



that role she fell in love with the profession and set out to acquire some solid theatrical training. Marie worked hard with her dramatic coach, and in the interim went on making movies.

Also, in the interim, she married Vic Orsatti. Vic was her agent, and impressed with Marie's talent, hammered at the importance of her career. Marie balked. She had concentrated for years upon her career and nothing much had come from it. She desperately wanted a home and kids, but the conflict in their interests broke up the marriage after three years. Still her agent as well as her friend, it was Vic who finally made M-G-M see the light and sign Marie.

On a personal appearance tour last year, Marie scraped through on a thin budget, putting all her excess cash into a fund for a home. On her return to Hollywood, she bought a two-acre farm in the valley and installed in it her mother and stepfather.

She acquired two cats and two dogs and looked around for a horse. Her passion for riding worried her family and friends.

"I've been riding since I was a kid," she told them, "and I've yet to be thrown. Intelligent people don't get thrown. Besides," she added, "I happen to have a sixth sense about horses."

She purchased a coal black mare and had it delivered to the farm.

"She's a beauty, isn't she?" said Marie. "I think I'll ride her right now."

marie bites the dust . . .

She climbed on a bench, leaped onto the mare's back and was immediately dashed to the ground. Marie sat in the dust and ruefully rubbed her shoulder.

"Now what do you suppose is eating her?"

After much experiment, it was determined that the mare was actually allergic to blondes. Marie was thrown time after time, and after weeks of ribbing from her friends about her sixth horse sense, was forced to sell the animal.

There were five hundred man hours of work to be done on the ranch. Marie and her stepfather together cultivated the vineyard, planning to make wine. Then they tackled painting the roof. In blue jeans and splashed with paint, Marie was carefully sloshing with her brush one Sunday, when she started to slip. Seeing her peril, her stepfather jumped to catch her, slipped himself and fell to the ground. He suffered several broken ribs and a crushed chest. In the middle of *Living In A Big Way,* Marie was forced to work each day, distraught with worry. For three nights in a row she sat up with him from darkness until dawn and then dragged herself to the studio. Not until he was completely out of danger did Marie consent to a full night's rest.

Marie is unpredictable on the romance score, wearing her heart well on the inside of her sleeve. Harvey Karl, a shoe manufacturer, has been her almost constant escort for some time. Hollywood was set to predict an engagement when Marie showed up at *The Yearling* premiere without Karl. In fact, with three other men, including Rory Calhoun. She swept into the theater with a man on each arm and one behind her, and a slight ripple of comment sailed over the audience.

"*Now* what?" they said.

They would have been more surprised had they known that after the film Marie quietly shed two men and disappeared with Rory for the remainder of the evening.

No one knows what she'll do next. With her varied talents, she might end up most anywhere. Our bet is that it will be a home, husband and kids of her own, for The Body has that kind of a heart.

THE Lovable GIRL-OF-THE-MONTH
Miss Jean Welch wears Lovable's sensational new REVERSA-BRA pure white on one side, shining black on the other. (Also French blue with black or nude.)
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What does a man like about a girl's hair?

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH FRANKIE?—By Hedda Hopper

(*Continued from page 30*)

care of yourself."

"Smile when you call me that," grinned Frankie, weakly. "But honest, Hedda, you don't understand. I'm committed here," he explained.

I felt like saying, "Committed! That's your trouble. You're committed for a crack-up, Sonny, if you don't watch out!" But I didn't. I wish I had. Because, since then Frank Sinatra has had his crack-up.

Thank goodness it wasn't a big quake that hit Frankie. He didn't lose his voice, or his health, or have a real, walloping nervous breakdown. But he did lose some of his good sense under the strain of trying to measure up to his fame, trying to make everybody happy, be a singer, an actor, a sport, a politician and Heaven knows what-all—and still be a loving husband and an attentive father. It's a wonder he lasted as long as he did without blowing his top, even mildly.

who's to blame? . . .

Yep, Frankie ran a swell race before his fame caught up with him. But he was bound to stumble some time, and who tripped him? You and me.

Last summer, Frankie almost lost his wife, Nancy, whom he dearly loves, and his family, who mean everything to him. He almost lost a lot of friends who love Nancy as much as they do Frankie. He's patched that up and I hope it's for a good, long time.

But since then Sinatra's clipped some other hurdles pretty close. What's the matter with Frank? Is he changing?

He's banned the bobby soxers, who made him what he is today, from his radio show. He's sent pugilistic challenges to columnists whose digs he used to laugh at. He's taken out a permit to carry a gun. He walked off his Old Gold radio show on a sudden vacation. Rumblings come out of M-G-M that Sinatra's high-handed on the set, a hard-to-handle headache of a movie star; they say he's scrapping with Louis B. Mayer. And he's been taking vacations again—alone.

Well—what's it all about? We ought to know—you and me. We did it. That's what I said. Yes, we've drained the talent of that good-natured guy, like leeches, until he doesn't know what's what. We've rubbed his nerves raw, done our best to scuttle his health, literally eaten him alive. What do we expect?

You see, what Frankie's been after is popularity. That may sound funny—a guy like him who needs applause like a hole in his curly head—but Frank from the start sized up his fame as significant and himself as a symbol. He was an Italian-American boy from across the tracks made into an American hero. He had to live up to it, had to prove it was a Great Idea that it could happen here.

The toughest word for a popular celebrity to say is "No." If you say it too soon the word comes back. "Uh-huh—high hat, temperamental, stuck up." If you say it too late, or not at all, you're hunting an early grave. Frankie took the second road. He practically wiped "no" from his vocabulary. I don't mean in business matters—but in the things that really counted with Sinatra, his personal standing with the millions.

Frank gave of himself as no sensation has ever given before. And he took a terrific beating, physically, mentally, nervously. The "swoon" maniacs started it. They mobbed, mauled, pawed and harried him. He took it all with a good natured grin, but it wore him out.

He came to fame too, at the start of a war—and the pressure for benefit performances on Hollywood and the radio world was terrific. Frank welcomed every chance to sing for a cause. He was the Benefit Boy. He was on a double spot because his body wasn't good enough for a uniform and GIs leaving sweeties at home after those fatal "Greetings," were not amused at a bow-tied, curly-haired, anemic, romantic singer. Frankie felt himself on the defensive. So he slugged himself twice as hard, singing night and day (no wonder it's his theme song!) to win over those GI characters. He did all right. His war front tour was one of the best. So were the Command Performance shows he ground out steadily. He ended up at V-Day a service favorite. But it took just that much more out of Sinatra. Then, of course, Frank snatched up the torch against Intolerance. That's a full career field for anyone. But because he believes in it so fervently, he lent himself to any and every meeting — singing, talking, preaching, fighting battles, traveling here and there like a crusader. Frankie succeeded in securing what he wanted—the good will, the respect, the love of everyone. But he paid the price, too.

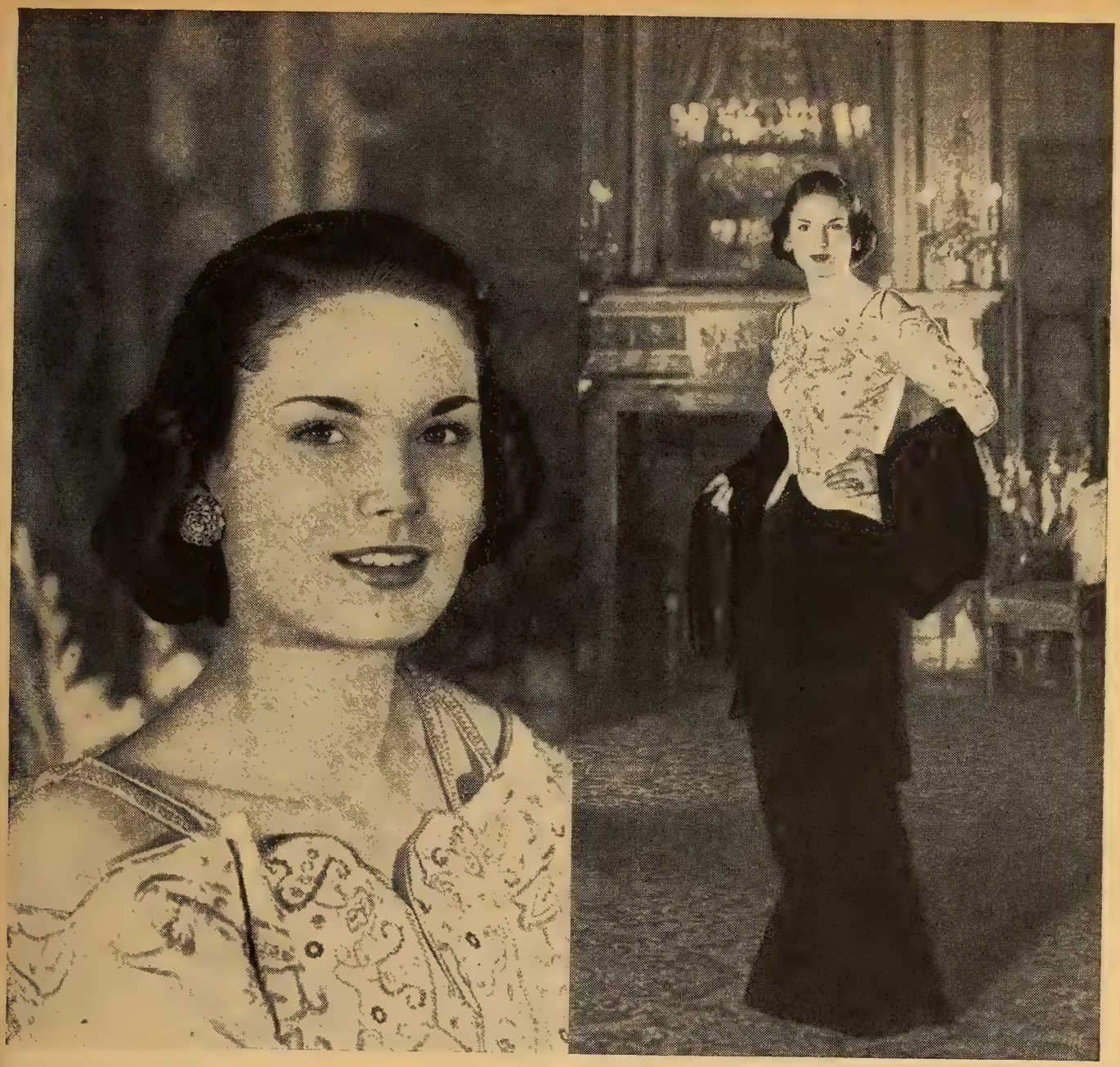
Then there's the business about Frankie, the Actor. Hard to handle, they say. When I hear M-G-M studio rumblings about Frank getting temperamental, they shoot out my other ear so fast I need earmuffs from the breeze. That's too often the old Hollywood maneuver of cracking down on a star. Frank Sinatra's never given M-G-M half the trouble dozens more I could name have—Garbo, for instance, Garson or Hepburn. It really boils down to the old tug-of-war between movies and radio. Every big air star who comes to Hollywood lands smack in the middle of that exhausting tussle. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope know what it means at Paramount. They've been stretched in the middle for years. So has Frankie since he came to Hollywood. It's inevitable.

Radio shows take time for rehearsals, for scripts to be rewritten, spots to be polished—and the stop-watch waits for no man. I know—I have one. But when a radio star makes a movie, studios figure each production hour in thousands of dollars. So they're natural enemies. Bob and Bing and Frankie and all the rest are pursued every spare minute by a time-harried wolf pack from NBC and CBS when they're shooting. So the studio tries to cut that radio star down to movie size. It's only good business policy. I didn't hear any hard-to-handle rumors about Frank Sinatra after the money started rolling in from *Anchors Aweigh*, did you? It's as simple as that. Let's face it.

fair warning . . .

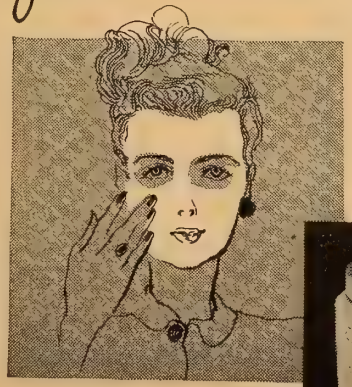
Frank Sinatra isn't temperamental. Considering what he's faced, he's been a sport made in Heaven. Before he said "no audiences" on his Old Gold radio program a while back, Frankie stepped to the footlights and pleaded with his noisy fans to lay off. He explained why patiently—and for three straight shows: His sponsors were mad. You couldn't hear him sing. Audiences were disgusted—squealing was no longer funny, or "cute" or interesting. It spoiled the show. They promised to stop. The next time it was the same old story. So Frankie laid down the law—"No more audiences." When they realized he meant it, they behaved. Now they're back.

(*Continued on page 9*



Dines at The Waldorf-Astoria —— Antonia Drexel Earle

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"



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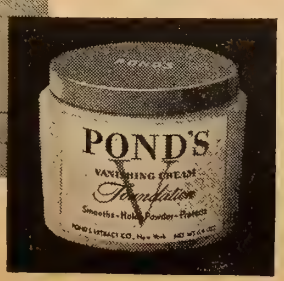

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Then...

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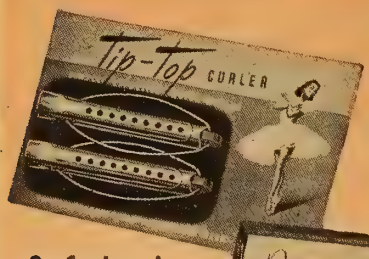

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Now let's get down to the top question: Nancy. Frank and Nancy were married when both were kids. She was his childhood sweetheart, as everyone knows. That was long before fame grabbed the struggling, catch-job crooner. Most men have a fling at a few wild oats before they're married, while they're still fairly wet behind the ears. Bing Crosby painted the country red from one end to the other before he settled into a solid citizen and pillar of the church. Frankie couldn't; he was too poor. Then he was married. Psychologists tell us that, girl or boy, there's always a lingering yearning to kick up your heels later on.

I think Frank's case of accumulated nerves and too much success to handle turned his head maybe a wee bit, at long last, when he strayed from Nancy. If you keep telling anyone, day in and day out, he's gorgeous, wonderful, simply divine, sooner or later he's bound to think, somewhere back in his brain, "Maybe I am."

And here's another thing—mind, I'm not defending Frankie—but I've lived a few years and I've seen a lot. When a married man is pressed in his profession until he's about wild—you know where he takes out his irritation, don't you? That's right. At home. It has to come out somewhere and that's a wife's cross to bear. Nancy Sinatra understood that. She never stopped loving Frankie for an instant, or forgot to understand him. She was thinking of Frank all the time he wandered away.

I called Nancy and asked her to sit at my table in Ciro's the night MODERN SCREEN gave its big award party in Hollywood and presented Frank with his sculptured bust by Jo Davidson. Nancy rated an invitation; I knew she wanted to be there, too. Who wouldn't—to see the man she loved at a triumph like that?

But Nancy declined. "Thank you, Hedda," she said, "that might embarrass Frankie." That's the way that girl thinks.

indiscreet Frankie . . .

I saw Frankie that night, too. He was just back from Palm Springs where he'd fled from himself, and I can't say he'd been thinking of Nancy's best interests, as she had his. In fact, Frank was naively thoughtless, being the Hollywood celebrity that he knows he is. He'd been seen in public with girls and rumors went flying. Frankie should have known better, for instance, than to sit with Lana Turner at Sonja Henie's party, when Nancy wasn't there. I don't care how many other girls he dated when he was mixed up emotionally. That's not my affair, but it was very definitely Frankie's—and Nancy's. The point is: He's in a goldfish bowl. Every public indiscretion of Frank's hurts Nancy, his family—and himself.

So that night at our MODERN SCREEN party, I stuck out my neck—a very old habit. I practically grabbed Frankie by his generous ears. "Come here," I said, "I want to talk to you." Frankie's eyes rounded like saucers and his bow-tie bobbled. He was surprised. He didn't say anything. I did all the talking, straight from my heart.

"Look, Frank," I told him. "It's none of my business—but I think you're making the mistake of your life! I've never been a red-hot booster of yours but I admire you and how you've handled your career, up till now. But I'm an older woman and I want to tell you something for what it's worth to you." I let him have it.

I asked Frankie if he'd ever thought about his responsibility to Nancy and his children. I knew he had, of course, plenty. "You know you brought them into the world just as much as she did," I reminded him. "And children need a father as well as a mother. I know. I raised a son without a father." I sat down and talked to him like a Dutch aunt. I told him what a wonderful career he'd had, what a wonderful one lay ahead. But I warned him that he was public property now and that part of that public property was Nancy and his children. And it is.

When I was through, Frankie said, "Hedda, no one ever talked like that to me before."

I'm sure no one had. He'd heard nothing but "yesses," and raves for four years. He'd turned tone-deaf to criticism. He was hungry for frank, honest opinion. "Look," suggested Frank, "I want to talk some more. Can you have lunch with me next week?" I said I certainly could. Well, we didn't have that lunch because Frank and Nancy were back together again before then. But what struck me about the whole thing was Frank's reaction to a good bawling out. He could have snapped, "Mind your own business!" and I'd have been put right in my place.

Frank appreciated it. What's more, he didn't sulk or nurse a grudge. On the contrary, when Frank and Nancy and all their friends staged their wonderful New Year's Eve party—for my money the greatest private show ever put on in Hollywood—I was the only newspaper reporter in town invited. And I appreciated that. But before then, of course, the Sinatras had patched things up and Frankie had come to. By the way he did that, incidentally, Frank proved he knows what to do when the moment arrives. He showed his heart was always with Nancy.

It was a gang of Frank's friends—all men—who got together and decided to do something about the separation which they knew was all wrong for everyone.

They learned one night that Frankie was helping Phil Silvers open his new show at Slapsie Maxie's night club. They called up Nancy without saying a thing about that. "Get all gussied up in your best dress," they told her. "We're stepping out." Nancy did. She had no idea where or what was up. But she had eight devoted, adoring escorts and when Frankie

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One windy March day my girl friend and I were strolling down Main Street, when we noticed everyone turning to look across the street. We looked, too, and saw the strongest, toughest looking woman anyone had ever laid eyes on. She was wearing a fuchsia dress, thick stockings, low-heeled shoes, and a hat covered with flowers. We continued on our way, thinking no more about the incident until we heard a newsboy shouting, "Bob Hope Arrives In Town For a Tour." Of course, everybody became excited and anxious to see the famous celebrity, but forgot about Hope when this same strange-looking woman appeared again. She was walking along awkwardly and stopped to hold her hat when a strong breeze blew. But it was no use because her hat whisked clean off her head and rolled into the gutter. Then the mystery was solved! This sturdy female turned out to be Bob Hope, himself! I shall always remember this story because it was one time when Bob Hope failed to put over a joke!

Maxine Clark
Tallahassee, Fla.

saw her with them at the ringside table he came over right after he'd finished his number. "Come on, Nancy," he said, "let's go home." And that was that.

I've heard people in Hollywood say that episode was all framed—that Frankie and Nancy had arranged it secretly. That's not true. I know a few of those Mister Fixits pretty well. It was all a deep-dyed plot on their part. And it worked. It worked because Frankie had sense enough to realize the moment had arrived and made the most of it. He's no fool, either.

By the time 1948 rolls around, I've a hunch Frank Sinatra will have caught up with himself, ironed out the kinks in his psyche and be very much back in the groove. There are a lot of reasons why I'll play prophet—and, brother, that's risky business in Hollywood! For one, Nancy's realized that a high pressure entertainer like Frankie has to blow off steam and have some time by himself now and then. For another, Frank's begun to tell himself, "What difference will it all make a hundred years from now?" He's put one foot at least off the merry-go-round. He says "nuts" to his own ambitions a lot oftener than he used to. If he doesn't like anything—a radio show or a picture, he turns it down; he's not a Hollywood handyman any more.

new year's nightmare . . .

Even the short rest he's had has brought back the old Voice that sometimes went flat and husky when Frank overdid things. After being up all night New Year's, Frankie went on his air show New Year's Day and I shivered when I heard him. He realizes now those things don't pay.

Frank will be back on the air by the time you read this. He wants to do another picture with Gene Kelly next—a baseball story Gene wrote and sold to M-G-M. He'll probably sing again next year at the Waldorf, where he's always broken all records. And there's a new ready-made career crying out loud for Frankie in England, too, where his BBC Command Performance shows and *Anchors Aweigh* won him millions of British fans. The biggest Sinatra fan group in the world is in London right now. It's the British Frank Sinatra Club and one member is James Mason, who wrote Frankie a fan letter after hearing him the first time. Every note I get from Jimmy raves about Frank. All in all, Sinatra couldn't have a rosier path ahead at this peak in his career—*if*—he can only slip into the easy-does-it groove of his colleague rival and ancient ideal—Bing Crosby. If he can only learn to relax. I'm hoping by next New Year, that's in the cards for Frankie. I know he's planning a trip soon to Europe with Nancy and the kids for that very purpose of mixing business with pleasure.

I'm afraid it's too much to expect Frank Sinatra to turn tactful and smooth overnight. He'll still have his touch-temper; he'll do some wrong things that'll reap bad publicity for him. Even now, he's suing the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain for half a million dollars because one of their columnists printed alleged reports that Frank had been pal-ing with the notorious gangster, Lucky Luciano, on his recent vacation to Havana. He'll struggle, too, until the end of his days for what he thinks is right. He's no phony—he's all man.

But meanwhile, what about us—you and me, who made Frank what he is today? Well, here are a couple of thoughts: Frank's tired. Let's don't be so greedy. Let's give him a rest now and then. And let's don't hoist him on a pedestal with one hand and reach for a tomato to heave the minute he wobbles. He's Frank Sinatra—but he's only human, too.

So I changed to the Gentle **FLOATING LIFT** of **SWEETHEART SOAP'S** Extra Lather!

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DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "BEGINNING OR THE END"

(Continued from page 14)

bomb is the most significant thing that has happened to the human race since the birth of Christendom, and inasmuch as *The Beginning Or The End* is about nothing but the atom bomb, it must be the most significant motion picture ever made.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to cut this terrifying slice of current history, it chose a story about which there is no argument. Critics may disagree with the casting here, the direction there, the dialogue somewhere else, but when the reservations of the perfectionists are wrapped up and tossed away, what remains is the most exciting drama ever shown on the screen: the drama of man's discovery of a way to change his world, or destroy it.

Much toil and sweat and heartache, and many new miracles, went into the making of the first atomic bomb; men in darkened rooms in the White House and under tents on the dry earth of Los Alamos spent sleepless nights over its making and over the first use of it. Their struggles of conscience and their decision constitute the greatest moral issue civilized men have ever had to face.

Aside from the supreme urgency of its theme, *The Beginning Or The End* is an exciting picture. How could it be otherwise? It tells you and me and the rest of the non-scientific members of the human race about the long and painful birth of a monster, spawned by gentle and peace-loving men, that may make the world easy and beautiful for our children or may pulverize us into unknowing dust.

Director Norman Taurog and others who worked behind the cameras have reproduced the technical scenes with heart-stopping realism. Some of the scenes were shot in the actual locales, but many were brilliant process shots created by a genius named A. Arnold Gillespie who "made," for benefit of the M-G-M lenses, an atom bomb that astounded the Army.

It is perfectly possible to buy a ticket to *The Beginning Or The End* as you would buy a ticket to a great adventure story; you will get your money's worth of adventure. But you will leave the theater with thoughts in your head that were not there when you passed the ticket taker—thoughts about your neighbor, and your children, and the future of the world.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Glenn Ford and I were in many plays together when we attended Santa Monica High School. He was such a fine actor, we expected him to become a professional. Now we've "seen it happen." We've seen him become a fine leading man in pictures and we're glad because he was always so modest and unassuming. So modest, in fact, I have to smile whenever I look at the school year book. He autographed it for me, back there in school, as follows: "Good luck to a great actress—from a poor ham. Glenn Ford."

Alyce Walker
Burbank, Calif.

CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

(Continued from page 32)

heavier now. Seventeen patriots were aboard, but it was obvious that those left on the beach were doomed.

John Hamilton made his decision.

"Shove off!" he yelled. Then, with his shipmates, he turned his eyes toward the open sea.

He was a rough, tough boy, this John Hamilton, engaged in a rough, tough business, which ruled out thinking with your heart. One of John Hamilton's crew told this story. Hamilton himself doesn't talk much. If this were his habit, people in Hollywood would not have asked casually at intervals, "I wonder whatever became of Sterling Hayden?"

For Sterling Hayden, the actor, and John Hamilton, Capt., U.S.M.C., were and are the same man.

Usually, young men coming to Hollywood change their names. Sterling Hayden reversed the process when he left the place in 1941, on urgent business. He picked up the name John Hamilton in a court in Bridgeport, Conn., and put Sterling Hayden in moth balls for the duration.

The scene shifts now to the calm harbor at Santa Barbara, California, a hundred miles north of Hollywood. Inside the breakwater lies a trim schooner, called "Quest." She is 63 feet in length at the waterline, carries an 80-foot main mast, and is as fast as anything her size.

Master of the "Quest" is Sterling Hayden, who has evened the score with Captain John Hamilton by putting *that* worthy individual in moth balls, now that the shooting is over.

you made me love you . . .

Sterling, who was once known as the champion of all Hollywood-haters among the acting profession, now has a fondness for the place, even though it took him seven months to locate an apartment in which he now stays only when working in a picture. Promptly, as the last scene for *Blaze of Noon* was finished, Sterling took off for Santa Barbara.

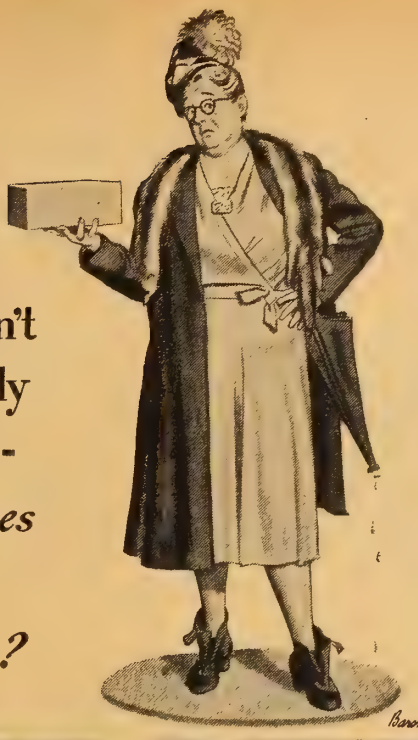
"Some people," he told me one day when I dropped down for a visit, "like to live in houses. They get satisfaction out of gathering possessions around them, growing gardens, talking with neighbors over the back fence. That's good. Maybe I'll get around to that, too."

Sterling Hayden may not hate Hollywood as he once did, but he certainly spends little enough time there. Whereas those of the movie colony who own boats keep them moored at nearby Santa Monica or Newport, some thirty miles south of Hollywood, the "Quest" is the only movie-star-owned craft in the Santa Barbara harbor.

The reason for this seclusion is that harbors near Hollywood usually attract the festive crowd—the people who just stop by to say hello and wind up staying half a day. Friends Sterling Hayden has, but Hollywood's erratic social life leaves him cold.

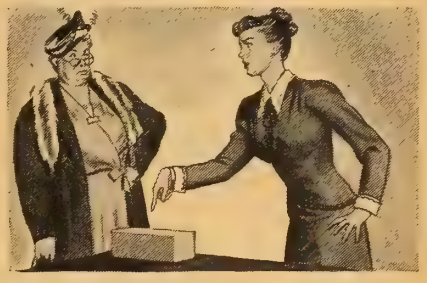
This is nothing new. Since the time when Sterling's family suffered severe financial reverses, along with a good many thousands of others, he has been unimpressed with money and the theory that those who have it should club together for mutual contentment.

"Don't make me politically significant," Sterling said as he wielded a paint brush. "Since I've come back I've seen a number of things going on in the country that I don't think are right, any more than any other veteran does. I belong to the American Veterans' Committee, and I think it's



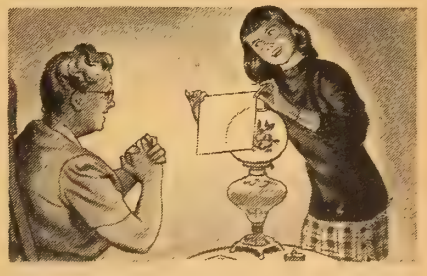
Why didn't somebody tell me - *All tissues aren't Kleenex ?*

Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain *tissues.* If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this sniffle-sore nose! It says there's *only one* Kleenex!



Bess, you alarm me —snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. My *skin* knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!

Buck up, Auntie! said Teena. Bend an eye at the real McCoy — the one and only Kleenex! See that box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues — one at a time? Neat feat! Only Kleenex can do it! What's more . . .



Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you just know Kleenex has super *softness.* And are those tissues *rugged!*

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**

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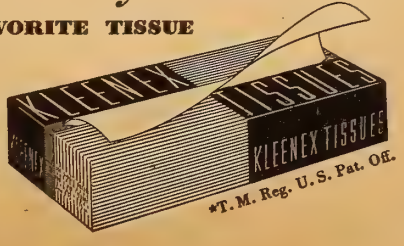

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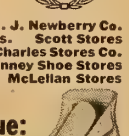
Smooth One-Piece Tongue:

Stops pressure on nerves, muscles, blood vessels caused by sewed-on tongue, still used on some shoes selling at top prices.



FREE: Pamphlet, "Look At Your Baby's Feet." Valuable information on foot care, and scale to measure size needed. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M, Carlyle, Ill.

WEE WALKER Shoes
FOR Wee WALKERS

important . . . observe what's going on and try to better conditions. That can't be done by taking a running jump at every situation that comes along, wrestling one problem after another.

"There are not a great many veterans who have run for office. I think most of them have acquired a sound judgment during the time they were removed from civilian life. The real impact of the things veterans think and do will come a couple of years from now."

A slow grin traveled easily across his rugged face.

"Don't make that sound like a speech, please."

From the harbor dock, a block or so away, a small sailing dinghy beat up alongside the "Quest." A trim young blonde girl climbed aboard.

"Hi, Sterling," she said.

"Hi, Betty."

The visitor was Betty De Noon, an attractive young model whom Sterling met last May in Laguna Beach. Their friendship doubtless will have columnists in a considerable dither, which will put a stop to frequently recurring items concerning the Ida Lupino "romance" which was apparently over before it began.

Betty, arms full of packages, disappeared below.

Her appearance brought to mind another lovely blonde lady, one Madeleine Carroll. There has been much conjecture concerning details about and reasons for Sterling's divorce from Madeleine. Most Hollywood writers come equipped with built-in theories concerning the reasons for the collapse of this marriage, which was one of the most interesting and delightful of the many romantic sagas which spring up out of whole cloth and celluloid.

Sterling and Madeleine are said to have parted because of a discrepancy in ages.

new life, new interests . . .

Vague rumor reports that one or both, during the long separation caused by war, found new interests in a couple of someone elses.

Because it is better to knock on the front door than try to climb in a side window, in the business of reporting. Sterling was faced with the *why* question.

He put away the bucket of paint, tied a loose shoestring and faced the issue with an uninjured air.

"At this point it wouldn't be right to be quoted about my former wife," Sterling said. "I hold Madeleine in the highest esteem. She is married again and that's that."

Even if the man were less than six feet, four inches tall, and the water was too cold for swimming to shore, this simple statement defied any thought of further discussion.

A voice came from the galley.

"Soup's on."

And Betty De Noon meant soup. Soup and salad. Apple turnover and coffee. If for no other reason, the quality of Betty's cooking is enough to start romantic speculation.

Afterward, Sterling explained how a man comes to own a boat like the "Quest."

"I collect them as a hobby," he said. "One at a time, of course. This is the first sailing craft I've owned, though, that hasn't been used commercially. It began to get under my skin when I was thirteen. I shipped aboard a yacht, through the Panama canal to California. My job was to do anything nobody else would do, and I was paid 25 cents a month. After we hit the West Coast, I fooled around with a few odd jobs, then grabbed a freight East. I had $125 saved—from the odd jobs, not the 25 cents a month—and I found myself a sloop. Went into business for myself, carrying tourists around the harbor.

"After that I worked on a number of ships, still suffering from the fever a man has to go to sea anywhere, any time, so long as it is under canvas. When the 'Aldebaran' came up for sale, I had to have her. A friend of mine named Herb Talbot formed a corporation with me. He put up the money, and I put up the know-how. We paid $15,000 for her. Originally, the 'Aldebaran' cost $350,000, and was she elegant!

"We had an idea that we could start a passenger service between Hawaii and Tahiti. Originally, the 'Aldebaran' was the 'Meteor III,' christened by Alice Roosevelt in 1902. She was 167 feet long, and a three-master.

"I had my captain's papers and figured that this would be my real career. It didn't last long. While we were taking the 'Alderbaran' from Vancouver to Panama with a crew of 14, we ran into a heavy Northeaster. The day before, the water was calm as ice; but on Christmas a wind came up from the Southeast. Then it changed, fast.

"By the time the gale hit its peak, water got into the generator which fed the pumps. We had to form a bucket brigade to heave water over the side, and for the next twenty-four hours the galley was unapproachable.

"We flew the American flag upside down, finally attracted attention of the Coast Guard, and limped home in sad condition. There wasn't enough money to repair the damage, so we lost the 'Aldebaran.'

"Getting into movies kept me from feeling too bad about that, but I've always wanted another boat—one I could hang onto. Funny thing, the 'Quest' cost me exactly the same amount of money as the 'Aldebaran'—$15,000."

This is no ordinary actor's story. Sterling Hayden is neither ordinary, nor yet an actor in the accepted sense of the term. A natural performer, he's had that bit in *Captains Courageous,* his famous role in *The Virginian,* and his second starring picture, *Bahama Passage,* a film in which he was sideswiped by a story that didn't jell.

Yet, six years later, he turns up again to rate as an even-money bet with the best of the top stars on the Paramount lot.

Look for a reason and there is the simple explanation that what a man is comes out clearly when magnified by the camera.

And what is Sterling Hayden?

For one thing, he's the kind of guy who

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was a real warm fall day and I was waiting on line to see the Kate Smith program. Her guest for the evening was to be little Margaret O'Brien. As the stage entrance is right next to the theater entrance, I had the pleasure of seeing Margaret step from her car with her mother and aunt. A great many people were milling around, trying to get her autograph. One small boy remarked in a sarcastic tone, "Oh, leave her alone. She can't write yet." "Oh, no?" said Margaret, indignantly. "I can write my name and almost any other word, too!" And she gave the boy a sample of her scrawl and a promise to answer his letter if he wrote her at the studio.

Joy Felsinger
New York, N. Y.

takes the engines out of a boat because he'd rather "sail" than "yacht."

His nature is so simple—and the word is not used with a Hollywood twist—that his needs are few.

His personality is revealed in copies of two letters more or less smuggled off the wall of his cabin while Sterling was in the galley washing dishes.

These communications read:

Yugoslav Embassy
Feb. 4, 1946

Dear Captain Hamilton:

I have the honor to inform you that the President of the National Assembly, on the proposal of Marshal I. B. Tito, has awarded you with the "Order of Merit to the People of Yugoslavia," II Grade.

I take this opportunity to congratulate you upon the receipt of what is one of the highest orders of the People's Republic of Yugoslavia.

Very sincerely yours,
Dr. Sergije Makiedo,
Charge d' Affairs, a.i.

Supplementing the formal letter is another and more personal missive, which tells the story behind the work of many young men like Sterling Hayden:

Feb. 4, 1946

Dear Hamilton:

I am sure you never dreamt in the time you first met the greasy and dirty Partisan Chief in Italy that one day he would be an American diplomat.

And what is most amazing, just today I signed an official letter to our old friend, John Hamilton, alias Sterling Hayden, in which I inform you of the high decoration you have been awarded by our own people as a sign of recognition for what you did for us when we did not have very many friends and when being a friend of ours was very dangerous.

I am so glad for this because I feel that we and your group were in this time a united group, and just as you enjoyed and were pleased with every one of our successes, now I enjoy the fact that you, Toftie, Thompson and Huot received this decoration.

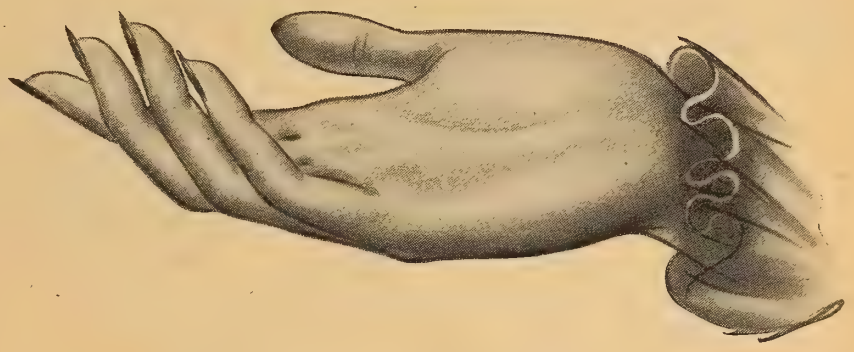
Sincerely yours,
Dr. Makiedo

It couldn't have happened to a couple of nicer guys!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While in the Air Sea Rescue unit, stationed at Balboa, California, we often made patrol runs to Catalina Island. One day, while the rest of the crew was playing volley ball on the beach, I was in the galley preparing lunch. I looked out and saw a man and woman standing on the deck of our boat. My first impulse was to order them to leave, since it was an Army boat. But when I got a better look at the pair, I saw they were Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Bogart explained that his boat was anchored a little further off, and that he and his wife wanted to come aboard and "see what a good boat looked like."

Vincent Mancusi
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Double or . . .

To all housekeepers we venture a gentle warning: *don't gamble on laundry soap. You can't win.*

Millions of women before you have found from experience that ordinary laundry soap can't—and won't—wash like Fels-Naptha.

Your bar of Fels-Naptha soap contains *double* the usual dirt-removing action. . . . Because it's good mild soap blended with active Fels naptha. Together, these *two* grand cleaners do a matchless washing job.

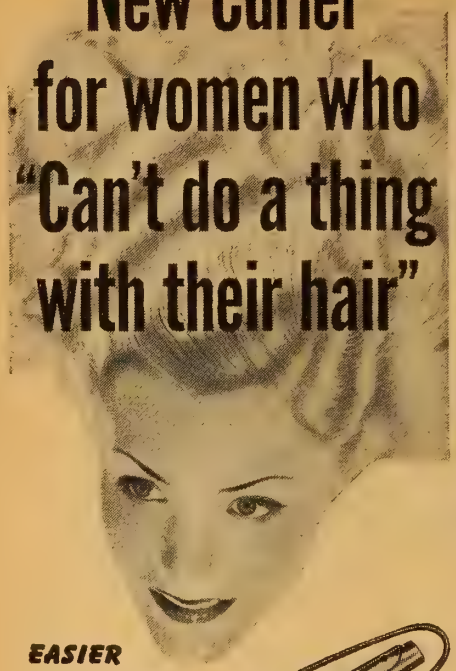
They get ground-in dirt out quickly. And get it all out. They keep colors bright and clear. They wash towels and linens white-clean, through and through.

Whenever you are spending money for laundry soap, spend it on a 'sure thing'—Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

New Curler for women who "Can't do a thing with their hair"



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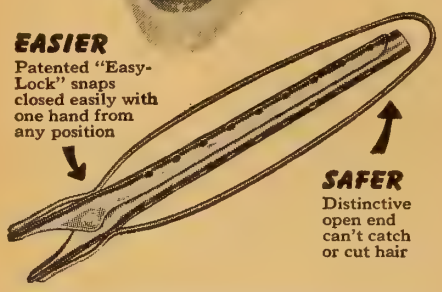
Patented "Easy-Lock" snaps closed easily with one hand from any position



SAFER
Distinctive open end can't catch or cut hair

FOR HAIR LOVELINESS GUARD AGAINST SPLIT, FRIZZY ENDS. No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz and ruin the most becoming hair-do.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" delicate hair-ends, treat them softly, gently — thanks to the unique "open end" feature. Your hair becomes "easy to manage" — you can try many new hair-dos — and make them becoming, soft and natural.

Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today

Gayla
"EASY-LOCK"
CURLER

by the makers of the famous GAYLA Hold-Bob bobby pins and hairpins

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Formal—Frances Gifford of M-G-M models an easy-to-copy coif. Frequent shampooing and brushing give that satin sheen to her locks.

For you—the inside, how-to-do story about a pretty Hollywood coif. Let your locks be pretty as a star's!

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

formal and fancy free

Fancy free—a second version of the same hairdo. Read how you can enjoy both editions. For that professional look do use a good setting lotion.

■ Hair styles have their ups and downs! And, honestly, one head can enjoy both styles. Wear a loose, informal coif for your informal moments and, presto, slick your locks up into a smooth, formal hairdo when in the mood. How? Frances (*The Arnelo Affair*) Gifford shows us a wonderful way. For the basic setting with a good lotion, dress the hair off the face. Set a deep wave on each side of your center part. Finish by setting the ends into large pin curls upswept high on the head. That's all!

Though impatient to see the happy results, do wait until your hair is thoroughly dried. Comb the top first, allowing it to fall in a loose wave on each side of the part, then comb these side waves up and back. Now listen intently, this is important: make a part down the back of your head. Brush the left strand to the right side, *vice versa* with the right strand. The crisscross effect means you'll look just as pretty going as coming.

Later, you slip into your siren garb, and in a few moments your fancy free hairdo follows your sophisticated mood. Brush those two back strands up and coil 'em together. If the resulting coil is skimpy, let it be a secret between you and me that you've plumped it out prettily with a prepared roll or a hair switch. Fasten the coil across the top of the head. Try the glamorous touch of clipping on a jewel. You'll be as enthusiastic about this hairdo as is Frances, for whom it was designed by M-G-M Hair Stylist Sydney Guilaroff.

Of course, only natural curly-heads will look good in this or any hairdo. But you other 99.9% don't despair! I was really joking because permanent waves bring curls to all. What's your choice—waves or crisp ringlets? A perm will give them to you. What's your problem—wispy hair of heavy, oily hair? There's a perm to meet your problem. And every day, a girl gives herself a home permanent wave for the first time and the results are so beautiful that she becomes a "homer" fan for life!

* * *

Get your "How to Be Beautiful" chart. It's a thorough glamorizing course, gives skin care, facials, hair styling, makeup, exercises, etc. Send 10c in coin with name and address to: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

INGRID—By Charles Boyer

(*Continued from page 28*)

(during the run of which she proposed to give up smoking) she gave Lewis a very smart silver cigarette box; on the inside cover was the engraved legend: *"Give me one, too,"* and the box contained one cigarette, and one match, kitchen variety. It took me a while to learn that this was a typical Bergman gesture. I knew very little about her, actually, when we first met, on the set of *Gaslight.* I had seen her pictures and listened to people talk about her, and I was naturally very curious. There was no doubting her ability as an actress. It had at times the element of greatness; she not only was a born actress, but she worked with her head as well as emotionally.

I could not, however, anticipate her personality. People had said, "Remember —she is at all times an actress!"

That was so. She was more like the European women with whom I had worked in Paris. Her first concern was her role, the woman she must portray. She was to play a wife who believed she was going crazy, and for preparation she had read a formidable number of books on psychiatry.

With the first scenes I discovered that she is the most daring performer I have ever known.

perfect from every angle . . .

Ingrid will stop at nothing to keep her performance from being even faintly phony. She knows, of course, that she possesses an almost perfect figure and head, photogenically; that there is no bad angle she can present to the camera, no matter what she does. With this knowledge as security, she does things no other actress dares to do.

She understands, for instance, that a woman who drinks habitually does not get drunk in the same fashion as a woman who is not saturated with alcohol. She knows the occasional drinker, given too much liquor on a certain evening, will be hilarious, sick, and pathetic in successive stages—and these are stages which, with some women, can be amusing and sometimes even attractive in a comic sort of way.

But an habitual drunk wears a strange mask as the evening wears on: her drunkenness is evidenced in speech that is overly precise, with a subtle slur and a throatiness. Her gait is not a stagger, it is an ordinary gait slowed like a phonograph record played under tempo, with occasional near-accidents quickly recovered.

And Ingrid knows, too, that a woman awakening with a hangover is hideous.

Thus in *Notorious,* and again in *Arch of Triumph,* there is a special realism about her drunk scenes. I don't think anyone who saw *Notorious* can forget that wisp of hair that had somehow got caught in her mouth during the night, and which she was too hung over to notice during much of the following sequence.

Ingrid has no inhibitions about herself. She does not bother to minimize what she likes about Bergman any more than she rationalizes what is wrong.

When we went together to watch the first rushes on *Arch,* she sat lounging in the deep leather chair and made no comment until the first scene was finished. "Good," she said then. "I was wonderful."

After the next scene, she sat in glum silence. "Well?" I asked.

(*Continued on page 105*)

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

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- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
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Bring out the Brilliant Overtones

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sweet and hot

By LEONARD FEATHER

***Recommended**
****Highly recommended**
No stars: average

POPULAR

HEARTACHES—*Dinah Shore (Columbia); Ted Weems (Victor); Red McKenzie (National); Joe Alexander (Capitol)

Remember Red McKenzie? He sang with Paul Whiteman in the pre-swoon era, and brings memories of it with a real heart-throb voice, but thick!

HIS FEET TOO BIG FOR DE BED—*Stan Kenton (Capitol)

Stan Kenton has fallen into the commercial pattern; now *he's* got a vocal group too. But the way he uses it in this Calypso novelty is kinda cute.

HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCA MORRA—*Tommy Dorsey (Victor); *Georgia Gibbs (Majestic); Bob Houston (Sonora)

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN—Red McKenzie (National); Chickering Four (Signature); Three Suns (Victor)

MANAGUA, NICARAGUA—*Kay Kyser (Columbia), Freddy Martin (Victor), Gordon Trio (Sonora)

MOVIE TO-NIGHT—*Johnny Mercer-Pied Pipers-Paul Weston (Capitol)

THAT'S HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU—**Frank Sinatra (Columbia).

An unusual, oddly-shaped tune, with Frankie sounding very informal, and for this you don't have to thank his folks, but his accompanists, the Page Cavanaugh Trio. Let's hear more of him with this kind of background.

WHO CARES WHAT PEOPLE SAY?—**Mel Torme-Sonny Burks (Musicraft)

WHY DID IT HAVE TO END SO SOON?—Charlie Spivak (Victor).

HOT JAZZ

SID CATLETT—*Just A Riff, *Mop De Mop Mop (Super Disc)

The All-American drummer with an all-star group featuring Coleman Hawkins.

KING COLE QUINTET—Album (Disc)

Recommended with reservations, if at all; poorly recorded and unfair to Nat Cole.

WOODY HERMAN—**Woodchoppers' Ball; *With Someone New (Columbia)

GENE KRUPA—*Opus One (Columbia)

DAVE LAMBERT & BUDDY STEWART—**Perdido; *Gussie G (Keynote)

Remember Gene Krupa's *What's This?* Dave and Buddy extend the idea they started in Gene's band. On these sides, they sing scat vocals in unison, joined by another ex-Krupa man, trumpeter Red Rodney. It all combines to make a weird and wondrous sound, strictly in the bebop style.

TONY MOTTOLA—*Trigger Fantasy (Majestic)

A fine jazz item featuring the bass work of Trigger Alpert, who was overseas with the Glenn Miller band.

EARLE SPENCER—*Five Guitars In Flight (Black & White)

This is different! Five electric guitars, headed by composer Arv Garrison, surrounded by a big, too-loud band. The guitar passages are great.

JUAN TIZOL—*The Sphinx; Keb-lah (Keynote)

Trombonist Tizol and another ex-Harry James man, alto saxist Willie Smith, in some typical Tizol mood music.

GERALD WILSON—**The Moors (Black & White)

Believe it or not, this fine Ellington-sounding opus was written and arranged by a girl, Melba Liston, who plays trombone in the band!

LESTER YOUNG—*Jumping With Symphony Sid (Aladdin)

Dedicated by the All-American tenor sax man to Harlem's favorite disc jockey.

FROM THE MOVIES

CARNEGIE HALL—Beware My Heart: *Les Brown (Columbia); d'Artega (Sonora); The Twilight Three (Majestic); Del Casino (Manor)

DOWN TO EARTH—They Can't Convince Me: *Elliot Lawrence (Columbia)

FABULOUS DORSEYS—At Sundown: **Mildred Bailey (Majestic); *Tommy Dorsey album of all time favorites (Victor)

LENA HORNE—**Little Girl Blue album (Black & White)

A Rodgers and Hart tune gives this album its title. Lena, aided by Phil Moore's music, again proves she's a swell singer, with eight sides on which the surface noise is the only flaw. Included is the late Victor Schertzinger's great tune *I Don't Want To Cry Any More.*

JOLSON STORY—The Anniversary Song: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Artie Shaw (Musicraft); *Andy Russell (Capitol); Tex Beneke (Victor); Louis Prima (Majestic); Larry Douglas (Signature).

By the time you read this there will be many other versions out, including Woody Herman's, also one by Kate Smith on the much-vaunted new M-G-M record label.

LADIES' MAN—I Got A Gal I Love: *Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

NIGHT IS YOUNG—When I Grow Too Old To Dream: *Ray Block (Signature).

Johnny Guarnieri on piano.

(*Continued from page 103*)

"I stank. I did too much of everything, I was busy all over the screen."

"It isn't that bad."

"It *was* that bad."

It is taken for granted in Hollywood that Ingrid Bergman be addressed as "Miss Bergman," although she would be the last person in the world to suggest the formality. Only a few people—Milestone, David Lewis, Leo McCarey, Bing Crosby, myself—call her by her first name. There is already the aura of The Great Star about Ingrid which communicates itself to everyone who meets her.

She is almost a legend, as Garbo was a legend, and Bernhardt: but there could not be a greater difference between two personalities than that between Bergman and Garbo. I have worked with both. Both are Swedish. Both are magnificent actresses. But Garbo never conquered her shyness, and her work to her was almost a holy rite. Ingrid's work is a consuming passion; yet she is able to draw a curtain in her mind between work and the rest of life; and she is no longer shy.

She is, of course, beginning to realize that she is a star. You cannot receive Oscars, and be number one at the box-office without being aware that you are something very special.

People change, and Ingrid has changed in accordance with her new stature. It has taken her a long time to discover that life can be great fun as well as an earnest business.

't aint funny, mcgee . . .

Ingrid has a sense of humor that matches her healthy mind and body. She is outraged by filth of any description. She has always managed to disappear in the midst of the telling of dirty stories, and although she has removed herself without remark, the scent of her tacit disapproval remained, somehow to the raconteur's embarrassment.

There is a Bergman personality in the process of development which would be fairly unrecognizable to those Hollywood residents who knew the self-conscious Ingrid when she first arrived from Sweden. The changes are expressed in little things, unimportant on the surface but of tremendous significance when one considers her almost unbelievable popularity with studio personnel.

Consider the matter of the mid-morning coffee "break" when she was making *Bells of St. Mary's*, over at RKO.

On her first day there, Ingrid found herself growing tired and irritable at about eleven o'clock and accordingly asked for a cup of coffee. After a considerable interval, a waiter appeared with a tray containing one pot of coffee, sugar, cream and one cup.

Ingrid had taken only a sip or two when she observed that no one else on the set was joining her. She beckoned to an assistant producer and asked him why this was so. He told her that RKO had a no-coffee, no-time-out rule. "Why, then," she said, "I can't possibly sit here having coffee when it is forbidden the rest." And immediately sent the tray away.

She knew, of course, what she was doing. Ingrid Bergman could not be allowed to sulk or be made unhappy because of lack of coffee; and if she would not drink her coffee unless it were made available to the others on the set, there was no alternative except to revise the rule.

This was done.

She found that a different attitude prevailed at Enterprise Studios when she arrived to make *Arch of Triumph*. A buffet table was set up in the sound stage

(*Continued on page 107*)

NEW RCA VICTOR ALBUM...BY POPULAR DEMAND!

"Wayne King Waltzes" VOL. II

Marie Elena ★ Song of the Islands ★ Mexicali Rose
In Apple Blossom Time ★ The Anniversary Waltz ★ Carolina Moon
'Til the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold ★ Roses of Picardy

Eight of your favorite love songs in moonlight-mood arrangements by "The Waltz King" and his orchestra. Ask for RCA Victor Album P-171, $3.15.

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RODGERS and HART Album—Milton Berle, Betty Garrett, Marie Greene, Vic Damone. Includes *This Can't Be Love, Falling in Love with Love, There's a Small Hotel, Here in My Arms*, others. P-170, $3.75.

COWBOY CLASSICS—Sons of the Pioneers. Includes *Tumbling Tumbleweeds, Cool Water, Trees, Blue Prairie*, others. P-168, $3.15.

HARMONICA CLASSICS—John Sebastian. Includes *Malagueña, Inca Dance, Ritual Fire Dance, The Maiden with the Flaxen Hair, Moroccan Serenade, Stompe a la Turca, Harmonica Player*, others. P-166, $3.15.

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SEE "CARNEGIE HALL," new United Artists film starring RCA Victor artists Heifetz, Jan Peerce, Artur Rubinstein, Leopold Stokowski, Vaughn Monroe!

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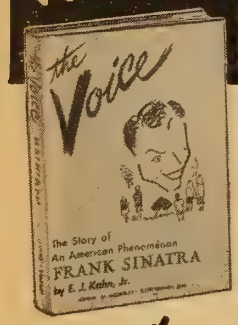
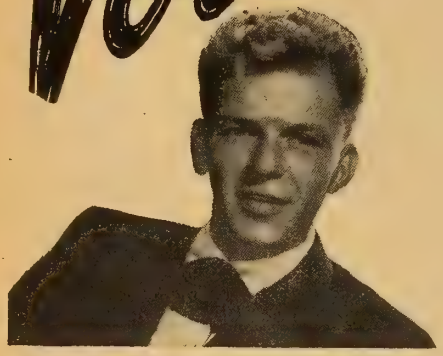


the Voice



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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

■ SINATRA STUFF: Good news for Sinatra clubbers: a *whole book* is being published by Harper and Bros. about Frank's life, career and clubbers! Called "The Voice," it's based on E. J. Kahn's New Yorker articles.

SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST: Seems ages ago that local clubbers wound up their efforts in our fascinating (and worthwhile!) MODERN SCREEN Subscription Contest. At last, the votes have been counted up and those lush and lovely prizes are at hand. So here's the news you've been waiting for: First prize (we can hardly believe it, ourselves) is a **genuine 17-jewel Gruen gold wrist watch**—and it's really a beauty! Lucky winner is that hard-working, ever-plugging gal, Ev Beasley, prexy of the Evelyn MacGregor Club! Second prize is a handsome **Eberhard Faber Effortless Writing Pen**—the kind that writes under stacks of membership blanks. Its proud claimer is Margie Ciaravino. Third, 4th, 5th and 6th prizes are magnificent **Elgin-American compacts**, all different shapes and sizes—each more gorgeous than the next! The happy powder-dabbers are Lola Ciaravino (just a lucky family, that's all—and good salesgals, too!), Marie Pellegrini (Tommy Dix C.), Elsie Ellovich (Frank's U. S.), and Julie Sanges (Jan Clayton). Thanks again to the go-getting clubbers who must have made themselves a small fortune selling MS subs. (Well, enough for some extra snaps, anyway.) It's been swell fun.

CLUB BANTER: That gala party which Urban Jones' Jimmy Lloyd Club threw for Buffalo mems netted the happy clubbers $30 for the Sister Kenny Fund. To make things even more wonderful, Jimmy came through with an added check for $50 . . . Congrats to Filmland Fan Club, on their 14th anniversary . . . that Dick Jaeckel Club sketch contest, with prizes for the best drawings of Jake, sounds like a novel idea . . . Donald Blaha's Peter Karson Club is offering *free (one-year) memberships* to the first 500 who apply before April 30; the next 500, joining up before May 31, will be given a reduction of 75 cents on the regular $1.00 annual dues. Don's address is 3192 Scranton Rd., Cleveland 9, Ohio . . . Foreign memberships are *free* in the Helen Walker F. C.; domestic dues, only 25 cents . . . Arlene Maxon and the Joe Dosh Clubbers are plenty excited about Joe's new album of lullabies . . . We certainly would like to have been there when Carmen Cavalaro threw a farewell party for his clubbers at the Mark Hopkins Hotel, in San Francisco . . . Bill Williams and Barbara Hale entertained the winners of Joyce Chandler's membership drive for Bill, at a party in their home . . . Eileen McCarthy's Glenn Vernon Club has a bright idea, dreamed up by Imogene Green. Imogene is putting on a show. The theme will be: join Glenn's club and have fun . . . Vi Paynter is throwing a send-off party for "her boy," Eddie Ryan, who's coming East to do a play . . . Shirley Bieringer, expert editor of Ed's Editions, met her honorary, Ed Ashley, in Calif. . . . Vincent Price Club made the Tampa Morning Tribune for their gift of 300 books to Bay Pines Vets' Hospital.

(*Continued on page 122*)

MODERN SCREEN Trophy Awards were presented at Dolores Craeg's WINS show. L. to r., Dolores, m.c.; Ginny Vickery (prexy, Danny Kaye F. C.); Mary Murha, of the Gene Autry F. C.; Shirley Frohlich, MSFCA Director; Kent Smith, who made the awards, and Catherine Crookston, of the James Stewart Club.

(*Continued from page 105*)

containing cups bearing the names of each person associated with the production. Cookies, cakes, fruit juices, various cola drinks and everything but scotch were provided, as well.

If I make it sound as if food and drink were important to Ingrid Bergman, it is because that is true. Between pictures she lives casually at home, without paying too much attention to her weight or figure. When an assignment is imminent, she diets.

Then, for the duration of the picture, she once again eats what she likes. She can do this because she works so hard that no amount of food could add a pound to her weight. She is partial to beef tartare—chopped beef mixed with egg, onion and garlic, and eaten raw—which is not fattening; and to ice cream, which is very fattening.

When she is at home in Hollywood, Ingrid lives in a Provincial house in Beverly Hills. She calls it a "big small house" because it does not have many rooms. But each one is on a grandiose scale. The living room is fifty feet long, with a dining space attached to one end. There are a number of nooks in the walls of this room, and Ingrid calls them "conversation groups." She enjoys people like the Alfred Hitchcocks and the Jean Renoirs, and adores giving dinner parties for them.

She drives a Studebaker coupe, not very new. She has a skimpy wardrobe because she is not fascinated with clothes. When she comes downstairs she may well be dressed in a sweater and a tweed skirt, both of which appear to complement the French Provincial furniture with which she and Dr. Lindstrom have furnished their house.

She has no conception of the value of money, but she is instinctively thrifty. She simply pays no attention to the problem of expenditures. For a long period she has been financially independent; her needs are not great, since she is not a devotee of the chinchilla-and-diamonds manner of living. It pleases her that her husband can contribute his services to clinics rather than offering them for a fee, and she is glad that her life is not complicated by worry over bills and how to pay them.

She likes to sing, and to play the piano. She reads scripts of plays and pictures, and all the current books. She likes parties, and she adores to go dancing of an evening with Dr. Lindstrom. She likes night clubs and smart cafés. She is an addict of the thing called excitement and loves new experiences.

These are the things I know about the fascinating creature named Ingrid Bergman, and they are not nearly enough to define her character for you, nor her personality, nor to give you the experience of reacting to her charm, being stimulated by her occasional flashes of genuine temperament, or watching her grow not only as an especially endowed woman but as a fine artist.

But there is one thing about Ingrid which I feel you must remember above everything else. That is her quality of tranquillity with excitement, her self-possessed awareness. She is an adult. She can laugh, when others would complain.

I like the story of her interview with Leo McCarey, the charming genius who wrote, produced and directed *Going My Way* and *Bells of St. Mary*, and who asked Ingrid to play Eve in his new, ambitious production, which is titled *Adam and Eve*.

"There's one thing," Ingrid said. "My agent tells me it's time I demanded top billing. Can you give me that?"

McCarey regarded her with an expression of sheer wonderment. "Of course," he said finally. "The ads will read, 'Ingrid Bergman and Whoever, in *Eve and Adam*.' Right?"

"Okay, I'll wait for that top billing," smiled Ingrid.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My girl friend's Marine brother was stationed in California, after having served overseas. One day he and a couple of other servicemen were trying to sink a putt on Bing Crosby's golf course, which was free to the armed forces. They were soon joined by an unprepossessing guy, wearing a sweat-shirt, baggy green slacks ("You could have sat in the bags at the knees," said the brother), moccasins and no sox. The guy asked casually, "Can I join you fellows in a game?" The servicemen assented. During the entire game the stranger hummed a tune—and the others knew to whom that hum belonged. It was Bing Crosby! Later, they went back to the club house, where Bing heard himself singing on a juke-box. He said, "Imagine that! After knocking myself out on the course all afternoon, I've got to come back and listen to that!"

Arlene Hart
Rochester, N. Y.

NEW theme hits STATIONERY
by the creators of Hit Notes
Your favorite musical stars announce:
"WE HAVE Autographed YOUR WRITING PAPER"
Just think! These nine artists together bring you THEME HITS, the most exciting stationery ever created. Box contains individual sheets from each artist, decorated in colors with his photo, autograph and theme song. Beautiful white paper. Matching deep-flap envelopes have autographed photos of all nine stars.
At department, gift, stationery, music stores and record shops. If stores are out of stock, send $1.00 to The Hart Vance Co., 17th & Delmar, St. Louis 3, Mo.
Autographed PHOTOS ON BOX, TOO
Contents: 36 sheets, 18 envelopes. Size of paper 6¼ x 8½, which folds once to fit large envelope.
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Don't be uncomfortable "next time"

I'll send you NEW COMFORT today!

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- Meds have the famous *"Safety-Well"* for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of fine cotton—soft and absorbent for extra comfort.
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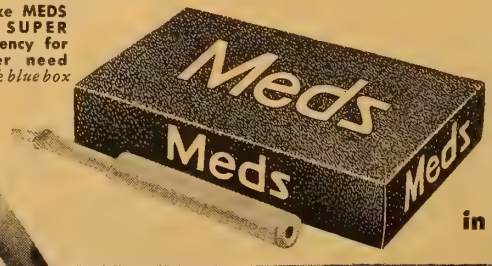
Meds are made in two sizes: De Luxe with super absorbency; and Slender—the new, easy-to-insert size that brings you undreamed-of comfort with the REGULAR absorbency most mature women need.

Do send today for your introductory package of these new Slender Meds—so "next time" you, too, can enjoy this wonderful new comfort!

De Luxe MEDS with SUPER absorbency for greater need *(in dark blue box)*



Slender MEDS with REGULAR absorbency and extra ease-of-use *(in light blue box)*

29¢ for 10 in applicators

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN — REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

Meds are made by Personal Products Corporation (makers of Modess) and are acceptable for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association and in Good Housekeeping.

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MS-5

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try the new Slender Meds. Please send me, in plain wrapper, the introductory package of 3 for which I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover mailing cost.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

"I'VE GOT IT BAD"

(Continued from page 46)

and the Federal government had to put three new mail planes on all the routes between California and Illinois.

I was due in New York, afterwards. There was a show that had a part in it, and I'd waited a long time . . .

I stuck it out in New York for three weeks, and if anybody said, "Good morning, Betty," to me, I cried. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, my eyes had shadows under them as deep as the Grand Canyon.

It just wasn't any good. So I went down one morning, after I'd had a wistful letter from Larry, and called him up. Daytime rates, and everything. He sounded sort of worried, on the other end.

"What's the matter?" he said sharply.

I was sniffing into the phone. "You want me to come out?" My voice was getting weaker. "And we'll get married?"

For half a minute, there wasn't any answer. And then Larry was saying "You little cluck, when's the next plane?" and the man in the drugstore thought I was crazy, because I came out of the phone booth laughing and crying and waving my arms as though I thought I could fly without waiting for a plane.

Maybe you've figured out I had it bad.

Larry was working in *Counter-Attack*, at Columbia, when we got married, and the studio wouldn't let him shave.

hobo groom . . .

You should have seen us that night—me in my new blue dress, with flowers, and Larry, fresh out of the Hobo News.

It was a beautiful wedding, anyhow. Small, and quiet, and the church looked pretty, and there were candles. I guess any wedding is beautiful, if you care enough. I'd have married Larry at high noon on stilts in Madison Square Garden.

When we were driving home, my new husband, who'd been searching through his pockets, sighed deeply.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Aren't you happy?" He looked as though he was thinking about Betty Grable, and having regrets already.

"I've locked us out," he said in hollow tones. "And I've lost the key. I've never been married before."

"I know," I said. "You'll never be married again, either."

By this time, we'd reached the apartment, and parked the car. "I," said Larry in a very business-like voice, "will go in the window."

He was half-way through, when the cop came along. The cop looked at me suspiciously. "What's he doing up there?"

"Trying to get in," I said helpfully.

"No!" The cop was sarcastic. He went over closer, and I began to fear for the seat of Larry's pants. "You come down out of there," the cop said nastily. "I want to arrest you for house-breaking."

Larry, who was panting from exertion, gasped, "This is my house! I just got married."

The cop, who had noticed my flowered state by then, was about willing to accept the fact that Larry and I were simply peculiar. Until he got a look at Larry's beard. Then he began to think we were peculiar, but there was nothing simple about it.

He went off down the street, muttering to himself about what a lousy beat this was.

Larry finally made the grade. He walked through the apartment to open the place for me, and when I went in, I found him standing beside the door, laughing.

He couldn't talk, but he kept pointing to the door. There in the lock was the key.

I think you love people more for the small foolishnesses you remember, than for any sterling virtues they may have. The picture of Larry, struggling through that window, is all I need to put me in a sentimental mood for a week.

Well, we had a honeymoon. One month. And Larry worked every single night, all night. After that, I went back to New York.

It's funny, when I look back on our marriage. For two years, we were busy grabbing a week here, and a month there, so that I still can't believe we're together now, in a place of our own, with an honest-to-God cat, and a cook, and a hammock in the backyard.

Sometimes we sit out in the hammock till midnight, swinging, while the air gets cooler and sweeter, and I have to pinch Larry to prove I'm not dreaming.

We go off into "do you remember?" routines. There was the time Larry got to New York this last winter, after he'd finished *Down To Earth*, with Rita. He'd had a rocky trip out, but we were going to have five days together. Together with the city of New York, that was. Because a Columbia representative met him the minute he got in, and handed him a schedule.

He had a date every half hour.

They got us a beautiful suite at the Waldorf, and we used to retire to it late at night, and laugh.

"How nice to see you, Miss Garrett," my husband would say. "So glad you could come."

And I'd say, "Lovely party. Don't forget you're being photographed at two. How do you do, how do you do, how do you do?"

We were laughing with tears in our eyes.

Larry made five New York trips last year. I couldn't get away at all. After the show, I'd clean off my makeup, and we'd walk around the dirty, exciting streets. We both love New York. There are so many memories . . .

When Larry was going to school at the Group Theater Studio, and guiding Rockefeller Center tours as a side-line, he lived on 39th Street, between 6th and 7th Avenues.

beer-barrel serenade . . .

There was a restaurant across the street—called Zucca's—and about four o'clock every morning, they started banging beer cans around. In the beginning, Larry'd leap out of bed, start pulling on his pants, and wonder why the place was being raided. After a while, he got so he simply stayed in bed and muttered bad words.

It's strange that we never ran into each other before we did, our backgrounds were so parallel. Larry was born in Olathe, Kansas. I was born in St. Joe, Missouri, right across the border!

We were both only children, of middle-class families. We even had the same dramatic school teachers, though we went to different schools.

And we both came to New York in 1936.

After we got married, we'd be talking, and I'd mention a girl I ran around with in New York, and Larry'd stare.

"You knew her?" he'd ask.

"Well, I was practically her best friend!"

He'd grin. "Me too."

"Oh, really," I'd start, a little miffed, and then I'd notice that his eyes were twinkling, and I'd have a breakdown, too.

I love this house we have now so much it frightens me. You shouldn't get that attached to anything inanimate. But I've never before owned anything bigger than a bottle of cologne.

April Showers
PERFUME
The fragrance of youth!
Discover the lovely secret of April Showers . . . a dash of recklessness, a murmur of mystery, a breath of romance. Enchanting fragrance for enchanted hours!
Eau de Toilette, $2.00
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CHERAMY
Frolic
PERFUME
It's fun... it's young... it's meant for you!
There's fresh bright magic in this gay perfume! Frolic whispers to you of high-hearted moments—joy that lingers in your heart, and his!
Eau de Toilette, $2.00. Dusting Powder, $1.00. Talcum Powder, 50¢. Perfume, $7.50, $4.50; debutante size, $1.25 —plus tax
PERFUMERS TO ROMANCE

The proof of my ignorance about houses came one afternoon. I was home all by myself, and I'd decided to haul some wood in, and surprise Larry. I was going at it with a zeal to break your back, when a lady came and sat on our porch.

"Hello," said the lady. "I'm from the tax assessment office. Last time we assessed this house, the furniture was worth $200. Do you have the same furniture?"

We'd bought the house as was—stamp scales, down puffs, everything—so I said yes. But the $200 value amazed me. "I'm sure it's worth more than that," I told her. "Why, we've bought a brand-new refrigerator, and I have my own good silver—"

The upshot of it all was that the lady raised the assessment value, and when Larry came home, he got hysterical.

And he kept right on teasing. "Why don't you write the government and tell them we can't afford to pay our income tax this year, because I gave you a diamond ring, honey?"

I had to grin, too. I grin just looking at that ring. It's very simple, and very lovely. I'd never thought about a diamond before. When we were first married, we needed so many other things.

And then, last Christmas, Larry handed me this little box, and I looked in it, and I could feel my throat all closing up.

"After two and a half years of marriage, I've decided to get engaged to you," he said cheerfully. "There are times when you're quite cute."

Sometimes I think Larry's too conscientious. He works so hard, he gets so nervous about things.

On the other hand, I'm too lax, too willing to "do it tomorrow."

He's got tremendous powers of concentration, and it's hard to make him stop driving himself.

MODERN SCREEN

"Allow me, Mr. Quimby."

The first time I walked into the house and found some clothes on the floor where he'd dropped them, I rejoiced.

I went hooting all over the house. "Larry, Larry, Larry, you dropped your clothes on the floor."

He came out of the kitchen. "You like that, huh? Darling, you're a moron."

"I know it," I said. "So are you!"

He isn't really. He never will be, either, despite my efforts. But I think he is a little less tense than he was. And he's influenced me for the better, too. Now, occasionally, I'll try to keep my mind on something for more than six and a half minutes flat.

He's in love with his little garden, and brags about it to everybody. I spoil things by announcing that it ought to look good, because after all, we have a gardener, and my husband says bitterly, "The times Jose comes in one year, you can count on Pepper's seven toes." (Pepper's our cat, and she really has seven toes on one paw.)

As usual, my husband is right. He's been babying one little cactus for a year. It has an odd, wine-colored flower, and you'd think he invented it.

This last year's been pretty terrific for both of us. Larry won an award for *The Jolson Story*, and I won an award for *Call Me Mister*, and he's getting better parts, and I've got an M-G-M contract.

It's happened so nicely, so that neither of us feels out of it, and each knows the excitement the other's going through.

And we're together. The only fault I find with my husband is that he likes to stand behind doors and leap out at me.

He thinks if he tells me he's going to do it, that makes everything all right. I can't seem to explain to him that it's even worse that way. By the time he finally leaps, I'm a nervous wreck.

But sometimes, when we're just sitting in front of the fireplace, I can forgive him even that, because the light flickers strangely over his thin, brown face, and I find myself being moved for no particular reason, or for a lot of particular reasons, and they all look like Larry Parks.

I forgot to tell you—he's the nicest guy I know.

ADVERTISEMENT

"...I don't mind the porridge... but somebody drank my Pepsi-Cola."

ON MOTHERS' DAY...

(Continued from page 52)

stomachs, and not always that. Marion and I meant the same to her as Lindsay Diane means to Ted and me. Here was my baby getting the best of care, and me going to pieces over an air bubble. For the first time, I *really* got a dim idea of the punishment my mother had taken. There are all kinds of heroes in this world. For the first time I realized that one kind is my mother.

Her hard times started early. Our childhood—Marion's and mine—was pretty rugged, but in between we managed to have some fun. Momma never had any. She was nine when her mother died and she went to live with a family where she washed and cooked and took care of the kids to earn her keep. At sixteen, she took a job with the phone company, didn't know a thing about life, thought she was in love with the first guy who came along, and boom! they were married. Marion was four and I was two when they called it a day, and my father faded quietly out of the picture.

From then on it was strictly up to Momma. She heard you could get work at the Oldsmobile plant in Lansing, so we moved there from Battle Creek. Then word got around that the money was better in Detroit, and that's where most of my memories begin.

My earliest memories are of Momma scrubbing. She was a bug on cleanliness. We lived in a brokendown flat, and keeping it clean was tough unless all the other tenants felt the same way, and there were always some who didn't. But Momma never gave up. After a day at the factory, she'd come home and scrub and scour and disinfect. And wash our clothes.

Momma worked at Chrysler's, trimming cars. That meant she stood on the assembly line, sticking tacks into the upholstery as it came along. You had to work real fast, and sometimes your hands would get in the way. I remember she'd come home with her fingers swollen to twice their natural size. It used to break my heart, but she'd laugh it off. "Never mind my fingers. Just be a good girl and do what Marion says."

big sister . . .

She depended a lot on Marion. Maybe too much, she thinks now, but what else could she do? To start working at seven, she'd have to be up by 5:30. Before leaving, she'd lay our clean clothes on a chair and set the alarm. Marion always heard it. She'd wake me up and get breakfast, which wasn't much of a job. Momma was deathly scared of fire. She'd have nightmares about our getting burned up. So every morning she'd hide the matches, and winter or summer we'd eat cold breakfast food.

Things really got bad when the depression started. There were times when we couldn't pay the rent, little as it was, and she made a deal to keep the halls and stairways scrubbed so they wouldn't put us out.

I'll never forget the time Momma'd been out all day, looking for work. All she said when she came in was, "I'm not hungry," and went inside to lie down. We knew darn well she *was* hungry, but we also knew there was no sense in making a fuss, she'd only feel worse. So we pretended, fine, she'd eaten somewhere. There was a solitary can of beans in the house. Marion heated the beans and the two of us sat there, with the tears dripping off our chins on to the plate.

My mother never read any psychology books, so it must have been instinct or

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plain horse sense that told her how to handle me. I was the difficult one. Marion was an angelpuss—wavy hair, huge blue eyes and a skin like peaches and cream. Everybody liked her. People didn't like me much. I was a rack of bones with freckles and hair standing on end two minutes after you combed it out. Marion was reserved and quiet. I was always at boiling point.

My mother was a fighter herself. She knew that a certain amount of rebellion was good for the soul. She never tried to squelch it in me, just to direct it. Her ambition for both of us was a high school diploma. To put us through high school, she'd work herself to the bone. But I was stagestruck already, running around to amateur contests, sometimes winning a buck.

I wanted things now. Not only for me but for her, too. I couldn't stand the thought of her slaving away for years. And the turning point came one evening when some friends took us all to one of those family beer gardens they have in Detroit. The piano player knew me from having seen me around on amateur nights, and started kidding me. "How about a song, Betty?"

pennies from heaven . . .

One song led to another, and the people liked it. They began throwing pennies and nickels and dimes and yelling for more. Before I sat down, I'd made ten dollars. Ten dollars was a fortune. Then and there I decided that somehow I was going to get out of this life and on to the stage.

And that was another thing about my mother. She knew when to hold me and when to let me go. She knew that once I made up my mind, you couldn't budge me. I kept on at school but started running down leads at the same time, till I got this chance to sing with Frank Weingart's little local band. Frank's idea was to get to New York. That sounded like music to me.

"You can't," Momma said. "You're too young."

"How old were *you* when you went out on your own?"

I can remember how she looked at me. And how I looked back. And how she suddenly gave in. "All right, Betty. I guess you'll have to learn things your own way—"

This is Momma's story, not mine, so I'll skip the details of *that* adventure. Suffice it to say, we were a bust and had to borrow money to get ourselves home. And there I discover that my sister's singing at the Nut House. . .

So when little Betty comes home, everything's settled. "Honey," says Momma, "things are easier now. Marion's earning some money and you're going back to school."

And I, being kind of discouraged, said okay.

But my sister's job turned out to be my break. Comes New Year's Eve, she's working, so her boy friend picks me off the scrub team and takes me to the Club Continental. The guys in the band ask me to do a number; Vincent Lopez is there and he says, "Who's that?" I've told it a million times. Where my mother steps into the picture again is early a.m. with me whooping. "Wake up, Momma, he's paying me $65 a week!"

Momma got two weeks leave from the factory to see me open at the Casa Mañana. The morning she came in, I climbed into her lap like I did when I was six. I was sixteen and scared to death.

It would have been nice if Momma had had somebody to sit with, but we didn't know a soul in New York. We picked out a teeny table up on the balcony, where I

could see her from the mike. My first number was "Old Man Mose" and, you can take it from me, it was lousy.

"If you get enough applause," they'd said, "do another number." I didn't get enough applause to scare a rabbit, but I looked up at Momma. From the smile on her face, you'd have thought I'd laid 'em in the aisles. My heart came up from my boots and lifted me with it. There was no logic in it. I knew she was prejudiced. But I didn't need logic then; I needed faith. "Now we go," I thought, "or we're finished." Well, we weren't finished. I'd stopped shaking; I felt like someone had given me wings; I saw people nudging each other, laying down their knives and forks, the waiters quit serving. . . .

They kept me on stage for an hour. When it was over I found Momma on a little iron fire-escape outside the building. We fell into each other's arms and cried and cried.

Vincent said to Momma: "I think you ought to stay with Betty. She's so young."

At the time, my salary was still $65 a week, which didn't go a long way in New York. Today I was a small hit. Tomorrow I could be a big bust. In a factory, seniority's very important. Momma'd worked years for hers, she didn't want to lose it. She said: "I'll try to get an extension of my leave." But they wouldn't give it to her.

I was young and sure of myself. "You won't have to go back, Momma. I promise you, you'll never have to go back."

Vincent didn't make any promises. He just said: "Mabel, you ought to stay."

So she stayed, and it turned out all right. But for all she knew then, it could have turned out just as wrong.

We've had lots of wonderful experiences together since, but you couldn't top that Casa Mañana opening, because it was the first. And I don't think you could top our first Christmas in New York. For one thing, Glenn Miller's band was playing the old Paradise Restaurant, and his singer was none other than Miss Marion Hutton.

But the five-star feature for me was my mother's coat. All my life I'd been saying, "Some day, Momma, you'll have a fur coat down to here." That was my idea of riches—a fur coat down to the ground. One day we were passing a little Seventh Avenue shop, and there was a coat in the window—black cloth with an imitation Persian lamb collar. "Most elegant coat I ever saw in my life," said Momma.

gift for a queen . . .

Next day I ran in to price it—$49.50. The money wasn't easy to save, but dollar by dollar I stashed it away, and on Christmas Eve the coat was lying in its box under the tree. I'd planned to be real nonchalant about the coat, but by the time I plunked it in Momma's lap, I was so keyed up I must have looked like something on wires.

"Of course it's not fur," I babbled as if she didn't know. "But at least it's new. It was never somebody else's first."

Now she's got a fur coat and a car and an apartment she swears is twice too big for her, but we think she's entitled to spread herself a little.

But sometimes I suspect my mother. Sometimes I catch a happy glint in her eye that no Chanel No. 5 ever put there. Like the time Ted's room was just finished, and the painters didn't leave things as clean as she thought they should've. If you dropped in that day, you'd have seen a blonde in a house dress, bon-ami and a pail of water at her feet, scraping paint spots off the French doors with a razor blade, and humming a lively tune. That was no maid, folks. That was my dearest mother.

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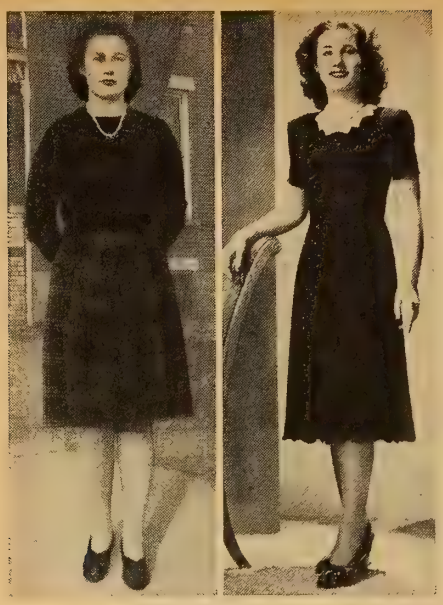

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"CHICAGO, I LOVE YOU!"

(*Continued from page 60*)

hand on her arm and said, "Don't be the least bit nervous. You're the most famous person here, and what's more you can play rings around anyone in the whole place." She had barely mouthed the words when one of the Lane Brothers, half of an acrobatic act on the same bill, hissed into their ears:

"I just saw Eleanor Roosevelt in the front row. And a few seats down, Stokowski."

Eileen's clammy grip tightened convulsively, and then they looked at each other and began to giggle. When both their nervous systems are absolutely shot, they giggle. They know it's not adult, but they're convinced that it often saves their sanity.

shades of caruso . . .

Diana went on finally, and Eileen went out front to get the full effect. She took one look at Diana sitting at the gaping grand piano, and her heart sank. The poor kid would definitely not last out the act. She looked cadaverous. She looked disinterred. Dear Lord, Eileen thought, I promised her mother I'd take care of her, and I forgot the vitamin pills this morning, and she hasn't worn boots in all this snow, and now she's just plain going to conk out on me. Diana played her numbers perfectly, spoke her lines in a good strong voice, and the whole thing tore Eileen apart. Who was it that got through his performance and then keeled over? Enrico Caruso or someone. Well, shades of him. The show must go on and all that. Poor, poor kid. When the act was over Eileen was waiting for her in the dressing room.

"How was it?" Diana bubbled. "Did you hear them clap? Was I okay?"

"You were perfectly fine," Eileen murmured, bewildered by the healthy face before her. "Only you looked like—darling, excuse me, but for a while there you did look so frightful."

Diana looked stricken. "The dark make-up!" she said. "They told me to put it on, but old smarty pants here—I thought I knew better. Well, if I must, I must . . ." Eileen sank onto the couch and took three vitamin pills.

They had more fun over that dark make-up. The first time Eileen saw her in it she didn't recognize her. Literally. She passed her in the hall backstage and didn't even nod. Another time, Diana had a date for lunch at the Hotel Stevens. She went right over from the theater complete with terrifically theatrical-looking puss. Her date was a little late, and she stood in the lobby—fur coat, dark glasses and dark makeup—suddenly aware of the stir she was causing. Gangs of men, apparently at a convention, ogled her. A few did those clucking noises and one whistled. No one got around to asking her for a date, but she's convinced that if she'd had another couple of minutes in which to operate she'd have been booked solid for the weekend. However, when her date appeared and whisked her off, she could hear two of the would-be mashers sourgrapes-ing it to each other. "Hard as nails," one of them muttered. "And he's such a nice respectable-looking youngster, too." "Glamor," intoned the other. "The college boys can't resist it." Diana shrieked inside.

She and Eileen got to know the other people who were appearing on the same bill, and they had a wonderful two weeks together. The two Lanes were a constant source of entertainment in a nerve-racking Marx Brotherish way. One was always whipping out some leather work, and the other was constantly poring over a bit of sewing. Diana was practically positive it was a gag, but they were so dead-pan about it, she couldn't be really sure.

Bob Evans, the ventriloquist, was appearing at the theater at the same time with a superbly smart-alecky red-haired dummy named Jerry O'Leary. One Saturday evening, with four shows down and two to go, Diana stumbled wearily into her dressing room to find Jerry O'Leary sitting on her couch. "I simply cannot go on one more time today," he said.

Diana nodded her head. "I simply can't either," she told him. Then she gave him one good look and screamed for Bob. Who was just outside the door, naturally.

Evenings, after the 8:30 show, they'd sometimes all go out together; Bob Evans, Bill Johnson—who was also on the bill—Lou Breese, the really superb musical director, and the Lanes, all with their wives and girls; Eileen and Diana with any of their host of swains. One night they went to a place where dozens of high school kids were apparently celebrating a mid-term graduation. The girls were in long white dresses, the boys all looked as if they'd been to the barber at the most ten minutes before. A few of them came over to the table and asked Diana to dance. She'd have loved to, but she couldn't, of course. There were so many of them, and if she'd danced with one she would have had to dance with them all, and her escort would have had two strokes. The youngsters were so cute when she told them she was sorry, but she just couldn't. They said, "That's okay, Miss Lynn," and grinned at her, and weren't in the least fresh or disgruntled. She's pretty sold on Chicago kids. They were *all* so nice. There wasn't one, not even one, that misbehaved.

When she did her stint for the March of Dimes, selling autographs at ten cents apiece, the youngsters walked by her desk in orderly fashion, some of them too shy to speak, some managing a breathless, "I've seen your show eight times!" Two girls from the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association came backstage to see her one day, and Diana was impressed by how grown-up and intelligent they were. Another day a Chinese girls' club came to her hotel room. They were sweet and soft-voiced, and they gave her a silk scarf and handkerchief that she adores.

a ring for diana . . .

The youngsters were always doing nice things for her. They sent her red roses and candy and little notes that said, "You looked beautiful on the stage tonight," and "Please play 'The Man I Love' again tomorrow." One boy from Oak Park sent her his high school ring and asked her, by mail, for a date. She'd have liked to have gone—his note was so sweet—but she was afraid that perhaps his mother wouldn't approve, and the weather was so hideous for him to contemplate driving in. She sent back the ring with the gentlest no-thank-you letter she'd ever written.

The Daily News arranged a junior press conference one day, and dozens of high school kids were there, representing their school papers. Diana was prepared for the usual run-of-the-mill queries, and there were some of these. (Q. Which of the dresses that you brought on this tour do you like best? A. My off-the-shoulder ice blue satin. Q. Is Lynn your real name? A. No, it's Loehr. Etc., etc.) But she was

surprised at the depth of some of the questions, and one of them was particularly thought-provoking. What do you think about actors in politics? She replied that she approved of actors campaigning for broad issues like tolerance, as Frank Sinatra has done, but that she did not think actors should go out and stump for individual candidates. One of the questions put to her wasn't exactly profound, but she couldn't seem to put it out of her mind. It was the query, "Why don't you smile when you play that classical music?" Diana answered, "I'll try next time." And she did, too, but Eileen said it was awful. "A Cheshire cat grin does not go with 'Clair de Lune.'"

Between five shows a day (six on Saturdays) and meeting the press and sleeping a little, there wasn't much time to see the town, but Diana did manage a bit of gadding. She went over to Marshall Field's one day and loved it. She had a memory-making dinner at Henrici's, the oldest restaurant in Chicago, where dining is positively an art. She went to the Chez Paris and heard Tony Martin, and to the Riocabana to roll in the aisles over Jerry Lester. But maybe she had the most fun of all at a place called Gibby's. Bob Evans or someone had told her about it and had told her about a short cut for reaching it.

Diana and Eileen set off one night on foot. They came to a cobblestone alleyway and Diana said, "This is the short-cut." It was pitch dark, and the going was not good, especially for Eileen who teeters on perfectly smooth sidewalks. The wind set their hats askew, and as they paused for breath in an eerie patch of light from a street lamp, Diana guesses they did look like something out of a Hitchcock movie. Anyway, a policeman—swinging his club in a doorway—said, "Move along, girls," and sent them scurrying and giggling on their way again. Gibby's, when they finally found it, was a one-flight-up place, sort of dim and smoky and definitely no glitterspot. But the food was gorgeous, and Sam the piano player was red hot, and for Diana and Eileen everything was on the house.

"I'm going to miss this place," Diana said, their last night there. She turned and faced Eileen. "You know—don't laugh—I'm really going to miss Chicago."

"Me, too," Eileen said. "Gee, what a beautiful, big-hearted town."

among our souvenirs . . .

Looking out of her taxicab window as they drove out to the airport next day, Diana felt a funny nostalgia wash over her. It was ridiculous. You didn't get sentimental over a town you'd only known for sixteen days. Yet there it was. She thought about Bill, one of the doormen at the theater, who'd brought her in her bacon and tomato sandwiches and regaled her with tales of when Frankie Sinatra and Danny Kaye and other lights were appearing at the theater. And George, the other doorman, who'd been a song and dance man back in 1902, and who still had all the gestures and dash of a George M. Cohan. She remembered the gin rummy games backstage, and the silly birthday party they'd given for Lou Breese, and Miss Truesdale, the angel of a hairdresser, who did her hair so perfectly and so quickly to the accompaniment of a running patter about other stars she'd met. She thought about how courteous everyone was at her hotel, the Ambassador East, how jolly the cab drivers were, how incredibly polite the fans had been.

"Gee, what a town," she thought for the dozenth time, and settling back in the taxi she put the nice warm feeling into words. "Chicago," she murmured softly, "I love you."

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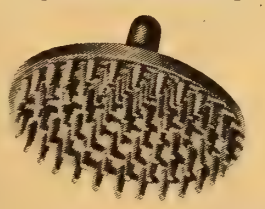

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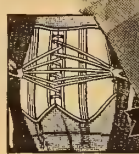

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GOOD NEWS—By Louella Parsons

(Continued from page 10)

romance because they felt it might hurt their careers. Guy, particularly, was being built as a bobby-soxers' delight and the Selznick studio wasn't at all happy about his becoming a benedick. The kids listened to enough "good advice" to fill a tome.

When Gail's mother became desperately ill, Gail became nervous and upset and she and Guy had frequent misunderstandings. They decided that if they quarrelled that much before marriage, they should call the whole thing off.

So, for a little while, Guy stepped out with other charmers and now and then Gail was seen with someone else. But the "cure" didn't work. They were unhappy kids.

Several weeks ago, Mrs. Russell had an operation that was a complete success. For the first time in months and months the strain of worry was off Gail's shoulders. But she hesitated to call Guy. She hadn't heard from him in a long time. Maybe he had become interested in someone else. After all, a girl has her pride.

One evening, her telephone rang and it was one of her best girl friends on the other end of the wire. "Do you feel like a double date tonight?" the g.f. asked.

"No, I don't," replied Gail, "particularly not with someone I haven't met."

But the friend insisted that getting out would be good for her.

Well, I guess you've guessed it by now. The "blind date" was Guy—and since then they've been constantly together.

I've lost my gift for guessing if that gleam in their eyes doesn't mean matrimony. Studios and troubles—be hanged.

* * *

If there's anything around these parts any swankier than the Santa Anita Turf Club, I've missed it. Only the creme de creme of the social and movie worlds are permitted to be members and in case anyone "lends" tickets to pals or outsiders, the ducats are promptly picked up by guards at the doors.

I've frequently been amused at the way some of the staid Eastern visitors and blue-bloods have forgotten all about the horses in being absorbed in the movie stars.

Betty Grable knocked the conservatives for a loop with her long red cigarette holder that is exactly the color of a fireman's hat. Betty is expecting a baby soon, and shows it, so the combination of the red holder is really a "race" stopper—no pun!

Mickey Rooney is another who never fails to get his share of attention, usually because he is accompanied by a tall blonde at least a foot taller than he. Mickey also has a little trick of giving out wrong information about the lady's name. She's a different Miss Somebody every week.

Franchot Tone, very serious and dignified behind glasses, is seldom recognized.

Rosalind Russell always appears looking like a fashion plate.

No movie set was ever decorated as elaborately as the Turf Club lounge. Each week the floral decorations are changed into an entirely different color scheme. Sometimes the place is ablaze with red roses. Again it's peach or cherry blossoms. And the day of the $100,000 Handicap, the enormous room was a mass of white orchids—even strung in garlands over the mirror of the bar.

* * *

Hollywood's biggest parties this month were inspired by two of the biggest social families in this country—the Astors and the Fords.

Mrs. Vincent Astor, one of the three lovely Cushing sisters, hostessed a wonderful affair at the home of Annabella.

"Minnie" Astor certainly proved that an Eastern hostess knows how to give a good Hollywood party in Hollywood. Of course, she had the expert assistance of Annabella, who is still living in the warm, spacious and colorful Ty Power home. It was a real Who's Who in Hollywood with every important star in our town dancing to the wonderful music and staying way past movie stars' bed time.

Mrs. Astor and Annabella didn't make the mistake of turning the charming house into a miniature night club. It still looked like a lovely home even though a flower strung tent was added to the dining room. When they were married, Ty and Annabella collected some really beautiful paintings, and believe me, they were much admired.

I was very amused at Ronald Colman, who is always very reserved, even with his closest friends.

"We've got a beauty on our hands, Louella," he told me. "You should see Juliet. She's lovely." Mrs. Colman told me that the young deb of the family had been told she could give her father anything she, herself, selected for his birthday—so what does she pick out but a *whistle*? Said Ronnie, "I haven't had a chance to use it—but I will, most assuredly."

The Charles Boyers were celebrating their thirteenth wedding anniversary. "Not everybody in Hollywood is getting divorced," said Charles.

Not everybody, indeed. Maria Montez was flashing a bracelet given her by Jean Pierre Aumont for their daughter's birthday, which is the same as the Boyers' wedding anniversary. "Charles is her godfather," Maria said.

I've never seen Margaret Sullavan looking so perfectly beautiful. Her husband, Leland Hayward, is still ill, so Marggie came with their good friend, Jimmy Stewart. She was wearing a green sequined dress and, while never in your wildest moments do you think of her as a clothes horse, she was a dream.

Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison were enjoying themselves because it was Saturday night and neither had to get up early the next morning. Rex always reminds me of the King of England—and I always tell him so.

Joan Bennett was stunning in a black brocaded dress with gold birds. I told her I had a dress of the same material. But doggone if I look like Joanie in it.

Gregory Ratoff's fiancée, who had just that day arrived from Paris, came with him. She's a stunning-looking blonde by the name of Maria Costes. Her husband was a noted French flyer, often called "the Lindbergh of France." I've never in my life seen such jewels as hers—even in Hollywood.

* * *

This month's letter Postscript: Each month I invite you readers of MODERN SCREEN to write me about your favorites in stars and movies and newcomers.

Last month, I had a letter that interested me very much and I can't help but feel that the writer expresses the opinions of many others. He said, in effect, that too much emphasis is put on newcomers and that thousands of fans are just as interested in the more mature stars such as Spencer Tracy, Walter Pidgeon, Clark Gable, and even players long missing from the movies, including Jean Arthur and Greta Garbo. Bingo for the gent! I think he's right.

If you feel the same way—here's the very latest on some of the above-mentioned stars.

I've never seen Spencer Tracy look so handsome as he does with his almost completely white thatch of hair. On the screen it photographs blonde—but Spence is not a guy to fool with the color of his hair in private life. Instead of making him look older, he looks like a million dollars in one-dollar bills. I saw him dining at La Rue cafe the other night, sitting at a table next to Veronica Lake's. It was hard to decide which was the most "platinum blonde"—Ronnie or Spence, and I think they were a bit amused themselves although they did not speak. Most people away from Hollywood think all actors know one another. That's not true.

Greta Garbo was much in the news after she "inherited" a $20,000 farm from a man in the East she had never met. There was something unbearably sad and lonely about this man's will. Obviously, he had been secretly in love with Garbo for years. He even made a trip to Hollywood in the hope of meeting her and marrying her.

Instead of disappointing him or making him turn against her, it seemed merely to make him more of a recluse to his neighbors and friends. When he died and left everything to Greta—it made front page news.

Those close to her said she was very bewildered about what to do with the strange inheritance. At first, she was going to flatly refuse to accept it. But her good friend, Gaylord Hauser, advised her that a great deal of good might be done by taking the money and turning it over to the Sister Kenny foundation.

As for Jean Arthur, she's back on the screen—or will be soon—making *Foreign Affair* for Billy Wilder at Paramount. Contrary to the opinion of a lot of people in Hollywood, Jean was not being temperamental when she didn't make *Voice of The Turtle* at Warners. She had been all dressed and ready to go out to the studio to huddle about that picture when she was notified that the deal was off. When Jean starts her new movie at Para, I want to be one of the first to visit on the set and talk to her, so I'll have more Arthur news next month.

That's all for now. See you then.

Are you in the know?

If you drop your fork, should you —

- ☐ *Pick it up*
- ☐ *Have your date pick it up*
- ☐ *Ask for another*

Ah-ah—mustn't touch. Let slipping silver lie! When your fork or *any* tableware falls, ignore it. Ask for another. By meeting trying moments serenely, no one will be the wiser. Cherish that thought for trying *days*, too. You'll meet the eye without a qualm by choosing Kotex . . . because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines. And you can keep your *daintiness* beyond doubt—thanks to the *deodorant* locked in every Kotex napkin.

If your hands are clammy, what helps?

- ☐ *Hold a hanky*
- ☐ *Wear gloves*
- ☐ *Use an anti-perspirant*

Smoothness and drippy hands don't mix! To keep them un-clammy, cross your palms with an anti-perspirant before you go dancing. And to keep confident at certain times, choose those partners-in-comfort—Kotex and Kotex belts. That heavenly softness of Kotex stands by you, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And, because your Kotex Wonderform Belt is elastic, fits divinely, you'll feel so carefree—so s-m-o-o-t-h!

Should you remember your beau's Mom?

- ☐ *If you want to*
- ☐ *By all means*
- ☐ *No; you'll seem forward*

Send a gift to your best beau's Mom? On Mother's Day or her birthday, why not—if you want to? Maybe a hanky or a little cologne. (It needn't cost a month's lunch-money.) If etiquette puzzles you, bone up. And to outsmart "problem day" uncertainty—learn for yourself how Kotex protects you in an extra-special way. Yes, that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you extra security. You're sky-high in confidence!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

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• FREE BOOKLET: "Beautiful Windows At Low Cost." Write to Clopay Corp., 1240 Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

CLOPAY

At 5c and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores

(*Continued from page 36*)

watered every time it rains.

The Russells, mother and daughter, love rain. They're old walking-in-the-soup people. Gail's got a beautiful red raincoat, too, which has nothing to do with the case.

Because she can be out in that coat when the sun's shining brightly, and if she sees a little grey cloud, she dashes for the house. "Where are you going?" her companion of the hour will demand in some surprise.

"To change my coat," she hollers back. "You think I want to get it wet?"

She's the practical sort. She's practical about eating, too. She costs almost nothing to feed, because she only eats one meal a day. At night. Plus coffee in the morning.

slug-a-bed gail . . .

Gail's coffee in the morning is essential. For one thing, she hates to get up. When she isn't working, her bed and she are inseparable until noon.

Then she staggers out and into some slacks, and gropes her way outside. If the sun is shining, she has coffee in the yard. She figures she can't see anyway, for the first couple of hours after she's risen, so she might as well have the sun in her eyes besides.

The miracle is that she'll touch food at all. She has an idea she's a pack horse, and if she gains half an ounce, she chases over to Jim Davis, the athletic director at Paramount, with a wild look in her eye.

"Take it off, Jimmy, please," she begs.

He sometimes has to ask her, "Where is it?"

She's not too fussy about the clothes she drapes on her bulging shape. She likes black for evening, with gold jewelry. She doesn't care *what* the Duchess of Windsor says about gold being wrong for evening.

Gail doesn't go out much, nights, actually. Her idea of a hell of a time is slinking off to a sad movie all by herself. She sits and sobs to her heart's content, and when she comes out, she feels older and mellow and, somehow, very wise.

On other nights, there's a date with Guy, who's been number one man for a long time, and, once in a while, a date with Billy De Wolfe. There's nothing the matter with Billy De Wolfe, except he's crazy. In a delightful way, you understand, but there it is.

When Gail goes out with him, she usually ends up in a mild state of hysterics, holding her head in shame.

He'll call the waiter over at one of the big places—Ciro's, for instance—and start lisping at him. "Pleathe, may we have the check?" Or elthe—or else, that is—he starts using words mostly with s's in them, and he whistles the s's, sort of like a baby air raid siren.

You try to look quietly sophisticated, with a guy like that holding forth.

He does some fine, cruel imitations of Gail and Diana (Diana Lynn, Gail's best friend), too.

Diana's in New York, now, and Gail's miffed because she hasn't written. "I don't think she *can* write," she's been heard to mutter.

She brought Diana an elaborate farewell gift. She'd got a little stuffed skunk, and she packed it in a shoe-box, and made air-holes in the shoe-box, and presented it just before the train pulled out.

"Here," she said brightly. "This'll keep those New York wolves away."

Diana dimpled. "Who wants to keep 'em away?"

Diana's got a whole series of small stuffed creatures that Gail has thought she needed.

There was a little doll at the Bublichki—

"Isn't it cute?" Diana'd whisper, like a two-year-old, seeing a red lolly-pop, every time they went there.

Gail would act bored. "Well, ask for it, silly."

But Diana never did.

Then, one time when she had a big radio broadcast coming up—she was terrifically nervous about it—Gail decided to get the Bublichki doll, and have it delivered right after the show.

Gail got the doll, all right, but the guy who was delivering it didn't quite make connections. Diana'd left the studio before he arrived, and he ended up chasing her in a cab. When he caught up with her car, he just stuck his arm through the window and handed her the doll. For a few short minutes, she thought she'd lost her mind.

Diana's so near-sighted, she's been accused of snooting people, simply because she didn't see them when they were two feet away. Because of this adverse publicity, she now goes to the other extreme.

She and Gail will be walking along, and suddenly Diana's face will light up. "Hellooooo Gertrude!" she will howl, in a tone to break your ear drum.

After the racket dies down, Gail says sadly, "That wasn't Gertrude," and Diana shrugs.

Occasionally, Gail saves the situation by murmuring softly, "Smile, dear, here comes Mr. So and So." Thus preserving some of Diana's social standing.

talks sixty miles a minute . . .

When she's in a car with Diana, however, she tries to encourage all her anti-social instincts. Diana's the chatty driver. She'll be going sixty miles an hour, and looking at Gail in the seat beside her, and talking a blue streak.

Gail just sits there saying, "Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh," in dumb anguish.

Lately, she's taken a pitiful tack with Diana. "And to think I'll never live to wear that new dress," she says dolefully, "on account of your reckless driving."

At that, she's only recently begun to care about new dresses. For a long time, she had no particular interest in what she wore, and her mother would buy her a dress, and she'd put it on and wear it till it fell apart.

Then she reached the stage where she was interested enough so that she didn't like what her mother bought, but still not interested enough to buy 'em herself. She'd just look at the things that came into the house and say, "Hmm," in a blasé way.

When she had a date, she used to peer through her closet, and if she didn't find anything she liked, she'd go rifle her mother's closet. (Her mother's a big, unshapely creature, too, at least a size 12.) After a while, Mrs. Russell hit upon a brilliant idea.

She still bought clothes for Gail, but she hung them in her own closet.

Came a date night. Gail, pathetically: "Mother, I have nothing to wear. May I look over your things?"

Mother, craftily: "Yes, dear."

Gail, snooping around the closet: "This blue one is sort of cute."

And for a wonder, the blue one would just fit.

Gail would go off in the blue one, and

Mrs. Russell would sit in the living room and smile to herself.

The Russells also have a son, George—he's "Russ" to most people—who's been out of the army for about a year. He's a musician, part of a trio. He and Gail hardly ever see each other, because he starts for work at about five p.m., and she's just going home then. They meet so rarely, they almost need a formal introduction.

corny puts on the dog . . .

The Russells also have a Maltese terrier, and a honey-colored spaniel. The Maltese is named Corny (for Cornelia Otis Skinner) and she's a very rare dog, white with black spots. Right now, she's sporting a French poodle haircut.

This makes her feel very superior to Kelly, the spaniel, who's a darling dog, but not nearly so fashionable as Corny.

Corny and Kelly and Russ and Gail and Mr. and Mrs. Russell all live in a seven room bungalow in Westwood—you already know about the leaky den—which they bought a year and a half ago.

It's a nice place, with a camellia bush out front, and a general air of charm.

The best thing *inside*, as far as Gail's concerned, is a special Thorens radio-phonograph combination. It'll play records, radio transcriptions, anything at all. And if the housing shortage got bad enough, she could sleep two people in it.

Everybody else in her family is musically gifted. Owning the Thorens is as close as she comes to it, and she admits it isn't awfully close. Her gifts lie in other directions. She never uses a makeup man, for instance. She applies her own paint.

And she can't be dragged into a beauty parlor. Every once in a while, somebody tries. "Come on, Gail. Maybe we'll fix your hair another way. Maybe we'll have it trimmed a little. Maybe—"

She looks at the character out of those strange, bruised eyes, and she says in that tired, husky voice, "Maybe we won't."

And we don't. She washes and sets her own hair, and she keeps discovering silver hairs among the black.

These cause her to go running to her mother, stark tragedy in the eyes. "Mother, look—" Pause fraught with meaning. "Another one!"

Her mother figures it's a good time to get some licks in. "Well, maybe if you didn't read until two o'clock in the morning—"

This is the wrong approach. "Don't you want me to *know* anything?"

"Maybe you could learn enough by midnight?" meekly, from Mrs. Russell.

Miss Russell, by this time, is deep in a crossword puzzle, and has forgotten the whole conversation. She has even forgotten her gray hair.

a tonic for the nerves . . .

Crossword puzzles are a drug with her. It started when she was nervous, and somebody suggested knitting. "Knitting'll calm you down."

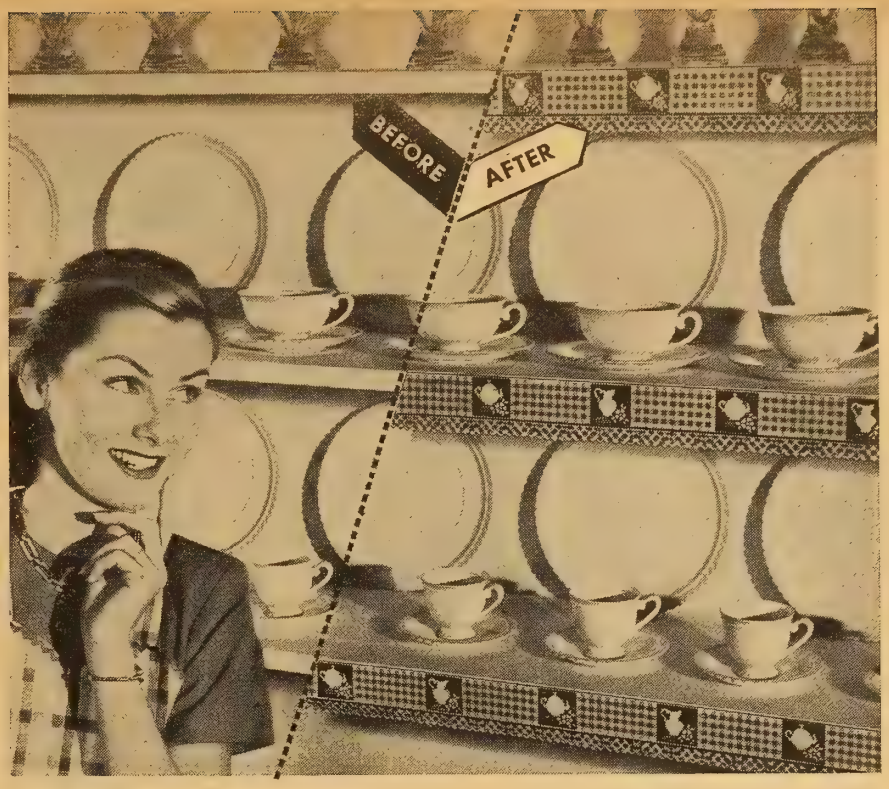
"Knitting'll put me in the booby-hatch," said Miss Russell sharply. "Purl one, drop three—no thanks!"

And then she discovered crossword puzzles. Crossword puzzles soothe her. The only trouble with crossword puzzles is that they often demand a background which she hasn't got. She knows from nothing about Latin cases.

"Except they're dark," she says cheerfully, making bad jokes.

And all she knows about perfumes is Lanvin's Arpege, and all she knows about slacks is that she likes them, and all she knows about her personal plans is that she hasn't any. As of today.

Tomorrow, we are not qualified to speak for.



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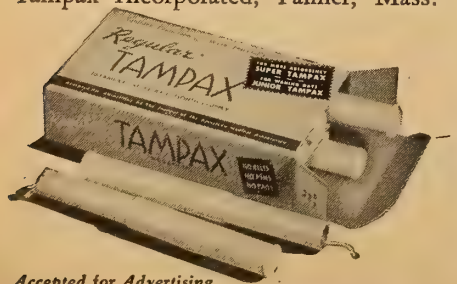
Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes in dainty disposable applicators; you can't even feel it when in place. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 different absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

MADAM QUEEN

(*Continued from page 44*)

". . . and her greatest, latest picture given its world premiere to coincide with the opening of the Kentucky Derby! With the stars—and the producer, of course—in attendance."

"Now listen—"

"I don't know why you never told me about this before. It's a perfect promotion stunt. I'll have to get permission from New York, but that shouldn't be—"

"Leo, it's just because you want to see the Derby!"

"Of course, I want to see the Derby. Have you ever heard of a better excuse for me to be in Louisville Saturday? Now run along and let me get on the phone."

"But there's something I ought—"

"I don't mean to be rude, Irene, but there's a lot of work to do on this thing." He took her by the arm and propelled her gently to the door, and through it. "Be packed by tomorrow night."

"Some men will not listen to anybody," said Irene, but she said it to a closed door. And, knowing Leo, she was packed and ready the following evening.

Thursday morning they were in the air, in a chartered plane approved by New York, headed for festivities approved by the Mayor of Louisville. Leo had arranged the entire thing in a series of rapid-fire conversations Tuesday, during which long distance wires alternately sizzled with his commands and hummed with his charming blandishments.

He had even remembered to get, as a last minute thought, a Louisville theater in which to show his picture, *My Favorite Wife*.

There were ten guests with Leo, including Irene and Randy Scott and Maggie Ettinger and Gene Fowler; Cary Grant, the other star of the picture, had had a previous engagement but had begged off on the excuse that he was afraid of his last name in the deep South . . .

And everyone, with the apparent exception of Irene, had a wonderful time.

Leo, happily watching a horse named Gallahadean romp across the finish line first, discovered that he had the only $100 ticket on that horse that had been purchased at the track, and in consequence, upon presenting it to the cashier, received in return the tidy sum of $3800.

local girl makes good . . .

The premiere itself was an unbounded success, and, what with the speeches, the dinners, the parties, the headlines in the papers and the general whoop-de-do, there was no mistaking the fact that a local girl had come home, and was furthermore indubitably a success.

Why, then, had local girl conducted herself with such unsmiling seriousness in private, offering only a wan, uncertain smile when, in public, she was acclaimed by her own? Even on the plane the next day, while everyone sang to pass the hours and Leo from time to time elatedly patted his bulging billfold, Irene was pensive.

Finally, Leo made his way down the aisle to her seat, sat on his heels beside her, and said, "Irene, what's the matter?" Then suddenly, in alarm, "For heaven's sake don't *cry!* Just tell me—there's nothing we can't fix."

"Fix this, then," Irene said. "Remember the busloads of children who met me at the train, waving banners and shouting? Remember that the banners read, 'Hail to Irene Dunne, Louisville School Alumnus'? Remember that because of this little junket of ours the Louisville public school system declared an official holiday, in my honor?"

"Why not?"

"Why not indeed! Because I never went to school in Louisville. I left there when I was practically a baby. I learned whatever I know—and that isn't much, I'm beginning to think—in Madison."

"Wisconsin? With that accent?"

"Indiana, darling. It's just across the state line. But I just couldn't tell those kids, when they were so full of beans and the holiday had been declared, and all—"

Leo's mouth hung open, rather unattractively. "You mean . . ."

"I mean I feel like a cheat. That's all. But you wanted so *much* to see a Kentucky Derby."

laughter after the storm . . .

She stopped, her voice drowned out by Leo's monumental laughter. The others in the plane turned, and some of them hurried back, to find out what was so funny; and Leo told them with mingled relief and delight.

It is a not unwelcome, but certainly an uneasy, task to translate into words on paper the human being who is Irene Dunne—at least the Irene Dunne, the Mrs. Francis Griffin, of 1947. This is not because, in her way of life, she is an anomaly in Hollywood: there are any number of other beautiful, talented, financially—shall we say "comfortable"?—wives and mothers in that town who do their work well, find time to run their large, superbly designed and furnished houses in an orderly fashion, and who make a success of their marriages and their other personal responsibilities.

It is just that, to be truthful, there is an indefinable, surely enviable barrier between the woman and her personal life, and the rest of the world. Like all Hollywood actresses, particularly great ones, she lives in the traditional goldfish bowl—but she has curtains fitted to hers, and she holds the strings that make them open or close. This is so important a part of her personality portrait that I put it in here deliberately, not as an apology but as a brush-stroke designed to enhance the picture you must have of her.

Of course, the other Hollywood wives and mothers mentioned above do not necessarily fit into her category on many counts. They did not play Anna in *Anna and the King of Siam*, for instance, nor did they appear where Irene Dunne appeared on the recent treasury department list of top U. S. incomes. And I don't mean that she is unapproachable.

On the contrary . . .

If you want to see her, you make an appointment and two minutes before the designated hour (since she, of course, will not herself be more than five minutes late, if that) you drive up the short road to her motor court, enter the white Georgian house, and like as not are met by Mary Frances Griffin, aged 12, a slim, attractive, self-possessed young lady who likes to meet people.

(Often enough during the war, indeed, when Mary Frances came home from exclusive Marymount and found her mother entertaining crowds of soldiers and sailors and marines, Mary Frances unobtrusively took over the job. In the end, Irene found that she could bow out of these gatherings if something important came up, without worrying about being missed, if Mary Frances was there.)

In any case, Mary Frances will escort you into the long, high-ceilinged drawing

room with its appointments that are a mixture of comfort and formality, and its magnificent concert grand imported from Vienna; she will explain that her mother will be along in just a moment, that the harsh light in the room is because the new draperies have not yet arrived.

During the three minutes yet remaining she will chat pleasantly and intelligently with you on any one of a number of subjects, from books to sailboat racing; then, when her mother appears, she finishes whatever remark she is making and somehow manages to dissolve gracefully into thin air, leaving behind her the impression that you dreamed her.

It would be well for you to observe closely the manner of Irene's entrance. In the first place, she has just driven up in her town car, a glimpse of which you catch through the open door. A maid has opened the door, and takes a pile of bundles handed her by the chauffeur.

Then all but Irene fade away noiselessly; she has not missed a step in her progress from car to hall.

She takes you into the small office-library, because it is comfortable and also informal, and because the draperies are up in there. She asks if you will have a drink, and you say you will, and she opens the nearest door, steps inside, and promptly emerges with a scotch and soda for you and a cola drink for herself.

In the course of the next hour, if what you want to know about is Irene herself, she talks about Irene Dunne with candor and a kind of amusement. You learn that she adores good parties but likes to leave them about 12 o'clock, is fond of entertaining small groups, and likes to trim Christmas trees.

the gay deception . . .

You hear about the last Christmas tree she bought. She had decided that it should be a silver tree this time, very glamorous, and had driven up in her car and priced one. Appalled at the price, certain it was marked up merely because she was a movie star, and determined not to be taken advantage of, she left her coat and hat in the car, tied a scarf around her head, put on a pair of glasses, and walked to the next lot.

"I'll take that one," she said, pointing. "Put a tag on it and I'll send my husband around in his truck to get it tomorrow. How much?"

The man told her. It was, if anything, slightly higher than the one she had just refused to buy. Resignedly, she dug into her purse. "Awful high this year, aren't they?" she said.

"Everything's higher this year, Miss Dunne," the man said.

You hear, and like, the story of her visit to Arrowhead, when she visited the chapel for early mass and, in the midst of her prayers, felt a tap on her shoulder. A girl of about fifteen grinned at her when she turned around, and whispered, "That's Dottie Lamour down there. You know her, don't you? Would you get her autograph for me?"

So, when she'd finished her prayers, Irene slipped down to Dottie and got her autograph—

But these little flashes, and the story of the Kentucky Derby are the entertaining, the superficial colors in her portrait. What you must finally sense, and it becomes more and more apparent as you talk to her, is that here is a woman of stature, of innate dignity, of tremendous personal strength, who has self-discipline as well as a sense of humor. Without her wit and her weaknesses she would be a little formidable.

As it is, I guess you know by now, she is a pretty nice gal.

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You'll be the prettiest girl . . . if you keep your hair shining-neat with colorful plastic Du Pont Combs.
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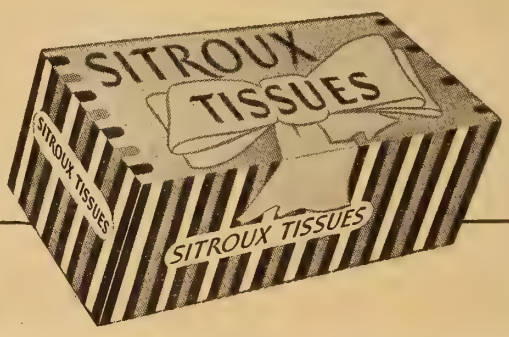

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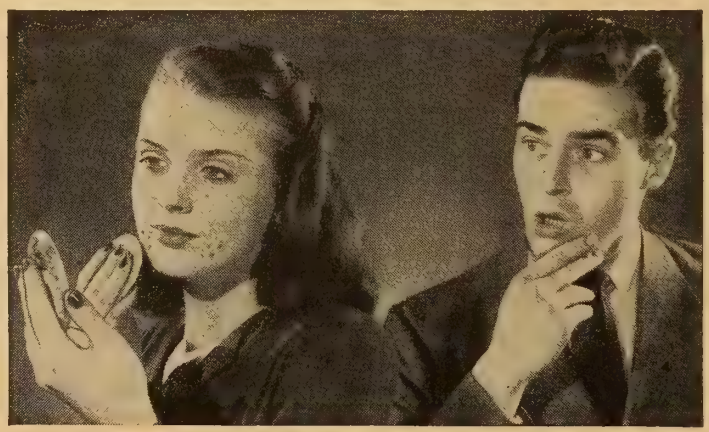

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Get your jar today! At all drug counters—35¢ and 50¢ plus tax

THE FANS

(Continued from page 106)

TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Here's the picture at the half-way mark: League 1: Nelson Eddy Music, 750; Dennis Morgan, 650; Temple, 600; Crosby (Vendetti), 500; Autry, 450; Guy Madison, 400; Haymes (Haywood), 350. League 2: Charles Korvin, 700; G. Kelly, L. Douglas, 600; J. MacDonald (Farrington), 550; Jack Carson, 450; Scott McKay, Ginger Rogers, Bob Crosby, J. MacDonald (Riley), 350. League 3: Bill Williams (Demers), 750; Dick Jaeckel, 650; Carole Landis, New Stars, Sinatra (Beattie), Basil Rathbone, 600; Curley Bradley, Ilene Woods, Rand Brooks, 450; A. Ladd (Pearl), K. Wynn, Sinatra (Pianconi), Jan Clayton, V. Price, 350.

THIS IS MY BEST, 100 pts. *(Prize: Combination gift of FABERGE'S saucy Straw Hat Perfume and Cologne)* Jean Crocker, Filmland Fan C.; Ellen Coughlin, Louise Erickson C.; Marie Sojka, David Brooks C.; Mrs. W. C. Foutz, Ilene Woods C.; Adele Reenan, Helen Walker C.; Jeanne Morgan, Jack Carson C. CANDID CAMERA CONTEST. (First prize, 100 pts.; *Beautiful Assortment of POND'S lovely cosmetics)* Lita Lipstein, Gene Krupa C., (Others, 50 pts., *package of 4 different Dell Mystery Books)* Tex Kroboth, Gene Autry F. C.; Louella Correia, Jack Owens C.; Muriel Scott, Joe Cotten C.; Eileen McCarthy, Glenn Vernon C.; Ev Beasley, Evelyn MacGregor C. BEST EDITORS, 250 pts. *(Prize: POND'S exquisite assortment of cosmetics)* Virginia Haywood, Dick Haymes C.; Marie Waddy, J. MacDonald C. *(Prize: year's subscription to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE and SCREEN ALBUM, four Dell Mysteries)* Lee Dyer, Rand Brooks C. BEST ART WORK, 150 pts. *(Prize: Glamorous, handsome TANGEE Trip Kit for traveling)* Doris Dietrich, Bill Williams C. (Demers). COVERS, 250 pts.; *Bingang* (Vendetti), *Carson's Collections, Joe's* (Dosh) *Journal.* WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES, 250 pts.; Crosby C. (Vendetti), $105 to Sister Kenny Fund; J. MacDonald C. (Riley); Margaret Whiting C., collected $145 for March of Dimes. BEST JOURNALS, 500 pts.: *Shirley's Scoops* (Temple); (Gene) *Kelly Club News;* (4 ties) (Dick) *Jaeckel Times, The Caroler* (Landis), *Talent Scout* (New Stars), *Bill's Pals* (Williams, Demers). PERCENTAGE INCREASES, 100 pts.: G. Madison, Baritony, Blaine Boosters. CORRESPONDENTS, 50 pts.; Maym Sagert, Jane Withers C.; Vic Watson, British Sinatra C.; Bernice Harbaugh, Ken Curtis C.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer, while I was visiting in Petersburg, Virginia, my boyfriend and I went into a photographer's studio. While waiting for our pictures, we noticed a tall, red-headed soldier enter. It was Red Skelton, who at that time was stationed at Camp Lee. We asked him how he had gotten into the Army and he replied, with typical Skelton humor, "Oh, I had some pull with the draft board."

Elaine Knapp
Meadville, Pa.

MY DONNA

(Continued from page 48)

"Tippy," she said, "where are you?"

I'd been "Tippy" to the whole family ever since I learned to walk. Dad had started it because he said I looked as if I was about to tip over any minute.

"I'm here," I said, but I didn't move. I knew Jack was right behind her, and every time I looked at him I went all custard soft inside. Gosh, he was so tall and so dark and so handsome!

"Come on in, honey," Donna said softly. "I think it's time you learned to dance, and Jack's going to teach you."

The star I'd wished on seemed to come down out of the sky and catch in my throat. Because that was the wish I'd made, and Donna must have guessed.

Jack came out on the porch then, and stood there grinning at me. "Come on, Tippy. I'll bet you're a natural-born dancer. Let's give it a whirl."

I almost died of fright and embarrassment right then, before I even tried taking a step. But I looked over at Donna and she winked at me. I remembered then what she had told me about the first time she ever danced. She'd been about as old as I was now, and she'd gone to a party. They had music and people were dancing. A boy started across the room to where Donna sat, and she knew, she just *knew*, he was going to ask her to dance. And she would have to say, "I'm so sorry, but I don't know how." And maybe people would laugh and tell each other, "That Mullenger girl lives on a farm. No wonder she doesn't know how to dance."

As the boy came closer, she made up her mind, the way Donna has always made up her mind about things. She stuck out that firm little chin of hers, and when the boy said, "May I have this dance?" she got right up and danced, as if she'd been doing it for years.

out in i-o-way . . .

Maybe, to help explain Donna and me, I should tell you that our home town, Dennison, Iowa, has only four thousand inhabitants. And we didn't even live in town—but on a farm seven miles out in the back country.

Dad and mother and my brother Billy, and little sister, Karen, still live on the farm. That Karen! She's the cutest four year old you ever saw. Brown hair that comes clear to her waist, and brown eyes, and a turned-up nose. When I'm married and have children, I won't know whether I want them to look like Karen, or like Donna's adorable adopted baby, Penny Jane.

I don't think anyone knew how much I longed to be like Donna, who always did well in her studies and took all the prizes in oratory and had the lead in the school plays. The first big thrill of my life was when I was made Queen of the May in high school, and the reason I was so excited was because Donna had been Queen three years before, so for the first time I was following in her footsteps.

I was only fourteen when our Aunt Milly asked Donna to come and stay with her and go to UCLA, right in Los Angeles. Donna wasn't sure about it at first. California was an awfully long way from Iowa. Then with the calm practicality which always characterizes her decisions, she concluded it was the thing to do. It was an Opportunity. How much of a one, she couldn't possibly know at that point.

Gosh, how I hated to have her go! I followed her around for days before she left, like a silent little ghost, not wanting

"We were out of tune . . ."

Tirades . . . bickering . . . like jangled notes ruining the harmony of our marriage—and I never dreaming it was *my* fault! Oh, I understood about feminine hygiene—I thought. But, carelessly, I'd depended on just *occasional* care. "That's why many marriages fail," my doctor said, putting me wise. "Never trust to inadequate feminine hygiene," he told me —then advised using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

"But . . . it's sweet harmony now"

The song is back in my heart! I feel myself loved and cherished again . . . *happy!* Yes, our discord has vanished since I took my doctor's advice about feminine hygiene . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. "Lysol" is far more effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. "A proved *germ-killer,*" my doctor said "—that cleanses *thoroughly,* yet so gently!" "Lysol" is so easy to use and so economical!

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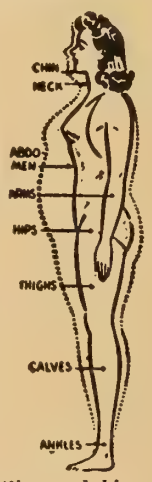

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to let my feelings show. As usual, though, Donna knew. She cried a little when she kissed me goodbye.

"Be good, Tippy, and write me all the news, won't you?"

I didn't cry. I never can. But I was crying inside. After she left, the big house seemed awfully quiet.

Donna used to write to us regularly. I remember when the letter came that said she had been chosen Campus Queen. She enclosed a picture that had appeared in the Los Angeles paper.

"Doesn't surprise me a bit," Dad said comfortably. "I'd bet on Donna to beat those California girls any day."

Apparently, the Hollywood talent scouts thought so, too. Because Donna was approached by every major studio but one, that week the picture appeared.

To each of them, Donna just smiled sweetly and said, "I'm going to finish this semester at school before I do anything."

"Don't you *want* to be in pictures?" one of the scouts demanded incredulously.

"Oh, yes. I think I'd like it. But I want to finish this semester first."

This particular talent scout pointed out acidly that Campus Queens were not unique, that there would be a whole new crop of them along by the time the semester was over, that she'd better grab a contract while she had the chance.

Donna, as usual, was practical. "I won't look any different, or act any different, in another five months. If I'm any good for pictures now, I'll be good then."

As it turned out, the one studio—Metro—which had done nothing about her up to that time was the one which signed her at the end of the semester.

I can't tell you how happy I was when she asked me to come out to Hollywood. We had a wonderful reunion, Donna and I. Sat up until four in the morning, catching up on the news. Right away Donna introduced me to all her friends. Then pretty soon I started modeling which I lo-o-ved.

Donna was living out at Santa Monica then, and Sunday mornings sometimes Van Johnson and Peter Lawford would drive down and we'd cook breakfast for them. We're both good cooks—Mother taught us when we were kids—but Donna's better than I am. I was always telling Van and Pete what luscious apple pies she could make.

just a light snack . . .

"How about producing one next Sunday instead of just talking about it?" Van asked one time.

"For *breakfast?*" Donna asked.

"Certainly, for breakfast. Pie for breakfast is a good old New England custom, and I'm still a New Englander at heart," Van insisted.

So the next Sunday the menu was orange juice, ham and eggs, coffee—and enormous pieces of the best apple pie you ever ate. The boys stuffed themselves and then went swimming. Why they didn't die of cramps I'll never know.

Then all of a sudden Donna fell in love. The man was Tony Owen, and she had met him first about three years before. He was connected with the agency which handled her. He and Donna hadn't made any particular impression on each other then, but Tony went into the Navy and was away for almost three years. When he came back, things were different.

The first date they had, he took Donna to an ice cream parlor. They ate sundaes, and told each other the story of their lives, and the evening went by as if jet propelled.

After that they saw each other several times a week. Donna went around looking like a five year old who has just seen Santa Claus for the first time. She *glowed!* There's absolutely no other way to describe it.

So the first thing I knew they were being married the next week in the Presbyterian Church in Beverly Hills. I was to be bridesmaid. Mother and Dad couldn't leave the farm at that time, so I was to represent the family.

Donna and I drove into Beverly Hills one afternoon to buy our clothes for the wedding. It was to be very informal, so Donna chose a chic navy suit, and a devastating navy and white hat that couldn't have been more becoming. I found a powder blue gabardine suit that seemed to be the one I'd been looking for all my life. We started the drive home, very pleased with ourselves.

Well, you know Los Angeles traffic. We were driving along, minding our own business, with Donna at the wheel, when a car zoomed out of a side lane and hit us. Our car went up and over on one side. Somehow the door came open and I fell out on my head.

tears and laughter . . .

I suppose it looked awful. But it really didn't hurt me at all. I sat up and shook my head to see if it was all there, which it seemed to be, and began to laugh. But Donna ran over and put her arms around me and cried and cried.

I said, "Donna, are you hurt?"

"*Me!* Of course not! But Heidi, you fell on your head. You'll have concussion or something, and it will be all my fault."

I didn't have concussion or anything else, except a bump the size of a turkey egg on my head. The wedding went through as scheduled, and it was perfectly lovely.

Donna was very calm and very quiet. When she turned to Tony at the altar, as the minister said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," her eyes were as big as pansies and her mouth lifted to his in a kiss that seemed to express all the love and trust and happiness in the whole wide world.

Then they started off on a New York honeymoon. Donna had never been there before and she reacted like an excited child!

"Just a hick tourist from Iowa, that's my wife," Tony sighed in mock derision.

"Never mind, darling. We're going to a very lush cocktail party this afternoon. I'll be sophisticated and bored and New Yorkerish."

"You couldn't, and I wouldn't love you if you could."

Donna came back to Hollywood and painted bright pictures of the Big Town for me.

"It's funny, Heidi, but I have a feeling New York is the right place for you. And if that's so you'll land there sooner or later. Just the way I did in Hollywood."

Maybe it was just talk, or maybe my sister is psychic. But when Harry Conover came out to the Coast, he met me and offered me a contract modeling in New York. Before I knew it, I was living in Manhattan, walking up Park Avenue with my official hat-box in my hand.

When Donna and Tony came on for a visit in February, I felt as if everything in my whole life had somehow led up to this. I was a successful model, and Donna was proud of me, and that counted more than anything.

Donna's last day in town, I had to go out on a job, and she was straightening my scarf for me. As she stood there beside me, all the love and affection I've always felt for her swept over me. But as usual, all I could say at a time like that was, "Thanks, Donna."

Thanks, Donna—for everything.

HOW VAN GOT MARRIED

(Continued from page 12)

Keenan knew that eventually Evie and his own best friend would marry. In fact, they'd been expected to marry at Sun Valley, Idaho, just after New Year's, since Evie had announced that for the sake of the children there would be no rush about divorce before the holidays were over.

But this Friday afternoon was the first that Keenan knew of their actual decision. Van and Keenan shook hands. The look on Van's boyish face was quite serious when he broke the news, briefly and to the point.

"It's tomorrow," he said, and Keenan didn't have to ask what he meant. He knew. He smiled. "I'm glad for you," he said. "Both of you.

Evie did not go to a hotel when she arrived in El Paso, but stayed at the home of her attorney there. One thing both she and Van did everything to insure—no publicity! Probably they felt that there might be some adverse criticism.

Van invited his friend at the studio to accompany him the next morning on a chartered plane, and the friend agreed. Keenan smiled again and wished them "happy landings."

"Not a soul must know," Van cautioned him.

"I know how it is," Keenan assured him. "I'm a clam."

the bachelor's last breakfast . . .

Van went home to his suite at the Bel Air Hotel for his last night as a bachelor. He was up bright and early and at this point one can record that the "condemned man" did not eat a hearty breakfast, in fact, scarcely any breakfast at all because he had to hurry to keep a very important date. The studio friend drove up to the hotel and transferred to Van's new Cadillac, and with Van at the wheel they took off for the Burbank airport.

There, Paul Mantz, the man who knows many inside Hollywood secrets, had a C-47 warming up. The C-47 is a two-motored job capable of carrying twenty-four passengers. Mantz said: "Had your breakfast?" Van said no, he'd been too preoccupied to think about eating. "A fellow going to get married is that way, I guess," Van said.

"Well, that's the way I figured it," said Mantz, "so you'll find plenty of sandwiches and hot coffee in the plane."

Fortunately for their hopes for secrecy, they didn't have to go through the regular airport channels to board the plane. Mantz gave her the gun, and they were in the air in another jiffy, pilot, co-pilot and two passengers rattling around in that huge ship.

In a few minutes they were speeding inland and soon were over the vast reaches of the Arizona desert. What did Van talk about? Well, I wondered what a young man flying to his bride might find to talk about, too, but the answer is pretty vague. "Just nothing at all," the friend said. "We ate and drank coffee and stared at the ground. Van acted like he wanted to be quiet, so I didn't bother him."

Back in El Paso, Evie, too, had risen early because she also had a busy morning ahead. The first thing after breakfast, she and her lawyer hurried across the International Bridge from El Paso to Juarez. In the space of a few minutes she fulfilled all the requirements of Mexican law that made her a free matrimonial agent and entitled her to take another husband. This idea of a Mexican divorce and mar-

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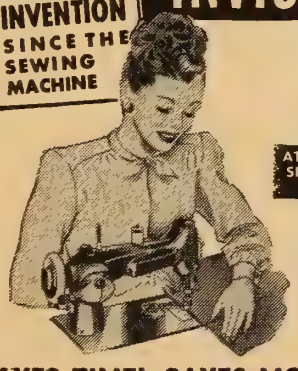

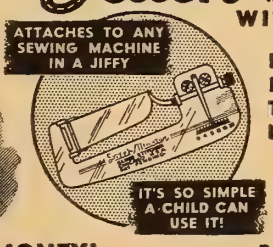

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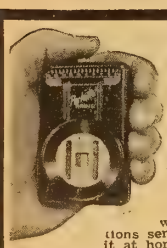

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riage wasn't a new one. Evie and Van had pigeonholed it as definitely among their possibilities. So all the groundwork had been prepared in advance.

As soon as the divorce formalities were over, Evie hurried back to her car and sped out to the El Paso airport. And right on the dot, three hours after leaving Burbank, Paul Mantz nosed his ship down to earth again. The first leg of the flight of the bumblebee was done.

From that moment on Van and Evie kept themselves to a hairtrigger schedule. In the back of the minds of both was the dread that they might be recognized, and that was the one thing they did not want. How they escaped recognition must remain one of the minor wonders. Luck was just with them.

big investment . . .

Entering the lawyer's automobile, they hurried back to El Paso and parked close by the International Bridge. Van's pal from home forked over an American dime and got back two cents change. It costs eight cents to enter Mexico from the United States, and considering what Van and Evie got when they went over the border, that journey must go down as one of their gilt-edged investments.

In the middle of the bridge their hearts stood still for a moment.

A woman crossing in the opposite direction with a man passed and stared. The man with her pulled at her elbow. "What are you waiting for?" he demanded. "Why, I'm sure that young man with the pretty girl is Van Johnson, the movie star," she replied. "Nonsense," said the man, "what would Van Johnson be doing here?"

Van leaned over to Evie and whispered: "Gee, honey, I forgot my vanishing cream. I'd sure like to vanish right now."

The ceremony was brief and very dignified, presided over by a Mexican civil judge, Raul Orozco, a man of size and immense judicial poise. He asked the customary formal questions. Van wasn't a bit nervous, and neither was Evie. He had the ring ready, a plain gold band purchased for him in a Beverly Hills jewelry shop a few days previously. Van wanted to buy the ring himself but knew he didn't dare. The risk that the story would be all over town in no time was too great.

The bride wore blue, a plain blue tailored suit with a becoming blue hat and a small veil. The bridegroom, too, was in blue, a pinstripe suit, white shirt, blue tie, and black shoes. As soon as Judge Orozco had pronounced them man and wife, Van gave his bride a hug and kiss. Nothing overly demonstrative. Witnesses to the marriage were Evie's lawyer and the studio friend of Van's.

When the party got back to the airport, Paul Mantz had the plane ready. Again they had to run the gauntlet of people at the airport, but again they escaped without being recognized. Not one word went out over the wires, not a single intimation that these two glamorous people had been united in matrimony went to the outside world until they were good and ready. A message was rushed to M-G-M studio at Van's bidding just before they took off, and that was all.

It was enough. Three hours more in the air, winging into the gathering sunset, brought them back home again. Less than twelve hours elapsed between the time when Van hopped aboard the plane to meet his bride-to-be and when he landed safely home again with his bachelorhood behind him. Photographers from the downtown Los Angeles newspapers, the photo services, and the studios were on hand to greet them as they stepped from the plane. The business of posing was quickly over with. Van was quiet, dig-

nified, and firm. He turned aside all inquiries about what had happened that day and about their honeymoon and future plans, and did it very deftly. Nevertheless, intimations began to appear in print that they had taken off for a secret destination.

Their destination was secret enough, all right, but hardly mysterious. Less than an hour after settling down in Burbank, Van was carrying his bride over the threshold of their lovely, secluded honeymoon home in Brentwood. And there they remained, stepping not a foot out of town, while Hollywood wondered where they were.

It's a wonderful honeymoon home, too. And it's nothing new for those luxurious quarters to welcome honeymooners, since it was to that marvelous place that Cedric Gibbons, the famous art director, brought Dolores De Rio as his bride.

A few of their close friends came to see the newlyweds in the first days and weeks after their marriage and among them, of course, was Keenan Wynn. Evie delights in showing the place off and telling of her plans for it. The downstairs has a huge drawing room and dining room spacious enough for a large party. There is a lovely big fireplace and a marble stairway leading to the second floor, where the Johnsons will really live. Off one end is a bedroom suite for Van and Evie and off the other the sleeping apartment for the two youngsters, Edmund, five, and Tracy, three.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made it possible for him to acquire the honeymoon house. It was something he never would have attempted to swing on his own because Van isn't the sort to throw his money away on ostentatious living. The cost of the house was $125,000, and of that sum the studio guaranteed $100,000. It wasn't exactly an outright gift, but a bonus in recognition of the fact that Van has been a consistently potent box-office draw.

Truly, there is a young man who has everything! His dreams have all come true, and at thirty, when a man's young enough to enjoy the fruition of dreams.

"I guess," he said to me in deep contentment, as he sprawled on a huge divan. "I guess I'm really what you call a happy man. Yep, Florabel, that's me. Happy. And it's great!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was en route from California to Texas by train, accompanied by my two small children. It was no easy job getting them settled for the night, and while I was undressing my little girl, my 3-year-old son, Butch, went adventuring. After a frantic search through the made-up Pullmans, I reached the compartment end, and there, through an open door, I saw my offspring happily eating raisins, perched on the knee of the one and only Jimmy Durante, who was on his way to Fort Worth to put on a show. For the rest of the trip, Butch spent most of his time with Mr. Durante, whom he called "my friend who has gum," and both of them appeared to enjoy the association very much. I found Mr. Durante as charming and delightful a person as he is a comedian, and I would like to thank him again for the nurse-maid service.

Mrs. Dorothy Weaver
Fort Worth, Texas

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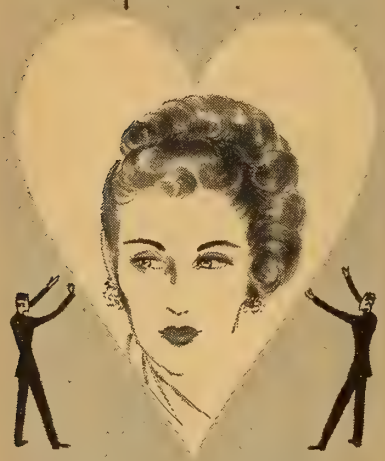

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TWO ON A STRAW

(*Continued from page 54*)

I wrote her a cutting reply, but I was chuckling as I did it. I was pleased.

Janie came home, finally, only to win a Hollywood Showcase contest, and then she was gone again. But this time for good. She was gone to Hollywood, and an M-G-M contract, and a picture called *Song Of The Open Road*. She was set.

By this time, I'd moved to New York, myself, but Jane and I kept in touch.

I saw her once in New York. After *Song Of The Open Road*, she was taken on a personal appearance tour, and she covered twenty-one cities in forty-six states—luncheons, dinners, hospital wards. She got pretty worn, that trip. She was a slight girl—still is—and while she's not as frail as she looks, she's no lady wrestling champ either. It got to the point where the mayors would take her out to give her the keys to their cities, and they'd have to wake her up to accept them. The mayors were all lovely, but she was tired.

She was glad to get back to Hollywood. We still corresponded, Janie and I, and I knew when she'd made *Delightfully Dangerous*, and I knew when she'd finished *Holiday in Mexico*.

We'd gone on burning up typewriter ribbons asking each other questions. From me, it was always, "When are you coming to New York?" From her, it was always "When are you coming to Hollywood?"

So here I am, in California.

two straws, please . . .

Janie met me at the airport, and we stopped at her father's malt shop on the way out to the house, and almost choked to death over our sandwiches and one-malted-between-us-please, we were talking so hard and so fast. The Burces' new house is in the San Fernando Valley (they had six months to get out of the one they were renting before) and Mr. Burce is going to sell this shop he has now, on Sunset Avenue, and buy one closer to home.

And oh, that home. It's a long, white bungalow—the most charming place yet. It's got a pool out in back, and a guest house—the guest house is going to have a soda fountain some day—and a place where Janie wants to build a badminton court.

The outside isn't fixed up yet, but the inside is heavenly. All Early American, with coral ceilings and painted beams, and the living room is going to have a maple fireplace, and Janie's room is all soft and pink and it looks as though it ought to smell of sweetpeas. I don't even know if sweetpeas have any smell, but it's just a feeling you get from that room.

The funniest thing is that the Burces weren't crazy about the place when they bought it. The man who owned it before had it full of big, dark furniture, and turquoise walls, and it was dirty, and the lawn looked seedy. No pun. But Janie didn't see anything except the pool.

"We've got to have it, Mom," she said rapturously.

And Mrs. Burce guessed they had. Jane had stars in her eyes so big they made you nervous.

After that, they started trotting around to auctions, looking for copper and brass. They got staggering bargains, too. Life just isn't fair. You take two people like Jane and her mother—they seem so tiny and innocent and unable to take care of themselves that an auctioneer turns proprietary.

Mrs. Burce was scared to bid, in the beginning, and she'd just sit there, quietly, while the stuff was sold off, and finally, Janie couldn't stand it any longer, and she

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raised her voice. When she got a picture frame that had been made in Germany in 1800 for four dollars and fifty cents, she realized the auctioneer was being prejudiced.

From this, Mrs. Burce took heart. There was a darling copper pitcher up, and the bidding had started. "Five dollars!" cried Mrs. Burce bravely.

She got it for five dollars. They also picked up an antique hall tree—it's a job with a mirror, and hooks for coats—since there isn't any closet in the living room. The hall tree cost them ten bucks, and Mr. Burce finished it himself.

Anyhow, the bungalow is fast becoming a paradise. It already is, to Cinderella. Cinderella is a collie, and if she likes you, she comes over and knocks you down, all in good clean fun. She liked me, right away.

The day I got there, she was feeling pleasantly frivolous. She and Janie and I went into the house together. Janie'd just finished making *The Birds and The Bees,* and she was free as air for a while.

Except for school. "You like it any better?" I asked.

She grinned. "I love music appreciation." And that was that. Who's she to go hurting teachers' feelings? She also loves recess.

I asked her about boys, and stuff, and she said she'd been dating Roddy McDowall. "And Gary."

"Gary?"

"Gary." She grabbed my arm, and pulled me toward the pink bedroom. There was a picture on her bureau. The boy wasn't handsome, and he wasn't homely, but he looked nice.

Janie grinned again. "He's Sonja Henie's skating partner," she said blandly. And then, with that perfect innocence: "I'm—uh—learning to skate."

Gary, who's going to be more than a skater, leaves for Dartmouth next year, to get himself some higher education.

Jane's kind of wistful about that, too. You wouldn't think that a movie star might sometimes envy other kids their normal lives, but you'd be surprised.

You see, most of us go to public schools and meet other kids, and have parties and go on dates and grow up with a crowd.

poor little rich girl . . .

A girl like Janie doesn't get a chance to meet people her own age. She's in a studio school with everyone from Butch Jenkins up, and her Saturday nights aren't as busy as yours!

"You know how it is," she said. "When I'm working in a picture, my friends are free, and when they're free, I'm working."

Mrs. Burce was sitting there, listening to us babble, and drinking coffee. She doesn't look old enough to drink coffee.

"Let's go out and eat," she smiled. "Give you a look at Hollywood."

We went to the Tropics, and I gaped at the movie stars—I think I saw Lana Turner, but I may be wrong—and then we drove around and I gaped at the city, and then we went on back to the house.

Janie and I still hadn't stopped talking. We slowed down a little bit, that evening, at any rate. Jane was knitting on some blue socks (she's too lazy to start a whole sweater).

We both started yawning, but sat up an hour longer, anyway, then called it a day.

While we were setting our hair, she looked so serious, I asked her what she was thinking about.

"Vincent Price," she said. "He's so masterful."

I gave up, and went to bed.

The next morning, that little dynamo, that nervous system with a head on it, bustled into my peaceful guest house headquarters and shook my bed practically out into the yard.

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I decided to be friendly, anyway. "Yes?" I said.

"Get up." She was ever so cheerful. "We're going skating."

Now skates and I don't mix. I'm the lazy type. I like to read light verse under big shade trees. No mental or physical strain for me.

So we went skating.

Jane announced to the family that she was taking the car, and they said, "Yes, dear, go ahead, only don't wear out all the tires going around the curves. It's the only car we've got."

Which was even more ominous-sounding than the skating deal. I figure Jane must have been a reckless driver in her youth, but now she's an old hag of sixteen, she's improved. I didn't have to get out and push once.

The skating, I'd rather not talk about, if you don't mind.

a little peace and quiet, please . . .

We went, and we came home. I was ready for something quiet by then. I spent a couple of hours looking over some pastels Janie'd done, and decided they were pretty good. I wasn't going to tell her that, though. Not after what she'd put me through.

Still, I got fond of her again very soon. She makes the best darn cream puffs. They're sort of small and flaky, and they have chocolate on them, and she piles them high with sweet whipped cream. After you've eaten a couple, you begin to think about what a dear, cunning place the world is.

I was thinking exactly that when Jane's voice interrupted me. "—that squash?" she was saying. I looked up, and she was pointing to the biggest squash in the whole world. "We had a Christmas party," she went on. "Christmas Eve. And the next day, we found that squash on the porch with a Christmas card attached to it, and no other name. We don't know where it came from."

It was her turn to look dreamy. "Parties are fun." She got up quickly. "That gives me an idea!"

My heart sank. Not another idea; oh, please not another idea. But this one was gay, as a matter of fact. This one had to do with giving a little party, and before Jane got through turning it over in her mind, she had her sweater on. The Burces have no phone, and she was on her way to the nearest booth, with a pocket full of shiny nickels.

spaghetti party . . .

She worked up quite a party, too. Roddy, and Elizabeth Taylor, and some other cronies who weren't in the movies, all said okay, they'd come on out, and they did. We had spaghetti, and pizza—Powell specialties—and a big tossed salad and a lot of fun.

Janie played records (she has a good collection) and some of the kids danced, afterward. I could hardly walk, let alone dance. That spaghetti!

A few of us just sat and talked. We talked about Janie, I guess. I remember the subject of the Sinatra broadcasts coming up. You probably know how, when Frankie (who was so exhausted he was on the ragged edge of a breakdown) took off for a little vacation, Janie was given the job of carrying on with his show. And you can figure what a spot *that* was to fill. Jane came through with her usual competence and grace.

And she was deprecating about it. "They miss Frank so much," she'd murmur in a dreamy voice.

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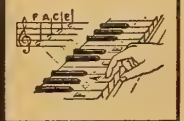

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IT'S A BOY!

(*Continued from page 42*)

at least we can use it for something now."

"You won't put *our* baby in that thing," she said.

Sue tracked down the bassinette that held Alana during her first weeks. It had become a tradition in her circle of friends to move the bassinette wherever a new baby was expected. The Crosbys' first boy and last boy had used it, Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll had it for a while and Rosemary Lane had trimmed it with new ribbons for her baby. Now it was trimmed in pink.

"Don't you think we ought to fix it up in blue?" Alan said.

Sue smiled to herself. Alan wanted a boy so badly. She remembered when Alana'd been born. The first time she'd seen Alan afterward, he had come into her hospital room, his eyes strangely glazed.

"Are you happy that it's a girl?" Sue had asked.

"Oh—" said Alan, looking out the window, "it's all right."

never lost a father, yet . . .

Then Sue had discovered that he was ill, and when the nurse had taken his temperature at Sue's suggestion, the thermometer had shown 104 degrees. So his indifference, while partly disappointment, had been due mostly to being "out" on his feet. Just the same, this time it was obvious that he wanted a boy!

Alan bought hundreds of cigars and stowed them away in his studio dressing room. The baby was expected any time between December 15th and January 15th, but Christmas went by, and so did New Year's Day, and nothing happened.

Sue's doctor had bet her three pairs of nylons the baby would arrive by January 3rd. Sue had won that bet easily. The waiting was getting them down. It's sort of a Ladd jinx. Alana had been born several weeks late, now this one was overdue, and to add another thorn to the strain on their patience, Alan's favorite mare at the Alsulana Ranch was negotiating with Father Time regarding her own addition. The situation extended even to the pair of rabbits at the ranch. There were two of them and for a year they had maintained a childless marriage—a record in rabbit annals.

"It's a curse on us," muttered Alan.

Then at eight o'clock at night, on February 4th, the doctor called the ambulance. They told Alana they were going to the hospital to get her a baby, and left the house in a rush.

At the hospital Alan retired to the waiting room, a bleak affair with four walls and not much else. Through the night he sat nursing his anxiety with half smoked cigarettes.

Around noon of the next day, Alan learned that complications had set in and that there might be serious trouble. Knowing he was in a frenzy of worry, Sue suggested that he phone Chet Root, his best friend, to keep him company. Chet said sure, he'd be right down.

When it came time for Sue to go to the operating room, Alan followed dejectedly as they wheeled her down the corridor. Sue watched his drawn face and tried to keep courage written on her own. Just before they wheeled her away from him, Alan pressed a small picture of Alana into her hand.

"For luck," he said.

It broke Sue's reserve, and by the time she had passed through the door she was

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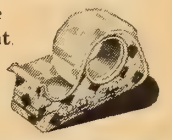

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dissolved in a flow of silent tears.

Outside, Alan and Chet waited, staring at each other helplessly. Two hours later, Sue's nurse walked into the waiting room.

"You have a son," she said. "Eight pounds, eleven and a half ounces."

The word "son" had no effect on Alan. He looked at the nurse, his eyes haggard. He sank into a chair.

"I don't care what it is," he said. "How's Susie?"

"She's—all right," said the nurse.

Chet had made two phone calls when the doctor entered the room and spoke briefly to Alan. Watching Alan's face, Chet saw the muscles contract and then quiver slightly. He hung up the phone.

"What's the matter, Alan?"

"There are—" Alan gulped. "Complications. More of them. She's having a transfusion."

"My God," said Chet.

They brought the baby to Alan for his inspection. He looked down at the small bundle and said a silent prayer. It was three hours until he finally saw Sue. She was very sick, but she managed a smile.

"That was an awful trick, Laddie—showing me Alana's picture. It made me bawl."

Alan went out again, and waited. Chet finally went to his own home, worn out. He couldn't get over it, and kept his wife awake all night talking about the ordeal. Alan, meanwhile, was going through the worst of it. Sue was dangerously ill. There was transfusion after transfusion, and he learned that twice, while she'd been on the operating table, she had registered no pulse or blood pressure.

welcome sue and david . . .

Twelve days went by before Sue could leave the hospital. Alan spent the preceding night decorating the house for her homecoming. He followed the ambulance from the hospital and joined Sue at the front door, beaming at her reactions. The door was hung with a big sign that read "WELCOME SUE AND DAVID." The living room was blotted out by a huge placard that said "GOOD BOY, DOC." The bedroom was festooned with twisted crepe paper hung from the ceiling, and a sign over Sue's bed read "GOSH! IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME."

They'd named the baby David Alan, and soon after Sue came home, a trade paper carried an item to the effect that Mr. Ladd must be mighty fond of his own name, what with a daughter named Alana, his son David Alan, his ranch Alsulana, his racing horse Alsuladd. Sue froze when she read it, and immediately phoned the paper.

"Listen," she said. 'If there's anything in the Ladd family named after Alan, it's my own doing. I happen to be in love with the guy—and if I had six more children I'd like to name them all Alan. *He* has nothing to do with it. I put up his pictures all over the house, and he comes home at night and takes them down. You really shouldn't—"

"All right, Mrs. Ladd," said the editor. "All right, we're sorry. You win."

And the next edition printed her statement. Sue showed it to Alan.

"There," she said. "I guess I fixed that."

He patted her head. "You don't care who knows it, do you, honey?"

"I certainly don't. I'm proud of it."

Small Alana was dumbstruck with happiness over the new baby. She had been moved into the guest room to make space for a nursery and considered the whole thing a great honor. Glued to the nursery for days after the baby's installation, she was in attendance during feedings, baths and diapering, always holding David's tiny hand as a signal of her devotion.

One night she sat on the bed, solemnly

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watching her father struggle with his tie.

"You like David?" said Alan.

"Oh yes, Daddy."

"What are you going to call him? A nickname, I mean."

"His name is David Alan," she said gravely.

"But he ought to have a nickname. Your name is Alana but we call you Lonnie. What'll it be for David?"

"Butch," said Alana promptly.

So Butch it is, and his chubby highness rules the household. They treasured the gifts sent Butch by friends, perhaps most of all the tiny set of dentures, less than one inch square, sent by their dentist. The card read, "He's got to have teeth."

Three nights after Sue's return to the fold, she and Alan were playing gin rummy in the bedroom when the phone rang. It was the caretaker at the Alsulana Ranch, his voice high with excitement.

"Alan!" he said. "You're a father!"

"No kidding," said Alan drily.

"No—I mean the mare. She's thrown a filly—a beautiful chestnut filly!"

"Well, that's that," said Alan. "Now only the rabbits remain stubborn."

The man laughed. "You're wrong there. The doe is expecting a litter next Thursday. I guess they finally got the idea."

Alan hung up and grinned at Sue. "We're certainly a busy family." He touched the old cradle with the toe of his shoe. "What do you say we store this thing away at the ranch? We've all had enough for a while."

A WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE

(*Continued from page 38*)

that a chat with me was better than champagne and caviar for breakfast."

Then Linda gave me the straight of it, to explain why she had given her marriage another try while all around her Hollywood married couples were calling it quits for good.

"First," she said, "let me explain about Pev going to Honolulu just ten days after our reconciliation. He had planned this vacation trip for a long time. He had just finished photographing *Night Unto Night*, the new Viveca Lindfors picture at Warners, and really needed a rest. He took the trip with a friend of his, Don Siegel, the director of the picture, and I would have gone along except that there wasn't a chance because of the *Forever Amber* schedule."

Linda makes no bones about it. Her marriage to Pev Marley, which was of three years' and three months' duration, and interrupted by a six months' separation, may not continue. She sincerely hopes it will.

"I think," Linda continued, "that my particular marriage problem is a little different from most of those you have been called upon to report. In the first place, I didn't file for divorce. We talked about the community property problem, but that was as far as it went. Shortly after Christmas, Pev and I began seeing each other casually, and we made the gradual decision to go back together. Then I moved out of my Hollywood apartment, and back into our home at Pacific Palisades."

Back of all this is a romantic story of duration seldom known in Hollywood. Linda met Pev Marley for the first time when she was fourteen years old. He had photographed her second test. That was in April, 1939, after she had gone back to Dallas, Texas, her first try at pictures a failure because she was too young for older roles and too old for children's work.

"I was in love with Pev for four years

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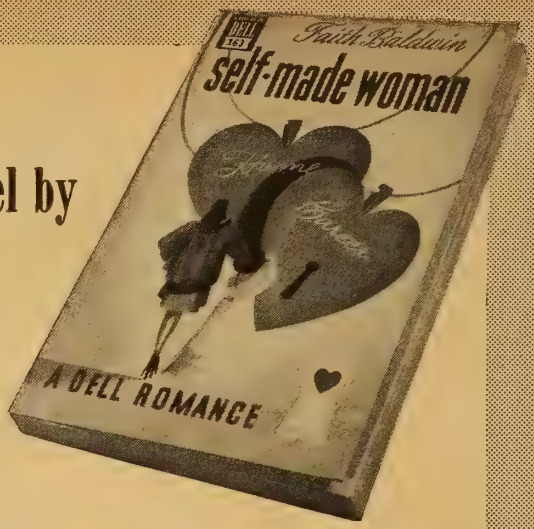

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before he began to take me seriously. After we'd known each other for a couple of years, during which he treated me like an older brother does his kid sister, I couldn't hide my feelings.

"Pev didn't convince himself that I was sure in my own mind until just a few weeks before we eloped to Las Vegas. Ten months before that I was so certain that he would propose at last that I bought a white wedding suit and asked Ann Miller to be my bridesmaid.

"Finally, Pev broke down and admitted that for a long time he had been putting on the four-wheel brakes to keep from asking me, and that he would admit at last that I was not just a little nitwit who imagined that being married was simply the most exciting thing ever."

The marriage plans were kept a secret. They had to be. There was a solid wall of opposition from studio and family.

"Ann and I finally took our wedding costumes out of their respective closets," Linda declared, "and there was more than a slight aroma of moth balls. We had planned to leave early on Saturday morning, and drive to Las Vegas, but the studio called Ann in to dub some tap sounds.

"In the meantime, I was still frantically calling hotels in Las Vegas. There wasn't a room to be had in the whole town, and we needed two. One for Ann and me, and another for Pev and his best man.

"I decided to use 'movie influence.' I said that Ann and I were coming up, as we did frequently, to entertain the men at a nearby air field . . . and we were bringing our mothers."

That should have turned the trick, but the little scheme backfired. One of the hotels called Linda back and reported that they were only able to secure one room, but inasmuch as the party consisted only of females would they mind?

Pev and Linda talked the situation over and decided that it was now or never.

"When we got there, Ann and I unpacked while Pev and Bill went looking for a room. We were too excited to do much sleeping, but when I finally closed my

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One Sunday morning at 6 a.m., Gene Autry arrived in our town—and there wasn't one restaurant open. He came into our bakery shop, which is one of the few places open at that time, and asked my mother if there were any place he could get a cup of coffee. My mother, who is no movie fan, thought he was a poor cowhand who had come to Chicago on the cattle train, and promptly offered him some coffee in the tin cups we use in the shop. He sat on the counter, talking quietly about everything under the sun—until the town came to life. He even went out and rolled down the awning in front of our bakery. That evening, as Gene was walking from the hotel to the theater, followed by hundreds of his fans, he passed our shop, which caused my mother to remark, "Everyone's acting so silly. Didn't they ever see a cowboy before?" When I told my mother the cowboy was Gene Autry, the famous movie star, she got quite a pleasant surprise.

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eyes there was a loud knock on the door. I opened it to find a bell hop with a telegram from Pev. After turning the town upside down he and Bill had a room in the same hotel, two floors above us!"

Linda and Pev were married on Palm Sunday in the office of Judge O'Malley. Church bells rang. Everything was beautiful. Linda and Ann wept a little, and the happy event was over.

The trip back was wonderful, until they turned on the car radio. They heard Winchell announce the news of the elopement. Then followed Louella Parsons and Jimmie Fidler. And they couldn't miss the blunt truth that few people, if any outside themselves, were in a congratulatory mood.

Linda gave a wedding reception. Quite a group of her friends attended, but she couldn't miss the obvious attitude of those who should have been there but weren't.

During their honeymoon, Pev and Linda avoided everyone. But gradually the opposition turned to enthusiasm. Linda and Pev bought their home in Pacific Palisades, a few blocks from the ocean, and began to furnish it. The task took almost three years because Pev was still in the army. Although stationed nearby for most of the time, during which he was photographing training films and the re-created landscapes in miniature which were used for pin-point bombing over Germany, he had little free time. Linda and the studio made up, and the pressure of her career became stronger.

Linda views her marriage problems with a direct attitude. "Our adjustment probably wasn't nearly as difficult as many marriages at the same time," she pointed out, "but an actress has a specialized situation to face. It is more than a problem of whether or not two careers in the same family will work.

"Pev and I married for companionship, but frequently we missed out on it. And not through any fault of Pev's. He is one of those vital, energetic men who is interested in many things. It may seem small and ridiculous, but I frequently didn't want to talk about my experiences during the day—whom I saw, whether the scenes went right, and so on.

"Pev, on the other hand, is deeply interested in his work, and in mine. Whereas, the way I am, when a day is over, I seldom feel like rehashing any of it.

alone in a crowd . . .

"The reason for my craving for silence may be as simple as the fact that I was raised with a large family. There were five of us, not to mention the pets we were forever collecting. Our home was always a happy madhouse. I could walk in at any time, find a horse in the living room, which I didn't, of course, and never bat an eyelash.

"As a result I found privacy by just being quiet. The habit of long standing still prevails to such an extent that Pev sometimes has asked me what I am unhappy about when I am simply sitting around and relaxing, enjoying the luxury of not saying anything."

This seemed a good point to pop up with a question about the future. Linda grinned. "I have just bought a small ranch near Taos," she said. "It is a five-and-a-half acre hideaway built of adobe, with four bedrooms and an art studio. Mr. Zanuck has promised me three months off after *Forever Amber* is finished, and you don't have to guess where I'm going."

"Alone?" I asked.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you one thing about the ranch," she answered quickly. "There's a small stream running through it. If you happen to be passing by—as you won't—you'll probably see Pev out fishing for trout."

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CRACK-UP

(*Continued from page 62*)

home of Ginger Rogers, and while he was living there in a great deal of secrecy, Harrison Carroll, the columnist, got wind that something was wrong. He called Greer, who shot back a fast denial.

"Oh, no," she told him. "We're just having the house redecorated, and Richard went away so he wouldn't be bothered while he's working so hard on *Ivy*."

Carroll used the story that way on a Friday, but the following Sunday, Louella Parsons had their separation on her radio program, having got hold of Richard, who admitted it. He himself had only learned that morning from Greer that she considered their break final.

That's when Greer fled posthaste to Pebble Beach with her mother, and she was really in a terrible state of nerves. Richard said to me afterwards, "Pressure from correspondents and columnists became so terrific that she was completely beside herself."

After talking to Richard I am quite sure that he was not let in on Greer's plans and that the announcement from her came as a great shock to him. Nevertheless, outwardly he betrayed nothing. In fact, he seemed to me to be making a point of nonchalance—not that I was fooled by it. I suspected all the time that he was just laughing on the outside, crying on the inside. I knew he was hard hit.

For more than a year before the rift, the gossip about the Garson-Ney menage had been hot. People seemed to have a feeling that everything was not quite as it ought to be in that three-cornered household. (Greer's mother lived with them, you know.) The rumors increased about the time he left M-G-M. In order to quell those rumors, Greer and Richard announced that they planned to buy a trailer and tour the country all by themselves. Greer told me glowingly of their plans.

"Richard is so handy with the pot and skillet," she said. "Really a fine cook, you know. We shall have the most wonderful time." The trip never came off. It was just sort of forgotten.

Then the gossip took a really ridiculous turn, showing how little people honestly know about the inner lives of our stars who are so constantly on parade. The next rumor was that they were victims of mother-in-law trouble. Nina Garson and Richard have been the best of pals, and gin rummy antagonists from way back. I am betting she misses him almost as much as Greer does.

Furthermore, Richard's own mother visited him and Greer for months last winter, and the two mothers-in-law went everywhere with the glamorous pair—to night clubs, premieres and private parties. I met Greer's mama and Richard's on the Sunday when Smiley Burnette gave a birthday party for his favorite horse and they were certainly the closest of pals. No, the mother-in-law angle will have to be ruled out. This difficulty goes deeper.

Richard told me he thought Greer never had entirely got over her accident and near-drowning at Monterey while making *A Woman of My Own*. (That was the time she was romantically rescued by a handsome fisherman and much was made of it.) The after-effects of that mishap left her morose and depressed. Yet in her public appearances, she was so gay that no one could have suspected a thing wrong. Outwardly they appeared ecstatically happy, completely wrapped up in each other—but what went on when it was no longer necessary to wear a mask, when they faced one another in the privacy of their own home, those things nobody knows.

Richard has discussed his marriage and its at least temporary failure with nobody. He consented to see me only because of our old and strong friendship, and because he knows that I am as ardent a Garson fan as he is. I am sure he has given me confidences that no one else has received, and for that reason this story as it relates to their break-up is exclusive.

But by skirting judiciously around what Richard told me, and what with my knowledge of Greer and her history in Hollywood, I think I have a pretty clear conception of what happened.

off with the queen's head . . .

Metro built Greer up to queenly stature. She stayed on top, reaping new harvests of adulation as each new picture came along, until the inevitable law of averages caught up with her.

Not every film can be a *Mr. Chips*, a *Mrs. Miniver*, a *Random Harvest*. Every top star must face the fact at some time in her career that she's going to have not-so-good pictures, but Greer wants every picture to be her best. She is a very highly organized girl, thin-skinned, ready to break into tears if she thinks people don't love her every minute. And she can be plunged into depths of misery by little things. Love doesn't thrive in that sort of climate.

Greer and Richard met in the wardrobe department at Metro. Richard had just come to Hollywood for the first time.

Let no one question that Greer did a great deal for Richard's career when he came back from the service. Let no one deny, either, that in a time that might have been difficult for a man of less finely-tempered character, Richard proved himself to be all man.

There are those who said that he couldn't help succeeding as an actor because, after all, wasn't he married to "Miss M-G-M?" A pretty catty aspersion! Richard got away from Metro as fast as he could. In *The Late George Apley* at Twentieth Century-Fox, he manifested a fine and trained talent. Sam Wood and Bill Dozier, two excellent judges of ability, paged him at Universal-International for a top featured role in *Ivy*. Again he acquitted himself with great credit. Gradually, the back-biting dwindled and finally ceased altogether. Today Richard is accepted on his own ability as one of the most skilled young players in pictures, with a bright future.

In the midst of all this success—the blow, tempered only by the knowledge that his friends are true and wholeheartedly interested in his happiness.

Richard said a strange thing to me that day at LaRue. "I am one of those men," he told me with that earnest look in his eyes, "who believe that the woman should have the right to decide whether she wants to marry—and also if she wants to call it a day. I believe that's a woman's privilege." But the torch Richard is carrying burns high and hot. Perhaps one day it may rekindle the love that Greer once had for him. Richard hopes so.

He told me he thought it was a woman's privilege to decide when she should marry and when she should end her marriage. But I discovered he has a way of making decisions for women. For instance, when I had lunch with him he had it all ordered for me before I arrived. He told me he thought women liked to have men make decisions for them. I don't. I like to order my own lunch. Maybe Greer does, too.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Notice something different about the Questionnaire (below) this month? We've changed it a bit—but the prizes are still the same! To the first 500 of you who fill out and return this Questionnaire, we will send ABSOLUTELY FREE a three months' subscription to MODERN SCREEN (June, July, August issues). Okay, on your mark . . . set . . . go! (And watch out for that last question—it's tricky.)

QUESTIONNAIRE

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

If any of the stars below is UNPOPULAR with you, please check the box opposite his or her name. If you like them all, please check the box opposite "No dislikes." CHECK ONLY ONE BOX!

☐ *Van Johnson*
☐ *Rita Hayworth*
☐ *Glenn Ford*
☐ *Judy Garland*
☐ *Gregory Peck*
☐ *Betty Grable*
☐ *Cornel Wilde*
☐ *June Allyson*
☐ *Guy Madison*
☐ *Lana Turner*
☐ *No dislikes*

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june 15c

modern screen

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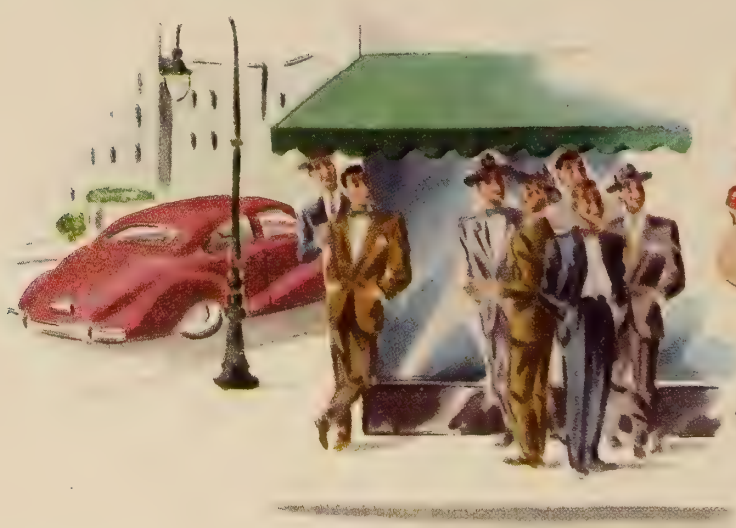
JUNE HAVER

She's Twenty... And Terrific!



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...you just washed away *past* perspiration—now guard your *future* freshness

True, glamour does *begin* in the tub. But, while your bath gives you a fresh lease on loveliness, it can't safeguard your *future* charm.

So, after you wash away *past* perspiration, *complete* your bath with Mum. That's the safe, sure way to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come*. With Mum, you *stay* sweet, nice to be near, all day or evening.

Mum

MUM

Product of Bristol-Myers

checks perspiration odor

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

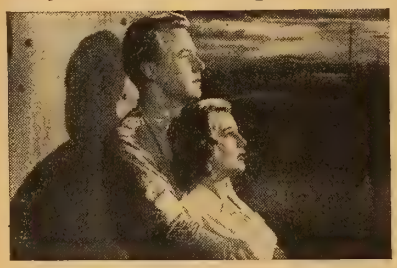
"High Barbaree" hits a new high in adventure. "High Barbaree" hits a new high in romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, who wrote the famous "Mutiny on the Bounty", have penned a new modern story with equal fascination.

★ ★ ★ ★

As a Cosmopolitan magazine story, as a popular novel, it won millions of readers for its tale both taut and tense, its love story tender and touching.



Van Johnson's role is completely different from anything he's done in the past. Tough and dramatic, suave and civilized, it's a characterization that will absorb you. June Allyson, with stars in her eyes, is the girl he loves. But there's another girl in his life—Marilyn Maxwell.

★ ★ ★ ★

Thomas Mitchell adds the tang of salty humor with his part. Claude Jarman, Jr., flaxen-haired star of "The Yearling", and Henry Hull, one of the stage's finest actors, head a perfect supporting cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Produced with consummate skill by Everett Riskin, dramatically directed by Jack Conway, from the screenplay by Anne Morrison Chapin, Whitfield Cook and Cyril Hume, "High Barbaree" hits a new high in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

For spring enchantment, come along to the isle of High Barbaree . . . that tropic paradise of which all lovers dream.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll have a high good time at "High Barbaree".

★ ★ ★ ★

Louella Parsons has just given it Cosmopolitan Magazine's Citation as the Picture of the Month.

★ ★ ★ ★

To see is to agree!

—Leo

P.S.—What a Scoop! —"The Hucksters", "B.F.'s Daughter", "East River"—the three top best-sellers —will all become M-G-M hits!

JUNE, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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Van Johnson · June Allyson

(In a NEW and DIFFERENT role...with the screen's most lovable girl)

A spectacular adventure-romance
by the authors of
"Mutiny On The Bounty"
THRILL to the crash at sea!
THRILL to the tornado!
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He wanted to stay in the arms of his first true love—but another woman claimed him!

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"HIGH BARBAREE"

(Where every lover's fondest dream comes true!)

THOMAS MITCHELL · MARILYN MAXWELL · HENRY HULL · CLAUDE JARMAN, Jr.

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Based on the Novel by CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

Produced by EVERETT RISKIN · Directed by JACK CONWAY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Oscar-winners Harold Russell (best supporting male role) and Claude Jarman, Jr. (best child actor) share their mutual happiness with Shirley Temple.

■ The attractive suitor who has been courting Rita Hayworth oh-so-quietly but oh-so-persistently since her break with Orson Welles is—and this will surprise those who think immediately of Tony Martin—David Niven.

They were constantly together in Palm Springs where Rita had gone to recuperate from an overdose of "too much genius" in her marriage.

David is the main reason, I believe, that Tony Martin will have his work cut out for him if he tries to rekindle that old flame with Rita.

* * *

Since their flare-up at the Academy Awards when they refused to speak or be photographed together, there's been a lot printed about the feud between Olivia De Havilland and Joan Fontaine. Evidently, there's been a hurt that goes very deep on both sides.

The know-it-alls will tell you that the cause of the rift is that Olivia believes her family is not pleased over her marriage to Marcus Goodrich and that she resents it because she adores him. I don't believe that. Olivia and Joan had had many flare-ups before Goodrich ever came into the picture. It's unfortunate but true that the girls are just not temperamentally compatible.

Perhaps things will eventually ease up. The night of my broadcast with Olivia, I had dinner at a popular cafe with the Goodriches. Joan came in with her husband, William Dozier, and everyone held his or her breath to see what would happen. When Joan passed our table on her way to the ladies room, she stopped and spoke to her sister, and Olivia responded. I can't say there was any great effusion there, but at least the two did speak.

It's unfortunate that two such beautiful, talented sisters should be so bitter. Yet I don't see how anyone on the outside can do anything about it. The girls will have to work out their own problem.

* * *

When June Haver was working on location for *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*—35 miles from Los Angeles—the only available telephone was a three-party line. Every time Junie put in a call to her bridegroom, Jimmy Zito, the other two "parties" listened in avidly.

One night, June picked up the 'phone, heard voices and would have hung up immediately if she had not heard her name being mentioned. The conversation went as follows:

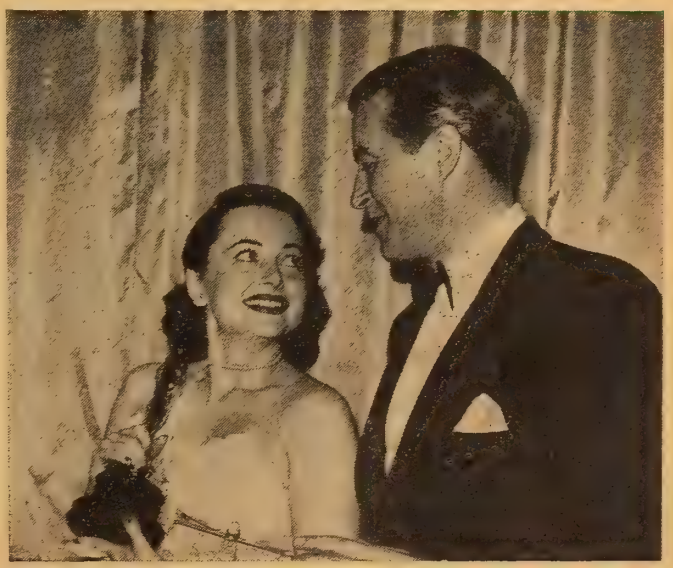
"June Haver's up here making a movie and she sure must be (*Continued on page 6*)

louella parsons' good news

Cathy O'Donnell (also of *Best Years*) accepted the statuette for Fredric March, busy acting in a N.Y. play. Joan Fontaine, who won Oscar in 1941, had the privilege of making the best-actor award.

It was Lionel Barrymore who opened the "best supporting actress" envelope and came up with Anne Baxter's name. This called for a kiss from Anne, who wept real tears during her "thank you" speech.

Morris Stoloff, who scored the music for *The Jolson Story,* enjoyed the double thrill of winning the Oscar and having it presented to him by Lana Turner! Lana, incidentally, came alone—in Ty Power's car.



Ray Milland, who won his golden boy last year, handed Olivia De Havilland the coveted best-actress prize—for *To Each His Own,* of course. Afterwards, Livvy threw a "weep-or-celebrate" party for close friends.

louella parsons' good news

The Academy shindig brought out Sue and Alan Ladd for their first formal celebration since their son David's birth. Suzie's well as ever now, after her difficult confinement.

A gay foursome at the Academy affair: the Nigel Tangyes (she's actress Ann Todd) and the G. Pecks. Greg wasn't too disappointed when he didn't win Oscar—but Greta was!

Evie and Van Johnson make their first public appearance as man and wife. Placed on a strict allowance by his manager, Van, who earns $5,200 a week, claims he's "flat broke."

The Danny Kayes were there, too. Danny's at the let-me-show-you-pictures-of-my-Dena stage, embarrassing Sylvia by hauling them out everywhere—even at the Academy show.

crazy about that broken-down musician she married. She calls him twice a day."

That was all the bride could take! "He's *not* a broken-down musician," she yelled with all stops out, "He's a *wonderful* musician! I ought to know. I'm married to him—and *I'M* June Haver!"

You could have cut the ensuing silence with a—telephone line!

* * *

The memory of Hollywood's top annual event, the Academy Awards, remains with us months after it is over. This is THE occasion when my home town dons its best bib and tucker to watch the lucky winnahs receive the coveted Oscars.

Usually, there are big parties all over town following the presentations. But this year it was different.

The N. Peter Rathvons (he's the big boss of RKO) took over the whole affair and invited 500 guests to their home atop a hill in Beverly Hills that has a magnificent view of Los Angeles and the valley. It's the old Charles Boyer house and it has been beautifully done over by Mrs. Rathvon.

Parking so many cars was such a problem that the Rathvons had arranged for taxis to convey the guests from the foot to the top of the hill—and believe me, I think I have never seen such a beautiful sight as the roadside up the hill blooming with daffodils, hyacinths and all the Spring flowers that had been specially planted there for the occasion and gave the effect of a giant carpet of real flowers!

I looked immediately for Olivia De Havilland, the 1946 Queen, who had just carried off the Oscar. She was not there—so I telephoned her and found out she had invited a "weep-or-celebrate" gathering of her closest friends to a little party at her home—to weep if she lost and celebrate if she won. Everyone invited had accepted this invitation, so she was unable to appear at the Rathvons', which would have been such a triumphant occasion.

In view of what I've already told you about the feud—it was a little ironic that her sister Joan was at the big party and one of the loveliest girls there. Joan wore a lovely

(*Continued on page 8*)

Love me... IF YOU DARE!
Hate me... IF YOU CAN!
Kill me... IF YOU MUST!
The story of love that flowered like the Moss Rose... out of the ashes of death and violence!
PEGGY CUMMINS
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MOSS ROSE
From the best-thriller novel that startled ...and stunned!
with
VINCENT PRICE
MARGO WOODE • GEORGE ZUCCO
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20th CENTURY-FOX
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • Produced by GENE MARKEY

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HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

All set for the big Fan Club Party-and-Convention in June are: June Allyson and Marshall Reed, honorary committeemen; Gladys Perkins, publicity chief; and Ellen Roufs, director of the affair. Clubbers from all over the country will pour into Hollywood for the week-long activities.

louella parsons' good news

canary yellow gown with a beaded jacket. "No, I'm not concealing my figure," she laughed. "I'll let you know when I'm going to have a baby."

Joan's marriage to Bill Dozier has worked out wonderfully well. "I'm the girl who married her boss," she said. She seemed so gay that I didn't say a word about the scene that had taken place backstage with Olivia earlier in the evening.

Dorothy Lamour, who just that day had received word that she had to have her adenoids out, looked far from a prospective hospital patient in a stunning white dress embroidered in red cherries. Dorothy has always been considered one of Hollywood's best dressed women. She certainly has never rated the crack that she was one of our "ten worst dressed!"

I must say for Rosalind Russell and Jane Wyman that they were wonderful sports about losing the Oscar to Olivia. They were looking around everywhere trying to find the missing Olivia and congratulate her. Said Jane, "If I couldn't win it, I'm glad she did."

If Rosalind Russell was disappointed, she certainly didn't show it. But Freddie Brisson, her husband, said to me, "She'll probably win it for something less serious. I, personally, think *Sister Kenny* was the finest thing she's done on the screen."

I noticed that Jane Wyman, who's expecting a baby, spent a quiet evening with her husband and the Gregory Pecks. Jane was very cute saying how disappointed she was that Gregory had not won for the best male performance. Everyone likes him so much and he's such a wonderful actor. But Hollywood voted the way it saw it—and that's the way it should be no matter what personal preferences are.

When I patted Jimmy Stewart on the back and said, "Jimmy, I'm sorry you didn't win," he grinned and said, like the good sport he is, "Oh, I have time. I'll get it someday."

"Someday *again*," I corrected, because Jimmy won Oscar in 1937 for *Philadelphia Story*.

A huge tent had been erected for the party and the decorating motif was enormous Oscars all over the place. In all the years I've been covering Hollywood parties there has never been a more elaborate affair nor more people present. Sprinkled among the stars were such illustrious guests as Eric Johnston and Earl Warren, the popular Governor of California. Yep—it was a beeg night. We won't have a bigger one until Academy Award time rolls around next year.

* * *

This may be a little tip for romance, girls! Alfred Hitchcock, one of our best directors, refuses to film a love scene on a big, gaudy set. Hitchy says that close quarters is the correct way to convey the feeling that two people are set apart from the rest of the world. For this reason, he's filming the love scenes between Gregory Peck and Valli (that's all there is to her name and she's the new Selznick discovery debuting in *The Paradine Case*) on a set that measures six-feet-by-eight. That should be chummy enough!

Seems kinda silly—but experts do say that many proposals take place in automobiles or

(*Continued on page 10*)

Thrill after Thrill after Thrill after Thrill!
violent!
violent Love!
HUMPHREY
BOGART
BARBARA
STANWYCK
ALEXIS SMITH
"The TWO Mrs. Carrolls"
WARNER BROS.
WITH
NIGEL BRUCE · PETER GODFREY · MARK HELLINGER
DIRECTED BY
PRODUCED BY
Screen Play by Thomas Job · From the Stage Play by MARTIN VALE · Music by Franz Waxman
WARNERS
made it from the 2-year stage hit that hit Broadway between the eyes!

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louella parsons' good news

taxicabs—so maybe there's something to it.

* * *

Close Up Of Dana Andrews Off-Screen: He can SEW very well. Mrs. Andrews can't thread a needle—but Dana's a whizz. Not fine embroidery, mind you. But he's right there when buttons come off. One night, just before they left for a preview, the garter came off Mrs. A's girdle. Dana did the honors of stitching it back on again!

He's a camera fiend and is continually taking "candid" shots when he isn't gardening or busy in his workshop. The Andrews home in Toluca Lake is Normandy style architecture, painted a slate gray with a white trim and white fence. All the rooms are carpeted in solid, strong colors from wall to wall and the furniture is equally colorful. Neither Dana nor Mary likes pastels, damask, or antiques.

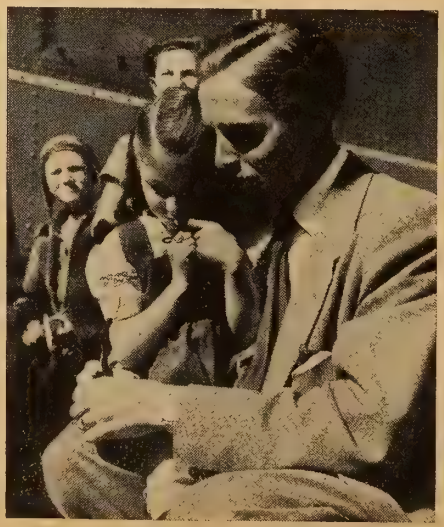
At present, the Andrews living room is crowded by a real piano, a dummy piano, a new super-duper recording and playback machine, and stacks of sheet music. Reason is, Dana's taking music lessons for his role as the blind pianist in *Memory of Love*—a movie being produced by my famous relative, Miss Harriet Parsons. She will be very pleased to learn that her hero practices three hours daily. The two kids, Cathy and David, are very impressed with pappy's piano playing, which is loud—if not so good.

He goes shopping with his wife because he likes to pick out women's clothes and has wonderful taste. That's okay with Mary because he always picks out more expensive things than she would select for herself.

Dana loves to read, but is particular. So Mary reads a book first and if she thinks he would like it, it goes on his nightstand. He loves to read aloud and frequently reads to his wife who promptly falls asleep. This hasn't stopped him—so far. He's still at it.

* * *

Walter Wanger took over the entire Chanteclair Cafe on the Sunset Strip to celebrate Joan Bennett's birthday, which turned out to also be the natal day of three other guests—David Niven, Reginald Gardiner and Franchot Tone.



Richard Ney delighted the younger set at the *Ramrod* opening. Dick left for N. Y. afterwards, where he told friends, "I miss that redhead."

Veronica Lake and husband Andre de Toth arrive at Alta, Utah, for the State Centennial Celebration and *Ramrod* premiere.

I've noticed that hostesses always seem to have twice as much fun when a party is held in a cafe rather than in a home because there are none of the usual worries about everything going off all right, natch.

There were movie stars all over the place, including Joan, who looked like a dream in a lovely white gown. But it was an out-of-town visitor who stole a lot of the thunder.

Brenda Frazier, who was the glamor debutante of all time, and her husband, Shipwreck Kelly, were among those present, and even the Hollywood glamor girls found Brenda very interesting to look at. Her gown definitely had the New York air and it's easy to see how she was the socialite darling for so many years.

Franchot Tone's pretty, blonde wife, Jean Wallace, sat by me and poured out her troubles. No, not with Franchot. But just that day she had been suspended by her studio. Her husband told her not to worry—he didn't think she would starve.

Rosalind Russell is certainly getting to be the fashion plate of our town. She never seems to wear the same evening gown twice—at least I haven't caught her and I see her often. On this occasion she was wearing a filmy rose-colored dress which was very becoming with her dark hair.

Gregory Peck sat at Joan's table. I was there, too, and so was William Powell. Bill was busy passing around a telegram Mousie, his wife, had sent him. It arrived just as he stepped through the door and read, "LET'S GO HOME NOW. LOVE."

"You see," Bill explained, "that girl loves parties better than anything in the world. Just as we started to leave the house tonight I said, 'For heaven's sake, let's go home at a decent hour tonight and not be the last to

(*Continued on page 64*)

TWO DAMES ARE OUT TO STOP HIM...
ONE WITH HER LIPS...
THE OTHER WITH A GUN!

Bill Bendix battling beside Ladd even more thrillingly than in "Blue Dahlia" and "Two Years Before The Mast"!

This is Ladd's toughest fight . . .
up against the hidden riptides of deadly Eastern intrigue . . . and the two women who stand in the way of his revenge against the Orient's underworld!

Paramount presents

ALAN LADD
GAIL RUSSELL · WILLIAM BENDIX

in

"CALCUTTA"

with

JUNE DUPREZ

LOWELL GILMORE · EDITH KING · Directed by JOHN FARROW

papa flynn

Fatherhood's easy after the first time, they say. But don't tell that to Errol, who's just had (with Nora's help!) Miss Rory Flynn.

Errol (whose next is *Escape Me Never*) relaxes in his study, after passing out the cigars and candy.

by valerie sloan
Special Reporter for Modern Screen

■ Nurses just off night duty at St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, California, were crowding into the hospital coffee shop right after dawn on March 13th, when a tall, handsome and very slender man appeared as if from nowhere, sat himself down at the counter and asked for black coffee, please, and hurry it up a bit, if you don't mind.

Instantly, the chatter and clatter among the young nurses was silenced. Expectant papas were no new sight to them, but this one was different. He was hatless, and his wavy brown hair could have done with a bit of combing. His motions were nervous and quick, his manner courtly, his voice edged with a smile.

"That's Errol Flynn!" The whisper ran through the coffee shop like a charge of electricity. What had brought him there at that early hour was no secret, for hospital gossip travels fast. Every girl in the restaurant knew that upstairs in the delivery room, Mrs. Nora Eddington Flynn was in labor. They knew, too, that the pains had started many hours ago, just after noon the previous day. And when they saw the drawn look on Errol's handsome face, they sympathized.

He hadn't finished his second cup of steaming coffee before (*Continued on page 97*)

AT 12 O'CLOCK . . . A LADY WITH A FUTURE!
AT 12:05 . . . A WOMAN WITH A PAST!
5 MINUTES after the curtain went up sophisticated New Yorkers realized they were witnessing the frankest, most fearlessly outspoken stage play they had ever seen. Now it comes to the screen with all its electrifying impact!
HUNT STROMBERG presents
HEDY LAMARR
Dishonored Lady
co-starring
DENNIS O'KEEFE · JOHN LODER
with
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN · MORRIS CARNOVSKY
PAUL CAVANAGH · NATALIE SCHAFER
Produced by JACK CHERTOK
Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON · Screenplay by EDMUND H. NORTH
A HUNT STROMBERG Production
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

dorothy kilgallen selects "stairway to heaven"

Is he dreaming, or is he really dead, wonders David Niven. He remembers jumping from his plane without a chute during the war, but who is this person in 18th century finery (Marius Goring), and what's this mysterious Stairway to Heaven he's sitting on?

■ Once in a while you come across a book you can't put down. The clock moves, the sky grows white in the window, the room turns cold—but you hold the book in your hands and you read it through to the end.

Once in a greater while you come across a picture you can't forget. You see it, you sit there in the dark and it lifts you and something in it crosses to you with a leap of recognition, and when you leave the theater it stays with you and you go back over its scenes the way you riffle through the pages of a book for a favorite poem.

Stairway To Heaven is that kind of picture. I loved it on sight. I loved the way it opened, in wonderful Technicolor space, and I loved the gentle note on which it ended. The people in it became friends, alive and warm and full of meaning, and when they faded off the screen I was sorry to see them go. I became a "shill" for the film, went around saying to people, "Have you seen *Stairway To Heaven?* You simply must!"

(Continued on page 66)

A Picture so gay
It tops 'Going My Way'
Welcome Bing! Welcome Barry!
in
"Welcome Stranger"

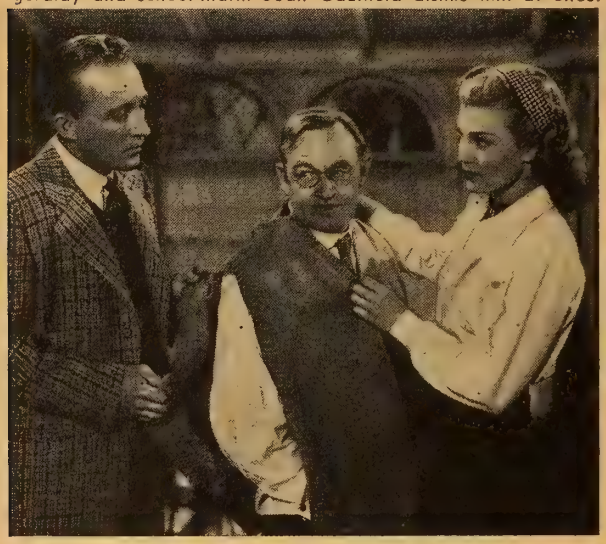
starring
BING
CROSBY
JOAN
CAULFIELD
BARRY
FITZGERALD
with WANDA HENDRIX • FRANK FAYLEN
ELIZABETH PATTERSON • ROBERT SHAYNE
LARRY YOUNG • PERCY KILBRIDE
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT

Bing Sings!
LOVE SONGS TO HIS "BLUE SKIES" SWEETHEART!
"My Heart Is A Hobo"
"As Long As I'm Dreaming"
"Country Style"
"Smile Right Back At The Sun"

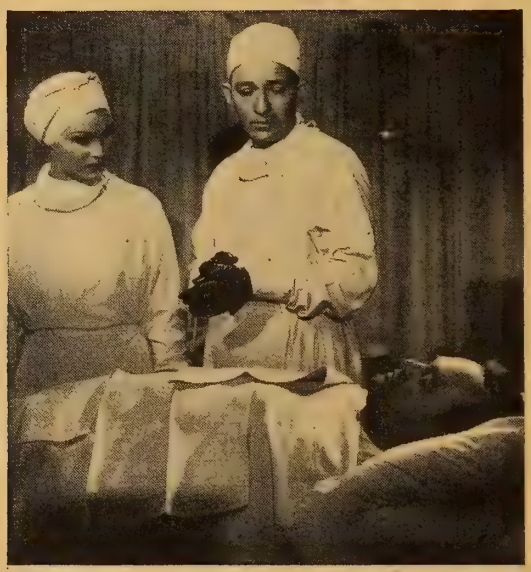
They're back and they're better in the grand reunion the whole world has been waiting for ...a story that's funnier and more heart-warming than their immortal triumph, "Going My Way"!

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Adaptation by Arthur Sheekman and N. Richard Nash • Story by Frank Butler
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Flashy clothes and glib talk make substitute-doctor Bing Crosby unpopular with the staid New Englanders. Old Doc. (B. Fitzgerald) and school-marm Joan Caulfield dislike him at once.



Still distrustful of his substitute, but unable to break their contract, Fitzgerald leaves on his first vacation in 30 years. On the way to the station, he is stricken with appendicitis, brought back home.



Reluctantly, the ailing doc agrees to let Crosby operate. But he insists on a local anesthetic, directs his own appendectomy. Joan assists Bing.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Virginia Wilson

"Welcome Stranger"

■ All the heart-warming sentiment and humor of *Going My Way* are repeated in this new Bing Crosby—Barry Fitzgerald picture. Joan Caulfield plays the most decorative school-teacher ever seen by mortal man, and Bing sings "My Heart's a Hobo," which is heading straight for the Hit Parade.

When young Doctor Pearson (Bing Crosby) arrives in Fallsbridge, Maine, the phrase he does *not* hear is "Welcome, stranger!" Maine folks don't care much for strangers, especially ones that are always singing crazy songs and wearing clothes that look like horse blankets. But Pearson's glad to get there, anyway. That crotchety old fellow on the train was beginning to get on his nerves. Kept muttering about "bad mannered young blatherskites" all the while, just because Pearson got the last order of trout and the old boy had to eat oatmeal.

It's quite a surprise to Pearson to find that the "old boy" is the doctor he's come to replace for two months. It's worse for Doctor McRory (Barry Fitzgerald) who had planned on his first vacation in thirty years. Now he flatly refuses to leave the health of Fallsbridge in the hands of an incompetent young idiot who would probably sing while he was amputating your leg.

Pearson is inclined to argue the point, especially after he has seen Trudy Mason (Joan Caulfield). But Trudy's engaged to Roy Chesley (Robert Shayne), and Dr. McRory is too stubborn to admit he's beginning to like Pearson, who shares his interest in fishing. If McRory hadn't suddenly developed acute appendicitis, Pearson would have left. As it is, there is nothing to do but operate.

That's a funny (*Continued on page 18*)

YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEART TO THIS WONDERFUL GUY... SHE DID!

The exciting romance of a beautiful gal who loved a special kind of guy. He put her in a million dollar mansion and laid the world at her feet...for love...for laughs...for thrills!

It's one of your most memorable screen experiences!

FRANK
BORZAGE'S
fast-moving drama
of love and excitement

THAT'S MY MAN

Starring

Don
AMECHE

with
ROSCOE KARNS
JOHN RIDGELY
KITTY IRISH
JOE FRISCO
and JOE HERNANDEZ
Nationally Famous Racing Announcer

Would you take a handsome man in out of the rain on a rainy, rainy night?

Catherine
McLEOD

THE GIRL you loved at first sight in "I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU"!

Produced and Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE
Associate Producer... Lew Borzage
Written by Steve Fisher and Bradley King

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

"I held the gun..."
"...but fate pulled the trigger!"
Eagle-Lion Films presents
LOUIS HAYWARD
JOAN LESLIE
RICHARD BASEHART
in
"REPEAT PERFORMANCE"
with VIRGINIA FIELD • TOM CONWAY • BENAY VENUTA
NATALIE SCHAFER • Screenplay by WALTER BULLOCK
Based on a novel by William O'Farrell
Produced by Aubrey Schenck • Directed by Alfred Werker
Bryan Foy in charge of Production

(*Continued from page* 16)

scene. The old doctor insists on a local anaesthetic and a large mirror so he can direct the operation. The patient survives, of course, to admit that Pearson is a good surgeon after all. There are other plot complications, involving Trudy, Roy and a hospital Dr. McRory has been looking forward to for years. The situation is taken care of; believe it or not, by three cigars.—*Par.*

CARNEGIE HALL

Here is Carnegie Hall—fifty years of it—seen through the eyes of Nora (Marsha Hunt), who comes there first as a child just over from Ireland. When she's five years old, she hears Tschaikowsky and meets Walter Damrosch. When she's twenty, and a charwoman at the hall, she falls in love with Tony Salerno (Hans Yaray), brilliant pianist with the Symphony.

Tony doesn't mind Nora being a charwoman. She adores him and she adores music, which is enough. He marries her, although Donovan (Frank McHugh), the superintendent of the Hall, shakes his head a bit. Donovan's fears are for Nora—he knows Tony is irresponsible and an alcoholic.

For a couple of years Nora is very happy. Then Tony begins drinking again, gives up his job in a fit of temperament, and is killed by a fall downstairs. By then there is the baby Tony to think of. Nora determines that he shall be a great musician like his father, but without his father's temperament.

Tony's growing years are lived almost entirely in Carnegie Hall, listening to Heifetz, Pons, Rubinstein and the rest of the great musical artists. His time outside school is spent practicing the piano, for which he has definite talent. But as he gets to be a young man (William Prince), he rebels against his mother's domination. Sure, he loves music, but it doesn't have to be classical. And when he falls in love with a girl, Ruth (Martha O'Driscoll), she's a singer with Vaughn Monroe's band.

This leads to an open break with his mother, and Tony goes out on his own. But Nora prays that some day he'll come back to the Hall, and unexpectedly her prayer is answered.

Some of the best music and musicians of our day are to be heard in *Carnegie Hall.* Almost everyone from Heifetz to Harry James! —*U.A.*

THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR

Most women wouldn't care to live with a ghost, but Lucy Muir (Gene Tierney) is not an ordinary woman. And certainly Captain Daniel Gregg (Rex Harrison) is no ordinary ghost. Since they both like the same house, and are stubborn types, there they stay.

Maybe I should explain how it happens. Lucy is a young widow who is living with her dead husband's family in London. It's an annoying household. Her mother-in-law, Angelica (Isobel Elsom) weeps easily and often. Her sister-in-law, Eva (Victoria Horne), tries to tell her how to bring up her little girl. So Lucy finally leaves them, and rents a tiny cottage by the sea. It's a charming place and very cheap.

The reason it's cheap soon becomes evident —lights go out, windows fly open, a man's deep laughter is heard. But Lucy refuses to be driven out. "If you weren't such a coward," she tells the ghost severely, "you'd come out of hiding." Captain Gregg, a short-tempered man, I mean ghost, is furious at being called a coward, and promptly materializes. Handsome! He explains to Lucy that he doesn't want strangers messing around the place. When he sees she really loves the house, he agrees to let her stay.

Lucy's in-laws show up to tell her that her income from her husband's money has stopped so she'll have to come back to them. Daniel frightens them out of the house—and half out

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir: Widow Gene Tierney rents a haunted house—cheap—to escape life with her in-laws. She finds the house delightfully haunted by a sardonic ghost—Rex Harrison

"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"

A product of Lever Brothers Company

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new Loveliness"— *says famous star*

Here's the Active-lather facial Esther Williams uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Then, with a soft towel, pat to dry.

A simple, easy care, but beautiful screen stars tell you it *works*—leaves skin softer, smoother, more appealing. So don't let neglect rob you of Romance. Be lovelier tonight!

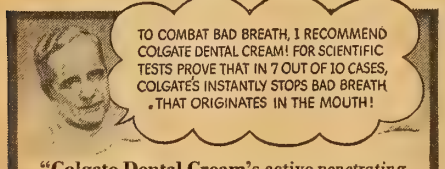
In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

YOU want the loveliness that makes men whisper "I adore you." Let this beauty care help you to have it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

When a man marries, his troubles begin!

JIM'S CHANGED! WE'VE ONLY BEEN MARRIED 3 MONTHS—BUT HE JUST DOESN'T PAY TOO TERRIBLY MUCH ATTENTION TO ME ANY MORE!
WELL, JIM CAN'T VERY WELL TELL YOU ABOUT BAD BREATH, JUDY! I'M SORRY, HONEY, BUT YOU DO NEED TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!


TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"**Colgate Dental Cream's** active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently, *safely!*"

LATER!
NOTHING LIKE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TO KEEP A ROMANCE ON THE BEAM!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

of their wits. Then he tells Lucy that they'll write a book together, the story of his life. That will make her plenty of money.

They do, and it does, but in the process Lucy meets Miles Fairley (George Sanders) who isn't a ghost but a very alive young man. What comes of that I will let you investigate yourself.—*20th-Fox.*

BLAZE OF NOON

Bill Holden and Sterling Hayden come back to the screen in a story of four brothers who are fliers in the early days of the Air Mail service. Anyone who flew a plane then had to have steel nerves, no imagination, and it helped to be a little bit crazy. The MacDonald brothers are like that.

Roland (Sonny Tufts), the oldest, has taught Colin (William Holden) and Tad (Sterling Hayden) and Keith (Johnny Sands) to fly. They're doing stunt flying for a circus when they get the Air Mail offer.

They get to Newark where they're to live, and something immediately happens which might split them up. Colin falls in love. Oh, he's had plenty of girls before, like Poppy (Jean Wallace), a dancer at the circus. But this is different. The girl is Lucille (Anne Baxter) and she's a nurse.

So the wedding is two weeks later—financed by a fellow pilot, Porky (William Bendix). But it doesn't break up the MacDonalds, for Lucille has agreed that they should all live together. She soon begins to think this wasn't such a good idea. In fact, after a month of it she storms out of the house, announcing that it was like living in a men's club. Colin goes after her and brings her back, but bad luck pursues them. Keith is killed in a plane crash, then Tad has an almost fatal accident. Roland leaves flying to sell cars. Only Colin continues stubbornly to fly the mails, while Lucille waits and worries at home.—*Par.*

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN

You have a neat selection of singing styles to pick from in *It Happened in Brooklyn.* If you don't go for Frankie Boy, you can have opera by Katherine Grayson, a comedy song by Jimmy Durante, or a jive number by Peter Lawford, which is, surprisingly, the high spot in the show.

The story starts in England, where little Danny (Frank Sinatra), a soldier from Brooklyn, is waiting to be sent back to the States. According to Danny, there's no place in the world or out of it like Brooklyn. He passes these sentiments on to a nice old gentleman who is worried about his son, Jamie (Peter Lawford). Jamie is strictly a square. He plays Mozart and backs into a corner if he so much as sees a girl. "Send him to Brooklyn and he'll get over that stuff," Danny says, forgetting his own shyness. "Why, in Brooklyn *everybody* has a girl!" When he finds out that the old gentleman is the Duke of Dunstable, he is slightly embarrassed but sticks by his slogan: "Everything is perfect in Brooklyn."

When Danny gets back there, he finds out that's not quite true. There is, for instance, the little matter of finding a place to live, since he hasn't any family. But he meets an old friend, the janitor of the high school where

It Happened In Brooklyn: War vet Frank Sinatra enjoys a spaghetti dinner whipped up by New Utrecht High custodian Jimmy Durante.

Danny went. Nick (Jimmy Durante) invites him to share his basement quarters.

Danny also meets the music teacher, who is not as friendly as Nick, but a lot prettier. Her name is Anne (Katherine Grayson) and she *hates* Brooklyn. Nick doesn't think much of it, either, and even Danny soon begins to lose his enthusiasm. Then Jamie comes over from England and expects them to show him what a wonderful place Brooklyn is. In showing Jamie, they show themselves.—*M-G-M.*

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS

Humphrey Bogart turns from tough detectives to a smooth murderer for his role in *The Two Mrs. Carrolls.* As Geoffrey Carroll, he plays an artist who always wants to marry the women with whom he falls in love. Unfortunately, this involves murdering whatever wife he has at the moment.

When he first meets Sally (Barbara Stanwyck) on a fishing trip, he has a wife, as well as a little girl, in London. Sally finds this out and refuses to see him again, so Geoffrey decides to get rid of Mrs. Carroll. He buys poison from a ratty little chemist, Blagden (Barry Bernard) and feeds it to his wife nightly in a glass of milk. He also begins a painting of her as "The Angel Of Death."

Before long the first Mrs. Carroll has been neatly disposed of. A year later Sally is the second Mrs. Carroll, and she and Geoffrey and his little girl, Beatrice (Ann Carter), are living happily in a house in Kent. Geoffrey's picture, "The Angel Of Death," has made him famous. Everything is fine.

Gradually, however, Geoffrey begins to get restless. Sally no longer inspires him. At this psychological moment, the statuesque beauty, Cecily Latham (Alexis Smith) appears and asks him to paint her portrait. Geoffrey at first refuses rudely, but that only intrigues the predatory Miss Latham. Soon he is seeing her constantly and their affair has become neighborhood gossip. And soon, too, Sally is ill, with Geoff, the solicitous husband, preparing her nightly glass of milk. . .

There are some spine-chilling moments in the picture, but there could have been more. —*War.*

IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE

Of course it *couldn't* have happened on Fifth Avenue, or anywhere else, but it's nice to believe it could. Nice to believe that there are people like McKeever (Victor Moore), the hobo in the silk hat, and the ex-GI, Jim Bullock (Don De Fore), and Trudy (Gale Storm), the millionaire's daughter who doesn't care about the millions.

McKeever, of course, has no right to be on Fifth Avenue at all, let alone living in the luxurious mansion of Michael O'Connor (Charlie Ruggles). But O'Connor is away for the winter, and McKeever found a loose board. So here he is. Being a generous man, he invites Jim, who has been dispossessed, to move in with him. He doesn't bother explaining that he doesn't belong there.

When they find a pretty girl taking a mink coat out of a closet one night, Jim is all for turning her over to the police. McKeever has to tell him that they aren't in a position to talk to policemen, and they end by offering to let the girl live there, too. She accepts demurely, not telling them that she's Trudy O'Connor, Michael's daughter. She has run away from school and her father already has detectives looking for her.

It's her father himself who finds her. By then she is in love with Jim, but he's prejudiced against millionaires. So will her father please pretend to be a starving old tramp and come and live with them and see what a nice guy Jim is? O'Connor reluctantly agrees, and they outfit him at a second hand store.

It's a funny situation and Victor Moore is as amusing as ever. Ann Harding appears as O'Connor's wife.—*Mono.*

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Whether you're a Dickens devotee or consider him an outmoded relic, you'll be enchanted by *Great Expectations.* No story as dramatic as this could ever be dated, and the cast, headed by John Mills and Valerie Hobson, is perfect. You remember how it begins . . . a seven-year-old boy, Pip (Anthony Wager), encounters an escaped convict on the moors. Although he's terrified to the soles of his worn-out boots, Pip brings food to the ugly, threatening giant, and tries to help him escape. The man is caught and Pip gets a hiding for his pains.

A year or so later, Pip is asked to come once a week to the home of an elderly gentlewoman in the neighborhood, Miss Haversham (Martita Hunt). He is to play games with her little niece, Estelle. Estelle (Jean Simmons) calls him a nasty, common little boy and refuses to have anything to do with him, but Pip adores her.

When Pip (now John Mills) is sixteen, he is apprenticed to his brother-in-law, Joe (Bernard Miles), a blacksmith. Later, a lawyer, Jeffers, (Francis L. Sullivan) comes to see him and tells him he has "great expectations." He is, in fact, the heir to a fortune and must be brought up in London like a gentleman. So Pip goes off to London where he shares bachelor quarters with Herbert (Alex Guiness), and soon becomes a thorough young snob. He meets Estelle (Valerie Hobson) again, and this time she warns him not to fall in love with her.

Pip is sure that Miss Haversham is his own

`Mess' call, 1947

Take a robust boy, aged eight or thereabouts, add one inquisitive pooch, stir in a soft Spring day—and what have you got? A job for Fels-Naptha, of course!

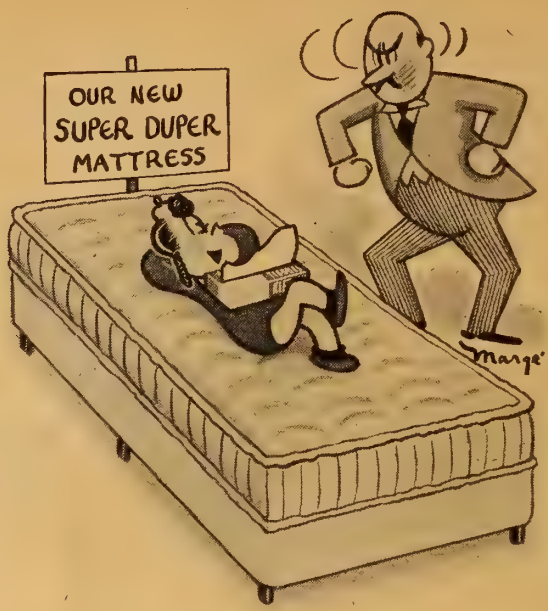
It's a fact—and most mothers know it—there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap for washing grimy garments. Clothes that look hopelessly soiled come out of Fels-Naptha suds clean and fresh. And you needn't rub them ragged to do it.

It's the combination of active Fels naptha and good mild soap that dislodges dirt—deep down in the fabric—and gently washes it away. Whether you're doing heavy work clothes or perishable dresses, you can wash them cleaner and quicker with Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

LITTLE LULU



"Kleenex is softer!"

Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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secret benefactor, and that she wishes him to marry Estelle. He has a rude shock when a hideous old man with a black patch over one eye comes to see him, for this is the convict he once befriended, and it is *his* money that Pip has been living on. The old man has risked capture again—this time just to see the boy who once helped him. Pip's natural kindness conquers his snobbery.—*Univ.*

NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans is to be recommended solely for its music, which is jazz at its best. Just listen to it, though—don't look, because the plot is weak and the acting doesn't help. But when Louis Armstrong, Billie Holliday and Woody Herman are beating out the blues everything is fine. The story involves Miralee Smith (Dorothy Patrick), who arrives in New Orleans in 1909 after a long period of study to make her debut as a concert singer. Her mother (Irene Rich) has everything planned, but her plans don't include a gambler named Nick Duquesne (Arturo de Cordova).

Basin Street is the section of New Orleans where the music we now know as "jazz" originated. Miralee gets her mother's maid, Endie (Billie Holliday), to take her there one evening. Nick, who owns the club she goes to, won't let her stay. He knows that young ladies just don't belong in that part of town. However, Miralee is completely fascinated by the music she has heard there, and also by Nick. A few nights later she persuades her voice coach, who has a weakness for jazz himself, to take her back. This time Nick drives her around the worst section of Basin Street to disillusion her. Miralee is shocked, but stubborn. She goes right on pursuing Nick.

Mama Smith decides something drastic must be done. She persuades the authorities to close up Basin Street as a "vice area." Nick has to leave town. He's in love with Miralee, but he feels it would be unfair to take her with him, as she wants to do. Instead he lets her think her mother has "bought him off." He goes to Chicago to start a night club. Eventually there is a sentimental reunion of Symphony Hall to the red-hot strains of "New Orleans."—*U.A.*

HOMESTRETCH

There's nothing that looks prettier in Technicolor than a good horse race—unless it's Maureen O'Hara. You have both in *Homestretch.* Not to mention Cornel Wilde, Glenn

Homestretch: A horse named Abby R. brings Maureen O'Hara and Cornel Wilde together (in Technicolor)—and nearly breaks them up.

Langan, Jimmy Gleason and Helen Walker.

The horse racing starts at Santa Anita, where a filly called Abbey R runs a beautiful race. Both Jock Wallace (Cornel Wilde) and Kitty Brant (Helen Walker) decide immediately to try and buy her. They're old friends and rivals. Jock manages to head off the wire Kitty sends to the horse's owner in Boston, and flies there himself.

He is surprised to find himself dealing with a lovely girl named Leslie Hale (Maureen O'Hara). So surprised, in fact, that when she offers him Abby R for a thousand dollars, he tells her the filly is worth thirty thousand—and pays it. But Leslie sails off to England to marry her fiance, Bill (Glenn Langan).

Then Jock makes a quick decision. He will take the filly to England, enter her in the Gold Cup and maybe talk Leslie out of getting married to anyone but him. Abby R doesn't win the Gold Cup, but Jock wins Leslie and carries her and the horse triumphantly off to South America for the Gran Premo Nationál.

Abby R wins the race this time, but Jock refuses to listen to Leslie's plea that they go home to the old breeding farm he owns in Maryland. So she goes back to Boston alone, unhappy and disillusioned. But all ends well. —*20th-Fox.*

CALCUTTA

They've transplanted Alan Ladd and Bill Bendix to India and I think the change of climate has done the boys good. They're at top form, dodging Indian knives and catching up with a murderer.

Neale (Alan Ladd) and Pedro (Bill Bendix) and Bill (John Whitney) are all Air Transport pilots. They've been friends for years, with Neale and Pedro pulling Bill out of jams his hot temper gets him into. Now he's in what they regard as the worst jam of all. He's engaged! They haven't met the girl, and only agree reluctantly to do so.

But when their DC-3 lands at the Calcutta airport, Bill isn't there to meet them. Bill is dead—strangled by person or persons unknown. Neale and Pedro don't say much, but they go to work on the murder right away. A singer, Marina (June Duprez) who's in love with Neale, tells them Bill's girl, Virginia (Gail Russell) is still around. Neale goes to see her, and he can understand then the way Bill felt about her. Not that Neale would feel that way—she's the sweet, home-loving type he has always carefully avoided. Furthermore,

Calcutta: Air Transport Pilot Alan Ladd follows intrigue, mystery and *murder* into Calcutta! Gail Russell is involved in the picture, too!

Girls at Arthur Murray's dance studios keep dainty this way

They rely on this deodorant above all others for safe-and-sure protection

GIFTED . . . GLAMOROUS . . . these famous Arthur Murray teachers must have more than dancing ability, social poise . . . they *must* be sure of personal daintiness that *lasts!*

TO BE SURE – they rely on Etiquet – the deodorant you can depend upon to guard daintiness through *hours* of active exercise . . . that gives you safe-and-sure protection . . . stops underarm odor . . . checks perspiration. And – besides working so effectively, so *efficiently*, Etiquet is *delightful* to use! *Fluffy-light* – easy to apply – soothing to the skin.

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ETIQUET stays moist in jar – will not harm delicate fabrics. Adopt the Murray girls' formula for "dancing daintiness" – care for *your* charm at all times with Etiquet! At all cosmetic counters – in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢, and 59¢ sizes.

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The safe-and-sure deodorant

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she's wearing a locket that must have cost ten thousand dollars, and has the nerve to tell him Bill gave it to her.

But when Neale checks, he finds that Bill actually did give it to her. And that Bill deposited a check in the bank the day before he died that was for *more* than ten thousand. Something strange is going on around here and Bill was part of it. Their further investigations bring in a ruby-decked Hindu, a knife thrower—and the murderer.—*Par.*

ODD MAN OUT

Odd Man Out has much of the artistry and realism which made *The Informer* such a great picture. It also has James Mason, playing no sadist this time, but a man of infinite courage and infinite weariness. It is the story of eight hours in this man's life. At four in the afternoon he is the brilliant leader of an illegal organization in Belfast. As midnight—but let's start at four o'clock.

The man's name is Johnny (James Mason). You never hear his last name and it doesn't matter. He has been in jail because of his political activities. Now he and four others are going to hold up a linen mill, to get money for the organization. Johnny warns them that there must be no violence. Yet it is he, ironically, who is compelled to shoot a man during the hold-up, and is himself wounded. His companions get him half into the car and drive away, but he falls off. There is no time to go back for him—the police are coming. Johnny will take care of himself, they tell each other, with more confidence than they feel.

Johnny crawls away into an old air-raid shelter, and lies there, half-conscious, feeling the pain but not understanding it. When he at last manages to go on, his steps are uncertain, his head muddled. Yet somehow he staggers through the dark, rain-swept streets. If he can get to Kathleen (Kathleen Ryan) he will be safe. Kathleen loves him. She will help him.

Several people help Johnny, some willingly, others grudgingly. He is too well known. There's a price on his head. Better keep out of it, they tell themselves. Yet Johnny keeps going, long after he has forgotten how, or why.

Every part in the picture is beautifully handled. F. J. McCormick as a wily ne'er-do-well is magnificent, but it is Mason who dominates everything.—*Univ.*

Odd Man Out: As the leader of an illegal Irish band, James Mason, wounded and haggard, is sought by the police. F. J. McCormick, eager for a reward, tries to turn the desperate patriot in.

RAMROD

To a cattleman, a "ramrod" is a ranch foreman. He has to be good at his job or the hands leave and the ranch falls apart. Dave Nash (Joel McCrea) is good at his job when he's sober, but he's too often drunk.

Connie Dickason (Veronica Lake) hires him in spite of this. Connie isn't in a position to quibble. She has just defied Frank Ivey (Preston Foster) who "runs" all the country around there, and most people are afraid to work for her on that account. Dave isn't afraid, and he hates Ivey. He gets a few friends of his who feel the same way, and they start things rolling on Connie's ranch.

Connie isn't a nice person, but Dave doesn't know that. He admires her beauty and mistakes her greed for natural ambition. She has courage, all right, or she would never have defied Ivey. They are just getting the ranch in order when Ivey's men burn the house down, and beat up one of the hands so severely that he dies of it.

Dave's best friend, Bill (Don DeFore), who is violent and unthinking, wants to start shooting in revenge, but Dave feels they should stick to the law. He has great respect for the county's old sheriff (Donald Crisp). Dave doesn't realize that Connie actually wants the shooting to start, so that she may gain her own ends faster. That she cares nothing for law or decency, or for anything but her own lust for power.

So—the shooting does start, eventually, and once it does, no one can stop it. Not Dave, or Rose (Arleen Whelan) who loves him, or Bill, or Connie herself. One life after another is sacrificed to her ambition until she realizes at last how lonely success can be.—*U.A.*

High Barbaree: As children, Van Johnson and June Allyson promised they'd meet again on an uncharted island named High Barbaree . . .

HIGH BARBAREE

If you could select your favorite cast, wouldn't it include Van Johnson, June Allyson and young Claude Jarman, who won your heart in *The Yearling*? Well, they're all here, in a picture that opens with a Navy plane shot down in the pacific. The pilot is Alec Brooke (Van Johnson) and the navigator is Lt. Moore (Cameron Mitchell). Their plane stays afloat, but their chances of survival are slim, and they know it. To keep from thinking about it, they talk.

"How come you named the plane the 'High Barbaree'?" Moore asks idly.

"Oh, that goes back to when I was a kid. Twelve years old, waiting for my Uncle Thad to bring me the canoe he'd promised me for my birthday. . ."

When Brooke was twelve years old (Claude Jarman plays him at that age), his idol was Uncle Thad (Thomas Mitchell), a merchant seaman. Nobody but Brooke believed that Thad would remember a promise he had made two years before, when he set out on a round-the-world voyage. But Brooke believed it as passionately as he believed in an island called High Barbaree which Uncle Thad had told him about. Maybe it *wasn't* on the maps, but it was there in the Pacific somewhere. Nancy, the kid next door, believed it, too. She took Brooke's word for everything.

Uncle Thad does bring the canoe, which leads to trouble later when, under the influence of a too potent bottle of Scotch, he takes the kids on a trip down the river. Thad lands in jail, and Brooke gets a job as dare-devil bicycle rider in a circus to bail him out. Until papa and mama arrive, with fire in their eyes.

"What became of Nancy?" Moore asks.

"She moved away. When I grew up I thought I was in love with a girl named Diana (Marilyn Maxwell). But when Nancy (June Allyson) came back, I knew she was the one. And I'll tell you something. I still believe that she and I will meet, as we promised long ago on the island of High Barbaree. . ."—*M-G-M.*

MRS. CRESS W. J. COURTNEY
the former Jacqueline Copeland of Newport News, Va.
Bridal portrait painted by Moore

A lovely skin wins the hearts of all beholders! Yes, and you can see an improvement in your own skin with your *first cake* of Camay, if you'll give up careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Twice each day, spread Camay's gentle lather over your face. Rinse warm, with a cold dash for oily skin. Remember—the Camay Mild-Soap Diet calls for Camay, and only Camay, morning and night. It can give you a softer, smoother skin.

Just One Cake of Camay brings you Softer, Smoother Skin!

ABOUT THE COURTNEYS:

Cress Courtney, New York businessman, and his bride honeymooned in New Orleans. The South has seen its share of lovely ladies, but few lovelier than Jacqueline, who cares for her complexion with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Today the Courtneys have a New York apartment. The decorating is modern—planned by themselves. Modern, too, in her skin care, Jacqueline follows the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Camay is *so mild—it cleanses without irritation.*

"I'm charmed with the new Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake with make-up sponge right in the case!"

—says beautiful Hillary Brooke

CO-STARRING IN
"VENDETTA"
A CALIFORNIA PICTURES
PRODUCTION
Released by United Artists

Here it is! New as tomorrow and already the rave of Hollywood! The first big improvement in cake make-up! Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake has its own dainty make-up sponge in a moisture-proof compartment. As vivacious Hillary Brooke says—"It's a thrilling convenience. When I open my Beau Cake the sponge is ready." Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake gives your skin a smooth-as-silk finish; hides tiny blemishes, imparts ravishing young color. All this beauty with the convenience of the ever-ready make-up sponge in Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake.

"BEAU CAKE keeps my handbag dainty; no more loose cotton in my purse."

"I find it easier than ever to apply lovely, smooth cake make-up with BEAU CAKE."

Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake $1.50 PLUS TAX

Gay new cake make-up with sponge compartment right in the case

When they left for Mexico last December, Rita looked forward to a second honeymoon, but spent most of it working.

He's fiery, unpredictable,
cursed with the mark of genius
—yet Rita Hayworth loved and
lived with Orson Welles
for 3 years . . . before she
admitted defeat.

by hedda hopper

■ Rita Hayworth was at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, and I was in my Hollywood home, but what she said over the telephone was crystal clear.

She said, "Orson and I are through, Hedda. This time it's for keeps. I just can't take it any longer!"

Rita sounded tired; her voice was flat. Not angry, not excited, not tearful, not sad. Just tired—a fugitive from genius, fed up and through. I thought, "So it's over—the second honeymoon of the Man from Mars and the pretty dancing girl—" and I wondered out loud to Rita, "For how long this time?"

"For keeps," she repeated. "Forever." "I'd like to make a bet on that," I said, and we did. I bet that in six months she would return to Orson and she bet that she wouldn't.

Maybe. Only a few days before, I had walked onto

Although Orson adores Rita and "Becka," his work interferes with their normal home life. Rita, now finishing *Down To Earth,* says, "I'm just fed up with genius."

rita explains...

a Columbia Studio set with some questions up my sleeve and I'd got some very different answers about one of the maddest marriages the Fates ever dreamed up for a Hollywood pair. Love was in bloom then for Orson and Rita.

At least Mr. Magic wasn't sawing Rita Hayworth in two, he was just plain killing her with a gun when I walked on the set of *The Lady From Shanghai.* Rita died a dozen times before my eyes, until Orson stepped out of the scene and panted, "Cut —that's it—that's the picture!"

"What a tender and touching finale to a second honeymoon!" I told Rita.

Because that's what it was—before the love song died in the second chorus—a six-months long love tour for Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth, making *The Lady From Shanghai,* the picture they teamed in the minute (*Continued on page* 67)

the decline of bing crosby

by george frazier

■ *Sooner or later it happens to everyone. A man's legs go back on him or his eyes begin to fail or the beauty goes out of his voice. He knows then that the moment for him to make for the showers has finally come. Yet as much as we realize this, we never really believed that it could happen to Bing, but it has, and it is not a pleasant task to have to chronicle it. The decline of Bing Crosby as a singer is a deep and abiding bereavement.*

Around Broadway they used to say that Bing came on prehistoric, which was the big street's quaint way of stating that he hit you like a caveman when he went to work on a popular song. They don't say this any more. For if they concede his vast popularity and magnificent showmanship, they are also aware that his voice is no longer there. Bing just doesn't sing very well any more. Indeed, in certain recent instances, he has sung badly. His Philco radio show made its debut to a healthy Hooper rating of 24. Two weeks later it had dropped to a dangerously low 12.4.

Some months ago, an orchestra leader who had idolized Bing for years was assigned to accompany him on a recording date. Far from proving the thrill that he had looked forward to, the session turned out to be a deep disillusionment.

"Poor Bing can't sing any more," he said sorrowfully a few days later. "He was like an amateur. He was so bad I'd purposely fluff notes so's he'd have to go back and try again. I'd say, 'Gee, Bing, I'm sorry but I fluffed it,' and I'd hope this time he'd make it." This is not an isolated opinion. *(Continued on page 110)*

"Crosby's losing his voice . . . on the down-grade . . ." says George Frazier in Salute Magazine (reprinted at left). And those are fighting words to Billy Rose. So, if someone will please hold his coat . . .

■ Will somebody please hold my coat?

In a recent issue of the magazine, Salute, George Frazier has crawled out on a limb and announced the decline of Bing Crosby.

I should like to saw that limb off.

In substance, Mr. Frazier sighs, "Bing doesn't sing very well any more. His record sales, although still sizable, are steadily declining. Two weeks after his radio debut this year, his Hooper rating had dropped to a dangerously low point. His latest movie, *Blue Skies*, is getting the once-over-lightly."

Mr. Frazier intimates it's time for the champ to make for the showers. He finishes on a melancholy note: "It may be Bing will make a comeback. But history is against it."

you can't say that about bing!

by billy rose

Before we leave the Old Groaner shuffling wistfully down the road into the sunset, let's do a little homework. Let's look at some figures.

I have assembled my facts without the aid of a Ouija board. They come from the file cabinets and ledgers of Decca Records, Paramount Pictures, and the Hooper agency. I think they will prove the reports of Der Bingle's demise have been greatly exaggerated.

In 1946, Decca sold 12,000,000 Bing Crosby records in the United States alone. This not only topped the sale of Crosby records in any previous year, but also exceeded the number of records any one human voice has sold in any one year since Edison invented the talking dingus.

According to Jack Kapp, bossman at Decca, Bing's version of "South America, Take It Away" has sold over 1,000,000 platters. His recent recordings of "Sioux City Sue" and "I Can't Begin to Tell You" are already crowding the seven-figure-mark. "White Christmas," his old piece of vocal mistletoe, sold better in '46 than in any year since it was made. Total now, 3,000,000. His "Blue Skies" album clicked off another million discs. His "St. Patrick's Day" come-all-ye's this Spring rang up another million.

I stopped in at some of the record shops in New York and talked to the boys who sell them.

Milton Gabler, who owns the Commodore Shop on 42nd Street, is generally recognized by the "cats" as the Grand Panjandrum of swing music. He says, "Nobody can do to a song what Crosby can. Vocally, he's as good as ever—maybe better."

Lou Blum, his manager, says, "The rumor that Crosby's through is a lot of malarkey. He's selling better than ever. We sell about 200,000 records a year. Almost 20,000 of these are Crosby's. That's about twice as many as Sinatra and Como, and three times as many as Andy Russell."

The manager of the Arcade Music Shop, quoted in Frazier's article, seems to have changed his mind. He says, "We sell about 3,500 records a week. Bing is still way out in front—about 8% Crosby; (*Continued on page 95*)

THE OTHER BOYS WERE JUST

FINE, BUT JIMMY SENT JUNE HAVER DOLLS, BLACK OLIVES,

AND A COCKER SPANIEL—SO

WHAT COULD SHE DO BUT MARRY THE GUY?

By Abigail Putnam

That's sister Evelyn at the left, but the young lady in the middle is *not* a sister; she's June's and Ev's mother! Junie's in *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?*

Although they've only been married since March, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Zito are already involved in one of those triangles. Only this time the third party is their jealous cocker spaniel, who was a 1945 gift from Jimmy to June.

Secret Heart

■ It was Saturday on an outdoor set of *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*. All afternoon Robert Karnes had been proposing to little June Haver, all afternoon she'd been saying no, no, no. Now and then Junie couldn't help smiling to herself. In a way, it was so much like real life—in a way, so different—

At the end of the day Mr. Herbert came up. That's F. Hugh Herbert of Corliss Archer fame, who's directing the script he wrote for *Scudda Hoo*.

"Anything you'd like to do the next four-five days?"

"Lots of things if I didn't have to work."

"You don't. Looks like we won't need you till Thursday."

The blue eyes flew wide. "Oh, wonderful! Maybe I'll go down to Laguna with Evvie, and paint."

. . . Maybe she would, thought Junie, driving home. And again maybe she wouldn't. Maybe, maybe— (*Continued on page* 92)

Two-year-old Stephen Andrews looks like Daddy's little angel (above), but that cherubic expression is just a cover-up for his sinister underground activities—like smashing lamps and china.

The Andrews boys pl aded for a cocker spaniel, promising to wash and brush him faithfully. "Ah, kids!" sighs Dana.

DANA ANDREWS' KIDS

ARE NO ANGELS, BUT THEY DO

HAVE MANNERS. EVEN

BABY STEVE SAYS "SORRY"

AFTER HE WHACKS

HIS MOM WITH THE FIRE POKER

By Cynthia Miller

family Circle

Mary and Dana returned from the *Boomerang* location in Conn. with a "dream couple" they found to keep house for them. While waiting for *Memory of Love* to start, Dana slicked up his boat, the "Vileehi."

Kathy, who's 5, is passing through the hero-worship stage—object, Dana. "Six months ago," he shrugs, "she wouldn't even say hello to me." Next o Dana, Kathy loves sailing on the family's 55-foot cutter, "Katherine."

■ Stephen Andrews, who is two years old, weighs a fast thirty-five pounds, and has the face of a cherub, picked up a fire poker and beat his mother soundly over the head with it.

His mother, who, by some miracle had not been knocked senseless, turned to him. "Stephen," she said, "you hurt Mommy."

Stephen beamed. "I sorry, Mommy."

There are times when the Andrews' wonder what they're rearing. As their very tactful maid put it, "I've never seen a child with so much energy!"

One day, a while ago, when the nurse was off, Dana decided to take Stephen and Kathy out, so Mary could get some sleep.

They went over to Jimmy Kern's. Jimmy's a director at Warners. The Andrews' used to live right next door to him, so they're old friends.

Dana and Jimmy sent Stephen, Kathy, and Jean and Christy Kern upstairs to play, while they talked.

About twenty minutes later, there was a horrible crash. (*Continued on page 128*)

LOOK WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOUR MODERN SCREEN REPORTER WISHED ON A STAR! SHE GOT A DATE WITH THAT MAN MADISON—AN EVENING ON THE TOWN—AND ORCHIDS FROM GUY'S GIRL, GAIL RUSSELL!

By Christopher Kane

Cugat waves the violin bow, as Christopher and Guy wave their chassis to rhumba rhythm at Ciro's. (Guy's in *Honeymoon.*)

Christopher Kane, writer, and Guy Madison, actor, plus two drinks inside 'em from a previous meeting at the swank Beverly Hills Club, tackle lobsters at The King's.

star light, star bright...

Grauman's Chinese Theater attracts all sightseers—and Guy and Christopher stared and gaped just like regular tourists. Only Guy's a native Californian—Bakersfield!

■ Albert Delacorte looked at me speculatively, over the airplane ticket he held in his hand. "Maybe you'd like to go to Hollywood, and interview movie stars?"

I acted disinterested. "Oh, I don't know," I said, casually twisting his arm till he dropped the ticket.

Then I picked it up and said goodbye. And all the way out to the Coast, I painted myself little rainbow-colored dreams.

The minute I got off the plane, I breathed deeply, and set out for the corner of Hollywood and Vine. I was going to wait there for Clark Gable to come by in purple bathing trunks with his name embroidered on them.

He never came, and after a while, my feet began to hurt. I gave up the idea of waiting for Gable, finally, and decided I'd wait for Lana Turner instead. She'd be wearing dark glasses, and a tight white (*Continued on next page*)

Papa Sankar, proprietor of the Charochka, provides food for the soul as well as the stomach: Russian caviar and gypsy melodies. Guy got along fine, singing with Papa, but he couldn't quite handle that potent vodka!

star light, star bright...

Everything was Hawaiian at the Beverly Tropics: leis around their necks, bamboo background, and chopsticks. If only Guy were as adept at chopsticks as bows and arrows . . .

Selecting lobsters from The King's chef got Guy thinking about nature—so that night they drove to moonlit Sportsman's Lodge, way out in the country.

sweater. They tell me now that she was in Mexico, at the time. Anyhow, she didn't come either.

Nobody passed but a lot of other tourists like me, and when it got dark, I went on over to MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood office.

"If this is Hollywood," I announced coldly to Maggy, the lady-genius who runs the place, "I'll take Times Square. There at least you've got a fighting chance of running into Mrs. Roosevelt."

"What did you expect?" Maggy jeered. "Clark Gable in purple tights?"

I confess my laughter sounded forced.

The next day, I started working, and stopped worrying about glamor. Henceforth Christopher'd keep her eyes on her daily bread.

Then I met Gail Russell. She's not bread; she's cake. Working was a pleasure.

After the interview, we sat around talking.

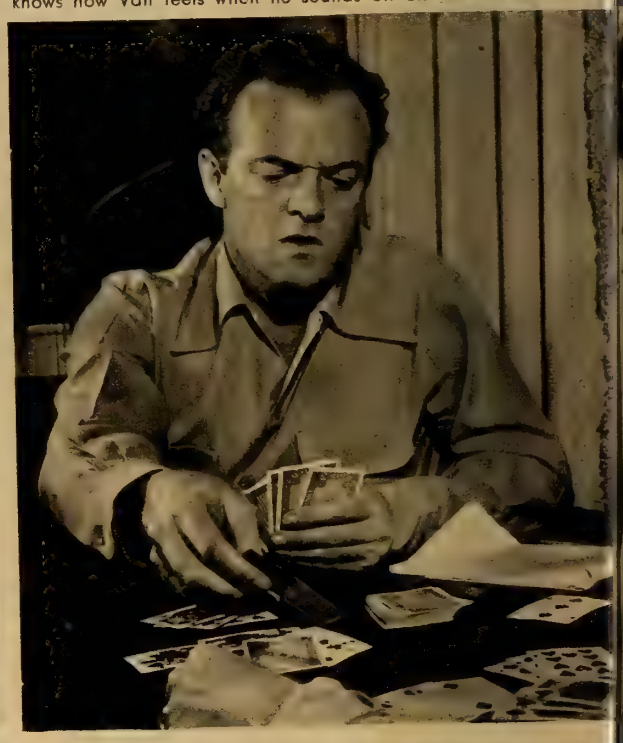
"Do you think Hollywood's exciting?" she said. "Have you been anyplace, or seen anything?"

"My typewriter," I told her sadly. "You know, it's different, with you. Going around with Guy Madison—"

I thought, at the time, that she had a funny look in her eyes. But I didn't know what it (*Continued on page 126*)

Van Heflin's relaxed on the outside, but tense on the inside—except when he's kibitzing in on daughter Cathleen Carol's phone calls. Then he relaxes completely; her gurgles and coos break him up. Like her mother, Cathy's a redhead.

It's true love, all right, when you still speak to the Mrs. even after she goes gin on you. Frances, a former actress, knows how Van feels when he sounds off on "the theater."



■ The scene was definitely on the passionate side.

Van Heflin had Lana Turner in his arms. He held her close. He said, throatily, "And perhaps that's why you love me, Marianne. You've hated me because I saw too much of your real self."

Lana's eyes looked searchingly into Van's.

"I found," she half-whispered, "that when you were with me, all was well."

"Cut!"

Lana and Van looked at the director.

"We'll do it again," he decided.

A young man from Indiana visiting on the set laughed.

"Isn't that tough? Now that Heflin guy's got to make love to her some more—say, I wonder what those two are saying to each other now."

Too bad he couldn't have heard the dialogue between scenes. It went like this:

Lana: Look, Van, I've got a bone to pick (*Continued on page 71*)

"An actor," says the star of *Green Dolphin Street*, "must combat the general belief that he is a little boy who never grew up, or a screwball with a healthy desire not to work for a living." Van toasts (with beer) those who really understand actors' woes.

CALL HIM MISTER (HE'S NO LONGER LIEUTENANT!), CALL HIM HAM (HE'LL NEVER BE CURED!), BUT UNLESS YOU SMILE WHEN YOU SAY IT, DON'T CALL HIM JOHNSON!

By Carl Schroeder

van **heflin,** that is . . .

No matter how he slices it, life for
Pete Lawford always comes out on the bias—
sunny-side, funny-side up...

by Kaaren Pieck

everything with trick

endings

With *It Happened In Brooklyn* making the rounds and *Good News* completed, Peter is a happy lad. Here, he hedge-hops at new home he got his folks for Christmas.

Maybe it's not a romance, but it's a wonderfully daffy friendship between Peter and Lana Turner. They each think the other's humor is hilarious.

Ava Gardner's one of Pete's favorite dancing partners, but she's not his own true love, either. Who is? Peter isn't talking . . . just yet.

Pete didn't get far with his request for a private phone number. Fans keep calling.

■ With trick endings, everything happens to him.

He goes to a prize-fight. A lot of people go to the fights Friday nights. But he gets a bonus. He's sitting downstairs at the ringside, see, with these two friends—Sid Luft, and Artie Goldstein—and suddenly he feels something slippery on the back of his neck. It gets worse steadily.

He turns around, with his collar swishing, and there's some big, beefy guy in the balcony talking to his date. And casually pouring a bottle of beer across the iron rail.

"What the—!" says Mr. Lawford, with restraint. He shakes Artie's arm. Then he shakes Sid's arm. "Someone," he says, "is pouring beer over me."

Sid yaks. "He's just trying to put a head on you!"

So all night long, he went around smelling like an old brewery, and elderly ladies who passed him in the street wondered what his tragic story was.

He was beginning to wonder himself.

His life is all like that. Once he asked Evelyn Keyes for a date. Evelyn Keyes is beautiful, ravishing, alluring and other good things.

Lawford thoughtfully analyzed the situation. This couldn't be a drive-in, juke-box business. This must be dignified, sophisticated and perfect. A small intimate dinner, with Sid and (*Continued on page 115*)

john lund life story

HER NAME WAS

MARIE, AND THE MINUTE HE SAW

HER HE KNEW SHE WAS

THE ONE AND ONLY.

BUT HE DIDN'T

MAKE ENOUGH MONEY

TO DATE HER—SO

HE MARRIED HER! (Part II)

By Ida Zeitlin

Marie complains he's careless as a small boy about his clothes. "And I'm a lazy correspondent, too," John volunteers proudly. But of *Perils Of Pauline*, he boasts, "Even Betty Hutton admired my boundless energy."

■ If you were filming the love story of the John Lunds, your background music would come from *Up in Central Park.*

On their first impromptu date they went to the zoo. John proposed while rowing Marie around the lake. There was, however, an interval between the two occasions, marked on John's part by the struggle *not* to propose. As announcer for CBS Television, he'd been supplied with a stack of plushy business cards. But for groceries he was getting 25-per-week, and you can't eat business cards.

So he grabbed a chance to go on the road with Phil Baker in *Charley's Aunt,* which proved a mistake all around. Back to New York and nothing-a-week, marriage seemed more than ever an elusive dream. So, as he plied the oars and Marie trailed her fingers through the waters of Central Park Lake, he said: "Will you marry me? Though I must be out of my mind to ask it."

"You're the love of my life," said Marie, "but no."

"Why not?"

"Because if I said 'yes,' you'd go home and (*Continued on page 106*)

SIGH

NEW YORK, DALLAS, CHARLESTON—WONDERFUL CITIES, ALL. BUT THE PLACE THAT MADE THE MITCHUMS MISTY-EYED IS AN OLD MILL POND IN DOVER, DELAWARE—WHERE THEY FIRST MET

By Virginia Wilson

Little Chris was badly burned last year when he fell into a gas heater. But he had to heal fast, so as not to lose his touch at marbles. Nickname's "Little Mitch."

When he's not acting, Bob helps Dotty with the housework, usually to the accompaniment of classical music from the phonograph. "Frankly," he says, "I'm a whiz at dishes."

■ The road ahead lay silver and straight in the cold light of a Texas moon. Wind from the prairie breathed ice cubes through the half opened window of their new convertible.

"For heaven's sake, shut it, honey," Dorothy said, snuggling close to her husband's shoulder. "I thought it was supposed to be warm in Texas."

"It isn't warm anywhere on a cold night," Bob observed absently.

Dotty giggled. "I suppose that makes sense." She turned and looked at him suddenly. "Bob, are we really on our way to New York, or is this just something I'm dreaming?"

"It's real. If it isn't, it's sure an expensive dream, the price I shelled out for this car."

It was a 1942 Buick, and they had picked it out together. That was on the day that Bob had come home from the studio at noon.

"Hi, kid," he'd said, running his hand over her smooth dark hair. "Want to go along while I buy a car?"

"Bob, honestly? How come?"

"We're going to New York, honey, the island of Manhattan. We've wanted to take a trip for a long while, and now the studio has given me time off for good behavior. We're leaving tomorrow."

"*Tomorrow!* But—but . . ."

"Don't talk so much. Gotta buy a car. Something nice and inconspicuous, so nobody'll notice us."

Nice and inconspicuous! So what did they end up with? A fire red convertible.

"Gosh, I like that!" they'd said in one breath, and then they laughed at each other (*Continued on page* 103)

Little Mitch, Mitch, and Big Mitch—otherwise known as Chris, Josh and Bob Mitchum—admire Chris' art work. Josh prefers weight lifting.

SUNDAY MORNING FOR DEANNA DURBIN MEANS TOSCANINI AT ONE ELBOW, DICK TRACY AT THE OTHER, AND JESSICA ROMPING ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

by Nancy Winslow Squire

call me **mama**

Since Jessica's birth, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Jackson spend few evenings at Mocambo's. Busy making *Something In The Wind,* Deanna looks forward to Sundays at home.

■ Jessica Louise Jackson was one year old on Friday, February 7th, 1947, and the week before was a tough one for her mother.

Mrs. Felix Jackson, who is a very cute, curly-red-headed girl, had gone shopping to buy a dress Jessica could wear to her party.

If you've ever shopped for one-year-old's dresses, you know what she went through.

The salesgirl would say, "Gee, Miss Durbin, this blue one's awfully pretty," and Deanna would sigh.

"But the pink one's even sweeter."

And the white one had French knots that would melt a heart of stone.

She ended up buying all three, naturally, and when she got home, she (*Continued on page 101*)

Love can play funny tricks sometimes. But Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston are praying that this old black magic feeling will last forever and ever.

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Let this be for Always

▲ Kathryn and Johnnie are so much in love, they can afford to be practical. The money they earned on their record-smashing in-person tour will pay for house furnishings—with a new piano thrown in.

▼ At the Capitol Theater in N.Y., Johnnie's parents dropped into "Grayson's Inn" (her dressing-room) for lunch. Johnnie, who's now making *This Time For Keeps*, vows that's just how he feels about Kathy.

◀ Rabid who-done-it fans, they spent hours between shows reading Dell Mystery Books together. Impatient Kathy started this one alone, leaving Johnnie several chapters behind. Solution: they tore book in half!

▼ Hit song of their tour was "Time After Time," from her pic, *It Happened In Brooklyn*. In Chicago, she forgot the words, so Johnnie sang his own lyrics, plus hers—which were very sentimental.

■ "Look, Johnnie, there must be other ways of making money in a hurry—" Kathryn Grayson paused on the hike to her dressing room.

Johnnie grinned. "We could rig up a gadget and print ten-dollar bills in the cellar." Kathryn closed her eyes at him the way she does when she's annoyed, and they plodded on.

Broken-down elevators and four-flight hikes were only half the fun on the Grayson-Johnston personal appearance tour. There were also blizzards (four), laryngitis and acute, hideous homesickness. How come they let themselves in for such a deal? For the oldest and corniest and soundest reason there is. They are in love. They want to get married. They need the dough. They'll buy their piano and living-room sofa with the haul they made in Cincinnati. The good folks in Hartford, Conn., are paying for their dining-room furniture. If you ask them was it worth it, they'll tell you in their best duet style—"well, yes."

The lowest ebb of the trip was in Chicago. They arrived there in a snowstorm on Christmas Eve, feeling like orphans of the storm. They both missed Julie so much it hurt—she's Johnnie's five-year-old—and Kathryn kept thinking of the beautiful, fat, lonely Christmas tree standing in her living-room. M-G-M gave them (*Continued on page 120*)

Can he help it if he's a walking ad for famil· life, a character out of a corny radio serial? For Bill Holden, life—with Brenda and the kids—*is* beautiful.

By LETITIA LE PAGE

"The way he plays, it should be called *good*minton, not badminton," grumbles Brenda. Bill's also a hunter, loves to sneak away from *Blaze Of Noon* set and shoot game. The prize of his gun collection's a Springfield rifle he won from Sterling Hayden.

Poor Westy! His maw pushes his face in, and the family police dog hurts his dignity: the hound bowls him over with kisses when Westy comes home from nursery school.

Could be Bill's discussing his latest picture, *Dear Ruth,* with ten-months-old Scott, but more likely they're planning a fishing trip for 1957. Playing with Scotty gives Bill a chance to exercise; since his recent N.Y. visit, he's used to an active life.

■ It was raining, but that didn't bother the kids outside the broadcast studio. Moccasined feet made restless jitterbug patterns on the wet pavement.

A little redhead, about thirteen, came pelting up to the group.

"Hi," she said breathlessly. "Who are we waiting for?"

"Bill Holden," they told her.

She looked baffled.

The other girls laughed. "He's been in the Army for three years. Your mother wouldn't let you go to pictures before that, so you don't remember him. But he's terrific!"

The stage door opened then, and the mob went into action, flourishing autograph books. The young man who came out wore a gabardine raincoat. He had blond-brown hair and serious eyes and a quick smile.

"Take it easy, kids," he said. "Who's first?"

Two girls came forward. They were taller than the others, older. They wore high heels instead of moccasins, and nylons instead of bobby socks.

"Do you remember us, Mr. Holden?" they chorused.

Bill stared at them.

"I'm sorry," he said regretfully.

They weren't offended. They laughed. "We've grown up," they told him. "The last time you saw us, we were bobby soxers. Remember, we threw packs of Philip Morris into your taxi because you smoked so much."

He remembered, then. Everything that had happened before he went into the Army Air Force, however, seemed to belong to the far-distant past.

He wished suddenly then that Ardis were with him on this trip to New York. Ardis had gone to dramatic school here, when she was Brenda Marshall. She had friends she wanted to look up, (*Continued on page 118*)

life can be beautiful

He's at war with himself, wanting
sometimes to talk, sometimes to dream.
Will Betty Hensel be the girl to understand
these needs—and become Mrs. Cary Grant?

by Florabel Muir

special
Hollywood
correspondent

Cary, Cary, quite contrary...

With *The Bachelor And The Bobbysoxer* finished and *The Bishop's Wife* almost completed, Cary takes his best girl—Betty Hensel—to Santa Anita. While there Cary signed dozens of autographs, although he'd vowed not to after a recent episode.

■ Although Cary Grant had been playing the field while pretty Betty Hensel with the light brown hair was back home in St. Louis for that two months' visit, this handsome couple took up where they left off when she returned to Hollywood late in March. Now their friends keep wondering if wedding bells will be ringing before the harvest moon starts shining.

There, on the very graceful Hensel hand, the big diamond ring Cary gave Betty at Christmas time flashes in the eyes of any girl who might be sending covetous glances in the direction of the actor who has a way of going to the heads of maidens passing by. But Betty continues to deny that the expensive bauble is an engagement ring and Cary is just as noncommittal. In fact, he is the most noncommittal person I have ever met.

I cornered him in his dressing-room at the Samuel Goldwyn studio, where I found him taking lessons on the harp for his picture, *The Bishop's Wife*. As he ran his strong, graceful fingers over the strings, he dodged my questions with an adroitness I have seldom encountered. We talked for hours and it might as well have been about cabbages and kings for all the lowdown I got out of him on his love life. When I finally asked him the status of his love life, (*Continued on page 116*)

■ Shooting was over on the set of *To Each His Own*. The harassed prop boy was packing up his equipment. From the music department came sounds of symphonic inspiration, soon to be cued into the scenes.

In one corner of the huge sound stage, Director Mitch Leisen welcomed his cast and crew for the customary end-of-picture party. Mitch called for attention, and somebody pulled a backstage string so that the curtains spread away from a dais which had been hurriedly erected. Standing there was a life-sized gold Oscar.

"I thought," Mitch said to Olivia De Havilland, "that since you are going to win it anyway I might as well present it to you now."

Olivia gazed at Oscar in pop-eyed astonishment. Oscar gazed at Olivia. Then, fantastic as it seemed, he relaxed from his rigid pose, opened one blue, obviously human eye and winked!

So far as I know, this is the first time that Oscar has ever actually come to life. Of course, there are those, including Olivia De Havilland, who say that this was all just another priceless gag of Mitch Leisen's.

I am not so sure.

The role of Miss Norris in *To Each His Own* was Olivia De Havilland's strictly personal achievement, from the moment she first read the script until she stood on the stage of the Shrine Auditorium on a certain evening in March, and accepted the award.

"Charley Brackett took me to luncheon one day early in 1944," Olivia remembers, "and told me the story of the picture. Perhaps I might not have been so enthusiastic if I had read it in cold type. But Charley brought the whole thing to life.

"At that time, the picture was called *A Love Story*. I was enthusiastic about the simple title and the basic story quality. I wanted to do the film at once, but I was tied up in a lawsuit which had to be settled before I could go to Paramount.

"It was not until a year later, that I began *To Each His Own*. I had done tests with John Lund, who was perfect for his part. (*Continued on page* 122)

Since winning the Academy Award for her performance in *To Each His Own*, Olivia De Havilland has read 29 scripts. Next role will be that of a mentally ill girl in *Snake Pit*. Joan Crawford, whose dressing room is next door, sent Olivia roses.

blessed event

HE'S KIND OF STIFF AND STAND-OFFISH INSTEAD OF BEING CUTE AND CUDDLY, BUT LITTLE "OSCAR" IS OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND'S PET BABY!

by George Benjamin

Taking long walks together is a favorite pastime of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Goodrich. Here, Marc oils Livvy's sunburned back after their three mile trek in the desert.

Olivia and Marc are handholders—even without the cameraman's prompting. They're going to Peru soon, where Marc will do research on that country's lost civilization for a new book. Olivia gets jealous of all his fictional heroines!

gay blade

The star of *Forever Amber* takes his wife, Pat, to the Academy Award presentations. Cornel will stay in costume for his next pic, too: it's *Royal Mail*, an 1840 swashbuckling epic.

Like his master's new picture, Punch is on the *Home Stretch* as he races out of the Wildes' pool. Cornel's entering a couple of local fencing matches in preparation for the 1948 Olympic games; he was on the 1936 fencing team.

HE'S SO RESTFUL ON VACATIONS, THAT WILDE GUY, BOUNCING FROM FENCING TO GARDENING TO SWIMMING TO WRESTLING WITH HIS DOG— NO WONDER PAT'S GLAD WHEN HE GOES BACK TO WORK!

By Irene Greengard

■ When Claire, the cook, first set eyes on Punch, she determined that that was *all* she was going to set on him.

You couldn't have lured her to pet the beast for fifty thousand dollars. Punch is a French poodle who looks for all the world like a Persian lamb coat with a head on it, and Claire had never even seen a French poodle before, let alone such a big black one.

"You'll love him," Cornel assured her. Claire said nothing. Nobody was going to tell her she'd love a creature like that.

One week later, she loved him.

But the Wildes' problems weren't over by any means, because eventually Pat and Cornel thought Punch needed a playmate.

"How about a nice Great Dane?" Cornel said thoughtfully. "They're wonderful dogs." (*Continued on page 109*)

The Fords, who like everything western-style, helped launch the Hitching Post Theater, which features hoss-operas only.

■ The headwaiter at the Town Casino in Buffalo, New York, gave the phone receiver a puzzled frown. The long distance operator said Beverly Hills, California, was calling.

"Hello," came an anxious voice. "Is the show on? Is Eleanor Powell dancing now?"

"Yes, sir," replied the table captain. "Just started."

"Then just go away now and leave the receiver off, will you? And when she's through I'd like to talk to her."

The headwaiter shrugged. Some California nut, he thought. But it was his nickel. He laid the receiver on the shelf, propped the booth door ajar, and went back to the supper room.

Three thousand miles away, Glenn Ford slumped happily down on his spine in a big club chair and listened. He could hear the music of "Clair de Lune"—a little far off but that was it, all right. In his mind he could see Ellie doing her dance.

Almost an hour went by before he snapped out of his long-distance reverie. An excited babble of voices first and then *the* voice—the one that had been away a whole, long, lonesome week.

"Hello—"

"Ellie—how are—I love you—I heard the show—you were wonderful!"

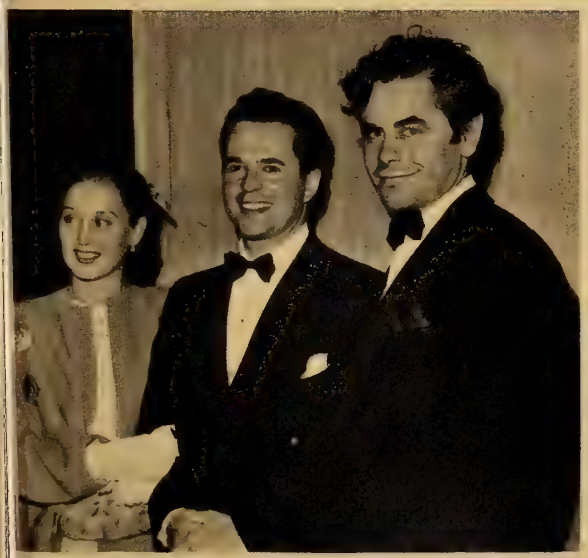
"Honey," broke in Eleanor Powell to her husband, Glenn Ford, "you can pick the *darndest* times to call! I'm out in the hall in a phone booth, a hundred people are watching and listening. It's 14 below zero here and (*Continued on page 123*)

time on my hands

WITH ELEANOR AWAY, GLENN FORD HAD LOTS OF TIME ON HIS HANDS. TIME TO WRECK PETE'S DIET, BURN UP THE LONG-DISTANCE WIRES— AND GROW A COLONNA MUSTACHE!

By Kirtley Baskette

Glenn filled in part of the time Ellie was away on her p.a. tour with an appearance on "Suspense." Aboard her train, Eleanor tuned in eagerly—to static. Glenn's now in *Man From Colorado.*



While Eleanor was in the East with her dancing act, Glenn attended the Academy Award show with the Larry Parks.

It's hard to say who behaved worse, with Mom gone. Peter burned out the radio, but Glenn bought red window blinds!

By Jack Wade

best year of his life

■ It was 2:15 in the morning. Fredric March remembers the time to the minute. A party was going on—tentatively in his honor. A very subdued party. Or at least subdued until 2:15. Irving Berlin and his Ellen. Playwright Robert E. Sherwood. Other notables, all sipping their drinks with the profound preoccupation of people who are waiting.

"It's a cinch I won't get it," Freddie told his wife at about 2:14. "Sam Goldwyn's team can't get everything. They'll have to give the best male performance Oscar to someone else."

At that point, it certainly looked like Freddie had something there. The award for film editing, music scoring, screen writing, directing, the Thalberg Award to Goldwyn, two awards to Harold Russell, the handless veteran, finally the award to *Best Years* for the best picture of 1946. That made eight. *Gone With the Wind*, supposed to be the greatest picture Hollywood ever turned out, collected nine. Fred March slumped a little—felt all of his 49 years suddenly. Fifteen long years it had been since he won his first and only Academy Oscar—back in 1932 for *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Those—he reflected in a flash, were his best years. What could he expect now that he was almost out of the Hollywood picture, now that—let him face it—he was really more of a character actor when he made a movie—than a romantic star? Then it came—award number nine—*The Best Years* again—tieing the *GWTW* record. "For best male acting performance—Fredric March in *The Best Years of Our Lives!* (*Continued on page 111*)

"It's smart to be RIGHT!"
ALEXIS SMITH
Right—*completely* right—1881 ROGERS silverplate—the "Silver Service of The Stars"—gives you *more* for your "silver" dollar! *More* pieces—to entertain in Hollywood style. *More* beauty—patterns chosen by Hollywood stars. *More* quality—look at the new Contour Blade with Mirror Finish! *More* wear—feel the extra weight . . . examine the extra Overlay of pure silver at wear points! Visit your silverware dealer and see complete services that give you . . .
MORE FOR YOUR "SILVER" DOLLAR
ALEXIS SMITH
starring in
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS
A Warner Bros. Production
1881
ROGERS
by ONEIDA LTD.
SILVERSMITHS
*DEL MAR
*CAPRI
*SURF CLUB

(*Continued from page 10*)

leave. So she fixed me. After this telegram, I won't dare say anything about going home."

Ginger Rogers and Jackie Briggs were on hand and seemed to be having the time of their lives. They love to dance—and together. I never see Ginger on the floor without thinking of those wonderful, gay, dancing movies she used to make with Fred Astaire. We could use more like them today. Ginger and Jackie are still madly in love and don't care if the world knows it.

When the four birthday cakes came in they created quite a stir, what with four people making wishes and blowing out candles. It was a pretty sight when they lowered the lights and just the birthday cake candles illuminated the large room. In sentimental moments like this, I notice that Gregory Peck always goes over and joins his wife and they hold hands. That's pretty nice, if you ask me.

* * *

Tyrone Power is always the gentleman!

The reason he didn't accompany Lana Turner to the Academy Awards is because he thought his appearance would embarrass her. He was sporting a two weeks growth of beard and long hair for his *Captain From Castile* role.

But he wanted to see how pretty his girl friend looked in her new party dress so he arranged cocktails and hors d'oeuvres at his house and sent her along in his car to present one of the winning Oscars.

* * *

Can't seem to get off the subject of the Awards this month—but then that's natural, isn't it, when that's our biggest event? I'm in the middle of a flying trip back East right now, and I'm very surprised at all the "inside scandal" about the Academy Awards flying around—not counting the already well publicized Fontaine and De Havilland unsisterly act.

Questions hurled at me were: Was it true that Frank Sinatra had refused to sing when he heard he was subbing for Bing Crosby? That I wouldn't know because Frankie doesn't call me up to tell me these things.

I also heard that Judy Garland was miffed and nixed singing one of M-G-M's top hits because she was pouting with the studio. Well, neither Frankie nor Judy are the healthiest people in the world and both are addicted to colds. I prefer to think last minute illness was the cause of their absence and not spur-of-the-moment pique. Judy, I'm sure, is not feuding with Metro. She calls that lot "home" and has just signed a new long term contract.

Another query was: Why was Joan Crawford dining with Greg Bautzer in Palm Springs on the very night she had been asked, as last year's winner, to present the Oscar to the new Queen?

All I can say to this is that Joan says she suffers pangs of agony at the thought of appearing before large crowds. Remember, she was so nervous she made herself ill and couldn't even accept her own Oscar last year? About three days before this year's Awards she conveniently slipped away. A lot of people say they can't understand Joan's shyness when she used to win cup after cup dancing the Charleston and Black Bottom in crowded night clubs. That's one I can't answer. But I must say the East made much more of these "moments" than we, who are so close to the picture, did on the Coast. Apparently, gossip—like far pastures—gets greener and fresher away from home.

Wonder why someone, preferably a style expert, doesn't have a little talk with Anne Baxter about her clothes? She dresses in such a matronly fashion. A woman sixty years old could wear the evening gown I recently saw adorning the very nice chassis of Miss B.

It was dark blue lace, high at the neckline, with long blue lace gloves of the same material. The color and the style certainly were not youthful and Anne is one of our youngest stars—in her early twenties, in case you don't know.

* * *

If Janet Blair doesn't know it now—I hope she reads it here that absolutely NO ONE said anything to hurt her feelings at Cobina Wright's party.

What happened is that she left, dissolved in tears, when she thought she heard Edmund Goulding, the director, and Bill Dozier refer to her as an "upstart." What they really said was "starlet." Neither Eddie nor Bill would think of saying anything uncomplimentary about her. They are both gentlemen—and as a matter of fact they had been admiring Janet. I know. I was sitting with them when she THOUGHT she heard a cutting remark.

Eddie was all for getting her and bringing her and her husband back to the party when he found out the reason for her strange behavior. Bill was for sending flowers and explanations. At least, everyone was very upset, including Cobina, Sr., who prides herself, and rightly, on giving parties where everything goes off well.

With the exception of this incident, Cobina's soiree was a delightful affair.

Among the guests were Charlie Chaplin and his young wife, Oona, who so seldom go anywhere. Of course, everyone was talking about Charlie's picture, *Monsieur Verdoux*, and begging him to show it.

I was fortunate enough to be numbered among the few who were invited to the projection room, a few nights later, to see the new comedy. I had to swear I wouldn't print a word until the picture is released—but believe you me (and no matter what your opinion is about the private affairs of Chaplin) it's hilariously funny. But shhhh—mustn't say another word.

A perfect dream boat floating around at Cobina's was Diana Lynn. Of all the young stars in Hollywood I think Diana has the most chic and style. Now THERE'S a girl who knows how to wear clothes. Her dress was black and white with a red sash—sophisticated but youthful.

* * *

I think you fans who write me from time to time saying that you like to get word now and then about the old timers as well as the newcomers, would have had a big thrill if you could have seen some of them taking a bow at the Academy Awards.

I'm referring particularly to Richard Dix and Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers who looked as handsome as any of today's heroes when they came out in the spotlight. And what's more—they looked just as young.

* * *

Next month, I'll have more news and gossip of the big town for you. See you then!

MODERN SCREEN

"Who gets the bone?"

The Lady Iris Mountbatten—beautiful great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

Smooth on a cool, lavish Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave one minute.

"Keratolytic" action dissolves off stubborn dirt and dead skin particles! Tissue off.

Right away, your skin looks brighter and clearer! Feels *smoother*. Have a 1-Minute Mask every time you want to look your best!

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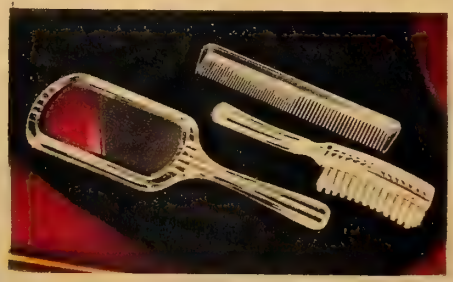

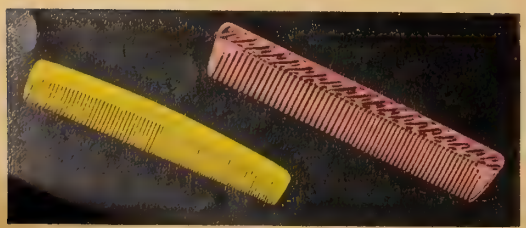

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"STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN"

(Continued from page 14)

I don't do that very often.

Admittedly, heaven is a tricky subject to deal with in a film aimed at millions, because the millions have a million different versions of what heaven must be like. One man's heaven is another man's poison, and a bobby-soxer's notion of the celestial stamping ground—Sinatra, Van Johnson and a juke box—unquestionably would revolt the soul of the housewife who expects the next life to be populated with Fanny Farmers and Mary Margaret McBrides, or the baseball fan who expects to encounter Leo Durocher and Dixie Walker on the first post-mortem cloud.

But no one can quarrel with the hereafter set up by J. Arthur Rank in *Stairway To Heaven*. It is virtuous yet relaxed, stern but capable of understanding the mortal bemused by living. It even permits humor and debate. Small wonder that such flesh-and-blood beings as David Niven, Kim Hunter and Roger Livesey find that the bridge between the fields of England and the clouds of The Unknown—the Stairway—is not so high or so difficult to cross as they had thought.

Here is a picture that demonstrates what has been demonstrated before and will be again, although perhaps by England and other countries more often than Hollywood: the fact that a fine picture is an assemblage of ingredients, not a "vehicle" for a star. Many in *Stairway To Heaven* deserve stardom, but here they are just well-cast actors. The writing is excellent, the story is imaginative, the fantasy is clear; the direction is splendid.

David Niven, who manages a complete naturalness seldom achieved by the California brand of glamor boy, plays the hero of the fantasy—an aviator who should have died on a foggy night over the Channel but didn't because his heavenly guide got lost in the beastly English weather. Kim Hunter is the girl who falls in love with him and fights all the powers in the clouds and all the unknown terrors of her love's dream-filled mind to keep him earthbound. She is something to watch, too. She is an excellent actress but she really looks like a girl. Someone you might meet. And both she and Mr. Niven are surrounded by jewel-like performances by Marius Goring, Roger Livesey, Abraham Sofaer, Raymond Massey and indeed every member of the cast.

As I've been saying to my friends, have you seen *Stairway To Heaven*? You must.

HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCA MORRA?

Frankly, we couldn't tell you, because no one, as far as we know, has ever met a movie star in Glocca Morra. (Confidentially, there's no such place.) But whether you live in Portland, Maine, or San Diego, California, surely you've bumped into a film celebrity at least once—and we want to hear all about it. In fact, we'll pay you $5 for each letter we use in our "I Saw It Happen" feature. The rules are simple: Your letter must be short, legible and tell a TRUE, unusual story about the time you met a movie star in person. Read our "I Saw It Happen" boxes to get the right slant, and mail your entries to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

RITA EXPLAINS . . .

(*Continued from page 28*)

they made up the first time as man and wife. I'd walked in on the very last scene. It was all over. Under her bleached and bobbed platinum curls, Rita Hayworth grinned wearily. "And for a second wedding present," I observed, "he makes you a dramatic actress. Happy?"

Rita nodded. It was a silly question. And Orson was still courting Rita as he never courted anyone before, since they kissed and made up—and went right to work.

There's a rock, El Morro, in Acapulco Bay down in Mexico, that's a spot of forever Hollywood. Orson had all the barnacles that scratched and the sea anemones that stung hacked off until it was smooth and soft as a rock can be. All because Rita had to climb on that rock and lie down for a scene. He hired the Olympic champ swimmer of Mexico to hover just out of camera range in every ocean shot in which she appeared to scare away hungry barracuda. When they plunged into the jungles to shoot, he hired a bodyguard of fierce Pancho Villas complete with mustachios, bull bandilleras and blunderbusses to scare off snakes and alligators with designs on a hunk of Hayworth. Orson followed Rita around in person, bearing oils and unguents every time she had a brief encounter with the tropical sun. He had special rope-soled shoes flown down from Hollywood so she wouldn't slip and smack her sacroiliac on Errol Flynn's yacht deck when it rolled.

get that story . . .

The reason I had tracked Orson and Rita down on the set the day they completed *Lady From Shanghai* was because I had gotten a phone call from Al Delacorte back in New York.

"Can you pierce the Wall of Steel that surrounds Orson and Rita," Al inquired, "and give an inimitable Hopper sketch of their home life?"

I repeated that to Rita. Her hairdresser said, "*Please*, Rita, I almost stabbed you. Don't shake so!" Rita was laughing, a little bitterly, it seemed to me.

"Our Wall of Steel," scoffed Rita, "is either a sound stage or a sun reflector—and as for our home life—just look around. It's this set."

"Sometimes," sighed Rita, "we have breakfast together, but it's usually dinner for Orson. He'll work 24 hours straight without eating. Then he comes home and wants three steaks and a couple of pies. Steaks for breakfast—pies—ugh!"

Orson and Rita lived—at odd hours—in a small, ranch type house out in Brentwood. Rita bought the place for herself and baby Rebecca after the last time Orson left his happy home. It wasn't exactly a match for the little love nest they started housekeeping in when they first married. That was something you'd have to see to believe.

A Los Angeles sports promoter owned it. He'd built the Pan-Pacific Auditorium, a showy sports arena in Hollywood, and he must have told the architect, "Now build me a house to match."

It had neon lights—honest—and three or four floors. A swimming pool with a tropical island in the middle. Mirrors and glass and colored lights everywhere and—well—I won't go on. That's where Mr. and Mrs. Orson Welles started housekeeping. Orson used to broadcast his radio thriller-chillers from the first floor. Rita reclined in her bed up on the third and listened in. Where career left off and home life started, I'm sure she never exactly knew.

I was out there once when Orson was

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broadcasting. Radio people swarmed all over. The only touch of domesticity that crept in that evening was a cocker pup of Rita's, who wandered into Orson's temple of art and darned near busted up the broadcast before they could shoo him out!

It took more than a puppy to break up the marriage of Orson and Rita the first time—and the second time, too. It took the most uniquely exasperating driving temperament that ever hit show business. People who work with Orson often idolize the guy like GIs worshipped Ike Eisenhower. But they can't stand him long. He consumes them. No one can keep up with him—let alone a wife.

I also know, of course, how warm-hearted Orson Welles can be when he wants to. Years ago, before I had a column, before Orson came to Hollywood and set it on its ear with the picture they dared him to make, he charmed me where a mother is always charmed easiest. My son, Bill, had ideas then that he wanted to be an actor. He's reformed now—he's a business man. But then Bill promoted himself a walk-on job in the Katherine Cornell Broadway production of *Romeo and Juliet*. Orson had a big role. He had no idea who the shy, awkward, hopelessly unactorish kid was. But he took him under his wing; couldn't have been more kind and helpful.

Okay. Orson's charming, appealing, sweet when he wants to be—and also exhausting, temperamental and mad. So what made Orson and Rita separate in the first place? And then, what made them come back together again? I asked Rita all this, rapid fire, sticking my inquisitive nose—leave it to me—directly into the confusing business. Rita answered them all with one shrug and a couple of sentences.

"We're in love, Orson and I," she said. "It's as simple as that."

Begging Rita's pardon, I don't think it's quite an "simple as that." Nothing about O. Welles is simple, not even love. He's as complex as a jig-saw puzzle. Rita Hayworth knew that when Orson first found himself smitten and went a'wooing. He had a tough time getting a date, believe me, because Rita was scared. She didn't want any more domineering mates. Her first husband, Ed Judson, had bossed her around and made her life pretty miserable. Orson's genius made Rita shy as a mouse, when Romance peeped around the corner.

she stood him up . . .

Orson wrote her fan letters at first, from South America. When he got back, he called her up, almost every hour on the hour. She hid out, finally made a date, and stood him up! Did that discourage Welles? Not a bit. He came back for more, and then rashly Rita agreed to go out for dinner and this time kept her word. They went to Chinatown and ate chow mein. When Orson told her good night, she was in love, lost in the spell that Mister Influence wove like a web.

Rita was set to make *Cover Girl* then, a very swell musical you'll remember. It was a big production for Columbia with Technicolor and tricky dances. They'd borrowed Gene Kelly from M-G-M; rehearsals were starting. Time was a-wasting and big money, too. That's why Harry Cohn shouted "No" when Orson wanted Rita to stooge for his magic act in the tent show he was putting on for GIs in Hollywood. But Orson said that was the thing for Rita to do. So she did it. For a hard-headed show girl like Rita, that was love, or hypnotism or something.

Orson could have used any one of a dozen willing stars in Hollywood in his USO carnival act. Marlene Dietrich stepped in when Rita finally had to go to work, and filled the bill beautifully. But Orson is selfish. Nobody counts but Orson

once he takes off on an airy flight of genius. But that's the kind of a daffy divinity Rita Hayworth fell for and married.

Well, at least, she *does* have a child! Little Rebecca, "Becka" as she's already named herself, looks exactly like Orson, black curls and all. But she's Rita's darling. Every gurgle and gasp and baby memento has been recorded in a huge picture book Rita keeps.

For all Orson loves his little Becka, Rita knows that nothing else in the world really matters to him once he's lost in one of his creative trances. Not a wife or a baby or anything except those ideas buzzing about in his brain. One week-end during shooting, Rita talked Orson into a trip to her beloved Mexico. They went just to Rosa Rita Beach, across the border. But Orson hauled along his typewriter and rewrote the whole finish of the picture!

One of the fuses that set off their second marital blow-up was Orson's refusal to regard Rita as a human being and a wife. She was dog-tired after her exhausting marathon acting ordeal. After that last scene I saw, she begged Orson to go away with her for a rest. "Tomorrow," he answered, day after day, and whisked right in to the cutting room to pore over his precious film. He tomorrowed himself out of a wife at last. "I had to get away or I'd have collapsed," Rita told me. "So I walked out." How else?

Actually, this final split wasn't too different from the first one—when Rita had consoled herself with Vic Mature and Tony Martin, while Orson spent his time back East with the arty Broadway boys and girls—producing a play.

Oddly enough, that play he lost his shirt with on Broadway, *Around the World in 80 Days,* was what brought Orson back to Hollywood and a big factor, I suspect, in bringing Orson and Rita back together for a second try at love. To help finance it, Orson charmed Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, out of $80,000, advanced against an Orson Welles picture job. When that went down the box-office drain, along with another $300,000 of Orson's (and some other people's), Orson, flat broke, faced making a Hollywood comeback whether he wanted to or not.

a role for rita . . .

Orson brought his pet Mercury Theater actors out from New York (most of them have never made a picture before) and prepared to shoot. *If I Die Before I Wake* they called it then, and it was a man's picture tailored to Orson and his Mercury pal, Everett Sloane. Then, one night Orson went out to the house to see Rita and daughter, Becka. The next week his production was *The Lady From Shanghai* and the picture was Rita's. Orson rewrote it in eight days, gave her the co-star part. Then they announced their official reconciliation.

Rita was happy at first, working and learning from her favorite maestro.

They spent most of the time cruising around in Mexico on Errol Flynn's yacht, the "Zaca." And they acted like a pair of newlyweds.

One night, for instance, Rita was ashore while Orson was out in the bay doing some night scenes with Errol (Flynn was skipper—at $750 a day on this job.) But Rita couldn't stand to be apart from her maestro even that long. So she trekked around Acapulco with Errol's wife, Nora, and rounded up a native Mariachi band. They found a fisherman with a boat and slipped out in the bay, circled the yacht in the dark, then had the guitars and swarthy crooners cut loose with a serenade. Then they climbed on board into their loving husbands' arms.

When Rita's birthday came up they were still in Mexico. Orson tossed a banquet for Rita at Las Americas Hotel with all the

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Toni HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

Mexican big shots there, the really high brass of the land. They all toasted the lovely lady and that night on her pillow she found a diamond pendant from her thoughtful hubby.

Orson might be a lovable, livable husband, if he didn't have that spur of genius eternally prodding him out of all normal social interests. He has absolutely no relaxing interests to sop up his atomic energy.

His daughter, Becka, usually sees him on the gallop. Orson had to fly to Hollywood on business while making a street scene for *The Lady From Shanghai*, up in San Francisco. He flew down and flew back. "Did you get to see Rebecca?" Rita asked him.

"Oh, yes," said Orson. "Had a nice visit. She rode with me to the airport to catch the plane!"

Opposed to Orson's genius and dynamic qualities, Rita's really a very normal, unspectacular girl with simple tastes and normal yearnings. She's a model mother, both with Becka and Christopher, Orson's nine-year-old daughter by his first wife. Christopher is always welcome at Rita's.

I had hopes that this time the noble experiment of Svengali with Love would work. I hoped it more for Rita's sake than Orson's. After all, he's got his genius to keep him warm.

I hope, above all, now that she's had a taste of the astral spheres of acting, Rita won't be spoiled for her musicals, whether *The Lady From Shanghai* hits or misses the box-office bus. That would be a shame; Rita has such a wonderful, adoring public for her songs and dances, her pretty face and figure. And it could happen. A friend of mine who knows Orson as well as I do, maybe better, was laying odds that if Orson stuck around long enough, Harry Cohn would lose his musical queen.

I, myself, might place a cautious bet that if Orson sticks around where Rita is very long, or vice versa, he'll have her back in his spell and there'll be kissings and makings up and a third inning of Svengali vs. Love. That guy Orson is Dick Tracy's "Influence" without the glass eyes, and he's still the father of Rita Hayworth's child.

But if Rita and Orson do try it again, I'd like to suggest a good text for that needle-point sampler they may want to hang over their mantelpiece.

It's an old gag we used to plant around Hollywood—only in this case I wouldn't be exactly kidding—and it reads, "Danger —Genius at Work!"

MODERN SCREEN

"You might at least hold the picture!"

VAN HEFLIN, THAT IS . . .

(Continued from page 40)

with you about Vana, that daughter of yours.

Van: What about her?

Lana: This dressing her in overalls has got to stop, that's all. Everytime my Cheryl goes over to your place to play, she comes home demanding that I get her some overalls.

Van: Well, why don't you?

Lana: Because, I want her to wear dresses now. It's all right for you to make a tomboy of Vana if you want to.

Van: Now look here, that Cheryl is pretty much of a rough-neck when she wants to be.

Lana: That's what I'm afraid of . . .

Director: All right, let's do it again. Remember, Lana, this is the supreme moment.

It was, too. They are saying all over Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that this love scene between Van Heflin and Lana Turner in *Green Dolphin Street* will start more hand-holding in theater balconies than spring fever.

Some fun!

I talked to Van a little later. "Is making love to Lana Turner such nice work?" I quizzed him.

"Sure," he told me. "It's pleasant, certainly, but Lana is a neighbor of mine, and we are in love with a couple of other people. That visitor from Indiana has got to give us credit for some pretty good acting, as well."

The "other person" in Van Heflin's life is his pert, intelligent, red-haired actress wife, Frances Neal, whose Petty Girl figure belies the fact that she has two strapping youngsters.

Talk about your Hollywood romances, there are none that match the fictional quality of the Van Heflins'!

Back in 1940, Frances Neal was cutting quite a figure as a model and stage actress. She was one of the more beautiful sights to be seen of an April afternoon around 58th Street in Manhattan, as she walked home in the wind from rehearsal to her room at the Barbizon.

boy almost meets girl . . .

Of an identical afternoon, a tall (six foot, one inch) attractive guy likewise put his shoulders to the spring wind, and wound up in the apartment building next to the Barbizon. Van Heflin, then as now, knew a pretty girl when he saw one, and was not too absorbed in his pursuit of acting opposite Katharine Hepburn and other queens of the theater, to miss seeing the red-haired girl.

In fact, although he didn't know her name, Van saw her often, usually at Ruby Foo's and the drug store across from the Barbizon. Before he managed to wangle an introduction, she was gone and so was he—to a wonderful oasis called Hollywood.

Frances worked at RKO and Van at Metro. There are some eight miles between. The tall man no longer saw the red-haired girl and he missed her. The feeling was vice-versa, but they weren't suffering. In fact, they were each interested in a couple of other people when they met two years later at a dinner party.

They talked. They forgot the dinner. Van forgot to ask for her telephone number.

Two days later, Dorothy Pasternak, wife of movie-maker Pasternak, gave Frances Neal a ring. Would she like to come out to the ranch for a weekend? Frances couldn't possibly. She had a couple of dates. That was too bad, Dorothy said,

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because they had another guest, a nice young actor from New York called Van Heflin.

"Well, look," Frances said quickly, "I wouldn't want you to be stuck with an extra man. I'll just cancel my other dates."

The next evening after a ranch dinner, Frances and Van sat down in front of a roaring fire to make conversation with the other guests. Somehow, the others disappeared. They talked about the things folks do in Oklahoma, where Van came from and Texas, where Frances came from. They discovered that the male parents of both were dentists.

At six o'clock in the morning, the Pasternaks came downstairs for an early morning ride and discovered that neither Frances nor Van had thought about sleeping. Van had to go into town for a radio rehearsal, and he took off again without asking for Frances' phone number.

Two days later Frances received the phone call she had by then convinced herself was not coming!

"This is Van Heflin," the voice said. "I'm taking my mother to dinner tonight. Afterwards, along about nine, I wonder if you'd like to go for a ride."

Frances thought she would.

At ten minutes after nine, Van loomed through the door. He looked at her reflectively for a moment. Then—

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

She didn't exactly say "yes" or "no" for a week. She never did exactly say "yes," and so they were married three weeks later at the little Congregational Church in Westwood. At ten o'clock in the morning. Dorothy and Joe Pasternak were there. Also Frances' mother and father, Van's mother and Cleatus Caldwell.

In the afternoon they drove to Del Monte for their honeymoon, and on the way Van said something funny to Frances.

"You know," he remarked casually, "you remind me a lot of a girl I used to see every now and then up around 58th Street in New York."

Which was natural enough.

Van Heflin still isn't aware of what a superlative actor he is. In spite of that Academy Award for *Johnny Eager* and consistently knockout performances in *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers, Possessed,* and *Dolphin Street,* he is still an actor in search of himself. In his personal life he has obviously found himself at last, but that has been a long pull. It goes back five years. On the morning of November 19th, 1942, the doorbell rang and a Western Union messenger boy said, "I've got a telegram here for Lieutenant E. E. Heflin." (Van's real name is Emmett E.)

Van had mentioned something about holding a reserve commission from way back, but it had skipped Frances' mind.

HOW MANY CAN YOU NAME?

SOS—how many slogans can you name that begin with those same danger-signaling letters? Here's one we'll bet you never heard before: SUPPLIES for OVERSEAS SURVIVORS. And right now this cry for help is the most urgent SOS of all. For there are still 1,500,000 hopeless victims of Hitler's Europe who may die tomorrow or next week or next month—unless we help them live! That's why the Joint Distribution Committee, here in the U.S.A., is collecting food stuffs, clothing, medicines, layettes, household and comfort items, books and even toys for immediate distribution abroad. Please send your contributions to the Joint Distribution Committee, Inc., 270 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Remember: the supplies you give will help them live.

Over his coffee and breakfast roll Van gave her the news.

"I've been reactivated."

"You've been what?"

"Don't worry, honey," Van laughed, "it's no worse than a kick in the head."

There's a place called San Luis Obispo. Also a rough, tough joint called Camp Roberts. Men who have been there don't forget it. And there are some around who will remember a guy who was officer in Field Artillery. A good gent, but sort of nervous, along toward the end of training particularly. He managed to get hold of an undated pass because his wife was having a baby. All he had to do was fill it out and scram.

That's what he did when Vana Heflin was born.

Then he came back to Camp Roberts, got hurt and went to the hospital. They put him in limited service and he was sent to Culver City, which is close to Hollywood. It burned him up, even though he was glad to be near Frances and the tyke. What the hell, people might start calling him a Hollywood Commando, and that was a bad name.

Back in those days Fort Roach was considered a large joke, and not until the war was over did the people find out that some men who never got out of there did great work for the Air Corps. Anyway, in January, 1943, Van took off for Panama with a unit to do a jungle training film. When he came back he still had the itch to really get into it.

He did. Combat camera crews were being organized. He went over, attached to the 9th Bombardment group. He got around in France and Germany, before and after D-Day.

Frances received a letter on the 10th of December, 1945, saying he thought they were going to hang around in Germany for quite awhile; either that or he'd be on his way to China. Later the same day, a telephone call came from New York. He'd been assigned a special courier job, and after going on to Washington he'd be home. He was, on December 13th, his birthday.

The next night he broke out a bottle of Cognac and we all sat down to an extended session of Blackjack.

what's in a name? . . .

I remember slipping and calling him Van Johnson once during the course of the evening.

"You unprintable word," Van said, and grinned.

There was no getting around a certain friction that had to come as the result of a similarity of names. Now it can be talked about without anyone getting sensitive. Van Heflin had been away about three years. Van Johnson had become a smash hit at the box office, and all the power of a great studio had been focused on getting him the right pictures.

Van Heflin had dropped out of sight before the Oscar reputation cashed itself in. There were other actors coming back from the army, and the studios were not set to get them moving all at once.

So Van Heflin got a little sore. Certain little groups of Hollywood jerks who talk more than they think, needled the situation. A prolonged feud might have resulted, except that Hal Wallis came along with *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers,* a picture filmed at Paramount. Van Heflin and Van Johnson are no longer in painful proximity. When *Ivers* was previewed, heads and attitudes cleared.

The whole thing was so simple. The two guys didn't look alike or act alike. The conflict fell flat on its face. So flat that when I bumped into the two Vans at a party given by Atwater Kent, the two were talking together without sneering under-

Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection *24 hours of every day?* Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only *protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .*

It gives you *the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . The new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.*

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

Does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)

Full 24 hour protection with Odorono Cream

Lovely hair deserves fine care
...use Du Pont Combs
It's as easy as falling in love . . . to keep your hair satin-smooth with plastic Du Pont Combs! Careful of your curls, thoughtful of your scalp, yet strong, strong, strong! You'll want every gay color—you'll need a complete comb wardrobe. Du Pont quality—10 to 50¢. At all good stores.
DU PONT
Du Pont Combs
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

neath or feeling uncomfortable.

To many people, Van Heflin still is a question mark on the Hollywood scene. This is because, beyond his powerful *Ivers* role, his work has not yet reached the public. Frankly, I think it's taken a little too long, because there is a stature about Van Heflin, both in his work and private life, that motion pictures have too long lacked.

It's nice to know a guy who is not interested in how sweet are the uses of publicity. An actor who has long range plans for career, home and family, and can't be swayed by eight items in a gossip column.

Van Heflin is a strange one. He has two children, but it's hard for him to assume the role of the acrobatic father who tumbles on the floor with the kids and spouts baby talk. On the contrary, he talks to his newest offspring, Cathleen Carol, age eight months, as though she had just finished a highbrow thesis on The Life and Times of Little Red Riding Hood.

He's moody to the point of forgetting who's in a room; argumentative for the delight of mental conflict. He plots his career like a writer conjuring up an intricate story. He'll sit up all night, as well, helping a friend work the kinks out of dialogue, and the next night spend the same amount of time worrying over whether or not he can draw to an inside straight.

He's a lad who is human to the point of being able to look interested even while not signing an autograph. An honest guy who says, "Fight with Frances? My boy, the arguments we have are incredible, but you'll never hear the neighbors talking about us.. They live out of earshot."

"I can be a problem," Frances offered. "I do the darndest things on the spur of the moment."

"You sure do," Van agreed. "And so do I."

That reminded them of a beauty they'd been through awhile back. Just like a married couple, they've forgotten what set it off. Van didn't talk to Frances for a couple of days. Or maybe it was the other way around. Then they packed up and went to Big Bear in the mountains. They spent five days walking in the woods and sitting by the fire, reading. It was close harmony.

"And do you know what?" Van asked. "We had a great time—until we discovered the simple life was turning out to be a hell of a bore. We got into the car, went to Las Vegas, and I proved how smart I was. I bucked the dice table and dropped $200.

"You can't take that loss off the income tax. Frances suggested I get it back by asking the business manager for a cut in my allowance.

"For once I had to agree."

Jinx Falkenburg . . .

star of NBC's top radio program, "Hi Jinx!" She poses for our "How To Have a Wonderful Vacation" issue in a three piece playsuit designed to have fun in. It's crisp red and white seersucker frosted with eyelet—and that flounce on the skirt is definitely new. Under the skirt there's a cute pair of pert straight-cut shorts. Playsuit comes also in blue checks. Sizes 10-18.

By Korday	$10.95.
Kickerinos Shoes	$6.95.

To find out where to buy these fashions, please turn to page 90.

modern screen
fashions

• Take to the woods in a white ruffled blouse—not a thing on your shoulders but a smitch of eyelet, laced with black ribbon. The skirt is red or blue seersucker, with a flirty ruffle up the back. Jinx Falkenburg demonstrates what this sort of thing does for a girl.
Skirt, 12-18 . . . . . $2.98.
Dotted swiss blouse . . . . . $3.98.
By Boreva Sportswear.

How to have a wonderful vacation

HAVE A PICNIC

in a Mexican blouse and vivid playskirt

• A handsome man will certainly offer to tote your basket if you wear this puff-sleeved dotted swiss blouse—blue butcher rayon skirt with red lacing. Skirt also maize, pink, white, with contrasting lacing.
Blouse, 10-16.....$2.98
Skirt, 10-16.....$3.98.
By Boreva Sportswear.

WHERE TO BUY
See page 90

NEW! Never before anything like the new Flexnit figure flatterers . . . sensational new Flexnit feather-light fabric containing Nylon—runproof, amazingly long-lasting, stretches every way—wonderful streamlining and comfort never possible before! Surprisingly low-priced. Complete range of styles, beautiful new colors —nude pink, blue caress, carnation white. See the new Flexnits before you buy another girdle. (Write for name of store nearest you.) FLEXNIT, 200 Madison Ave., New York 16

Illustrated: Remarkably flattering new Flexnit style of exclusive Nylon-light Flexnit fabric; smart satin panel; zipper. Also pantie-girdle with detachable crotch. Other styles, colors.

FLEXNIT

. . . made for YOUth

How to have a wonderful vacation

MEET YOUR DATE

in a romantic flounced cotton with sweet eyelet embroidery

• Here's the kind of dress they write those June-moon songs about. Meant for dreaming in the starlight—with someone to help with the dreaming, of course. It has a white eyelet yoke, slit puffed sleeves, and tiny pearl buttons in back. Worn by Jinx Falkenburg. Dan River plaid, in blue, brown or pink. Sizes 7-15.
By Susan Shane. $12.95.

WHERE TO BUY
See page 90

How to have a wonderful vacation

Pose for a picture (for your boy friend's wallet) in striped seersucker with eyelet. Rose or green. 32-38. By Lee Knitwear. $5.

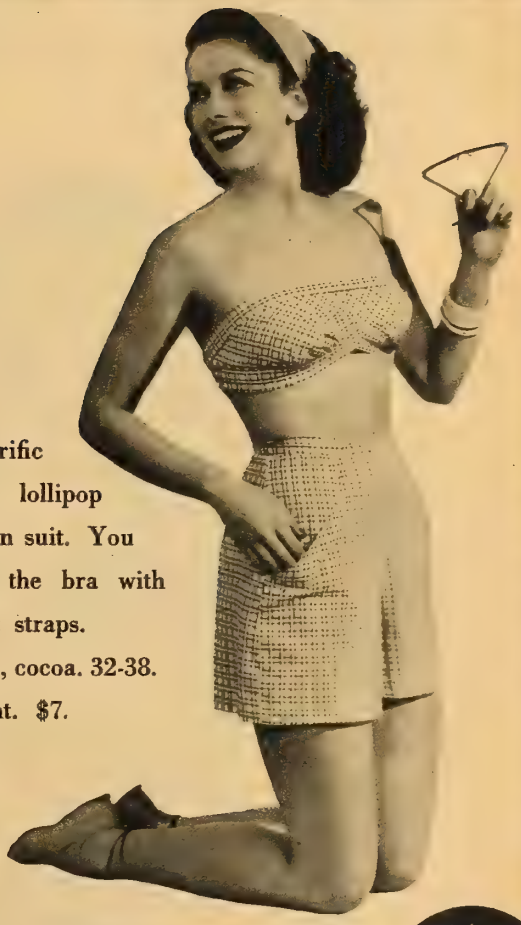
Make your entrance on the beach in the cutest of all beachcoats. It's flared white Sanforized twill with red ric-rac. 12-18. By Boreva Sportswear. About $5.98.

(POSED BY JINX FALKENBURG)

PLAY ON THE BEACH

in a bra-top suit and a flared-back white beach coat

Play beachball in whistle-black satin lastex, siren jersey stripes. Also white, royal, maize, shocking, turquoise. 32-38. By Sea Nymph. $6.



Toast a terrific tan in a lollipop plaid cotton suit. You can wear the bra with or without straps. Gold, coral, cocoa. 32-38. By Brilliant. $7.

WHERE TO BUY
See page 90

GO TO TOWN in a vivid cotton print

• When you jaunt into town for a movie—slip on a bright and dark plaid coat dress, frosted with white pique . . . and dress it up with gloves and bright jewelry. Paramount's Arleen Whelan poses. Dress comes in blue or brown Dan River plaid. Sizes 12-20.

By Peerless Casuals $10.95

WHERE TO BUY
See page 90

How to have a wonderful vacation

Modern Screen shops for you

BY MAXINE FIRESTONE

Need a pair of sunglasses? Here's a pair with specs appeal in the frames. They're made of plastic and slant upward to give you that wonderful Chinese-y look. White is especially nice with a sunburn, but they do come in red, flesh, or natural too. All packed in a clear plastic carrying case to prevent scratching. Made by Grantly. To sell for about $1. Order from Macy's, N. Y.

This bra has been made with great care and precision for the girl with a small bust. Two adjustable buckles gather together the elastic insert under each cup to make it appear fuller. Sizes 30 to 36. The cup size is important—AA for the very small, A for the small, B for the average. It's by Lucille Garden. In nylon it's $2.50, in broadcloth $2. Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.

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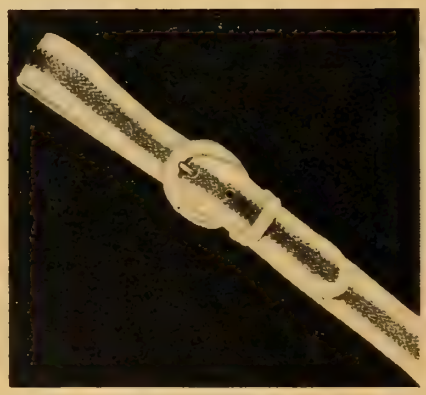
BY MAXINE FIRESTONE

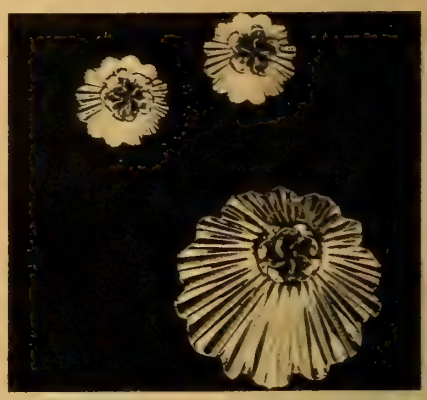
Modern Screen shops for you

A metal case to hold your lipstick and brush—even has a handy mirror. Choice of six luscious shades. By Henry Rosenfeld. $1.50, plus tax, at Arnold Constable, N. Y.

Isn't this the cutest party bag? A shiny white plastic with gold stripes, zipper closing. Washes like a hanky. By Garay. About $3, at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.



A belt to match our favorite bag. Plastic in white and gold. Wear separately or together—you can't go wrong! By Garay, $1, at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.



What pretty shells! Matching pin and earring set, gold or silver finish. Tailored, expensive looking. By Ernest Steiner. $2 each, plus tax, at Gerlou, 501 5th Ave., N. Y.

Pottery ash trays with "thank you for a lovely evening," any saying up to seven words, or initials. Blue or beige, $1. Town & Country Gifts, 906 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Stuff your all into this plastic beach bag. You can also use it as a beach pillow (just unscrew the tube and blow). Blue, green or clear. About $4, Saks-34th St., N. Y.

WE TREK ALL AROUND THE TOWN

HUNTING FIENDISHLY FOR FASHION

FINDS YOU CAN ORDER BY

MAIL AT PIN MONEY PRICES

Here's a gadget to hold your scarf in place, and to just look cute on its own hook. Take your scarf, tie it only once and then slide this gadget up to the most comfortable spot. Use your scarf as a belt, neckerchief or bandeau—this looks good anywhere! Called Kno-Knot and styled by Clerici. Comes in all colors. In plastic, 40c. Gold or silver finish, $1. Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

A sweater that's called Campus Cupid—because it's such a love. Sentimental Jaquard designs, hearts, cupids, and cute sayings on pure virgin wool. Comes in wonderful colors: pink, sky-blue, maize, champagne, and pearl. Wear it at the beach—on cool nights—and anytime you're in the mood to have some fun. Sizes 34 to 40. By Glengarry, about $6. Hovey's, Boston, Mass.

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Send "GLAMOUR DATE" on approval. I'll pay postman $5.98 plus postage. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage.

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ALWAYS BE BATH FRESH. THAT'S THE WARM-WEATHER HINT TO KEEP YOU CHARMING AT WORK, HOME OR RESORT!

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

-day for beauty!

■ *B*eauty in a bathing suit is a better sign of summer than an overflowing thermometer or a noisy robin. Anne (*Trail Street*) Jeffreys poses in designer Frances Sider's suit to prove that summer has come to MODERN SCREEN! And Anne gives us good grooming hints for sun-time. "Summer beauty," says she, "begins with the bath!"

*B*ecause heat is intense and activities are more highly geared, your body demands daily cleaning. When a-tubbing, use a pure, rich soap to work up a froth of de luxe suds. A long-handled brush will help you get at the hard-to-reach places on your pink-and-white self. Fragrant oil, crystals or bubble bath soften water, make richer lather.

*B*ent on all-day daintiness? Treat yourself to a generous splash of zesty cologne after toweling. Incidentally, we girls may buy all our bath toiletries to match. Cologne, bath oil, toilet water, sachet and such delights, all are fragrantly in tune! In their pretty packages they also make the ideal gift for a week-end hostess.

*B*ath-time insurance is very important. A deodorant protects against unpleasant odor. An antiperspirant checks the flow of perspiration, keeps underarms cool and dry. And the men in your family will be grateful if you leave the jar or bottle handy for them.

*B*y now your summer bathing regime (plenty of soap, fragrant toiletries, perspiration check) assures you of complete daintiness. Do continue the theme by slipping into only the freshest of undies. Let your clothes avoid all trace of mustiness, soil or stain. Home dry-cleaning helps on this count. One particularly good cleaning fluid and its companion "spot and stain remover" are wonderful wardrobe aids.

*B*each-side clothes reveal more of you than does your usual garb. You will look smooth, I assure you, because daily scrubbing leaves skin firm, scale-free, unblemished. As an extra skin-beautifier try this: about once a week give yourself an all-over massage with a creamy skin lotion. If elbows and heels are sand-papery, slather them with a rich cream.

*B*utterscotch to bisque, whatever the shade of your tan, suntan oil or lotion will keep you scorch-proof in the sun. And remember that basic daily bath to keep you beautiful in the sun!

* * *

Be your own make-up artist. The 12-page booklet. "How to Use Makeup" tells about application methods, "tools," even camouflage of facial defects! Send 10c with your name and address to: Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

La Cross hands you a new idea!

Naylon, the new nail polish miracle!
Genius designed this bottle that won't tip, tilt
or topple. And genius made this Steady Stroke
Applicator too. It's easy to hold as a pencil, applies
polish as simply as you sign your name. Naylon
itself is a *dream* nail polish...dries faster,
lasts longer, is flexible as a fingernail. You'll find
the colors tantalizing...especially flaming, vibrant
Congo Magic. Yes, La Cross puts polish
perfection at your fingertips...60¢ plus fed. tax.

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NAYLON TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Quite a difference here! One of these summer wash dresses costs $17.95 . . . and the other, $45. More than twice as much!

But the interesting thing is that both dresses look equally crisp, fresh and appealing—because they've been starched with LINIT*!

You'll find LINIT Starch gives a fresh, smooth, soil-resisting finish to all your things. Get a package today. Follow the easy directions on the box.

It's the shell pink dress that cost $45.

. . . ADDS THE "finishing touch"

*LINIT IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. © C.P.R. CO., 1947

LINIT is the smooth, penetrating starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* luxurious as linen. Use LINIT to restore the charm of a fabric's original finish—for curtains, blouses, accessories, children's clothes, men's shirts. In fact, *all* your washables.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

LOUIS JOURDAN, who will be the hottest thing in films when his American-made film, The Paradine Case, *is released, was born in France 25 years ago, has blue eyes and dark hair, and stands an even 6' in height. He married the lovely Quiqui in France when the war ended. Has no fan club, and can be reached at Selznick Studios, Culver City, Calif.*

Welcome back to STERLING HAYDEN, who returns to the screen after war duty, in Blaze Of Noon. *He was born in Montclair, N. J., on March 26, 1916. Is 6'5" tall, weighs 212 lbs., and has blond hair and blue eyes. Divorced from Madeleine Carroll. Write him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, where he will next be seen in* The Sainted Sisters.

You've seen ROBERT ARTHUR as Roz Russell's son in Roughly Speaking, *and Kent Smith's boy in* Nora Prentiss. *He was born in Aberdeen, Wash., June 18, 1925. Is 5'8" tall, weighs 140 lbs. and has blue eyes and brown hair. He's unmarried. Can be reached at 20th-Fox, Beverly Hills, and his next pic is* Mother Wore Tights.

Ed S., L. I.: The tune Allyson kept playing in Secret Heart *was Chopin's Nocturne, Opus 27, No. 2.*

Patsy Taylor, Hollywood: Your favorite comedian, Jan Murray, was born in N. Y. C., 29 years ago. He's 6' 3" tall, weighs 193 lbs., and has blue eyes and black hair. He's married, and has one son. If you'd like a photo, address him c/o The Vanity Fair, B'way and 49th St., N. Y.

Shirley Madans, Bronx: Sandra Swan, 1101 S. 6th Avenue, Ponca City, Okla., has the Barbara Lawrence Club; Stan Jacinski, 9023 Plainview Ave., Detroit, Mich., has Jack Buetel's; Mary Downing, Rte. No. 9, Box 265, Houston, Texas, has Billy Daniel's, and Dorene Granade, P. O. Box 22, Tarzana, Calif., has one for that lovely new starlet Helen Gerald.

I haven't spring fever when it comes to your letters, so send lots of them with your questions and self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART—1946-'47 (10c)—A new better-than-ever edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of exclusive, fascinating data on the private lives, wives, hobbies, used-to-be jobs, latest pics of all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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New Shampoo Made Specially for Blondes Brightens Dull Hair

To help keep light hair from darkening, wash it with BLONDEX, the new 11-minute blonde shampoo. Its rich, cleansing lather instantly removes the dull film that makes hair dark, dingy. Gives hair lovely lightness and lustre. Safe for children. For sparkling, extra highlights, follow your BLONDEX shampoo with BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE. Adds the tiny touch of color often needed. Both cost little. Get BLONDEX SHAMPOO and BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE at 10c, drug and department stores.

Skintees
FOR THE GIRL
WHO RATES DATES
FITS
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SKIN
Smooth, sweet and neat—these lovable, rinsable knit panties give you alluring figure magic calculated to snare your best beau. What do SKINTEES have that you can't find in ordinary panties? An original system of sizing based on your own hip measurements - in inches. SKINTEES can't bag, bulge or ride. Next time you buy, don't say 'panties'—say SKINTEES.
REG. TRADE MARK

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I, too, crave beautiful contours like the SKINTEES Girl. Send me your FREE booklet on FIGURE CONTROL.

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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Here it is time for your annual two weeks with pay. Or, if you're in school, two whole months of leisure . . . you lucky thing. So our theme for this issue is "How To Have a Wonderful Time on your Vacation."

Now we'd be the last to deny that good duds have a great deal to do with good fun. After all, that idea is practically our life work. But, nevertheless, we feel that *one* way to be sure you have a wonderful time on your vacation is not to make too much fuss over your clothes. Planning's one thing—stewing's another.

If you could have seen the girls *we've* seen . . . knocking themselves out with six weeks' shopping—for a two weeks' trip! Getting into a dither hunting down one precise halter or belt they *had* to have. Flying into a panic that they wouldn't be able to change their costumes at least three times a day. Rushing out at the very last minute for one more evening gown—just in case. Result? Result—they arrived too exhausted to have any fun. And while they were upstairs trying to decide which of their five pairs of shorts to wear—the girl who only brought *one* pair was down on the tennis court snagging all the handsome men!

Smart travelers have always known that the thing to do is travel *light*. Certainly you want clothes to cover every occasion—and certainly you want to look as pretty as possible in them. But you can do that with a mere half dozen costumes . . . as we think we prove in this issue:—

Start off with a three-piece playsuit (the one Jinx wears on page 75). This gets you all set for anything active that calls for shorts—and it gives you a midriff playdress for casual fooling around. When you want to be slightly more covered up—climb into one of our Mexican blouses with a full playskirt. These are rugged enough to take any kind of antics from picnics to hikes—and yet feminine enough to sit around on the hotel porch and look alluring. Add a bathing suit and beach coat, a romantic date dress, and a little street dress for running into town. If you think you'll need it, pack one evening dress which you can vary with jewelry and such—and possibly a light topcoat—just in case it's chilly. That adds up to from six to eight costumes. What more could you possibly want? And that way your heart is as light as your traveling bag. And—the total clothes bill is nice and light too!

Have fun!

Connie Bartel

Now it's Dan River's de luxe woven gingham plaids for your fagoted favorite! Crystal-cool white plaided in pink and green, blue and brown, green and black. Sizes 12 to 20. Under $13

Mail Orders will be filled through nearest Tommie Austin retailer. Give second color choice, or write Dept. M for store's name.

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Hedy Lamarr
star of
"DISHONORED LADY"
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Styled for the Stars

BY MARTI OF HOLLYWOOD

Now sunglasses join your glamour gallery...
with a whole galaxy of flattering fashions.
Choose *several* styles and colors, for Hollywood
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HAVE A PICNIC

Three-piece seersucker playsuit worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 75)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th

Red leather playshoes worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 75)

Boise, Idaho—C. C. Anderson Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
St. Paul, Minn.—The Emporium

Dotted swiss off-shoulder blouse worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 76)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Denver, Colo.—The May Co., Downstairs Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

Striped seersucker skirt worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 76)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Denver, Colo.—The May Co., Downstairs Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

Dotted swiss blouse with square ruffled neck and sleeves worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 77)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Denver, Colo.—The May Co., Downstairs Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

Butcher rayon skirt with lacing down front worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 77)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Denver, Colorado—The May Co., Downstairs Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

MEET YOUR DATE

Plaid cotton dress with deep hem flounce worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 79)

Birmingham, Ala.—Pizitz
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Detroit, Mich.—Frank & Seder
Memphis, Tenn.—Bry-Block
St. Louis, Mo.—Sonnenfeld's

PLAY ON THE BEACH

Sanforized twill beach coat worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 80)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Denver, Colo.—The May Co., Downstairs Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

Two-piece striped seersucker bathing suit worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 80)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th

Two-piece "Lollipop" plaid cotton bathing suit worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 81)

Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Two-piece satin lastex and jersey bathing suit worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 81)

Dubuque, Iowa—Roshek Brothers
Fresno, Calif.—Fresno Dry Goods Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Smart Togs Shop
Portsmouth, O.—Bragdon's Dept. Store

GO TO TOWN

Plaid cotton button-down front dress worn by Arleen Whelan (Page 82)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Schuster's
New York, N. Y.—Stern's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels

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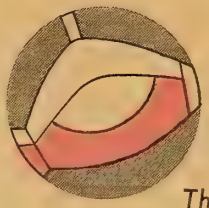

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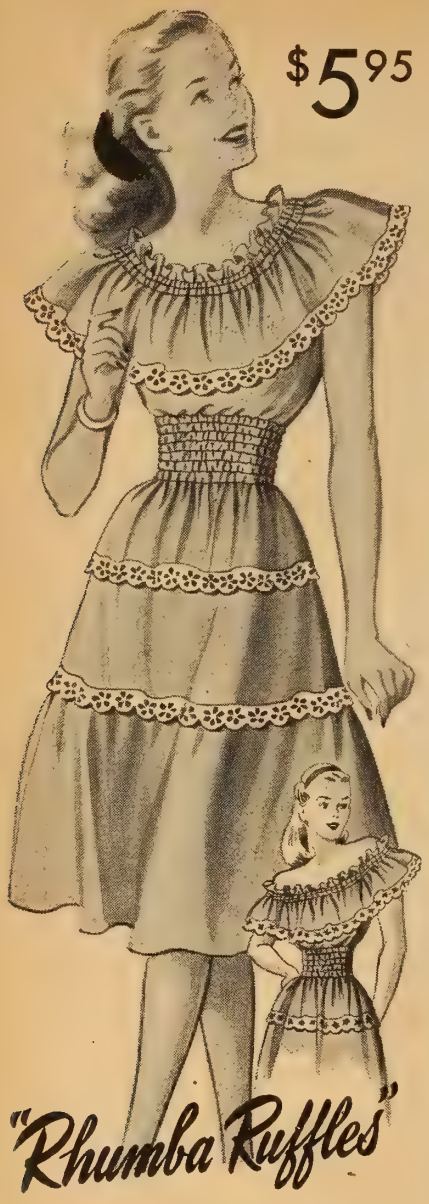

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(Print)

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SECRET HEART

(*Continued from page 33*)

Between her and Laguna rose a pair of brown eyes that she'd first met in St. Louis six years ago. . .

She'd just been signed to sing with Ted FioRito's band. She was fifteen, and dressed it. When she showed up with her chic, dark-haired mother, the fellows took it for granted that their new vocalist was the pretty brunette.

That's what the boy in the swing thought, as the two walked past toward their cottage on the grounds of the Meadowbrook Country Club. His gaze followed them. Whoever the little blonde was, he didn't like her. Stuck-up, he decided. Jimmy was seventeen. This was his first big-name engagement, too, and his first trip away from home.

At rehearsal he discovered that he'd made two mistakes. The little blonde was the singer, and she wasn't stuck-up. June discovered that the dark slender boy in the swing was Jimmy Zito, that he blew a terrific trumpet, and that the eyes she'd glimpsed in passing were even deeper and softer at close range. They had their first date in Texas. Went to an amusement park and rode The Whip. Pretty soon it was, "Mother, d'you mind if I go with Jimmy and get some ice cream?" or "Mother, Jimmy wants to take me horseback riding—"

The summer ended. Dot and Evvie had closed the Rock Island apartment and joined their mother and sister for the trek to Hollywood, where the band had bookings and Ted had his eye on a movie contract for June. At first it looked hopeful; then it didn't, but by that time Evvie was crazy about Beverly High, and wanted to stay. Before the band left, June was going to Beverly, too, satisfied to let the career simmer for a while. Only thing she hated was saying goodbye to Jimmy.

It was then, as they walked with his arm around her, that Jimmy first asked June to marry him. But, of course, they were much too young. "I'll write every night, though," she promised, and at first she did. And from wherever the band went, came little surprises—funny dolls, woolly animals, and—a big joke between them!—cartons of black olives, because June was mad for them. And on Valentine's Day he always sent an orchid . . .

time to grow . . .

But June was still in the process of growing up—which to every girl means the thrill of romance and attention. And if you're a girl to whom Hollywood has suddenly flung its doors wide open, the glamor's intensified. You work hard but it's exciting work, and you meet all kinds of new and exciting people. One night she had a date with a young man highly placed in movie circles. When she got in, Mother was sound asleep.

"Wake up, Mother! What d'you think happened? Our very first date, and he *proposed!*"

Mother rolled over. "Are you flattered by *that?* Go to bed, hon."

Suddenly it made the whole business comical. Giggling, she kissed Mother's ear and went off to bed. . . .

But if she wasn't dazzled, she was certainly interested. There was Vic Mature. Bob Hutton. Bob Stack. John Duzik. And Dave Rose, though Dave was different. Gentle and understanding, you could talk to him about anything in the world. He was like part of the family, the only one of her men friends with whom Mother ever exchanged Christmas gifts.

Yet, through all this, Jimmy was far from forgotten. True, she no longer wrote every night, but she never missed an opening of whatever band he was with, and while he was in town, she'd always concentrate on Jimmy. Mother had the welcome mat out for all their friends, but Jimmy was something special.

"I believe you love him like a son," said Dot.

"Never thought of it that way, but I believe I do."

She wasn't, however, the kind to go around picking husbands, any more than the girls would let their husbands be picked. When Jimmy asked again, the answer was still no, though June's eyes were warm with affection and regret.

"I'm not grown up enough. I'm too busy working. I've got to be sure I'm in love."

It was October, '45, and June was in Chicago for the opening of *The Dolly Sisters.* Later, they were going to the Pump Room to celebrate. She'd see Jimmy there. He was playing with Les Brown's band.

writer's cramp . . .

Through the nineteen months of his service in the army, she hadn't heard from him once. "I just don't understand it, Mother."

"I do, dear. You know he was never one for the limelight. You're in pictures now. Your name's in the papers. They've got you going out with this one and that. In the army, kids don't make very much. Guess he figures he can't compete."

"What's *money* got to do with it?"

"Maybe nothing from your point of view. But a lot from his."

In Chicago, she looked for a message at the hotel. Plenty of messages, but none from Jimmy. Well, never mind, he'd have to be at the Pump Room, she'd see him there.

And she did. Across a crowded dance floor, he smiled from behind the trumpet and that was all. No attempt to come down to their table between numbers, no special warmth in the smile, nothing to hint that he'd ever cared two cents about her.

The party over, she and Mother went up to pack. June was abnormally silent.

"What's wrong, honey?"

She burst into tears. "Jimmy, that's what. Not even to call. Not even to come over and say hello or goodbye."

Even Mother couldn't rationalize that one. "If he doesn't care enough to say hello or goodbye, you'll just have to take it." Then, as in a movie, came the rap on the door. "Who is it?"

"Jimmy!" He entered, grinning. "I'll probably lose my job. Just walked off the stand to come up and say goodbye."

June flew at him. "Why didn't you write?" she was demanding, as Mother slipped out and closed the door behind her . . .

In July, Les Brown opened at the Palladium. Dave Rose, who knew all about Jimmy, asked not only June, but Evvie and Mother as his guests. They stood in the doorway, looking for their boy, but all they saw behind the horn was a face with a mustache. It couldn't be Jimmy. Then, from under the mustache, came a thrilling cadenza. It *was* Jimmy. Who else played cadenzas like that?

"It's got to be a bet," moaned Evvie, "or I'll never forgive him."

As they moved toward their table, the

number came to an end. Jimmy stepped down, his eyes on June.

"What're you trying to be, Methuselah?"

"I've got things to tell you."

So Dave said, "Run along," and they sat at a little corner table with a bottle of ginger ale, while Jimmy explained that he had to make himself look older because, come winter, he was organizing an 11-man band of his own. Frank Comstock, Brown's arranger, was all set to do some arrangements for Jimmy, too.

"And we're coming out here to rehearse right after Christmas, because our first bookings'll be on the West Coast."

"Oh, I'm so *glad,* Jimmy."

Of course, she meant the band. He didn't dare hope that maybe she meant something else, too.

Anyway, they came out in January. Once more June concentrated on Jimmy. But more soberly this time and with clearer vision.

In February she appeared on a Bob Hope broadcast. She'd been tense and on edge and, after all the excitement, she felt let down. People crowded around, lavishing compliments and praise. They were kind and, of course, she was grateful, but what they said just wasn't true. *No* one could be that good.

Jimmy waited in the hall, cool, matter-of-fact. "You were okay, baby. Let's go get something to eat."

show business . . .

She tucked her hand under his arm and felt wonderful. It was like moving out of a hothouse into fresh air. To Jimmy, the broadcast had been just another job. They talked the same language. Too much of anything embarrassed them both.

"One thing I'm sure of," she told herself that night. "I'll never marry anyone else till he does."

A few evenings later they were all up in her sitting-room, razzing Jimmy about his mustache, for a change. Catching Evvie's eye, June broke into the lingo they keep on tap for exchanging secrets in front of other people. Her sister disappeared, to return with razor, shaving cream and a towel over her arm. "Come on, Mr. Zito, you're having your mustache trimmed."

"Over my dead body—"

"*You* talk to him, Mother."

"Not me. I remember what my grandmother used to say: kissing a man without a mustache is like eating eggs without salt."

Jimmy eyed her thoughtfully. "Mom, d'you care if I marry June?"

"No, why don't you?"

The small blonde whirled on them both, arms akimbo. "Hey, do *I* have anything to say about this?"

They discussed it seriously, too, but June couldn't bring herself to say more than maybe. "I don't want to do anything in a hurry."

"In a hurry! I've been asking you for six years. For six years you've been giving me silly reasons why you couldn't."

"They weren't silly, Jimmy. I'm not 21 yet, and you're only 23. Maybe—well, maybe when the picture's finished in June. I want a real honeymoon. I want to walk down the aisle in my bridal satin—I've had it a long time, Jimmy—and the rose-point lace Mother picked up in New Orleans—just think, it's 125 years old."

As they drove home, Jimmy said, "You know, honey, I have a feeling we'll never get married."

"*Why,* Jimmy?"

"Oh—just a feeling. You'll meet somebody else. I'll meet somebody else—"

That's how matters stood when the director gave her four days off.

At home Evvie was dressing to go out. "I'm having dinner with Jim McNamara and another couple at The Sportsman's

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Lodge. You and Jimmy care to join us?"

"Well—I'm not sure—maybe we'll meet you there."

It worked out that they were bowling along the highway and talking about nothing remotely related to marriage. Then suddenly two words from Jimmy's companion struck him dumb.

"We'll elope."

He continued driving for another minute or so, then drew carefully over and turned the ignition off. "Now say it again."

"We'll elope."

"I don't believe you."

"All right, you'll see. Let's go to The Sportsman's Lodge and find Evvie."

. . . Scene shifts to the Havers' guest room, occupied for the time by Dorothy, Bill Flynn, her husband, and month-old baby Kathleen. Dot was home with the folks to recuperate from the baby's birth. Mrs. Haver was adoring her granddaughter when the phone rang.

"It's June, Mother."

Something clicked in Mrs. Haver's mind as she picked up the phone. "Where are you, June?"

"Sportsman's Lodge."

"Are you planning to get married?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Just a feeling—"

"Get ready, Mother. We're going to Las Vegas."

. . . In the dining-room at Sportsman's Lodge, someone handed Evvie a folded cocktail napkin. The note had been written with eyebrow pencil. "Evvie," it read. "Be home by 11:30. Las Vegas. June."

Ev caught her sister and brother-in-law-elect on the run. "Are you kidding?"

"No, we just talked to Mother, everything's fine. Finish your dinner and be home by 11:30."

Evvie stood still till the car disappeared round a bend. "Dinner, she says!"

Upstairs, the girls were helping June dress.

"Forgive me, Dot, for getting married when you couldn't come?" June said.

"On one condition. Be as happy as I am."

Jimmy paced the hall, assuring himself that pretty soon he'd wake up. Down the stairs came June in her mink coat, smiling.

"Will it scare your mother if the phone rings this late? Then let's call her."

They put the call through to Chicago; they talked to his mother and sister Carmen; they hung up. Jimmy mopped his brow. "Now I believe it," he said.

. . . At 8 they were in Las Vegas. At 8:30 they stood before a justice of the peace. Till then Jimmy had been the shakier one. Now his voice was firm.

"I take you, June—"

Hers was a whisper. "I take you, James—"

Over her finger he slipped the ring his mother'd given him when he first left home. Then his arms went around her. "Hello, Mrs. Zito," he said in her ear.

They went to El Rancho for breakfast, whooped over a magazine Evvie'd picked up. JUNE HAVER—BACHELOR GIRL, read the coverline. June wanted to know, had anyone cried at her wedding?

"Not me," declared Mother. "I was too busy watching my son-in-law steal the scene from you."

"Not me," said Evvie. "I kept looking at my foot. Felt a runner coming."

They phoned the studio, and Grandmother, and Jimmy's folks again. They sent Ted FioRito a wire, signed: "Your two kids." At home they found messages galore, a beautiful telegram from Mr. Zanuck, roses from Jimmy's mother to "my darling daughter and son."

June drew her husband upstairs to the sitting-room.

"Let's turn on the radio. Whatever it plays, will be our song from now on."

"Even if it's corny?"

"It won't be."

She turned the dial. Softly over the air came the notes of *The Warsaw Concerto.*

"I suppose you know who did the proposing, Mr. Zito? Me. Shall I tell you what I promised myself last month? That I'd never marry anyone else till you did."

"I was way ahead of you, baby. I made myself that promise six years ago."

Trumpeter Jimmy Zito kisses his bride, June Haver, after their marriage in St. Timothy's Catholic Church in West Los Angeles on March 26. They were married in a civil ceremony on March 9.

YOU CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT BING

(*Continued from page 31*)

Como and Russell, about 5%, and Frankie, fourth with 3-4%."

Fortune Magazine estimates Crosby's wax royalties netted him over $600,000 for '46. Jack Kapp says Decca's initial sales of Bing's records for '47 indicate he will take home as much, or more.

It all adds up to this: Old Moon Faced and Starry Eyed is still top dog. George Frazier may not be buying Crosby's records, but George Customer is.

Now let's see how the poor old fellow with the receding hairline is doing on the radio.

Ten years ago, he was listed among the First Fifteen programs, with a rating of 19.6. As I punch this out, he is again among the First Fifteen with a rating of 21.7. And remember, we're not hearing Crosby in person. We're getting the transcribed show which the network wisenheimers insisted could not succeed.

Fortune Magazine points out that CBS and NBC, fighting the transcription experiment, "have crammed their Wednesday night shows with flashy programs in an effort to keep listeners from tuning in on Bing."

So far they have found that bucking him has been like trying to holler down a hurricane. When the Great Throat levels on a new song, 50,000 copies still move off the music counters the next day.

Uncle Sam and his missus like Frankie and Perry fine. But, judging by the ratings, the sitting, standing, running, jumping, song-singing champ of the world is still the man with the conservative Technicolor shirts.

Mr. Frazier quotes Frank Coniff as saying Crosby's latest picture is getting the once-over-lightly. I wouldn't know about that, but I figured the auditor up in the Paramount Building would. So I asked him. He ran up some figures for me. Here they are. They show the grosses of the Crosby movies released by Paramount for the past seven years. *Birth of the Blues,* released in 1941, is figured at 100%, and we take it from there:

1941	Birth of the Blues	100%
1942	Holiday Inn	175%
1942	Road to Morocco	211%
1943	Dixie	218%
1944	Going My Way (Highest grosser in 35-year history of Paramount)	
1945	Here Come the Waves	225%
1946	Road to Utopia	298%
1947	Blue Skies (With more play dates to come)	421%

Laying statistics aside for the minute, let's not forget the little gold statue which stands among the paste pots on Mr. Bingo's office shelf. The Oscar signifies that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences thought his performance in *Going My Way* was the best acting of any man in American movies that year. Not bad for a guy from Gonzaga who broke into show business with the Rhythm Boys, singing, "It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud."

Fortune Magazine, as you know, plays them close to the chest and doesn't go in for overstatement. I like its conservative estimate of Old Frog-in-the-Throat in its recent article—"Crosby is head man in every branch of American entertainment but sidewalk magic. First in films, first on the air, and first on the phonographs of his countrymen."

Declining, eh?

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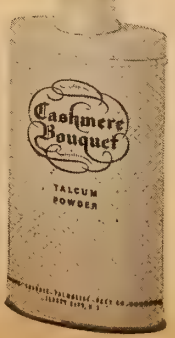

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POPULAR

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS ALL MAKE BELIEVE—*Hal McIntyre (MGM); Eddy Howard (Majestic)
Hal McIntyre's band (featuring Frankie Lester's vocal here) is one of a big bunch of stars' names that have switched to the new M-G-M label.

I TIPPED MY HAT (AND SLOWLY RODE AWAY)—*The Smoothies (Apollo); *Harry James (Columbia); Blue Barron (M-G-M)

I WANT TO THANK YOUR FOLKS—**Frank Sinatra (Columbia); **King Cole Trio (Capitol); *Perry Como (Victor); *Larry Douglas (Signature); Saxie Dowell (Sonora); Ink Spots (Decca)
Another hit by Benny Banjamin and George Weiss, the *Rumors Are Flying* team. Larry Douglas is a new name worth watching; I used to hear him on the *Gloom Dodgers* show.

MOON FACED, STARRY EYED—*Sarah Vaughan-Teddy Wilson (Musicraft); Freddy Martin (Victor); *Benny Goodman-Johnny Mercer (Capitol).
Remember way back when Johnny Mercer was guest vocalist on some old BG Victor records? Johnny has now returned the compliment by signing Benny up with his record company and singing on the first Capitol BG release. Poet Langston Hughes wrote lyrics for this and the other Kurt Weill songs in the new Broadway musical version of *Street Scene.*

TEA FOR TWO—*Joe Mooney Quartet (Decca)
However tired you are of the tune, here's a version to brighten up sagging parties, with special Mooney lyrics such as "Do you long for Oolong like I long for Oolong?" and "Up to their eyeballs in teaballs." Other side's listed under Movies. (CORPSE CAME C.O.D.)

HOT JAZZ

CHARLIE BARNET—*Cherokee; *The New Redskin Rhumba (Cardinal)
New versions of the Indian twin hits on Charlie's own label. Dig the trumpet work by the great Al Killian!

EDMOND HALL—TEDDY WILSON—*Quartet Album (Commodore)
Six pleasant sides, including *Where or When, Night and Day, Sleepy Time Gal,* by the Cafe Society partners, reunited for records. Which reminds me: if you get that Jerry Jerome Trio album on Stinson, the pianist labeled as "Fingers MacDigits" is friend Teddy again.

LIONEL HAMPTON—Hamp's Boogie Woogie Album (Decca)

STAN KENTON—**Concerto To End All Concertos (Capitol)

LENNIE TRISTANO—**I Can't Get Started (Keynote)
A sensational blind pianist from Chicago, with a strictly 1965 style. Warning: most people will feel about this record the way most people felt about Stravinsky in 1913. Which means someday you'll be glad you bought it!

FROM THE MOVIES

CORPSE CAME C.O.D.—Warm Kiss and Cold Heart: *Joe Mooney (Decca)

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN—Time After Time: *Tommy Dorsey (Victor); *Jimmy Dorsey (M-G-M); **Sarah Vaughan (Musicraft); *Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Margaret Whiting (Capitol)
Sinatra Songs, Inc., have a flock of good discs of several hits from this film, including *Same Old Dream; Time After Time; I Believe* and *Whose Baby Are You?* Looks like another good deal for Frankie.

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE—Beside You; My Favorite Brunette: **Bob Hope & Dorothy Lamour (Capitol)
Did you see the picture? Remember a song called *My Favorite Brunette?* That's right, I'm wrong—there wasn't one. But it makes a cute idea for a cute record tying in with the picture. *Beside You* was in the picture, very briefly, but Bob and Dotty make a lot more out of it here.

PERILS OF PAULINE—Poppa, Don't Preach To Me: *Phil Harris (Victor); Marion Hutton (Capitol)

RAZOR'S EDGE—Mam'selle: Art Lund (M-G-M); Dennis Day (Victor); Ray Dorey (Majestic)
Another song from a non-musical picture (more or less); from the French cafe scene. Nice arrangement on the Lund version.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Rhapsody In Blue: *Paul Whiteman (Signature). Somebody Loves Me: *Bill Harris (Dial)

P.S.: Thanks for the big bunch of mail on my "Sweet Vs. Hot" controversy. Was pleased to note that with only three exceptions, every single letter received said, "I like both sweet and hot music if played right." (Excerpts from winning letter are on page 108.)

PAPA FLYNN

(*Continued from page 12*)

a white-robed nun came in. Silently he followed her out, and the stares of the nurses went with him.

"It's a girl," the nun announced with a happy smile.

"And Nora," he asked her quickly, "how is she?"

"Nora is all right. She's just fine. Poor child, she did have a bad time of it for a while, but she's all right now, Mr. Flynn. Thanks be to the good God. And the baby is such a little beauty."

A minute later Errol Flynn was standing beside his wife's bed, holding and stroking her hand as she smiled wanly up at him.

"You're all right? You're sure?" he was saying.

"I'm all right, of course, darling. Oh, Errol dear, she's the very image of you. Just wait till you see." She had hardly said the words when another white-robed sister brought the baby in—Sister Rose, head of the Maternity Ward. She placed the quiet little bundle in Errol's arms, and he looked wonderingly at his new daughter.

"She's not red-haired like Deirdre," he said. "And her nose isn't flat the way Deirdre's was at first. Why, she has a nose like mine!" Slowly a grin widened on the face that has thrilled tens of millions on the screen. He gave the precious thing in his arms back to Sister Rose, and then he leaned down tenderly, and left a kiss on Nora's brow.

Downstairs, the nurses were excited and flustered. They were debating whether Errol was as handsome in the flesh as he is on the screen, and the verdict, not entirely unanimous, was that he was even more so. When he came down again, he didn't pause, but hurried to his car and sped away.

say it with flowers . . .

Not long afterwards a florist's truck drove up to unload armfuls of lovely spring flowers which brought a fresh fragrance to the room where Nora slept. Twice a day, thereafter, the florist's truck arrived, and twice a day Errol Flynn drove up in his roadster, always alone.

He had wanted to take a room in the hospital to be close to his Nora when her time came, but the scarcity of hospital space would not permit that. And it wasn't because Nora was Mrs. Errol Flynn that she got a private room. She was just lucky. Most mothers nowadays have to share a room with another, but Nora happened to arrive on a day when a single room was being vacated. It would have been easier for all concerned if the hospital *had* been able to put Errol up, for he hung on the phone all night. The doctor, who wasn't getting much rest either, finally advised him to go to bed and let others get their rest, too.

Nora laughed indulgently about Errol's jitters the day we had our long, cozy interview. She was propped up in bed on a rampart of pillows, and Errol's flowers made the room fragrant. She was really a proud and happy girl.

"What's the baby's name?" I inquired.

"Rory," she told me. "I had decided on Rory long in advance, because it fits either a boy or a girl. As a matter of fact, I talked it over with Errol's father when we were on the yacht together, and he loved the name. Errol named our first Deirdre, but I named this one."

"She's really beautiful," I said.

"Do you know what Errol told me the

(*Continued on page 99*)

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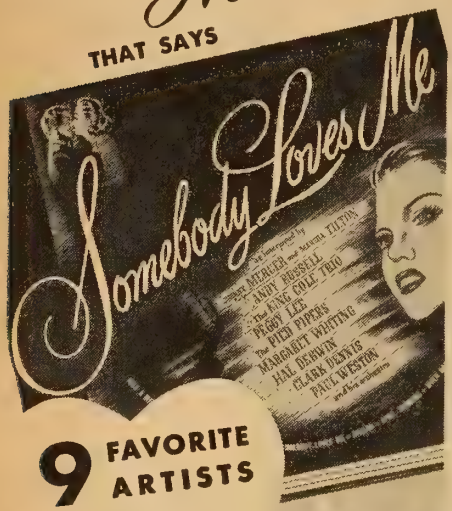

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

■ PLAIN TALK: Say, clubbers, have we been giving you the impression it's FUN to run a fan club? Of course, it is! But as our good friend, Maym Sagert, able prexy of Jane Withers' Pals, cautions: "Don't forget to tell 'em it's hard WORK, too!" The plain truth is: not everybody who WANTS to pilot a club is CAPABLE of the job. Some clubs zoom along for a while on the prexy's enthusiasm. Then, bang! One fine day, he or she hits a rough spot, all the enthusiasm vanishes, and the club goes pfft! So, please, DON'T try to start a club unless you're going to be scrupulously honest with your star, your members and yourself. You must have the ability to organize your work, handle money intelligently, delegate tasks to competent helpers, and be diplomatic and courteous to everyone. Club dues must be acknowledged at once; inquiries and letters must all be answered promptly. You must keep a budget—being careful not to spend all the dues on the first journal. Keep a bank account for the club, if possible. Above all, don't demand too much of your honorary star. As Maym says, "Too many prexies act as if they own their star." If it does become necessary to disband your club, notify—in writing—all members, honoraries, exchange prexies, star, and other interested parties. And here's some advice to the stars: don't be indiscriminate about granting permission to everyone who wants to start a club in your honor. Usually, a single exchange of letters will reveal whether the applicant is sincere, intelligent and talented enough to direct the varied activities of a worthwhile fan club. There—we've spoken quite freely, but we know you'll agree that it just had to be said.

CLUB BANTER: Latest news of Hollywood Party (June 23-29) reveals 187 out-of-town prexies plan to be on hand for the convention-party—over 500 will attend, in all. Latest addition to the activities is an afternoon picnic and dance on a private estate. Address inquiries: Suite 707, 427 W. 5 St., L. A. 13, Calif. (see pic, page 8) . . . Just for the records, it's Gerry Kee, 522 Fairbanks Ave., Oakland, Calif., who now has the Alan Ladd Club Pearl Tice almost took over . . . the Sinatra Guild is off—but we hear something else is brewing at 1776 B'way . . . almost 100 mems attended Rise Stevens' tea at the Essex House . . . Louella Correia's Jack Owens Swoonsters snagged a nice hunk of publicity in the New Bedford Standard-Times . . . Bob Crosby's p.a. in Chi brought a slew of backstage visitors, including corro Leane Cook and prexy Isabel Lee . . . Thanks to the Bobby Beers Clubbers, Southern Music Company will put Bobby's pic on the cover of "My Adobe Hacienda" . . . Joyce Bronas, Eddie Ryan mem, is singing with Johnny Winslow's ork . . . the whole Don Richards clan will receive 4-leaf-clover charms from Don, with the name of his smash show, *Finian's Rainbow*, engraved thereon . . . Jo Rampino fixed it so her honorary, bandleader Al Lombardy, could guest-star on Dolores Craeg's "Between Us Teens" show for WINS . . . Terry Smith's Skippy Homeier bunch is starting a mixed choir . . . Nelson Eddy M. C. has inaugurated a scholarship in his (*Continued on page 100*)

TROPHY CUP CONTEST (Lap 4) Leading clubs: League 1: Nelson Eddy Music, 750; Dennis Morgan, 650; Shirley Temple, Dick Haymes Assoc., Ernest Tubb, 600. League 2: Chas. Korvin, 750; Gene Kelly, Larry Douglas, Gloria Jean, 600; Rosemary DeCamp, Jeannette MacDonald (Farrington), 550. League 3: Sinatra (Wolfenstein), 850; Bill Williams (Demers), 750; Basil Rathbone, 700; Dick Jaeckel, 650; Carole Landis, New Stars, Sinatra (Beattie), Joe Cotten, 600.

This month's winners: THIS IS MY BEST, 100 pts. (Prize: Gift combo FABERGE's Tigress Perfume and Cologne) Paulette Dohrmann, Errol Flynn C., Betty Hammer, R. DeCamp C.; Jean Kurowski, Milton Berle C.; Dianne Morner, Johnny Desmond (Skoff) C.; Lorraine Wright, Bob Lowery C.; Lois Morton, Sinatra (Wolfenstein) C. CANDID CAMERA CONTEST: (First prize, 100 pts., beautiful TANGEE-Trip-Kit, for traveling) Barbara Finkelstein, Kurt Kreuger (Bobois) C. (Others: 50 pts., 4 Dell Mysteries) Dorothy Dean, John Lund (Cook) C.; John Fasel, Jr., Danny Scholl C.; John Schneider, Sid Caesar C.; Edna Lantz, Gene Autry C. BEST EDITORS, 250 pts. (Prize: Assortment wonderful POND's Cosmetics) 1. None qualified. 2. (tied) Shirley Gordon, *DeCampaigner*, and Diego Mangawang, *Star Notes* (Jane Powell). (Diego receives FABERGE Men's Cologne.) 3. Addie Gushin, *En-Tyer-ly Yours* (John Tyers). BEST ART WORK, 150 pts. (Prize: Year's subs to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, SCREEN ALBUM, 4 Dell Books) Everett Wolfenstein, Sinatra (Wolfenstein). BEST COVERS, 250 pts.: 1. None qualified. 2. *Kaye Kapers* (Danny). 3. (tied) *Cotton Chronicle* (Joe) and *Soliloquy* (Sinatra, Ling). WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES, 250 pts.: 1. Haymes Assoc. 2. Johnny Coy (Sachs) C. 3. Lon McCallister C. BEST JOURNALS, 500 pts.: 1. *Melody Trails* (E. Tubb). 2. *Gloria's Gazette* (Jean). 3. *Swoontime News* (Sinatra, Wolfenstein). PERCENTAGE INCREASES, 100 pts.: 1. No reports. 2. Rise Stevens M. C. 3. Barbara Hale (Carnahan) C. CORRESPONDENTS, 50 pts.: 1. Lorraine Ruthowski, Ronald Reagan C. 2. Nelda Clough, Chas. Korvin C. 3. Lauren Chase, Ginny Simms C.

Discussing plans for the Mason Club Federation at James' N.Y. apartment are clubbers Dorothy Hock, Leona Rosenthal and Jean Meyer.

Pierre Aumont hosted members Grace Weiner, Kay McGowan, Marion Daniel (prexy) and Isabel Macias at his Waldorf-Astoria suite.

(Continued from page 97)

second day?" Nora's smile was quietly radiant. "He said, and I quote: 'Oh, she's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.' And when I told him again that she was the perfect image of him, how he blushed! She has Errol's fine, delicate features already. And she's such a good baby. She doesn't cry or fret. Deirdre, incidentally, gets to look more and more like me. Her hair, which was red at birth, is even redder now. Rory has brown hair, and if it grows just a shade lighter, it's going to be very much like her father's. It even has the suggestion of a curl in it, like his."

While we were chatting, Sister Rose came in, and I couldn't resist asking her what sort of impression the famous movie star had made on her and the other nuns in the hospital. "I'm so stupid about those things." Sister Rose said. "I'll just have to admit that I had never even heard of Errol Flynn before Nora came to the hospital. As far as we were concerned, he was just another visitor." And believe it or not, St. Joseph's Hospital is only a few blocks from the Warner Brothers' Studio where Errol Flynn has been making history these past several years!

It's a different Flynn, however, that Hollywood is seeing these days. Marriage to a smart, sensible girl like Nora has done marvels for him, and she has proved herself to be a very knowing little wife who has most effectively hushed the mouths of those who predicted so freely that her marriage to the rampant Flynn could not possibly last.

She confided some of her philosophy of a successful marriage to me, and what she said showed that she has an uncanny understanding of this adventurous and romantic husband who has earned a reputation for swashbuckling both on and off the screen.

"I am not," she told me, "one of those girls who falls in love with a man because he possesses certain qualities and who promptly wants to do him all over when they're married. I've found a great deal of solid happiness as Errol's wife. I realized that a lot of his pals with whom he used to romp around Hollywood and elsewhere didn't want to see him domesticated. But what they never knew was that I myself would have hated that just as much as they. I wouldn't have him domesticated for all the world. I took him as I found him, because that's the way I love him. And I hope he never changes. When he wants to play, I want to be right there to play, too."

everybody loves a baby . . .

Just about all Errol's old friends have fluttered the white flag in surrender to Nora. They're ready to admit now that she's the one and only girl he really loves, and they're coming around with their hats in their hands. That goes even for doughty John Decker, Errol's artist pal and a very sagacious fellow. He and Nora were feuding before the last voyage of Errol's yacht, the "Zaca," had proceeded very far, but now they've joyfully forgiven each other, and some of the flowers in Nora's hospital room came from him. Most of the other boon companions of those more boisterous days and nights have been sifted out.

The day I saw her, Nora gave me even more eloquent proof of the new Errol that fatherhood has created. "How many babies do you want to have?" I asked curiously.

"Well," she answered, "I'd like to have a couple of boys to go with the girls. We're going to enlarge the nursery at our house on the mountain top and fence in the swimming pool. It does look as though we're getting set for a family, doesn't it?"

Not only that, it looks as though the marriage all Hollywood shook its head over is really set for life.

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THE FANS

(Continued from page 98)

name at the Juilliard School . . . Alfred Drake's cup-cakes are busy organizing theater parties to see him in *Beggar's Holiday* . . . Jordine Skoff's Johnny Desmond Club holds its bull-sessions over milkshakes, after the weekly Niagara Falls High basketball game. Eileen Sinnott's group for Desmo now boasts an active publicity committee . . . Mark Stevens will be the first star honored by Betty Petrie's Club Friendship . . . Edward Ashley-ites have adopted a French war orphan . . . N. Y. contingent of Larry Brooks' Club trekked up to New Haven for the opening of his new Broadway hit, *Brigadoon* . . . Barbara Ferry, of 814 N. Olive Ave., Alhambra, Calif., has a large collection of scrapbooks, which she's giving away free—just for the postage. Inquire about your favorites.

(Note: Over 160 clubs are now credited in our files with 50 points or more in the current Trophy Cup Contest. Lack of space prohibits printing complete scores. If you wish to know whether *your* club has any points—and how many—you can find out by writing to your club prexy or to MSFCA headquarters, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.)

Attention all prospective club prexies: As of June 30, no club will be accepted for membership in the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association unless it has a minimum of ten members—regardless of whether a letter of permission has been obtained from the star who is to be the club honorary. This does *not* apply to clubs *already* registered in the MSFCA *before* that date.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was in December, 1945, when Alan Ladd and his charming wife, Sue Carol, paid a visit to the Army Regional Hospital at Camp Robinson, Arkansas. They were touring the wards, stopping to chat with each of the wounded and bedridden heroes. Sue remained in the background most of the time, while Alan talked, signed autographs, and spread pleasure wherever he went. They approached one bed occupied by a veteran with his leg in a cast. Alan obligingly autographed the cast. Then the lad whispered shyly to Alan: "There's something . . . er, I mean . . ." Alan smiled. "What is it, fellow?" he asked. "I'll be glad to do whatever I can." The patient said, haltingly, still shyly, "I wish . . . I mean, I've always wanted to kiss a movie star . . ." Alan reached back to where his wife was standing and grasped her hand. She came up beside the bed, smiled at her husband, and with evident pleasure, planted a kiss on the lips of the bedfast soldier—while Alan stood by, nodding approval. I don't think any GI was ever happier than that boy because of a simple and sweet gesture on the part of a movie couple.

Sgt. James Harte
Fort Myer, Va.

CALL ME MAMA

(*Continued from page 48*)

told her husband that though she'd bought Jessica three dresses, she still had no idea what her daughter would wear to the party.

As it happened she wore the pink one, and she looked a dream. It was a lovely party. There was a birthday candle, pink and blue and white, with Jessica's name at the base of it (it was one of those candles that lasts until the child is sixteen years old; you burn an inch each year, and the years are marked). There was a cake, too, and it was Jessica's first experience with cake.

Jessica's no dope. Her family had all it could do to keep her from jumping in, feet first. "Mama!" she said passionately. "Yes!" "Mama" and "yes" are about the extent of her vocabulary, but she has delightful inflections.

The maid, who was serving, kept gazing and gazing at the pile of presents on the table.

Finally, she shook her head and murmured, "I'm just wondering how you'll get a pony on that table, a few years from now."

Which almost broke up the party. Because Jessica undoubtedly *will* have a pony some day. There's a corral all ready for one, in the Jacksons' new house.

They bought Virginia Bruce's old home, in Pacific Palisades. It's a beautiful six-acre property over-looking the sea, and it was built before the war, of good materials. There were seven fireplaces, and a stable that the Jacksons have turned into a studio room. They put a fireplace in it and Deanna's already had a singing lesson there.

She's anxious for Jessica to sit in on a lesson, some time, and she spoke to her teacher, Al Prockter about it. "I wonder how she'd react."

"If the child has any ear for music," Prockter said, grinning, "she'll go screaming down the road."

At the moment, the child can't quite make it to the road, because she's just begun to walk.

Since she was five or six months old, she's navigated very efficiently by holding on to things, but a while ago, she actually got up and took a couple of steps toward her nurse, under her own power.

The nurse called Deanna at the studio, and she sounded so agitated, Deanna got frightened. "What, what, what?" she said. "What's the matter? What happened?"

the miracle . . .

"Sure, and Jessica's walkin'," the nurse said breathlessly.

One of Jessica's favorite people is a large Doberman Pinscher, who's very fussy about the company he keeps. He's grown up with Jessica, and he nibbles affectionately on her hand and protects her from all evil, real or imaginary.

His name's Bedouin, but everyone calls him "Beddy." He has a slight tendency toward cannibalism, but nothing the Jacksons feel is dangerous.

Every once in a while, a guest gets the urge to pet him, and Felix says, "All right, but I have to go with you." If the guest is bright, he doesn't argue.

Beddy's birthday was three days before Jessica's, and Deanna was considering a party for *him*. Next year both birthdays will be celebrated together.

Deanna just gets it all established in her mind that Beddy is the ideal dog for her, and then she goes to work, and meets Mr. Dozier, a big studio executive. Mr. Dozier looks at her gravely. "Just read where a

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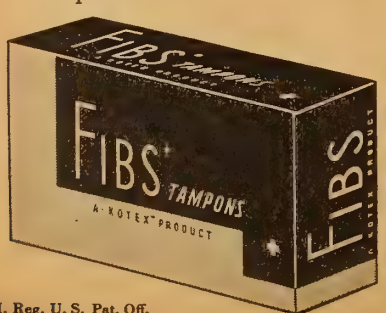

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Doberman Pinscher ate a five-year-old baby," he says.

Deanna has to dash to the telephone to make sure everything's okay. Mr. Dozier, who keeps a perfectly straight face during the entire proceedings, enjoys himself immensely.

Apart from Mr. Dozier's sad stories, Universal-International is pleasant for Deanna these days.

Sunday morning, Jessica's nurse goes out, and Deanna feeds the baby and plays with her and is generally blissful. There's a fire in the fireplace, the radio playing (Deanna's favorite is Toscanini), Jessica romping across the over-sized, four-poster bed, and Dick Tracy at one's elbow.

During the week, Deanna and Felix don't see much of their child. Deanna gets up at five o'clock, and by the time she's through work, and has driven home (the house is a full hour from the studio) Jessica's ready to go to sleep.

But Deanna's not a complainer. She quotes a line Gene Kelly made famous around Hollywood: "What you go through for a lousy fortune!"

Deanna figures you get what you pay for. She also figures you pay for what you get.

Deanna's mother and father live in Westwood, and she sees them all the time. Jessica went along to visit her grandmother and grandfather recently. It was her first automobile trip, and she loved it. She's the adventurous sort, and if her mother doesn't watch out, her grandfather will be taking her on her first airplane trip pretty soon.

Mr. Durbin, who's sixty-one years old, only discovered flying in the last year or so. It happened overnight. He knew this tailor, and the tailor had a son who flew. The son asked Mr. Durbin if he wanted to come for a ride, and Mr. Durbin said yes.

He liked flying right away. "But I couldn't ever learn."

"Don't be silly," his young friend said. When they landed, he pointed out a legless man who flew his own hand-controlled plane. "If that man can do it—"

Mr. Durbin took some lessons, and the next thing he knew, he'd got his license, and then, at Christmas, his wife gave him a two-motored, four-seater Stinson.

When they came over to tell Deanna and Felix about it, Deanna could hardly believe them. "My mother gave my father an airplane for Christmas," she kept murmuring to herself. "My mother is a most astonishing woman."

She's had further proof of that since Christmas. Mr. Durbin goes off into the wild blue yonder, and Mrs. Durbin waves goodbye gaily, and Deanna watches the whole tableau and hopes that when she's their age, she'll be that young.

One time when she stopped by to say hello, her mother announced, "We won't see you again till next week."

Deanna was curious. "Why?"

"We're flying to Mexico over the weekend," Mrs. Durbin said. "We're going down there to a dinner-dance."

Deanna enjoys flying, herself. She went up with Bob Cummings and his wife in his four-seater, and had a wild voyage.

Bob's a good pilot, and he was doing stunts to prove how safe flying was.

He cut the engine. "We can cruise around for hours, and not worry, even without any power," he explained. Her smile was strained. "It isn't necessary, Bob, really. I'm sure you can—"

He showed her a forced landing, and to her amazement, it consisted of one small bounce. She was enchanted.

She happens, incidentally, to be one of those revolting personalities who never gets airsick in the slightest. She once flew home from Salt Lake City—over miles of desert, through air pockets, and terrible heat—and everybody on the whole plane was ill except her.

She also flew down from San Francisco in a thunder-storm. The stewardess, who was trying to keep passengers from getting too nervous, approached her quietly.

Deanna turned a beaming face upward. "Isn't it exciting?" she said.

On the whole, she finds existence exciting. She looks back on Jessica's first year with pleasure. The first, tiny Christmas tree, the first steps, the first words.

There are Felix, mother and father, and pleasant work (she's making *Something In The Wind,* now) and no telephones ever ringing (because she can't get one).

There's a real Monet painting (of a water-lily) in the bedroom, and there's Dick Tracy, and a view of the Pacific to take your breath away.

And a funny little girl without much hair who says "yes" and "mama" to everything. But boy, has she got inflection!

"I don't want to wear Daddy's cut-down suits!"

(Continued from page 47)

and hooked little fingers and made a wish. They got the car—and the wish, because here they were driving through Texas.

Ahead of them, something dark moved on the silver strip of roadway.

As they drove closer, they saw that it was a boy and girl, hitchhiking. Neither of them looked much over twenty, Bob thought, as he brought the car to a smooth stop beside them. The boy wore no topcoat and the girl was shivering in a light suit.

They climbed gratefully into the back seat. "My father died," the girl told them, "and we're trying to get to Austin in time for the funeral."

Bob and Dotty like people, and talk easily to them. It wasn't long before they had the whole story. The boy and girl had married before he went overseas. When he came back he had been discharged as a psycho-neurotic, which made it a little tough to get a job.

"Nancy's been swell," he said humbly. She just acted as if everything was all right."

"And now it is," Nancy said, smiling at him, her heart in her eyes.

faith in the future . . .

Bob's gaze met Dotty's. It was good to see faith like Nancy's. Bob knew because Dotty had always had it, too. Faith in his abilities, encouragement when he needed it.

"Let's stop at this joint and have some coffee," he said gruffly, swinging in to a roadside diner.

They had the coffee—and hamburgers, too. Bob reached for the check, but the boy stopped him. "I'd like to pay for this," he said, opening his wallet. There were a few—a very few—one dollar bills in it.

"No, this is on me," Bob protested but the look in the boy's eyes silenced him. He remembered times when he had been as broke as that—and how proud and how stubborn he had been. "Let's divide it," he said. "Then we're each on our own."

The little blonde waitress in the neat blue uniform had been staring at Bob intently. She edged over to him now.

"Look, aren't you Bob Mitchum, the movie star? Could I have your autograph?"

Bob signed it on a paper napkin, conscious of the awed stare of Nancy and the boy.

"Gee," Nancy said, as they got back in the car, "I guess you must think we're dopes not to have recognized you."

"Just as well," Bob told her. "We got better acquainted this way."

It was almost three in the morning before Bob drew up by a tourist camp with a light over the doorway.

"I think Dotty and I will get a room here for the rest of the night," he said. "How about you kids? Can I get you one, too?"

"I guess we'd better keep on the road." Pete glanced at Nancy for confirmation and she nodded.

"But you won't get a ride this time of night," Bob told them. "Come on, I'll fix it up with them inside."

The kids stood by the car, their faces weary and white in the glare of the headlights.

"Come on in and we'll get two bedrooms," Dotty urged them. "Otherwise I'll worry about you all night and won't be able to sleep."

Pete grinned, his tired young face relaxing. "Okay, you win."

They got the two rooms, and Bob paid in advance for both of them. But in the morn-

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can put ugly, tired lines on your face!

Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

So many young girls watch the fresh color and beauty fade from their faces—wonder why tired, unflattering lines appear. They should know that such effects can come from a blood condition. If you have them, you may have a Borderline Anemia, due to a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

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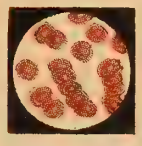
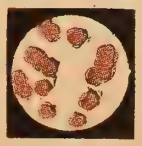


Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

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Ironized Yeast

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"LOST" DAYS
CAN BE
SAVED DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

ing when he and Dot got up, a note had been pushed under their door. Inside were two dollar bills, the price of one room. "We're getting an early start," the note said. "Thanks for everything. If everybody was like the Mitchums, the world would be a nicer place. Nancy and Pete."

Bob and Dotty drove on to Dallas—a wonderful place combining big city advantages with small town cordiality.

"I've got to buy some clothes," Dotty announced, the day they arrived. "I didn't have any time to shop before we left home." They decided on Neiman-Marcus.

"Come shopping with me," she begged. "You have such good taste about clothes."

Dotty bought a beautiful brown wool suit, with the new, very long jacket and lines as sleek as a yacht. When she emerged from the dressing room, she found Bob happily sprawled in a big chair while five gorgeous models paraded back and forth in front of him, clad in everything from playsuits to dinner gowns.

just looking, thanks . . .

"Just thought I might see something else you'd like, dear," he said hastily.

Dotty winked gravely at the models. "I'll bet you saw *several* things you liked. I hate to tear you away, but we'd better hurry. You know you have that personal appearance at the theater tonight. What are you going to do for an act, by the way?"

"Just talk to 'em," Bob said lazily. "Stand there on the stage and talk their ears off."

Dotty worried for the rest of the day. Audiences expected you to do something. Sing or dance or *something*. Didn't they? She wouldn't be able to bear it if Mitch got out there on the stage and people were bored.

"Take it easy, kid," Bob soothed her. "There's nothing to worry about."

And he was right. The Mitchum manner was irresistible. Dotty, standing in the wings, blinked back tears of pride as she watched Bob's broad-shouldered figure finally stride off to a deafening wave of applause.

"Honey, you were terrific," she whispered.

"I tell you, I like these Texas people. I understand them, and they understand me."

They hated to leave Dallas but New York was a long way off. They drove across country to Miami, then north to Charleston. "I want to look up some relatives of mine there," Bob announced. "A cousin named Alice Mitchum works for the telephone company, and her mother and father live just outside town. We'll take Alice to dinner."

Charleston was a lovely, sprawling old town of balconied houses, liveoaks and Southern charm, but the telephone company was shiny and modern and efficient. Dot waited in the car while Bob went inside to inquire for Alice.

She waited. And waited. And waited.

Meanwhile, Bob was having difficulties. When he went into the office, a sleek redhead looked up from the desk. Her gaze started at the cowboy boots he was wearing (they're his most cherished possession), went on to the tired GI pants tucked into them, and the old Indian blanket coat he always wears to drive in.

"I'm looking for an Alice Mitchum who works here. Relative of mine."

She fluttered long lashes, and smiled. "I don't know any Alice Mitchum here, but I'll look her up in the records if you'll just have a seat." She rose and undulated across the room to an inner office. The Mitchum eyebrow rose in its well-known manner, and Bob whistled quietly to himself. Not a tune, just a whistle.

She came back presently. "We don't seem to have any record of an Alice Mitchum. According to this, we never *did* have an Alice Mitchum. You say she's a relative of yours. Is your name Mitchum?"

"That's right."

The redhead came closer. "Would your first name be Robert?" she asked in a longing whisper.

"As a matter of fact, it is."

From behind him came a collection of happy little shrieks. He whirled and found himself surrounded by the entire staff of the Charleston telephone company.

For the next half hour the city of Charleston had no telephone service. Dorothy appeared finally, and Bob grinned at her from the midst of his bevy of Southern beauties.

"Hi, Dotty. Girls, this is my wife."

"Pretty gals, weren't they?" Bob remarked when they got back in the car.

"Very. Which one was Alice Mitchum? The redhead that was clinging to your arm as if it was a life-preserver?"

"Funny thing. There wasn't any Alice Mitchum there. No record of her. Let's go up to the farm where her father and mother live, and ask them."

When the scarlet convertible turned into the country lane by the old white farmhouse, a flock of turkeys scattered, squawking loudly.

A small cheerful-faced woman came out of the barn carrying a pail. She stared uncertainly at Bob and Dorothy. "Good evenin'," she said politely.

"I guess you don't remember me," Bob told her. "I haven't seen you for fifteen years. I'm Bob Mitchum."

Amazement grew to delight in her faded blue eyes. "Ah do declare!" she said. "Young Bob. Ah do declare!"

Nothing would do then, of course, but they must stay to "supper." It was quite a meal—turkey and beaten biscuits and greens and cherry pie. As they sat down, Bob asked, "Where's Alice these days? I tried to find her at the telephone company but she wasn't there."

Mr. Mitchum stared. "Why, Alice don't work for the telephone company, son. She works for General Electric. Always did."

Dotty giggled wildly. "One big corporation sounds just like another to Bob. Never mind, dear—think of what a break

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My fiance (now my husband) and I wanted very much to see the show at the Chicago Theater here. He was in the Marine Corps at the time, though, stationed at Navy Pier, and had to be back promptly at midnight. When we arrived at the theater, we saw a long line of people waiting to get in. I tried to explain our predicament to the head usher, explaining that if we could possibly get in to see the picture right away, we would get out on time. But the usher was unsympathetic. Ditto the theater manager. Suddenly, a young man, standing in front of a poster, spoke to the manager on our behalf, and asked that we be let in the side door. We were immediately taken care of. When I raised my eyes to say thank you to the man who did us this kindness, imagine my surprise to find myself gazing into the eyes of Gene Kelly!

Lucille Winston
Chicago, Illinois

the girls at the telephone company got!"

It was only one long day's drive from Charleston to Dover, Delaware, where they were to visit Dot's aunt and uncle. Dover comes as near to being a home town as Bob and Dot can claim.

"I want to be as sentimental as a valentine all the while we're there, honey," Dotty said, as they approached the city. "Let's go visit the old mill pond where we first met, shall we? Funny, I didn't like you a bit that first day."

Bob grinned. "You were just mad because I was rowing two other babes around. Next time, when I rowed *you* around the pond, it was okay."

Dotty changed the subject. "One of the first people we want to look up is that friend of yours who loaned you the two dollars for our marriage license."

"Yeah. I might even pay him back."

"Bob Mitchum, you mean you've never paid. . ." Dotty stopped then, seeing the laughter in Bob's eye. He is never happier than when getting a rise out of her with something silly like that.

Anyway, getting back to Dover was wonderful. Dotty's aunt and uncle gave a party for them at the Mapledale Country Club.

It was a fine party, but Mitchum got restless as he always does at anything but the most informal gatherings. He wandered over and got into a deep conversation with the bartender. Pretty soon he came back and cut in on Dotty, who was dancing with a local bank president.

"Let's get some air," he said. The next thing Dotty knew they were in the car headed for a little joint in Dover's Negro section. The music went through you like a blood transfusion when you opened the door. In half an hour, Bob was playing drums with the band, hotter than a stolen car. And Dotty was jitterbugging.

When they got back, eventually, to their own party, they found that their little expedition was frowned on.

"You've been away so long that you've forgotten white people just don't go into the colored section," a pompous businessman informed Bob.

an american's creed . . .

"I didn't forget," he said quietly. "It's just that I've always judged people as individuals, not as groups."

What you're *supposed* to do or say has never had much influence on Mitchum. He makes his own rules. When the manager of the local theater asked him to make a personal appearance, Bob said, "How much are you going to pay me?"

The manager stammered. It developed that he hadn't expected to pay anything.

"Okay. I'll tell you what I'll do. You know the club here for those kids who have been in trouble with the law?"

The manager knew about it, of course. He said it was a very worthy cause.

"Damned right it is. Those kids need help. They need money for their clubhouse, too. I'll appear at your theater for nothing, if you'll promise to give all the profits which are over your average take, to that club. Is it a deal?"

It was a deal. The kind of deal that's typical of Mitchum, who hates stuffed shirts, but would give you the shirt off his back. Who is frequently rude to important people, but is never rude to anyone *un*important. Who whistles at pretty girls but thinks that Dotty is prettier than any of them. Who likes to believe he's tough, but is a pushover for his small sons. Who drives three thousand miles across the continent to get to New York, and spends his first weekend there driving back to Dover, where it's more fun.

Mad? As a hatter! But what a wonderful guy!

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JOHN LUND LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 45)

worry—and I don't want you to do that."

Being moderns, they didn't call themselves engaged. But by any other name, it felt as sweet. John had found his girl. All he needed now was the wherewithal for marriage.

It looked as if this might be provided by an agency called Air Features—the one outfit in radio that opened its doors to newcomers. Frances von Bernhardi, the director, gave him an audition and seemed pleased with the results. "We'll call you," she promised.

The first week John was hopeful, the second week fearful, the third week cynical. "Same old runaround. Way she said it, I was fool enough to believe she meant it."

"I wonder," said Marie, "if it could be your landlady."

John's landlady viewed the phone as a personal foe. She'd pick it up when it rang, wait till you got through talking, say "Yes, I'll tell him," and consider her duty done. Having heard nothing, naturally she had nothing to tell. A wire now —that was different. All you had to do was slip it under the door . . .

Half-way through the fourth week John found one there. It bore a request from Miss von Bernhardi to call. He called.

"Where've you been? We've left nineteen messages."

life can be beautiful . . .

Through Air Features, Miss von B., and Martha Atwell, producer, he made his way to a comfortable niche in soap opera. Even succumbed to a fresh attack of the writing itch and sold a couple of comedy sketches. Wedding bells were about to peal for John and Marie, when the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, disrupting their plans along with those of half the world . . .

Uncle Sam sent his Greetings. Eventually, a chest weakness kept John out of the service. Meantime he'd been shipped to Camp Grant, on an hour's notice.

"Look," they said, "you're by way of being a writer. There's this big army show—*Cheers from the Camps*. Needs a little touching up. Get out there and see what you can do with it."

Arriving at Camp Grant, he found that the show indeed needed touching up, since no single word had yet been written. It became a case of sink or swim. After a little floundering, John swam. *Cheers from the Camps* earned a citation as the best war program of 1942.

That was also the year of the wedding. It was obvious that they couldn't be together. John had to travel with the show. Marie had a special job with Irving Berlin's *This is the Army*.

"But we *can* get married," John pointed out.

His schedule took him to Baltimore for twenty-four hours. In Baltimore you didn't have to wait for a license. Marie got twenty-four hours' leave from the show, went down by the morning train and arrived at noon.

Their first stop was at a jeweler's, where they bought twin wedding rings. From the phone book they picked a minister, whose name appealed to them. He happened to be out. They climbed back into the cab, feeling a little flat.

"You kids want to get married?" inquired the driver.

He took them to a minister, witnessed the wedding, drove them to the station, and, being all of 22, left them with a fatherly blessing. After dinner at the station, John said, "We ought to celebrate. Let's go to Washington." They sat for an hour in some terrible night club and rode back. Next day John put his wife on the train for New York, before catching the plane that flew him to St. Louis. Not till three months later did they meet again, when their respective shows landed them back in Washington. John overstayed his time, and was late for his next broadcast.

But *Cheers from the Camps* finally came to an end, and married life began in earnest. They found an apartment, Marie started sewing slip-covers and, as the star to top their Christmas tree, Leonard Sillman offered them both jobs in *New Faces*. After the second or third rehearsal, John allowed that he thought the material stank . . .

"You try and do better," challenged Sillman.

"I will," said John, and did, doubling once more as writer and actor.

Though the revue didn't run very long, it bore fruit for the Lunds. John was hired to play the heavy in *Early to Bed*. Marie was offered movie tests if she'd go to Hollywood. She said she'd rather stay with her husband and finish her slip-covers. They were finished and she'd started on the drapes when the phone rang one day.

Jane Broder was her agent. "She wants me to come up and meet a man from Hollywood," she told John. "I think it's silly. What do you think?"

"Oh—you and Jane are good friends. Why don't you go, just as a matter of courtesy?"

Two hours later a dazed girl walked through the doorway with an RKO contract. "Charlie Koerner signed me without a test. Wanted me to leave Friday."

"You're not—"

"No-o-o," she wailed. "I said I had to spend Christmas with my husband."

"Look, honey, this play can't run much longer. The minute it folds, I'll come out and join you."

long-distance marriage . . .

So, of course, the play ran and ran. And while it was running, John took on another job. The advertising firm of Batton, Barton, Durstine and Osborne offered him so much money to get in on the writing end of *Fashions in Rations*, the Billie Burke show, that he couldn't afford to turn it down. Again, they were stuck on opposite coasts—again they had to make do with letters, wires and phone calls. At the end of seven months, Marie had nothing to show for their separation but a couple of bit parts. The studio wanted to pick up her option, but without a raise. So she called John, whose play had closed.

"I want you here," he said. "But it's *your* career and I think *you* should decide."

"Then I'm coming home."

It was wartime. Reservations were tough to get, and she had to wait. But, at last, the precious ticket was in her bag, and the luggage packed. She was leaving next day. That night the phone rang. John. "Hang on to your hat, baby, here we go again. I'm bound for Hollywood with *Fashions in Rations*."

Having absorbed the initial shock, Marie decided to use her ticket anyway because heaven alone knew when she could get another. They'd have three days before he left, and he'd be back in five weeks. Meantime she could finish her drapes . . .

Edith Van Cleve of the MCA Agency

had been sufficently impressed with John's work in *Early to Bed* to ask him to sign a contract. He declined. Once and for all, he'd stick to writing. Acting was too insecure.

When she heard of his pending trip to Hollywood, she called. "Drop in on Taft Schreiber, will you, John?" Schreiber's the head of MCA in Hollywood. "He saw you in *Early to Bed* and liked you, too."

MCA's Hollywood office has an Old English atmosphere, which made a pretty solid impression on John. So did Mr. Schreiber.

Not knowing just how it happened, he emerged from the Old English atmosphere, leaving MCA behind as his authorized agents—to handle him as writer, director or actor.

When they sent him to Paramount a few days later to test for *Miss Susie Slagle*, he said weakly, "But I've got a job." When the whole thing fell through, he drew a breath of relief and shook the stardust of Hollywood from his feet.

Radio writers work under the intolerable pressure of a weekly deadline. They drink too much coffee, get too little sleep, smoke too many cigarettes. John was no exception. The routine began telling on him. When his contract came up for renewal, Marie begged him to quit for a while.

"I can't. They've been too decent to me."

"Then sign on a week-to-week basis. Give yourself a chance to let go if you can't hang on."

He was on that basis when Miss Van Cleve sent him to see Lindsay and Crouse, who were producing *The Hasty Heart*.

John was embarrassed by the poverty of his theatrical background, so he made it sound even sketchier, just to show them. "Well—call me if you want me," he concluded, and breezed out.

Next day Miss Van Cleve phoned the producers' office. "How did you like John Lund?"

"We liked him fine," said the affable Mr. Crouse. "I think we've got a part for him."

opening night jitters . . .

It was the part of Yank—which set critics whooping and brought movie offers from every major studio. But John couldn't know that yet. Between flu and the jitters, opening night found him in a fine fever. Marie was trying to get dressed.

"Where's my cough medicine?"

It was in his pocket. She gave her hair another brush.

"I can't find the aspirin."

She found it and tucked it into the other pocket. "Can I get dressed now?"

This condition, aggravated in John's case by the temperature he was running, is familiar to all theatrical people, and lasts till after the morning papers come out. John refused to read them. So Marie dove in, and lifted shining eyes from the first review she read. "Oh John, it's out of this world."

"That's only one. Read 'em all and tell me the worst."

There wasn't any worst. In the chorus of acclaim, young Richard Basehart and John were singled out. The Rochester kid, shoved into an amateur production of *Waiting for Lefty* because he could talk loud, had made the bright lights. He was hailed as the best young actor of the season.

Paramount was almost immediately hot on his trail for *To Each His Own*. He yielded to a combination of advice from his agent, excellent contract terms, and the lure of such names as De Havilland, Brackett and Wilder. Brackett and Wild-

"My husband became a grim stranger . . ."

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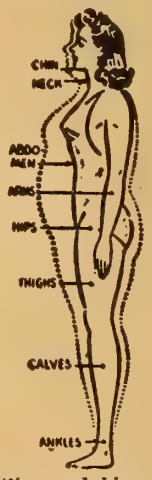

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er are to Hollywood what Lindsay and Crouse are to Broadway. As for Livvy, he'd always admired her work, and when he finished the picture, he admired her even more.

"I don't want to say nice things about her—sounds like I'm writing a feature story. But here are the facts. It was my first picture. Naturally I said 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir' and gave no trouble. But she gave less than I did. Everything happened to her: she got sick, she was evicted, the role was a toughie, she appeared in every inch of film—but never a peep out of her, and what a performance! If they hadn't given her the Oscar, I was preparing to put a hex on 'em."

John's now making *The Sainted Sisters* with Betty Hutton—his partner in *Perils of Pauline*—Diana Lynn and Sterling Hayden, and unless every sign lies, he'll be around town for a long time. Something of a pessimist, John was slow to be persuaded of that probability. Though he and Marie were being thrown from pillar to post, he was anti-house.

"I'm an actor now. Every two-three months an actor loses his job."

"You've got a contract."

"With options. Which are made to be dropped. Fred Allen had the right idea. He wouldn't buy anything you couldn't put on the Chief."

Marie heard of a little house in the hills off Cahuenga.

John said: "I don't want a house."

"Let's just look at it, darling. We can always leave it there, it's not going to chase us."

They went through it. "Not a bad layout," said John.

"Not a bad backyard to get sunburned in," said Marie.

He pulled out his checkbook. "Better go down and give them a deposit."

They're furnishing little by little, using gay colors, with Gauguin prints on the walls, because all their lives they've lived with boarding-house browns. Marie has a gift for decoration, for home-making in general.

take it or leave it . . .

She doesn't thirst after a career. If somebody offered her a decent part, she'd take it. But to go hat in hand, and ask—she doesn't care that much. John says it's up to her, but can be brought to admit that he's glad she enjoys domesticity. Apart from suits, she makes her own clothes, and they're honeys. Her husband has a way of eyeing a garment half done. "Is that how it's going to look? Because if it is, I'm not going to like it."

If he had his way, all her dresses would be either black or shocking pink. "It's the Goldwyn in me." California's also brought out the Beau Brummel in him. It used to be, "John, please buy another suit." "John, don't wear those old pants." Now his wardrobe's stacked with sportswear, and the Crosby influence is beginning to take hold. The other day he came home with a red-and-green plaid shirt.

Till their marriage, Marie never cooked anything but fudge. Since then, she's become an artist at the range, and takes a child's fresh delight in this discovery of her latent talent. "Isn't this a delicious roast?" she bubbles.

John can't generate enthusiasm, when prompted. "It's all right."

Marie giggles. "No gusher, he."

John limits her artistry by his distaste for onions and garlic. One day she fooled him—haven't we all?—and rubbed a touch of garlic into the leg of lamb. He ate it and came back for more. She knew she should have kept her mouth shut, but the impulse was too strong. "Notice anything different?"

"Uh-uh."

"I rubbed it with garlic—just a smidge."

"Oh, *that* was the thing about it I didn't like."

It's John's persistent contention that he's lazy. His body may be indolent; his intelligence isn't. In the Paramount commissary, the livelier spirits beat a pathway to his table. He reads omnivorously, talks with the tongue of angels and has the kind of mind that acts like a spark-plug on others. He feels strongly about justice, which seems to him the element most lacking in human relations.

When John's not working, the Lunds revert to their stage hours—stay up half the night and sleep late next day. There's nothing set about their social habits. They'll go out four nights running or stay home every night for three weeks. John's the kind who doesn't like parties till he gets there, then he couldn't like them better. The people they see most of are Zan and James Larrimore, Charlie Brackett's daughter and son-in-law, and the Carrol Carrolls—he's the radio writer. They go to movies a lot.

They're putting off entertaining till the house is finished, but they do have one regular visitor, who sticks his head through the window at midnight, meeows and goes in search of John. One rainy night he tracked mud across the new carpets. Understandably, this irked Marie.

"Oh, Puss with your dirty feet, go away.

"How can you talk to him like that?" John reproached her, and more than half meant it.

Puss stays till they're ready for bed, and has a snack before leaving. Once the milk happened to be low.

"Feed him that," warned Marie, "and there won't be any for breakfast."

"So we'll drink champagne." Stooping to pour the milk, John felt a kiss on the back of his neck. "What's that for?"

"You're a smart guy," said his wife. "*You* figure it out."

THE WINNER!

(The following excerpts are from the prize-winning letter in Leonard Feather's Sweet vs. Swing Contest. See page 96.)

Dear Mr. Feather:—

I personally like both swing and sweet music if they are played right. I don't believe that any musician can confine himself to one alone and positively ignore the other.

Just look at the record. Ellington is essentially a swing master, yet he continues to cop awards in the "sweet" department. Kenton—another jazz musician—has played sweet music, even if it was only used as a backing for Gene Howard's songs. Vaughn Monroe and Charlie Spivak are gaining a lot of fans—as are Boyd Raeburn and Buddy Rich.

Because Woody Herman broke up his band is no reason to say that swing is on its way out. If this were true, the money that Kenton is making now must all be counterfeit! It's true—the days when kids danced in the aisles to Benny's music are over—but today we have kids who listen *and discuss swing, and—believe me—from what I've heard, most of them know what they are discussing.*

As long as there are guys like Como and Monroe, sweet music will live. And as long as there are guys and gals like Mel Torme and Sara Vaughn and Kenton, swing will be right up there!

Lee Garber
Brooklyn, N. Y.

GAY BLADE

(*Continued from page 58*)

Pat didn't know any reason why a Great Dane wouldn't be lovely, until Claire stepped in again.

"I wouldn't cook for any Great Dane," she said flatly, clearly, and finally.

"Okay," said Cornel, "we'll mate Punch." Which they did. Now they have Punch's son, named Pogo, and they're going to get a brown French poodle besides.

Apparently, Claire doesn't care how many poodles they have.

Punch, being equally good-natured, wouldn't care how many cooks they had, either. His time is all taken up with serious chores such as swimming in the pool with Wendy, who is four years old, and whose hair is also black and curly.

Punch never uses a life-belt, so he's entitled to sneer at Wendy, who does, but he usually refrains. She's brighter than he is. And quick? Ask her father.

Her father was out tending his strawberries (the man is crazy on the subject) one afternoon, when he heard Wendy's voice. "Pottsy!" she was calling. "Pottsy, you come in here this instant! Do you hear me?"

Pottsy is Miss Potts, Wendy's governess, and Cornel, frowning, went in search of his daughter.

Having found her, he proceeded to read her a lecture. "Wendy," he said, "Miss Potts is a grown-up lady, and you're a little girl, and furthermore, you shouldn't speak that way to *anybody!*"

"Oh, I was just pretending," Wendy said. "I was pretending Pottsy was a baby, and I was her mother."

"It wasn't true," Cornel told Pat later. "But it certainly was fast!"

He's not too slow himself. Take, for instance, the deal he slipped over on 20th Century-Fox. Namely that if *Forever Amber* wasn't completed by such-and-such a time, he was to have a three-weeks vacation.

Such-and-such a time arrived, and *Amber* was still shooting, but Cornel got three solid weeks off.

He pulled out of the long black wig, and washed the Technicolor makeup from his face, and drove home beaming. Even the air seemed lighter than air should seem.

Pat grinned, when she saw him coming. "Darling, you look so happy."

"Happy?" he said. "Why should I look happy? Just because I'm going to beautiful Nassau with a gorgeous blonde?"

Nassau turned out to be heaven. The tropical sun, the sand, the bright, warm water—

the restful type . . .

Pat would lie on the beach and soak up the sun for hours. Cornel would lie still for a while, and then get up and move around restlessly, until she said, "All right, all right, go get your goggles."

He'd put on his water goggles, and dive into the sea to look the situation over. Or under.

He practically lived down there; he never got tired of watching the fish, they were so gaily colored. He'd come back and swear to Pat, "Those fish have been interior decorated."

By this time, Pat would be asleep, and he'd sigh. "Good-for-nothing woman." He'd nudge her. "I'm going to get some coral."

She'd open one eye. "That's nice, dear. Bring me back a necklace."

More sighs from Mr. Wilde. "No audience participation," he'd complain, going off to pull coral. In a week, his skin had peeled

What you must tell your daughter before she marries...

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Your daughter—and *every* girl entering marriage should be carefully instructed on how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important it is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

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So what a comfort for you, mother, to be able to tell your daughter about this newer, really *scientific* method of douching with ZONITE—to assure her NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE FOR THE DOUCHE OF ALL THOSE TESTED IS SO POWERFUL YET SO SAFE TO TISSUES.

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ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* it *immediately* kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE kills *every* reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

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When "those miserable days" arrive each month, you can really experience a new lease of life by using *Tampax* for sanitary protection. This doctor-invented product is very small and dainty—meant for wearing *internally*. This may seem like a strange and novel idea at first, but it certainly saves a woman from some of her monthly worries—at least five of them, as follows:

You *need not worry* about odor, for Tampax causes none. You *need not worry* about bulges and wrinkles caused by belts and external pads. The same applies to chafing. Also, you *needn't worry* about carrying a conspicuous box home from the store, because a month's supply of Tampax goes neatly into your purse! And when disposal time arrives, Tampax has only 1/15 the bulk of "the other kind."

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NO PINS
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Wear Tampax in tub or shower—or while swimming. Pure surgical cotton. Slim disposable applicators. Three absorbency-sizes sold at drug and notion counters. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout U.S. . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

off right up to the wrists. It seems that certain varieties of coral sting, and he'd latched on to one of that kind.

"Now maybe you'll lie on the beach like a civilized human being," his wife said hopefully.

"What do you think this is?" Cornel demanded. "A vacation?"

All too soon, it was over.

Cornel came back to *Amber* and discovered he'd been given a brand-new dressing room as a surprise. It was one of those curve-topped trailers (quonset hut shape) and he thanked the authorities responsible, and tried to look delighted.

After a few days, somebody caught him moping around, and said, "What's the matter—don't you like the place?"

"Sure," Cornel said. "But, well, the thing is—I can't stand up straight in it!"

The guy laughed, and said, "Who asked you to be eight feet tall?" and went away to arrange for Cornel's little old flat-topped dressing room to be brought out.

He finished the picture using that. "Flicka gets it next," he'd tell interviewers. "They're building in a trough."

Cornel enjoyed the duel, in *Amber*. He fences magnificently, and during rehearsals, he had a chance to work with Fred Cavens, fencing master.

Say something to Cornel about how great he is with a sword, and he'll decry it. "Look at the job Glenn Langan did," he'll point out. "And he's left-handed, and had to fence with his right!"

Cornel's adept at accents, too. He had George Sanders' down so pat that when George wasn't around, Cornel would say his lines, and unless the sound-man was watching, he couldn't tell the difference.

It startled Sanders a couple of times. He'd be sitting in a corner somewhere, and he'd hear his own intonations coming at him, and he'd jump four feet in the air.

"Bit of a shock, old man," he'd admit to Cornel later. "They'll be billing you as the new George Sanders."

On the rare days that Cornel isn't working at the studio, he's working at home.

He gets up early, and if he isn't writing, he's likely to be gardening furiously. He has a strawberry patch and seven window-boxes full of strawberries, and where he picked up all the strawberry husbandry, nobody knows.

He tears ads out of the garden section of the paper until Pat gets desperate. "Darling, you *know* you'll never do anything about them, and they just litter up the place."

"I might do something," he says stoutly.

And he reads her a glowing description of a peach tree that will grow luscious golden fruit all summer.

"But do they mention which summer?" Pat says, and Cornel shakes his head.

"So young, so pretty, so cynical."

To date, he's still tearing out ads, and he's still doing nothing about them.

The Wilde place is really isolated. It's up in the hills, and as you turn in at the drive, there's a small sign that says simply, "Country House."

Further along, there's another sign that says: "Drive slowly. Child at play."

The child, of course, is that energetic specimen Wendy, a sharp operator.

She goes to nursery school every afternoon, and recently she came home to Pottsy with a sad story. "The teacher punished me today," she said.

"Oh?" said Pottsy. "Why?"

"I was running and yelling," Wendy said cheerfully. "And the teacher told me to stop, and I didn't."

Pottsy looked grave. "Will Mommy and Daddy like that?"

"Oh," said Wendy, horrified. "I'm not going to tell *them!*"

Wendy plays Pottsy and Claire against each other. When Pottsy's off, Claire takes care of her, and Wendy'll be having her egg, and she'll look up innocently. "Pottsy gives me pepper on my egg," she'll say.

She does the same thing with Pottsy, and since neither Claire nor Pottsy wants to be lesser in her affections, she gets pepper on her egg. She's not supposed to have pepper on her egg, and she knows it.

Her favorite pastime is serving the crackers when her mother and father have friends in for cocktails.

She points out the cracker each guest is to take, and beside her Emily Post is a wild-eyed radical.

Wendy's so strict on points of behavior that she reprimanded her father in ringing tones the afternoon he filched a cracker.

"You're not supposed to take one till last," she said.

He hung his head in shame.

Some day, when Wendy's old enough, Cornel's going to tell her his own foolish version of how he was discovered. "I was sitting at a soda fountain in Hollywood," he'll say, "and I was wearing white tights. And this man came up to me and said, 'Can you fence?' "

He'll keep a straight face telling it, too.

And when Wendy's even older, somebody's going to tell her a different story. "There once was a girl named Wendy," it'll go, "who had a terrific old man—"

THE DECLINE OF BING CROSBY

(Continued from page 30)

The owner of a record shop in Bloomington, Indiana, put it this way. "Honest to God," he said, "people just ain't buying his records any more. But what the hell, he made me a lot of money when he was good, so I can go right on taking as many Crosbys as I can get and keep hopin' he'll come back."

Bing became a big man years ago, and, as with Duse and Garbo and Bernhardt and Tonto, you never had to use his full name to establish his identity. Inevitably, the movies beckoned. It is no more than honest reporting to say that he was terrible in his first few pictures. Only the tunes he sang—"Please," "Down the Old Ox Road," "Learn to Croon," and others—lent him any validity at all. His acting was godawful. He persisted, however, and now, lo and behold, he has an Oscar on his mantel. Sinatra and Como and Haymes and all the other johnny-come-latelies have Bing to thank for their picture contracts.

The years galloped by and, as they did, the Kraft Music Hall took on the aspects of a divine ritual in American homes on Thursday nights. Everything considered, that is as it should have been. It was a swell program—one of the best ever—and pervading it was the warmth of the Crosby personality. He had developed into one of the most relaxed entertainers in the world, with a unique talent for infecting his listeners with his own carefree attitude. He knew how to laugh at himself.

In 1943 a frail young singer named Frank Sinatra opened at a New York cabaret called the Riobamba and, almost immediately, it became apparent that Bing was going to have some competition in the vocal department. It is a mark of his greatness as a person that he encouraged Sinatra from the very beginning. This is a rare thing in show business. What

gossipers had predicted would become a feud grew, instead, into friendship. It is regrettable that the best records Bing Crosby ever made have not been released for sale to the general public. These are the transcriptions of a show which he and Sinatra put on for the armed forces' Command Performance. (Command Performance shows were recorded and then distributed to servicemen overseas.) Aside from the fact that these records are as delightful as any ever made, they are impressive testimony to Crosby's bigness. As a top-ranking star, he could not have been censured too harshly for refusing to appear on the same stage with a singer who was threatening his position as the number one male vocalist. Instead, he not only appeared, but went to extraordinary lengths to see that Sinatra was presented favorably.

It is difficult to say when the deterioration in Bing's singing began to set in. For my own part, I became acutely conscious of it in his Decca recording of *I Love You* (from *Mexican Hayride*). That, to my ears, was the first of a succession of progressively more inadequate Crosby records. His recent "Pretending" and "Getting Nowhere" are downright embarrassing. This is not an isolated opinion. It has, for example, been shared in print by John S. Wilson, PM's competent record reviewer, and Frank Conniff, the New York Journal-American's rising young columnist. A few weeks ago, Conniff, whose pieces are frequently sparked by some knowledgeable jazz criticisms, wrote: "In the wry tone of this-hurts-me-more-than-it-hurts-you, some of the charter members of the Crosby Chowder and Picketing Club have been hinting that the master has lost his touch. His current records, his latest picture, and his radio show are getting the once-over-lightly from all sides."

Jack Kapp, the head of Decca Records and Bing's mentor, is sensitive to any criticism of his biggest moneymaker and peevishly insists that Crosby records continue to sell in great volume. What he fails to mention, however, is that their sales, although still sizeable, are steadily declining. The Arcade Music Shop in New York City, which is a beehive because of its location near a subway entrance on West 42nd Street, reports that it has been selling fewer and fewer Crosby records. Bing's most devoted fans are gravely concerned about his indifferent performances these days. Fred Robbins, who runs "The 1280 Club," a recorded program over New York's WOV, says "I get very few requests for Crosby these days. Mostly they come from couples who are celebrating an anniversary and want to hear him sing 'The Anniversary Waltz.' The guy flats too much. His last twenty-or-so records have been terrible."

To spot the cause of Bing Crosby's decline as a singer is a ticklish job. Neither he nor the people near him have made any adequate explanation as this is written. But the fact that opera singers and less strenuous vocalists go into their fifties with their voices unimpaired makes people wonder why Bing should have started slipping while still in his forties. The obvious answer is that opera singers take extremely good care of their voices. Bing never has. The ease with which he scaled the heights led him into careless ways. There would seem to be a good deal of significance in a recent dispatch from Hollywood which stated that he had given up pipe smoking. If this is true, it means that Bing, for the first time in his career, is worried.

It may be that Bing will make a comeback. But history is against it. So this then would seem to be the end of an era—an era that began back in the '20's—and no one should be blamed for feeling bad about it. In his time, Bing was a very special man and we are all richer for having had him sing to us.

BEST YEARS OF HIS LIFE

(*Continued from page 62*)

Freddie let out a boyish whoop and the 15 years melted away like snow in June. He grabbed Florence, his wife, and kissed her. Next he called his brother, an executive of the Carrier Corporation. He was about to send a wire to Sam Goldwyn. But midway, he stopped. "Wait a minute," he said to Florence. "What's Harold Russell's wife's address—up in Cambridge?"

He dialed the operator and said "long distance."

In a few minutes Fred March, in the midst of his own triumph—which meant a very great deal to him—was making someone else happy. He was calling Harold Russell's wife, who, he knew, was alone in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and congratulated her on her hero-husband's honors in Hollywood.

The next morning, a Friday, March had laryngitis. The telegrams began coming in—at the Marchs' apartment on East End Avenue and at the Mansfield Theater. One wire, safely delivered by an intelligent Western Union runner, was addressed merely "Frederic March, Stage Hit, New York." It said, "CONGRATULATIONS. I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT. JUST A FAN."

There were more than 100 messages, and only one of them wanted anything from Freddie. This was a cable from Gabriel Pascal, a London producer, who asked if March and his wife would act for him in a new picture. The well-wishers ranged from "just fans" to Claudette Colbert, Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. The telegram March prizes most was from the Winslow School, Racine, Wisconsin. This is the public school where Freddie went when he was Frederick McIntyre Bickel, 35 or 40 years ago.

But the telegram which summed everything up in one simple, neat statement was from Helen Hayes. It said, "IT COULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED TO A NICER GUY."

Being the kind of nice guy he is, Freddie is an old hand at passing the buck when it comes to accepting honors. In this particular instance, he's already sold himself on the idea that he "owes it all to Sam Goldwyn." Goldwyn, in turn, claims that Freddie owes it all to Fred MacMurray. And that's a story you can't top.

When Sam Goldwyn, the old fox of the studios, first read "Glory For Me," the novel by MacKinlay Kantor which became the story of Hollywood's prize picture for 1946, he immediately went into a huddle with himself about Al Stevenson and said "March." When Sam thinks something he does something. He phoned Fred in the East and told him the story, asked him to do the part.

"I don't think so, Sam," Freddie replied. He had good reasons—some stage commitments that would press him, and he really wasn't working hard at being a Hollywood star, anyway. Besides, the way Sam outlined the part, it didn't look like anything extra special. Five other Hollywood actors had equally large roles. It was

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MAIL THIS NOW!
USE THIS HANDY COUPON

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My waist measure is_____My hip measure is_____
(check one) Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D. ☐
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Sam is foxy and he's known Frederic March a good many years. He said, "Read the book, and I'll call you again."

"Whatever you say, Sam," agreed Freddie. "But I'm afraid it's still 'no'."

Sam still couldn't see anyone but Fredric March as Al Stevenson because he knew Freddie *was* Al at heart. But he had to cast his picture. He called Fred MacMurray and offered it to him. Fred listened briefly, took a look at the book. He shook his head. "No," he refused flatly. "I don't like it. Not enough of a part." The way Mac looked at it, it was a definite step down.

Meanwhile, Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright, was tussling with the novel, trying to dramatize it into the movie screen story he knew it should be. That depended on the characters—and the character of Al Stevenson was giving him frustrated fits. Sherwood is a clever and talented dramatic craftsman; but there was good reason for his puzzlement about Al Stevenson. The character was a strange anomaly. He was a sergeant who had completed a terrific, tough war record. He was vital and young in heart, romantic, young enough to be a hearty pal to Dana Andrews and Harold Russell—but still middle-aged, old enough to have a twenty-year-old daughter.

Sam Goldwyn couldn't answer him, then—about who'd play Al—but in a few days he could. He called his first persistent hunch, Fredric March, again, and Sam Goldwyn is a hard man to refuse. "Look, Freddie," he suggested, "why don't you come along with me? I tell you this is for you."

The answer he got was, "I've read the book and I like it. I see possibilities to make that guy Stevenson live, Sam. Most of all, I think America could use a picture like this right now. I'll go along."

When Robert Sherwood heard that, he went to work. He knew Fredric March, too, the kind of man he was. Next morning he could tell Sam Goldwyn, "That did it. I know who Al's like now and what he does. He's Fred March."

Any actor who can have that positive an effect on a scenario and on a film, is no mere mime or face maker, no puppet or painted doll. Whenever Fred was around, he was acting himself, acting natural, ad libbing, improving the dialogue, adding natural actions and reactions every time the camera buzzed. A good quarter of all the dialogue in every scene Fred March poked his face in was right out of Fred's own impromptu response to the scene situation—and almost always Director Wyler snapped the result into the movie.

It was Freddie's spur-of-the-moment inspiration to dance with the waiter when he got ossified at Butch's. To grab his daughter's date's martinis and toss them off when he got nervous. To mix a bromo-seltzer and, in his jitters, start to drink the empty glass.

Fred March's honesty is the key to his character and the secret of his Academy Award. Because he projected every bit of his real self into that part without stint.

For years Freddie March has worried—as millions of males, particularly actors, worry—about his retreating hairline. It's a petty thing, but absolutely human—and what have I been saying about March? At any rate, Freddie swore softly whenever he looked in a mirror and saw his temples deepening. He was touchy about it.

But when he had to do a morning-after scene in *The Best Years,* he searched himself for something intimate and characteristic that a guy with the hangover glooms would do in the bathroom. Fred knew what *he'd* do. He'd lift back his thinning locks and gaze dismally at the hair that wasn't there. So when the scene came up—that's what he did, although it pained his normal male ego to have to do that before millions of people.

It was the hundreds of prosaic, honest, human touches like that—practically all injected by Fred March himself, that added up to his second Oscar and helped make *The Best Years* an Academy sweepstakes winner.

He brings that same understanding human touch to his work on the stage. And with equal results. Broadway has always been jealous of the movies' Academy Award system, and many attempts have been made to establish the equivalent of an Oscar to honor stage players, writers and producers. The newest prize, a piece of jewelry dubbed "Tony," was set up this Spring by the great wartime entertainment organization, the American Theater Wing, in memory of the late Antoinette (Tony) Perry, mainspring of the Theater Wing and director of many hits.

March got a Tony on Easter Sunday "for distinguished service to the American stage"—the service being his masterful portrait of Clint Jones in Ruth Gordon's play, *Years Ago.*

If the designation "genius" belongs to any of our current crop of actors, certainly it belongs to Fredric March. But the exacting role of Al Stevenson in *Best Years Of Our Lives* called for qualities over and above mere histrionic genius.

Al Stevenson was a fine man. No acting in the world can produce the illusion of fineness! Understanding people, helping them in a way that never embarrassed them, was Al's forte. The story of March's sympathetic yet gracious relations with Harold Russell gives you a rough idea of the extent to which the characters of Al Stevenson and Fredric March overlap.

All through the filming of *Best Years,* Fred March used the understanding of GI psychology he sopped up in his camp shows all over the world to keep Harold Russell relaxed, easy and confident. He knew how much Harold's part meant to the picture. But it wasn't only that. It was a natural impulse to treat a guy who'd lost his hands for his country like he wanted to be treated, like Homer wanted to be treated in the picture—like anybody else. No pity, no curiosity, no avoiding the issue or pussy-footing around. March learned this in hospital tours during the war.

just be natural . . .

It's one of the hardest things in the world to do—as everyone around Goldwyn's realized, when Harold Russell arrived on the lot with his "hooks"—not to be too nice, not to give out with any sympathy for his handicap. Most everyone was a little guilty of that—they couldn't help it—except Fred. He walked right up to Harold, examined and marvelled at his artificial hands, tried to work them—brought the handicap right out in the open—even kidded Harold about them and got a grateful grin always in return.

In fact, Fred eased Harold into one of the funniest—but toughest—scenes to play in the whole picture by a wisecrack about his handles. That was the bar scene in Butch's—the one, incidentally, the Academy Award committee picked to show when they handed out the prizes.

In that scene, all the principal actors of *Best Years* came together for the first time at Butch's, so it was pretty important. Harold had some understandable nerves: it was early in the shooting. He was self-conscious, particularly, because when he picked up his bottle and glass of beer, his artificial grips made a clicking noise on the glass. The noise got his goat several times in the middle of a scene and then he forgot everything, and there had to be a "Cut."

I don't know whether Freddie March decided deliberately to do it, or whether it was just an instinct. That's what it sounded like—because right in the middle of the next take, when Harold's hooks clinked again, Fred cracked,

"Got 'em in high gear now, Homer?"

And right back came Harold with a natural GI guy's retort that certainly wasn't in the dialogue—"Naw—they're in overdrive."

Fredric March is still one of those plain Americans—despite his acting eminence and Hollywood-Broadway success. That's why he could play one and prove that such unimportant items as a retreating hairline, a few furrows in his face, and a fiftieth birthday coming up next August, really mean nothing whatever to an actor whose heart is young and whose mind is still growing. That's why Freddie March could prove to himself and to the world that—not fifteen years ago—but right now are the best years of his life.

"That kid is gonna steal the picture!"

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Claudette Colbert

Co-starring in "THE EGG AND I"
A Universal-International Picture

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EVERYTHING WITH TRICK ENDINGS

(*Continued from page 43*)

his wife, Lynn Bari. Later, a preview—

Lucius Beebe couldn't have carried it off with more savoir faire. Until the foursome came out of the theater, after the preview, and stood waiting for the Lufts' car to be brought around front.

The attendant looked at them blankly. "No car like that in the lot."

Sid is a mild young man, but his car is a Cadillac. "What do you mean, anyway?" he barked.

"Your car ain't there, Mister, is what I mean," the attendant told him. "Who took it to park?"

Peter spoke up. "Some kid—he just jumped in and yelled, 'I've got it,' the way they always do."

"Well, he wasn't one of our kids," the attendant said. He said it with finality.

The chagrinned Mr. Lawford turned to the beautiful Miss Keyes. She wasn't exactly tapping her foot on the ground with impatience, but Peter imagined that was the next step.

By the time they tracked down the car, they'd been in every police station in Los Angeles. Even then, they had to go bail the bus out, because the law had impounded it. Cops had seen this kid driving this big, sleek black job, and they'd picked him up because it didn't look quite right, and—

Mr. Lawford finally got Miss Keyes home.

"It was a lovely evening," she said charmingly, being the well-mannered girl she is.

A week afterward, somebody asked Peter how the date had gone.

"Oh, I made some impression," he said. "She turned around and eloped with John Huston, two days later."

Trick endings, all the time.

When he slips his feet out of his moccasins, in the M-G-M commissary, and slips them on again, a little later, he finds some happy-hearted little friend has filled them with soda-crackers. Everything with a crunch.

Or a ring, in the case of the telephone. His phone used to ring one hundred and fifty times a day, and Lady Lawford, who's never learned how to be rude to people, found herself spending three-quarters of her time explaining to some young fan how many teeth Peter had when he was seven and a half months old.

private number . . .

Moving into their new home, recently, the Lawfords breathed a sigh of satisfaction. New house, new phone number. Private number, too, by agreement with the telephone company. Nobody could get it.

Their first day in, the phone never stopped whining.

Peter came home from work, and his mother met him at the door, exhausted. "I really don't know what to do," she said.

He picked up the receiver and dialed Information. "Can you give me Peter Lawford's phone number?"

"Of course." The lady on the phone was ever so cooperative. "Just a minute, it's—" And she told him.

"Thank you so much," he said, hanging up, and plucking a grey hair out of his head. One hell of a confidential number *that* was.

One summer day Pete was wading out into the surf, when he glimpsed a woman following him. He went a little further; she came a little further.

She followed him until the water was up around her neck, and then he noticed she was clutching an autograph book over her head.

"You got a pencil?" she said brightly.

It would have been a swell spot for an under-water fountain pen gag.

Sometimes, he wonders about autograph hunters. It isn't that fans aren't delightful people, but queer things happen.

Like the night he was with Frankie. Frank had on his usual bow-tie, and he and Peter were surrounded by kids. Suddenly, two of the kids took up stands on either side of Frank, and each one grabbed an end of his tie.

They yanked so hard, his feet almost left the ground, and he started to turn purple.

Peter beat them off. "What do you think this is, a taffy pull?"

Afterward, he kidded Frank. "Maybe this'll teach you to wear ties like other human beings. If you want to get ahead, why don't you model yourself after somebody like me?"

"Thanks," Frank said drily. "I haven't got the strength."

Peter does give the impression of a Mixmaster in full swing. Take a Saturday he spent not long ago—

He didn't have to go into the studio, and he had a date with Lana Turner for that evening.

Now any right-minded gent would simply sit back and think about Lana Turner until it was time to go get her.

Not Peter. He got up, and showered, and had breakfast, and kissed his mother goodbye. "Don't answer the phone," he said. "I'll see you later."

Then he went down to Van Johnson's—the Johnsons have a wonderful new tennis court—and dragged Van away from his coffee.

They batted the ball around for a couple of hours, and then sat down to rest.

Van got up presently. "Going to hop in the pool. Want to?"

"No."

Dead silence. Then: "Think I'll go down to the beach. I don't like pools."

Van watched him go, and wiped his brow. Imagine tearing off to the beach, when there was a pool at your disposal.

The energetic Mr. Lawford had, by this time, disappeared in his red car, and a cloud of dust. His red car is just about the most exciting thing that ever happened to him. Its mother was a convertible coupe, and its father was a sturdy station wagon, and it inherited the best features of both.

When he first acquired it, he was the worst date in town. He was out with Ava Gardner this one time, and she was talking, and he was giving her half-witted answers.

People who go out with Ava Gardner generally do better than that, so she was beginning to get irritable. Not only was he giving her half-witted answers, but he kept getting up, excusing himself, and leaping out the front door.

When he came back after about the fourth or fifth time, Ava looked at him coldly. "Is there something out there I ought to know about?"

He shook his head, feeling sheepish. "It's the car. I just wanted to see if she was all right."

"She's doing better than I am," Ava observed.

But getting back to that Saturday morning—Peter drove away from Van's, and sped down toward the beach.

After a swim, he had lunch at a little restaurant, and then he figured he might as well go home. On the way he slowed down for a guy trying to hitch a ride. "Get in."

The car whizzed forward, top down, sun shining, air clean and warm. Peter had his radio tuned to the opera being broadcast from the Metropolitan in New York, and he felt great. He turned to his companion, who was fidgeting. "Don't you like opera?"

"Oh, sure," the man said. "I love it."

Twenty minutes later, he spoke again. "But could we switch stations for a minute? I want to know who won the third race at Santa Anita."

Trick endings, even to Bizet.

Peter got home late, as usual. He's always late, and he always thinks he's early, and he always acts hurt about the whole business.

"You're taking Lana to dinner?" Lady Lawford asked him. "You'll have to hurry."

He arrived at Lana's precisely forty minutes behind schedule, and she's not a girl men keep waiting.

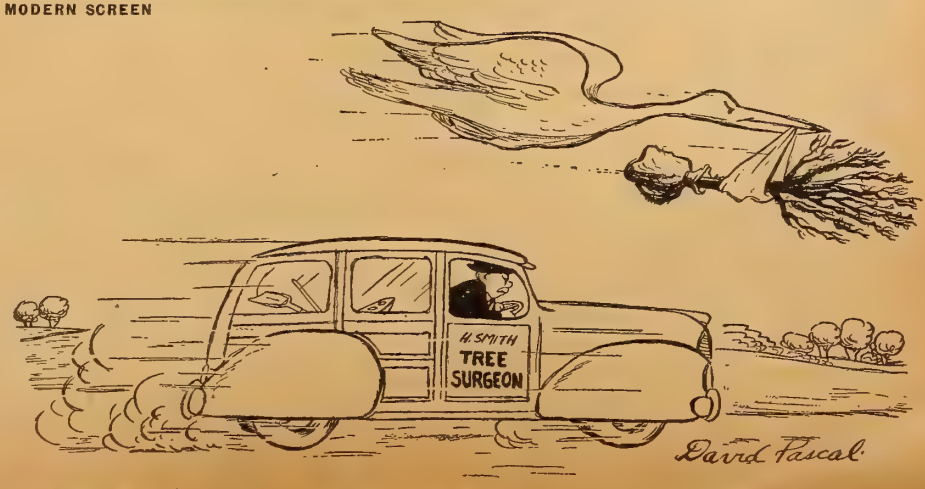
"You're late," she said looking very beautiful.

"Nope," he said. "I'm Lawford." (This is borrowed from Mortimer Snerd, Charlie McCarthy's friend. He says "nope, I'm Mortimer," to everything.)

Peter gazed at Lana. "You're lovely."

"Nope," she said. "I'm Lana."

They were still giggling, half an hour later. They laugh all the time they're together, just because they're both young and good-looking and pleased with them-



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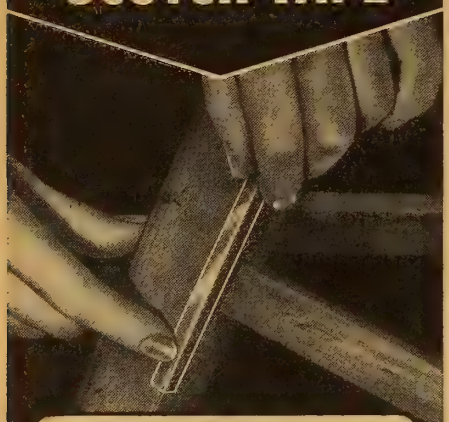

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selves and the world. They have a friendship based on nothing whatever but slightly hysterical compatability.

They are *not* a big romance.

They went to dinner that night, and later, they danced, and much later, they stopped at a drive-in for hamburgers.

"*I'm* having onions," Peter said. "You'd better have onions."

Lana had onions and the waitress had a breakdown, and Peter had two chocolate malteds.

What a life.

The one concession Peter makes to being human is that he sleeps late on Sunday mornings.

He has a nice place to do it, too. The Lawfords' new house in Brentwood is small and charming. It has two bedrooms, a living-room, dining-room, den, a big flagstone porch, and a little garden and barbecue. Peter did every bit of the decorating himself. He has an uncanny memory for color.

When he and Keenan Wynn went East for a personal appearance tour, they stopped in Chicago. Peter walked into Keenan's room one morning. "How about coming out with me? I want to look for some lamp shades."

Keenan went along, and it wasn't until Peter was telling the clerk to send him two of those maroon and gray lampshades, that it occurred to Keenan that this was a highly irregular process.

"What makes you think they'll match your other stuff?" he asked him. "Nobody can carry color in his head."

"I *can*," said Peter.

When he and Keenan and the lampshades got home, he proved his point. The drapes and the shades looked as though they had come from the same dye lot.

Now every time Keenan enters the house, he bows reverently to the shades, to Peter, and to the East.

Over at M-G-M, these days, Peter's making *Good News*. It's his first big musical; that is, the first in which he's sung and danced all the way through.

He comes home some nights so hoarse he feels like Gravel Gertie.

There's one number in French, that he and June Allyson do together, and Junie goes around wailing about it.

"His accent's so good," she tells people. "And mine's so awful. Why does his accent have to be so good?"

They explain it to her. "He never spoke English until he was five years old," they say.

"I don't care." Junie's off again, her small face mournful. "Why does his accent have to be so good?"

One of Peter's best friends at M-G-M is a little dancer named Jean Coine.

Now and then, in the commissary, Peter looks at her contemplatively. "I might even marry you someday," he says.

She flashes him a grin, over a bowl of soup. "I'll keep you in mind."

It goes that way. Cracks with your lunch, and crackers with your shoes, and beer on your head.

Some Saturday nights, when things have been almost *too* hectic during the week, Peter has a few of the kids out to the house for a quiet party. There'll be Keenan, and the Lufts, and Ava, and Marilyn Maxwell—

And you know what they like to do best?

Play word games!

Everything with trick endings.

CARY, CARY QUITE CONTRARY

(*Continued from page 55*)

he countered with that famous quizzical, bewildered-little-boy-smile which knocks all women for loops. And I may say about that time my resistance was low, too, and I'm not easily swayed.

"Now, now, Florabel," he remonstrated. "You know I'm not going to answer that question. How would you like to hear about the party we're getting up tonight to give Dame May Whitty some laughs?"

So I heard about the party and it gives you an idea of what a sweet, thoughtful guy Cary is. Recently Dame Whitty was saddened by the death of her husband, the noted actor, Ben Webster. Her outward show of courage doesn't fool her friends. Cary heard that Frederick Lonsdale, the playwright, had invited her to dinner at La Rue on the Strip. When she arrived, she had not one escort, but ten of the most charming men in Hollywood, all rounded up by Grant, who was there himself, of course.

After that I steered the conversation back to Betty. What did he think of her? What sort of girl is she?

"All women are angels," he said.

"Is Betty an angel?" I asked.

"I don't like to talk about any one else for publication. I would dislike having a girl tell the world what she thought about me, so I'll have to give her the same breaks I would want."

Around Hollywood, Cary has the reputation of being the man nobody really knows. Not because he is a recluse who walks alone, avoiding people. On the contrary, he probably has more friends than any other actor in the business. But he doesn't throw wide the portals of his innermost soul and invite those friends to speculate to their hearts' content on what is revealed there. He doesn't give the appearance of being secretive at all. In fact, he seems so frank and open that he disarms you completely. You feel that he is telling all, but when you go away you realize how little he has told. However, under a rapid fusillade of questions, it is difficult to keep up one's guard all the time. I managed to get a few quick glimpses into the mind of this quite often bewildered fellow, clad in the armor of extraordinary masculine attractiveness in a world of prowling females. As everyone knows, such an armor has more holes in it than Swiss cheese.

Some people suspect that Cary is consciously playing hard-to-get. I know he isn't because he hasn't the guile called for to be either a Don Juan or a male coquette. I think he's going to marry Betty one day. I say that because I know that he has to have two qualities in a wife. First, she must be willing, and have the know-how, to create a home for him; second, she has to submerge herself in his career.

What must not be forgotten is that Cary has made two passes already at marital happiness and muffed both. He thought he had found what he was searching for in Barbara Hutton, the "poor little rich girl," whose life was so pathetically cramped by her millions that she couldn't possibly have had anything but a distorted view of any human relations. Previously, Cary had taken a terrific jolt straight to the button from Cupid when he fell head over heels in love and married beauteous, captivating Virginia Cherrill, who eventually left him to wed into the British nobility.

And so, when and if he and Betty Hensel speak the vows that bind them to one another, he will have found matrimonial serenity only after much trial and error—

and suffering. That goes for Betty, too.

On March 14, 1945, the lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emil R. Hensel, of St. Louis society, was scheduled to become the war bride of a lieutenant, whose family is of New York society.

The invitations to the wedding had gone out. Betty had even had her wedding gown made, of traditional ivory satin. A few days before the ceremony was to have been performed, Betty went to St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles. Gossip buzzed and fluttered. Hollywood insiders knew that there was a great mutual attraction between Betty and Cary, who had been squiring her to lots of parties after his separation from Barbara.

Mrs. Hensel announced that Betty, whose real name is Mary Elizabeth, had suffered a nervous collapse. Here was something that had all the elements of a romantic mystery. The public, expertly abetted by Hollywood's horde of professional gossips, found its appetite whetted. Cary helped it along by hiding from reporters and when he was finally corralled for a statement, all he gave out with was: "Nothing to say." Mrs. Hensel announced flatly that there was no romance between her daughter and the dashing movie actor. "We've known him for years, but there is nothing to that gossip," she said. "Just deny everything, please."

After a decent interval had elapsed, Betty began to be seen around with Cary again. Both avoided columnists and reporters. Last Christmas, the talk was revived with a terrific bang when Betty, in St. Louis, was seen wearing a magnificent diamond ring. Yes, she admitted, the ring was a gift from Cary. Was it an engagement ring? Oh, no, not an engagement ring at all. Just a little Christmas remembrance. Naturally, no one believed her.

When Cary finished *The Bachelor and the Bobbysoxer* at RKO, he went on a long gallivanting air tour with his close pal, Howard Hughes, the fabulous millionaire-flyer.

The secret of the close companionship between these two casts another interesting light on the kind of man Cary is. Imagine, if you can, these gents, who are unquestionably close to the top of anyone's glamor list, getting into a speed plane, taking off into the wild blue yonder on spectacular flights, and not exchanging a word for hours on end! Yes, that's Cary and Howard. That's what they like. Especially Cary. Like Gandhi, he can sit quietly and enjoy himself for hours on end.

silent partner . . .

This may explain why he must have sometimes given rich little Babs Hutton the screaming meemies. All her life she has been wound up like a top ready to spin, and here was this big lug she was married to sitting at his bedroom window for hours, looking out over the blue Pacific —just contemplating. It left her lonely and frightened because she couldn't go with him into that realm of thought. She probably tried to bully him into getting on the merry-go-round with her and that gay continental set who were her buddies, but he wouldn't bully worth a Woolworth dime. She charged in her divorce action that he was moody and wouldn't join her and her friends at dinner. "He would just stay in his room," she testified in a plaintive voice. And the over-awing possessiveness of Barbara wasn't his idea of a good time, either. When she remodeled their house in the Pacific Palisades, overlooking Santa Monica Bay, she had it arranged so that he had to pass through her sitting room and bedroom before he could reach his own suite. That gave him a feeling, I imagine, of being the little man on the end of a string. This might have been why

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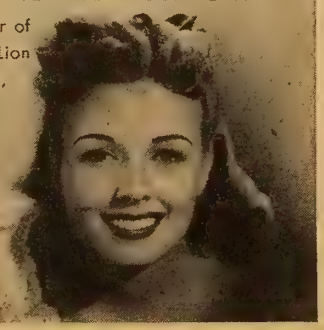

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GOLDEN GLINT

he installed the luxurious couch in front of the huge window and there, regardless of how close she was to him, he could travel to imaginary far seas. He told me the ocean always has drawn him with an irresistible surge as compelling as the drag the moon has on the tides. He used to sit for hours, watching the sea, when he was a boy growing up in Bristol, England.

"As soon as I could make it, I crossed that ocean," he said.

"I've always loved to travel and the best treat of all is to drop into some town without fanfare and talk to the people I meet. They're never quite sure, but they always have the feeling that they know me. Hughes and I had lots of fun that way on our air trips. At Houston, Texas, Howard's home town, I met a druggist and we struck up a conversation. He was sure he had met me at an Elks' convention. At the end of our talk, I said to him, 'You know, you never really met me at an Elks' convention. I'm an actor and I guess you must have seen me on the screen.' He said well, maybe I was right, but he wasn't sure. Never inquired my name. He didn't care whether I was a movie actor or not, and I loved that."

Cary explains that he has no bitterness against bobby soxers or autograph hunters, but the trouble is, crazy, hysterical, or downright malicious people pose in these characters and make a star's life miserable. That's why he's adamant in his determination to give no autographs. It seems a shame that stars like Cary, who really love people, are forced into such an attitude. But what can they do about it?

Count Haugwitz Reventlow talked to me freely about Barbara while he was having that famous legal tug-of-war over the custody of their child, Lance. He said he pitied poor Cary because it was inevitable that his marriage with the five-and-dime heiress would end on the rocks. He said he believed Barbara would never find happiness with any man because her whole life and upbringing had bred in her an irremovable suspicion that all people wanted from her was her money. Cary Grant never needed her money. All he wanted from Barbara was a home.

That seems to be what he has been searching for all his life. His parents were separated when he was a very young boy and he spent his formative years in a boarding school. This background gave him a great understanding of Barbara's little boy Lance, so that he and the kid got along famously together. I think Cary would like to have a little boy of his own. He told me he likes children because they can drift into the world of make-believe so easily. These are the things he will undoubtedly ask from the next girl he marries: a place to light, a place to go away from on long travel jaunts, a place in which to contemplate. A woman who will let him be himself.

But he's not playing hard to get. Not really. And I still think I'd risk maybe eight to five that one day there'll be a third Mrs. Cary Grant, and the name on the marriage license will be Mary Elizabeth Hensel.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(*Continued from page 52*)

plays she wanted to see. At the last moment, radio work in Hollywood had interfered.

Her voice was warm and laughing when she answered his long distance phone call. "Bill darling, why aren't you at the theater?"

"Oh, *plays!* Are the kids all right?"

"Of course. West took a bridge lamp apart today with a screw-driver he found somewhere."

"My son's a mechanic, at the age of three. Is Dee-Dee still practicing ballet like crazy?"

Dee-Dee, whose real name is Virginia, is nine, and is Ardis' daughter by her first husband. But there was another very important member of the family to ask about—the baby.

"How's Scott?" Scott, who looks like Bill. Who's still so new you don't quite believe in him. Ten months old.

Ardis' voice softened. "He's wonderful. He sits there and smiles all the while, and manages to look like a little old Irishman happily watching the world go by."

Bill laughed. "I wish I was calm and placid like Scott. He's going to be the sort of person I always wanted to be."

"I like you as you are, darling."

"It's a good thing," Bill said wryly. "I guess it's too late for me to change."

He has changed, though. The Army changed him. The Army was tough for Bill, as it is for everyone. He started out as a private and emerged as a first lieutenant. He got his commission by going through Officers' Candidate School, and he still wakes up in a cold sweat sometimes, thinking about it.

He could hardly wait!

Disillusionment came fast. He had his first warning of what was to come when Clark Gable dropped in to see him the night he arrived in Miami. Clark was in the class that was just being graduated.

"The boys'll ride you to death because you're a picture star," Clark warned him.

"I'm in the Army under the name of Beedle. You happened to recognize me as I came in, but no one else will."

"I wouldn't want to bet on that," Clark said, with his flashing grin. "They have a sort of hazing system with the new guys here, and an officer can come into your room any hour of the day or night and make you stand at attention as long as he likes."

"Why would they come in in the night and do that?" Bill was bewildered.

"They call it discipline," Clark told him.

As it turned out, Clark's visit focused attention on Bill, and he was immediately recognized as Holden of the movies. For the next forty-eight hours, Bill spent most of his time day and night standing at attention!

Another time, his "record" as Holden of the movies almost got him shot at sunrise. Shortly after graduation, he was ordered to escort a man from Pratt-Whitney and another man from Sikorski through the plant where the then top-secret B-32's were being made. Bill's orders were made out for Lieutenant Beedle, as usual.

He picked up the men at their hotel and drove them out to the plant, where a public relations colonel and a *very* Regular Army major general were waiting for them. They had to sign in and Bill, who wasn't used to chumming around with generals, signed nervously and without thinking—"William Holden."

They had progressed halfway down the main floor of the plant, inspecting the machinery, when two men marched up behind Bill and grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Who are you?" they barked in unison.

"Why, I'm William Holden. Uh, I mean Lieutenant Beedle," Bill stammered.

"Your pass is made out for Beedle, but you signed Holden. Now you say you're both." They eyed him with a look that said, "You're a Nazi spy and you might as well admit it now."

"But I *am* both," Bill told them, crimson with embarrassment.

"Don't be a fool," the general said irritably. "You can't be two people."

The public relations colonel interposed. "This *is* Lieutenant Beedle, sir, but he's actually—I mean he used to be—William Holden, the movie star."

who's holden . . .

"Never heard of him. Never go to movies," the general barked. "Better get your name settled one way or another, young man, before you end up in the guardhouse."

"Yes, sir," Bill said. He did it, too, and is now legally William Holden.

When Bill came out of the Army, he was dubious about what would happen next. But it turned out to be simple enough. Paramount put him right into *Dear Ruth,* with Joan Caulfield. And there he was playing a first lieutenant in the Air Force—just what he had actually been. Type-casting, that's what it was.

His next picture was *Blaze Of Noon.* It's the story of the Air Mail, back in the days when flying a mail plane was practically a form of suicide. There were, actually, forty pilots who started out on the Air Mail route, and out of that forty, thirty-one were killed.

Blaze Of Noon takes four brothers and follows them in their career as pilots. They are played by Bill, Sonny Tufts, Sterling Hayden and Johnny Sands.

Bill never was a pilot in the war, although he traveled over 200,000 miles by air.

One experience he had in flying during the war came in handy to make a scene in the picture extra convincing. His plane is beginning to ice up and naturally he's supposed to be pretty scared, as who wouldn't? So he got to thinking about a time during the war when they were flying a B-24 out of Los Angeles over Guadalupe Pass, and they ran into a fog that was about the consistency of jellied soup. Bill saw ice start to form on the wings, and he thought, "That's all, brother."

The pilot, he remembered, grinned at him and said "I ought to give you a towel, bud. You sure are sweating it out." And sure enough, when Bill raised a hand to his head it was dripping wet.

So when Bill came to make that icing up scene in the picture, he got hold of a fur-lined flying suit, and drank a quart of hot water before he went up. The timing was good, and the ice formed on the plane and the sweat on Bill's forehead in perfect synchronization!

Bill's next picture is to be a Western. He's a good rider, fortunately—has ridden all his life. But he's given up admitting it since it got him into a jam one time. He was in Arizona on location for a picture.

A man from Tucson came out to the set one day, and watched. "Pretty good, aren't you?" he said to Bill.

"Oh, I'm used to horses," Bill admitted airily.

"That's fine. I'm from the University of Arizona and we're putting on a horse-show Friday. It would add a lot to the show to have a movie star in one of the contests. How about letting me enter you for Musical Chairs?"

Musical Chairs, Bill thought. That's the old game where you have one less chair than you have people, and everyone runs for a seat when the music stops. Seemed like a funny kind of contest for a horse show but Bill said certainly, he'd be glad to enter.

"Do you have your own horse?" the man asked.

"Horse? No, but I can get into town by car."

"I mean to ride in the contest," the man explained patiently. It seems this was an equine version of Musical Chairs, and it demanded considerable skill as a rider. Bill tried to get out of it on the grounds that he had no horse.

"I'll lend you one of my cow ponies," the man said.

"This one better be a musical genius, too," Bill said grimly. He spent the next few days worrying about the show. He didn't ask much—just not to be the *first* one eliminated. It would look so silly to have them announce "Here is the Hollywood star, Bill Holden," and then be the first one out of the game. He'd never live it down.

Fortunately, the pony lent to him was smarter than any three people, and Bill won the contest. He had a wonderful time, and the college kids cheered him till he almost died of embarrassment. That's typical of Bill.

give me the simple life . . .

Since Bill came out of the Army, the Holdens have been living a quiet, peaceful life, with a few "gay" evenings on the town.

Of course, there are times when Ardis, who was a success on the screen as Brenda Marshall, gets a longing to go back into pictures, or to do a play. She comes to Bill, all excited.

"Bill darling, so-and-so has a part in a play for me. It's a beautiful part, but it would mean going to New York. What do you think?"

His answer is standard by now. "I think you ought to do it, dear. Wire him okay and start packing right away." And, as far as he's concerned, there's nothing more to say.

But somehow Ardis doesn't get around to sending the wire. Bill pretends not to notice this, and is *very* surprised when Ardis comes in the living room one evening, and announces, "I've made up my mind. I'm not going!"

"Why not? What's wrong?" he asks innocently.

"I just went in and looked at Scott asleep. You know darn well I can't leave the kids—and you—you wouldn't know how to take care of yourselves."

"I know darn well I don't want you to," he says softly. "We've been apart too much as it is. Stick around, honey, this is a good life."

It is, at that.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Were it not for the fact that my brother's name is Perry, my adventure might never have occurred. It happened on a crowded subway. Somehow I became separated from my little brother, Perry. When I finally caught sight of him, I called out his name. "Are you calling me, honey?" a voice nearby asked. I turned and looked in the voice's direction. What I saw wasn't the Perry I'd been calling for, but I forgot about my brother for the moment. It was none other than Perry Como. He grinned, then called out, "Oh, Lana," and said, "See, it doesn't work for me."

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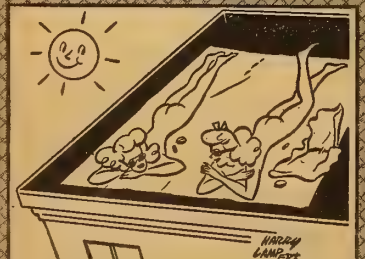

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LET THIS BE FOR ALWAYS

(Continued from page 50)

a big, gay party, and it should have been fun; but the faces were strange, the voices unfamiliar and, when no one was looking, Kathryn and Johnnie held hands in a funny, desperate sort of way. Johnnie's father came in from Boston to spend Christmas with them. They had Tom and Jerrys and gave each other silly presents, but in spite of their efforts it was not a good day.

After Christmas, things began looking up. They packed 'em in at the Oriental Theater. Shattered the previous attendance record. When Kathryn found out that the old record holder had been *Two Sisters from Boston,* she turned to Johnnie sort of doubtfully. "Sa-ay—beating my own time. Is that good?"

song without words . . .

"To the tune of a nice new refrigerator, washing machine and mangle," Johnnie told her, "that is very good, my sweet."

The day before they were to leave Chicago, Johnnie noticed that Katy wasn't singing with her usual spark; that the big dark eyes looking up at him during their duets had a glazed, unseeing look. Suddenly, right in the middle of a song, she stopped singing. She didn't mean to, but when she reached into her head for the words, they weren't there. Johnnie picked them up so quickly that no one in the audience noticed, and he sang his own lyrics plus all of hers, including one utterly female line about "going home to mother." When the curtain came down, Kathryn stood there and laughed till she cried. "Imagine a man going home to mother—" she wept, and then there was pain written on her face and, abruptly, there were no more tears.

"What's the matter, baby," Johnnie asked her gently.

"There's a sore place on my side."

A sore place! Department of understatement. Johnnie and Alice Weil, Kathryn's secretary, took her to a doctor, and inside of twenty minutes he was operating on an abscess. She didn't want an anesthetic because there was one more show to do that night, and she didn't want to be groggy. She just hung on to Alice's hand, and Alice cried, but she didn't. When it was over the doctor said, "Lady, you're a better man than I am."

They opened in Cincinnati next day, and there was a blizzard again.

"*No* one'll come out to see us in this," Johnnie gloomed. (He's the worry-wart.)

"Oh, someone will," Katy said. (She never worries. Doesn't know what stage-fright is.)

Needless to say, Cincinnati's Albee Theater was jammed to the rafters. That was a good week, all told. They stayed at the Netherland-Plaza, and the food and service were indescribable. The fans were wonderful, and the college boys in town voted Kathryn their Dream Girl. There was just one bad time, when one of the comedians in one of the acts that was appearing with them failed to show up, and Johnnie had to go on in his place. He had no script, and he has no idea what he said, but Kathryn claims he was hilarious. "Why they *screamed* over him," she reports, and she's much more impressed than if he'd sung at the Met.

The next town was Hartford, Conn., and Katy and Alice had really looked forward to that. From the time they left home, Hartford was kind of a beacon, an oasis. On the strength of having seen *Christmas In Connecticut* some time before, they'd packed peasant skirts and ballet slippers in order to be right in the swim. And, of course, they arrived in a blizzard. "Worst one in twenty-six years," the taxi driver boasted. "Yessir, she's a-shore comin' down." They could have smashed him.

It was a nice town, nonetheless, with the smilingest, friendliest sort of people, and Kathryn came away loving all Hartfordites except two: the plumbers who banged on pipes beginning around five a.m. in the wall directly adjacent to her bed, and who never did get the much-advertised "hot and cold running water in every room" running.

Boston came next, and that was fun. Getting lost on the silly narrow little streets, finding cute places to eat, listening to those wonderful accents. The lads from Tufts College and Boston University and Harvard kept Kathryn's dressing-room filled with flowers, and had the phone rung down asking for dates.

One morning, they got a call asking them to appear at the opening of the March of Dimes Drive, and they said "Sure." They hurried over in a cab between shows, and when they arrived, they saw that the streets were lined with people and that there was hardly an inch of space for them to get through to the building. It was all sort of terrifying and strange. No policemen to hold back the crowd. Nothing official-looking about it at all. People clawed at the buttons on Kathryn's $325 suit, pushed their faces right up into her face. When one kindly little old lady, with no doubt the best intentions in the world suddenly extended a long, bony hand and muttered, "God bless you, dearie," Kathryn's nerves snapped. She jumped straight up in the air and finished plowing through the crowd with foolish tears pouring down her face. Of course, it eventually turned out that it wasn't the March of Dimes opening at all. A brand new dress shop had simply figured out a way to get itself some high-priced publicity—for free. Johnnie and Kathryn felt pretty let down about it, and their agents were really burned. They sent the dress shop a bill for Johnnie and Kathryn's services, and whatever they collect will go to the March of Dimes.

rest cure . . .

When they finished at the Boston-RKO, they trained back home to Hollywood for a quick peek at Julie and at Katy's house that is in the throes of being remodeled. En route, they hardly saw each other. Katy stayed in her compartment and slept and read dozens of twenty-five cent Dell mysteries; Johnnie stayed in his and ate chocolates. It was a rest cure they both needed badly, and when they got home they felt marvelous, and they were so happy they wanted to shout. Standing in front of the lovely, substantial, English-style house that they'll share after their marriage next September first, Katy felt all out of breath with excitement. "Johnnie," she whispered. "It looks so un-Hollywood. It looks so doggone permanent." She held his arm tight, and they both knew that they were making the same wish . . . Let this be for always.

The house itself is testimony to the fact that this is no scatterbrained young pair marrying in haste. They hope to have four children, and they've set aside rooms in the house for that many. The boys will sleep on the third floor in a room with built-in bunks.

"Let's not have it nautical though, do you think, darling?"

Johnnie shakes his head. "No. How

about ranch-style? Leather and cowhide and stuff."

"Mmm. And there's room for sort of a dormitory for when they bring the bunch home to visit later on."

This, you can see, is definitely no short-term contract.

The house is entirely free from the usual Hollywood gimmicks. Instead of the customary tricky little bar, there is a beautiful walnut-paneled library with book-shelves to the ceiling and low, comfortable couches. There is a sewing-room—which is a bit of an innovation out that way. There are trees of every description, and Katy is familiar with them all.

"Imagine," an Eastern friend marveled one day. "Just picking an avocado and devouring it on the spot."

"Oh, but you don't do that," Katy said, her bright, pretty face earnest. "You keep them packed in flour until they get ripe."

"Why, Katy Grayson," the friend said, eyeing her with awe. "You're all domesticated!" She is, too. She loves to look at drapery material and fuss with wall colors. She's such good friends with the painters and the other men working around the place that when she and Johnnie went back East to wind up the tour, they wrote her letters to let her know how they were doing, and one of them took pictures of the house and sent them to her.

The end of the tour made up for all the rough spots that had gone before. Not that there wasn't a blizzard—there was a beauty; not that Johnnie didn't get laryngitis—he got it like crazy. But just the same, New York was wonderful. For one thing, the people at the Capitol Theater, remembering Kathryn's last personal appearance stint, had arranged a really divine dressing-room for her, had even given it a name—Grayson's Inn. Last time she kept skipping out between shows to get snacks or to have her nails done, and, being Katy, she had often overstayed herself and missed the show. This time she didn't have to budge for a thing. They installed an electric stove and an icebox, a radio, pretty chintz curtains and a spread for the couch.

The fans in New York were such nice kids, with their shining eyes and their thoughtful gifts. Three of them gave her a heavenly cyclamen negligee. Another one gave her a handsome gold compact. (She doesn't use powder, did you know? So she keeps her penicillin pills in it.) All of them gave her a warm, lump-in-the-throat feeling. To *think* they cared enough about her to want to come back-stage and talk to her. To think they were grown-up enough to wish Johnnie and her happiness.

Yes, New York was a good deal. The Essex House, with its sweeping view of Central Park, was perfect. The additional personal appearance offers were dazzling. London wanted them; Paris wanted them; there was even a bid from Johannesburg, South Africa! The shows and the stores were superb. But both Johnnie and Kathryn are honest enough to admit that half the charm of New York was that it was the end of the line. After New York they could sit down and count their gold, and then go on that long-awaited shopping binge. After New York, what's more, they could buy two tickets back home!

JULY ISSUE

Better warn your newsdealer to wear his slicker next June 13, when our July issue goes on sale. Gorgeous Esther Williams will be splashing all over our cover, and we wouldn't want him to get wet—would you?

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BLESSED EVENT

(*Continued from page 56*)

I was completely wrapped up in this picture, which had come to be a symbol of the type of work I wanted to do."

Olivia stated flatly that she would not do the picture unless Mitchell Leisen directed. She knew he could keep the simple theme believable and full of power by virtue of his sensitive understanding of the theme and his great knack for attention to detail.

"The selection of Alma Mac Crory to play the part of Belle is typical of Mitch's genius," Olivia says. "Alma had been Mitch's cutter for years, and a number of actresses had been considered for Belle before Mitch had the sudden inspiration. I don't know of another case in which anyone without previous acting experience has turned in so remarkable a performance.

"People have asked me what I considered the most difficult and moving scene in the picture. I think it is the point at which I have to tell Jody that he is adopted, and the child rushes out, locking himself in the bathroom.

original sitter . . .

"I used to be a 'sitter' for my mother's friends on bridge nights, long before the term was used. I was also extremely fond of Geraldine Fitzgerald's little boy, Michael. I think that the realism of this scene can be credited to some extent to a genuine concern I have had for the problems that loom so large in the life of a child.

"And, of course, little Billy Ward, who played the role, almost broke the heart of everyone on the set."

Olivia was a problem child to cameraman Danny Fapp to whom she gives a full share of credit for her award-winning work. She is so absent-minded when concentrating that she frequently fails to respond to her own name. Leisen dubbed her "Moonglow." So great was her preoccupation that she frequently turned her back to the camera.

Mitch turned to Danny after one particularly good take and said, "How was it, Danny?" Mr. Fapp pulled one eye away from the camera range finder and exclaimed, "It was wonderful—perfect. The only trouble is that Moonglow didn't get on the film."

Her performance was enhanced, too, by the makeup of Bill Wood. After long conferences, it was decided that Olivia should play a woman of forty-six as such a woman would actually be, and not become the glamorized, typical movie version of a female whose hair has turned white with grief.

She did try on a white wig just once. When she walked on the set in an evening gown, the crew took one look at the glamor wig and whistles broke out spontaneously.

"Believe it or not," Olivia declares, "That was the first time in my life that I had ever been whistled at. I can hardly wait until I am forty-six. Imagine the trouble I am going to give my husband."

Not that Olivia hadn't already given Marcus Goodrich, her husband, his share of trouble. Goodrich elaborated on the incredible disturbances Oscar creates as we sat by the pool of the quiet and beautiful Hotel La Quinta in the desert some twenty miles outside Palm Springs. He and Olivia came there a few days after the evening of the Academy Award presentations to escape the incessant telephone calls which erupted continuously after their private number suddenly became public.

One particularly exasperating well-wisher had the habit of calling up, and when Olivia answered the telephone he simply remained silent as she helloed herself to death.

Goodrich had seen *To Each His Own*, just a few months before he and Olivia were married. He reminded himself to tell Olivia when next they met that she deserved the Academy Oscar.

"The trouble was," he said, "that she was already being told that by dozens of people. I knew how important the winning would be to her, and it became my job to discourage the idea to prevent a possible disappointment."

"He did, too," Olivia broke in. "He pointed out just how the voting would go so that in the end the Oscar would waltz off with Rosalind Russell."

Then, Roz wrecked this logic by bumping into Olivia at a party and exclaiming, "How's it going to feel to clutch Oscar in your palm? You're going to win it, you know. Not I. I'll get it some other time, but this year it's yours."

Author Goodrich was acutely aware of his bride's preoccupation with Oscar. Unfortunately, those who love her turned militant in their hopes that she would win. And as the day of the award approached, Mr. Goodrich discovered himself rapidly becoming regarded as an arch enemy of Olivia's staunch supporters.

"For instance," he recalled, "there was the violence with which Curt Frings (Olivia's agent) regarded my calm assurances that she didn't have a chance. Curt is a former lightweight boxing champion, so you can realize the risk I took in weighing my campaign to soften the blow for Olivia if the worst should happen."

The night before the awards, Olivia pretended to sleep, but was such a bad actress that her husband finally snapped on the lights and hauled out the Chinese checker board. They played on until neither one could any longer keep an eye propped open.

Next morning, she had a call from Leonore Weaver, who had done her hair all through *To Each His Own*. Leonore wanted to do it again for the Academy, and this gesture stopped Olivia's heart for a long beat.

Enveloped in a light, numb haze, Olivia sat down to an early dinner with her husband and close friends at the home of Mr. Charley Brackett, who started all this agony by bringing Olivia the script in the first place.

it's not all gravy . . .

Olivia didn't remember much about the dinner, except the point at which Mr. Brackett passed the gravy. She saw him fumble, and like a stop action photo she saw the gravy arrested in mid-air. Then it exploded all down the front of her pale blue, strapless evening gown.

The other guests were superb. Emergency repairs were effected. She was wrapped to the neck in napkins—eight to be exact—to prevent further accident. The conversation now naturally turned to the subject of the great amount of ill luck that seems to befall Academy Award winners.

"Most of them," Mr. Brackett mused sadly, "either never again amount to much in pictures, or they are divorced by their mates. But I'm sure nothing like that will happen to you."

Miss De Havilland is sure, too! She waited a long time to marry, and this one will be the one and only.

"My husband," Olivia stated flatly, "is an

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extremely biased individual about some things. Despite his gruff assurances that I couldn't possibly win, he sat beside me in the auditorium with extreme impatience. I could almost read the thoughts racing through his mind—at least that's what I imagined.

"I was positive that, when the fatal envelope was opened and someone else's name was read off, he would leap to his feet and shout, 'We demand a recount!'

"When the blinding moment came, Marcus leaned over and said to me, just before Ray Milland began the announcement, 'Be sure to straighten out the back of your dress when you walk up to the platform.'

"Then my name was called.

"When it was over, I started off the stage—the wrong way. I whispered to Ray Milland, 'How do I get out of here?'

"'Don't worry,' Ray answered, brightly. 'Just keep going the way you're headed. It may not be right, but it's shortest.'

"'Isn't it a wonderful feeling,' Olivia exclaimed. 'It really feels wonderful to win, doesn't it, Ray?'

"'It sure does,' Ray answered. 'But you couldn't have lost. If I'd seen anyone else's name on that slip of paper I'd have called out OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND anyway!'"

Somehow, the Goodrichs pushed through the mob and back to their apartment. Marcus had invited some friends over for a champagne supper. This was to have been Olivia's "consolation party."

Flowers and telegrams poured into the room. One huge bouquet of three dozen red roses arrived. The card attached was from Bette Davis. It read: "One dozen for *To Each His Own.* Two dozen for *The Dark Mirror.*"

Olivia wanted to cry a little.

Strange, the influence a man named Oscar can have over a woman.

When Marcus Goodrich began to pack for their trip to the desert, Olivia handed him the gleaming statuette.

"Don't tell me," he exclaimed, "that we're going to take that along, too!"

Olivia's expression was one of dark-eyed incredulity.

"Of course," she retorted. "It took me twelve years to get Oscar, and I'm not going to leave him now!"

TIME ON MY HANDS

(*Continued from page 60*)

it's drafty. But, oh, you darling fool. I'm glad you called. I love you, too!"

"That's what I wanted to hear," sighed Glenn. "Good night, Ellie."

"The charges on your call," droned the operator with a ring-back, "are one hundred and seventeen dollars and sixty-two cents, with tax." She was very careful to compute the tax, too.

"Thanks," said Glenn vacantly. He walked over to the calendar on his desk and made a new "X." "Only fifty-four more days to go," he sighed, walking to his desk and pulling out the blue stationery. He whistled "Clair de Lune" as he wrote, "My Darling—"

Then he grinned. Good old blue envelopes. He started using them when he was courting Ellie and she was traveling on tour. It was her idea. "When I look at the mail rack over the hotel desk I can see it right away." She used the blue ones, too, when Glenn was in the Marines, and his memories were bitter-sweet on that point. Every day you lined up before the drill sergeant's shack for your mail—and when you got more than five letters at one time you had to run the belt line with all

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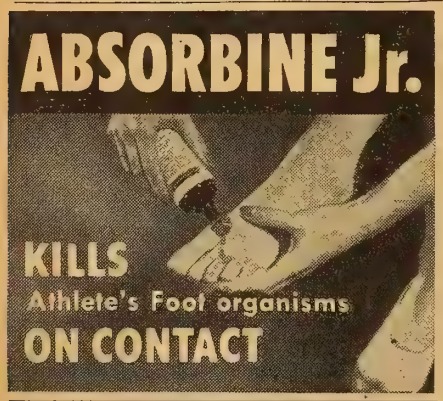

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the guys swinging lustily at your tail. Usually that happened to Glenn, ducking wildly down the stinging lane—holding those blue envelopes from Ellie. But it was worth it.

His letter finished, Glenn walked around the room, put his hand on his boy's, Peter's, nursery door and then took it off. If the little guy did happen to wake up and give him that, "Where's Mommy?" routine—well, he'd do something desperately foolish maybe—like grabbing Pete and calling a cab to the airport.

The truth was, Glenn missed Ellie twice as much as Pete did. He'd been between pictures when Ellie left on her dancing tour. With time on his hands.

He drove her to the train, piled her compartment on the Streamliner (City of Los Angeles) high with flowers. Then Ellie kissed him and said, "Now, go. I don't want to see your face looking sad like a St. Bernard's when the train pulls out."

So he gave her another hug and left. Halfway down the ramp he glanced at his watch. He had five minutes more! He galloped back up. Ellie was taking off her hat and reaching for a book. She reached for Glenn instead, and they said good-bye all over again.

When the train pulled out, Glenn didn't know what he wanted to do—but he knew he didn't want to go home. He called up some pals—Watson Webb, Mark Stevens, Bob Walker. Nobody was home, of course. He dragged into the Lincoln and moped along out Sunset Boulevard toward the studio. He wasn't thinking of much of anything, certainly not what his speedometer said. It said 45 m.p.h. The siren sounded and he pulled over.

"Listen, young fella—" began the cop. He spied the streamlined job that Glenn had cut down himself at home. When he recognized Glenn, he said, "Gosh, I thought you were one of those hot rod kids. There's a drive on, you know. You weren't really going very fast—but I'll have to give you a ticket now."

western union casanova . . .

The first week was the hardest, and he started haunting Western Union. One morning, Glenn breezed into the WU office busting with things to say. The girl spread his scribble-packed yellow sheets on the desk and starting counting with her pencil. Pretty soon her face took on a rapt look, like she was reading "Forever Amber." His cheeks burned. "Here, gimme," croaked Glenn, grabbing the lengthy, impulsive wire. He dashed off a new one: "Dear Ellie. Miss you. Hope you are well. Love. Glenn."

He was talking to Ellie that next night long distance in Buffalo. He caught himself saying the things he'd written first in that telegram he'd torn up. Suddenly Glenn heard an operator's sigh cut in on the conversation. He realized with horror that he and Ellie were wearing their hearts right out in public.

"Hey, honey," he told Ellie, "we just can't talk like this over a telephone. It's too public."

He heard Ellie laugh. "I don't give a darn who knows I love you." By the end of the week Glenn didn't give a darn either.

And by the end of that week Glenn Ford's phone and telegram bill was $532.18—with tax!

By the end of the week, too—'way back in Buffalo—Ellie realized something had to be done—so she put Glenn to work.

He'd noticed the notebook she'd tossed in her traveling bag last thing before she closed it. It was blank then, but after the first week it came back crammed with instructions.

"Monday—cleaning woman comes . . . put symphony records and pipes away . . . open windows. Tell egg man *strictly* fresh . . . lay out suits for cleaners . . . gather soiled shirts, shorts for Bendix . . . *don't* put with Pete's things in hamper . . . Dog food man—tell him usual amount . . . pay gardener.

"Tuesday—Agnes' day off. Be sure let know if you want cold supper left in icebox. Lock all doors night. Take in Pete's toys.

"Wednesday—" and so on down the week—every day, something to think about, every hour.

Glenn pondered over every instruction. He finally got a little suspicious that she was just keeping him out of mischief.

Not that there was any real mischief hanging around in G. Ford's mind. That is, unless you counted a couple of paternal slips with Pete. With Ellie away Glenn found he wanted to see a lot of Pete, even more than he did when she was home.

There used to be a certain hour of the day—right before dinner—when he and Ellie went into Pete's nursery, played the Mother Goose records and caught up on the little guy's day. And there were the Sunday walks, that were a regular family ritual. They'd set out, hand in hand, toddling Pete up the hills of the little glen they live in. The high spot of the adventure was when Pete picked a flower and handed it to Ellie.

Now Glenn took Pete for walks *every* day, instead of just Sunday, so that every blue envelope had a posey for Ellie's collection.

Glenn packed Pete, too, into Columbia for a portrait sitting and sent the pictures to Ellie in Washington, where she went, after Buffalo, to dance at the White House. He sent a dozen pink carnations (her favorite flower) from Pete on Pete's birthday and a note saying it wasn't going to be celebrated until Glenn's birthday came along in May—when "Mommy" would be home. Glenn sent along all bulletins about Pete he knew Ellie would be dying for, as soon as they happened. The party he took him to for Roy Rogers' little girls. The haircut he got Pete down in Beverly. The new word Pete knew.

But there were a couple of items that Glenn didn't send. He took him down to the fun pier one day and fed him popcorn, taffy, suckers and ice cream. Glenn's quaking still for the moment when the

MODERN SCREEN

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three of them go to the pier when Ellie's back, and Pete demands the treats his widowed dad handed him. Then she'll know!

Then there was a certain household episode where Glenn slipped up and hid the bad news from Ellie. Pete wandered into her dressing-room one day and turned on the radio down in the China room. It ran for three days before Glenn caught it. By then all the insides were burned out and the rubber insulation was dripping.

Before she left she told him, knowing him: "Now don't touch anything in the house. Don't redecorate or paint or fix anything up." So he waltzed down to a decorator's and bought some fireman-red venetian blinds for the den!

But his darkest secret has to do with a long suppressed personal vanity. He'd always yearned to know what he'd look like with a nice black, sporty mustache—but every time he'd even remotely hinted it to Ellie she cracked down on him.

He had a pretty good excuse this time. He was readying his part in *The Man From Colorado*, where he plays a Western killer. He had to look menacing.

He let the lip grow for ten days. On the eleventh, he took a long look in the mirror and reached for a razor. That night when he called Ellie, Glenn said, out of the blue, "Ellie, you were right!"

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean, dear," Glenn caught himself, "you're always so right about everything."

anyway, the static was clear . . .

The first acting job he did without Ellie around was on the radio show, "Suspense." He wired her in Buffalo to listen in. She'd never missed any radio show he'd done, any movie he'd made. But Ellie wasn't in Buffalo; she was on the train to Washington. She got the wire on the train, raced to the club car. A passenger had a hockey game on. "Pardon me," said Ellie, switching it to Glenn's station. She got a dirty look from the sport fan, the static went "scr—rreeek—sc-r-r-a-a-w-wk" and she couldn't hear a word Glenn said.

There are a few frank reasons why Glenn Ford is mighty glad his wife left him—temporarily. He's happy because at heart he knows Ellie's a terrifically talented girl—too brilliant to just sit at home and take care of him and Pete.

Glenn's proud as a peacock of the record Ellie made. At the Town Casino, for instance, in Buffalo, the attendance record had stood since 1930—and it took three top entertainers—Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman and Joe E. Lewis—to set it then. Ellie smashed it to pieces her opening night. She played two floor shows daily—with all brand new tunes and routines. Between shows every night over 300 people lined up in the 14-below weather—waiting for a chance to see Eleanor Powell in person.

After reading her rave notices, Glenn started addressing his letters "Eleanor Powell." He got a wire right back from Ellie to set him straight on that the minute the first one arrived.

"I am Mrs. Glenn Ford," it read. "Everybody knows it. And don't *you* forget it!"

Her agent came by to see him one day. "What would you say to the news that Ellie's had an offer to play London for eight more weeks—Albert Hall and everything?"

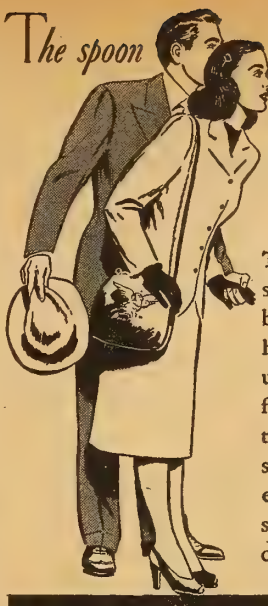
Glenn gasped.

"Why," he gulped, "okay—if Ellie wants to. I—"

The agent sighed. "That's just it, damn it! She doesn't want to. She turned it down cold," he frowned. "Says she wants to come back and be with you. How do you account for it?"

Both Glenn Ford and Ellie Ford know the answer to that. Home is where the heart is, that's all.

The spoon for June



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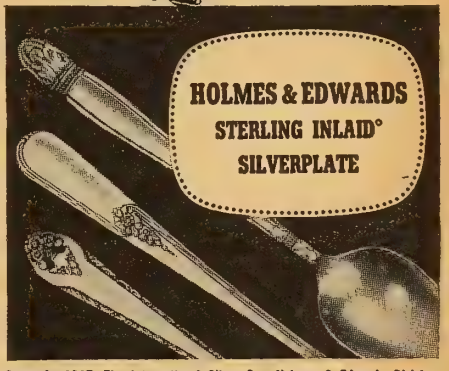

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STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT

(Continued from page 39)

meant.

Until someone called me up a couple of days later. "You've got a date with Guy Madison," they said.

"Sure," I said, laughing on the outside.

The funny thing was, I had a date with Guy Madison.

"Wash your face," Maggy said. "And comb those stars out of your eyes. You don't want to scare the poor man."

I was supposed to meet Guy at a place called the Beverly Hills Club, late in the afternoon.

I made a nonchalant entrance, around eleven-thirty a.m. There was a couch out in the lobby, and I sat down to wait.

A lot of workmen were walking around with buckets in their hands, and painters' caps on their heads, and every once in a while, they'd look at me curiously.

One of them approached, after a while. "Fire here, lady," he said.

let 'er burn . . .

"Go right ahead," I said grandly. At that point, I thought he intended to burn the place down, and I was in that settled state of mind where it seemed like a reasonable enough idea.

He explained further. "There *was* a fire here, lady. They ain't serving any lunch."

"Oh, I don't want any lunch," I said. "I want Guy Madison. That is—"

"A lot of people want Guy Madison, lady," the man said, shaking his head, and going away.

I was thinking of asking him to give *me* a new coat of paint, too, by the time Guy arrived.

And right here, I'd like to make a small speech about Guy Madison. To begin with, he's the handsomest man I've ever seen. He's terrifically tall (I had on the highest heels in the United States, and I'm no shrimp in the first place, but still he loomed over me); he's very tanned, and he's blond. You probably know all that. It shows up in his pictures.

But a lot of stuff doesn't show up. He has a certain gentleness of manner—a way of helping you in and out of cars, and doors, a way of lighting your cigarettes, a way of listening when you talk—that makes you feel like Helen of Troy.

It isn't an effusive thing, with him. It isn't this personality-kid stuff some actors can turn on and off. He's a quiet boy; he has a lovely smile, he dances like a dream, and he says nice things about other actors. I think he is a good and pleasant person, with rare charm. And now I've got *that* said, I can go on.

Guy showed up at the Beverly Hills Club, and five minutes later, I felt as though I'd known him for a year.

"What would you like to see most?" he asked me. "In the whole town."

We were having something long and cool and sweet at the cute little bar in the Club (the bar hadn't been a fire casualty) and I deliberated.

He grinned. "Never mind. Come on."

We went from the Club to a place called The Tropics. Bamboo decorations, candles on the tables, Hawaiian music, leis for your neck—it was lousy with atmosphere. We ate shrimps with chopsticks—and from the off-hand way I say that, you needn't think I didn't suffer—and you needn't think I didn't love it.

After that we started for a restaurant called The Kings.

Guy was extolling the glories of lobster à la King, and I smiled sickly. "Guy, those shrimps. I'm not very hungry any more."

He scoffed. "Those shrimps were just an appetizer."

At The Kings, they let us go out into the kitchen, and we saw the way they split live lobsters. Guy'd caught a lot of Pacific Coast crustaceans, and he and the chef swapped recipes for a while, and then we went back out front and sat down.

We had oysters Rockefeller and broiled lobsters, and strawberry shortcake and milk, and by that time, I had begun to lose my appetite.

Somebody said, "Oh, there's Leo McCarey," and I looked up listlessly, and Guy, who was dipping his hand in his finger-bowl, stopped short and stared at me. "You're green."

I didn't doubt it for a single minute, but I'll bet it was a lovely shade of green. I was in heaven.

I gazed at Mr. Madison. "—Ciro's," he was saying. "Xavier Cugat's there, and you could use a little exercise."

I said "yes," dreamily. It wasn't until we were seated at a table in Ciro's, and the band began to play, that the awful truth struck me. Cugat plays rhumbas, and sambas. My rhumba is mediocre (*that's* putting it politely) and sambas, I just don't know from.

Guy was standing up and holding out his hand.

"I can't," I said. "You're a movie star, and people will be watching, and I'll trip, I'll faint, I'll die—"

"Wanta bet?" he said easily.

He led me out to the floor, and all around us there were sleek women in bright dresses and jewels, and the lights were muted, and not quite real, and I neither tripped nor fainted nor died. I rhumba-ed and samba-ed, and had the time of my life. Mr. Cugat chuckled every time we passed him.

Things went fine, until the realization hit me again. This was I, dancing with Guy Madison, in the fabulous Ciro's. This was I, smiling sweetly at Xavier Cugat, practically nose-to-nose.

Suddenly, I was overwhelmed by my own eminence, and I pulled at Guy's arm. "Let's sit down," I said weakly. "For a minute."

I was reaching for a cigarette, when the proprietor, a Mr. Hover, stopped at our table. "Oh, you smoke," he said. (Guy doesn't smoke; tobacco has an almost

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The night superintendent here at Hollywood Hospital stopped Bill, the orderly, and said: "There's a new man on duty tonight. Show him around, will you?" Bill sighed and went upstairs. For 20 years Bill has shown "new men" around. At the desk, upstairs, sat a young man in sports clothes. "Come on, I'll show you where to change your clothes," said Bill. The young man looked astonished. "Change my clothes. . . ?" "Yes," replied Bill. "We furnish uniforms and laundry. Aren't you the new orderly?" "Oh, no, sir," laughed Peter Lawford.

Mrs. Grace M. Hulst, R.N.
Los Angeles, Calif.

narcotic effect on him.)

Mr. Hover disappeared, and when he came back, he had a little aluminum lighter, with "Ciro's" engraved on it. "A souvenir," he said. He gave me a lipstick in a gold case, too.

Now all I do is smoke and put on lipstick, in an ostentatious way.

After Ciro's, we went to Mocambo. Mocambo is the place where the dance floor is always crowded, and each succeeding face is richer and more famous than the elbow that's in it. Two bands alternate, and at the side of the room, under the ceiling, there are enormous bird cages, full of different-colored birds.

It's startling, because the birds are never still, and underneath the cages are the windows, and through the windows you can see the lights of the city, down the hill.

Once I'd caught my breath, we danced, and I spotted Diana Lynn a few feet away, in a brown dress, and Guy steered over close to her to say hello.

She laughed up at him. "Good evening, Mr. Moseley." She looks like a little girl, close up. Cute, and full of sparkle.

We noticed a waiter standing at our table, then, with a be-ribboned white box, and we went to investigate. My name was on the box, and I untied the ribbons quickly.

Inside was a magnificent orchid! I picked out the little white card. It was from Gail!

Guy sat down in his chair. "That little Gail," he said in a pleased voice. "She's a real character."

It was almost too much excitement for one night.

We left Mocambo with me clutching my orchid box and we walked down the street in the cool night air, and any second, I expected to wake up.

"Would you like to go to a real Russian place?" Guy said. "With gypsy music?"

I would have gone even without the gypsy music, but Madison's an awfully modest guy.

Charochka—I don't know what it means, and I was too overwrought to ask at the time—isn't a night club. It's a restaurant with an air, and it's run by a Mr. and Mrs. Sankar. They're known as Papa and Mama Sankar, to devotees.

Papa, dressed like a Cossack, wanders around serenading the guests with Russian songs. He drifted over to our table, and started to play his guitar and sing.

Neither Guy nor I understood the words, but every so often, Papa would come to a ho-ho-ho or ha-ha-ha refrain, and Guy

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My sister, who works for the telephone company in Atlanta, took a call to the United Artists Studios in Hollywood. She was very surprised at the call, as people in Atlanta very rarely call Hollywood. In her amazement, she couldn't help exclaiming out loud her favorite slang phrase: "Well, what do you know, Joe?" Imagine her astonishment when her party answered, "I don't know nothin'." How could she possibly have guessed that Joe Cotten was right there in Atlanta, and making a call to his studio?

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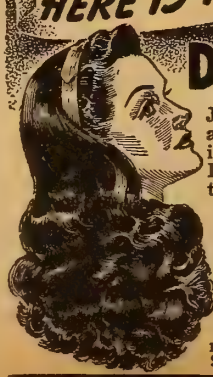

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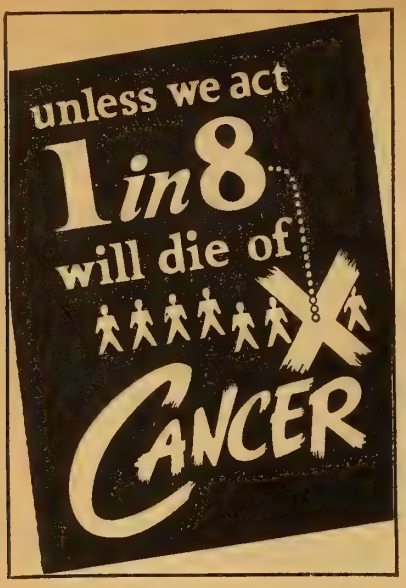

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would join in loudly.

Papa Sankar suddenly smote his brow. "You must have Wadka!" he cried.

"I've never tasted Vodka," Guy admitted, and Papa frowned, troubled that anyone should have had such an underprivileged childhood.

He even sang a sad song about it, and then a waiter named Boris brought some little glasses with a colorless liquid in them, and Papa beamed.

"Wadka."

"It looks like gin," I said. I'm the low type who knows what gin looks like.

"It looks like water," Guy said. He's a high type.

"Dreenk!" Papa said simply.

Guy drank, while I observed with interest. He didn't exactly light up and start shooting flames out of his ears, but he gasped once or twice, I thought.

If I'd been waiting for a detailed description of the experience, I'd have been disappointed. "It doesn't *taste* like water," is all he said.

Papa offered him some more, but he declined. "My head isn't good for much, but I can't spare it just yet."

Our next stop was a place out in the San Fernando Valley. Guy's kind of place. It's called Sportsman's Lodge, and that's exactly what it is. It could only happen in California.

Inside the big, rustic house, you can eat and drink, and sit by an open fire. Outside, there's a trout stream, and a waterfall, and woods.

We stood on a little wooden bridge, and underneath the clear water I could see the fish slipping past, their bright bodies shimmering in the moonlight.

By the side of the stream, there was a fat, feathered creature dipping its bill into the water. It was snow-white. Now my experience with wild life and the great out-of-doors is strictly from newsreel travelogues. I'm a city product.

"Is that a goose or a swan?" I asked, trying to be intelligent.

"It's a duck," Guy said, disgusted. He's an outdoor product—hunts, fishes, camps. He made hissing duck noises at the thing, but it paid him no heed, and he gave it up. "Scorned by a duck," he sighed.

I still think maybe it was a swan, who had no intention of recognizing duck noises.

And I still think that Sportsman's Lodge is one of the most beautiful places I'll ever see.

We watched the waterfall rushing in the stillness, and the trees twisted in the small wind, and I felt tired, and good.

The music and noise and the gay people had been wonderful earlier, and now the quiet, and the sky and the smell of the damp ground was wonderful, too.

But there was one thing more I wanted to do, before we called it a night. For years, I'd been seeing Grauman's Chinese Theater in the movies. I'd seen actors and actresses pressing their feet into the wet cement, and the box-office built like a pagoda, and all the rest of it.

I told Guy, laughing, because I thought he'd laugh. "I know it's foolish."

"I don't see why," he said, and the next thing I knew, I was standing on the scarred cement at Grauman's Chinese.

We picked our way around, because it was very late, and the area was almost all in darkness. A tall boy stepped out of a patch of shadow, and came up to Guy.

"You're Guy Madison, aren't you?" he said, logically enough.

Guy talked to him for a few minutes, and when he walked away to look at something else, the boy turned to me.

"You a movie star?"

"Nope," I said.

After a second, he spoke again. "I've seen a lot of movie stars, and some of 'em don't look so hot, up close. But that guy—" There was astonishment in his voice. "He's nice, besides. I like him."

I smiled at the kid, and said softly, "That's for two."

FAMILY CIRCLE

(*Continued from page 35*)

Jean's face appeared at the head of the stairs. "Stevie broke a lamp."

Stevie's face appeared beside hers. "I sorry."

"Okay," Jimmy said. "Don't do it any more."

They didn't hear another sound for maybe three minutes.

By lunch time, when Jimmy was weakly inviting Dana to stay, his wife, Ethel, stepped in. "I don't think so," she said. "I think perhaps Dana ought to get Stevie home. Mary might be worried."

Dana figures it's only a question of time before Stevie will be getting *him* home. The kid's fantastic.

The treacherous thing about him is that he has this disarming personality—he smiles sweetly, the whole time he's tearing the house down, and when Dana says, "What are you doing, Stephen?" he acts innocent.

"Nothing," he says. It's his stock answer.

Mary and Dana were having a drink of beer one night, when Stevie approached.

"I want some," he said.

Dana explained it was not for little boys.

He looked at them out of the corner of his eye. Then, wham! wham! he'd picked up two glasses, one right after the other, and hurled them against the wall.

Dana looked at Mary. Mary looked at Dana. "I sorry," they said, together.

The other kids—David and Kathy—took naps, when they were tiny. Dana sighs. "You think you can get *him* to take a nap?"

There's very little you can get him to do, when you come right down to it.

Kathy, on the other hand, is going through a lovely stage. She thinks her father is magnificent, the best person in the world, the only person worth passing the time of day with.

Dana puzzles over it. "Six months ago, she wouldn't even say hello to me."

Now she watches him adoringly while he eats; she follows him from room to room, being friendly. He's waiting for her to ask him if he's read any good books lately.

Her one big passion besides Dana is sailing. Dana has a skipper named Gus, for his 80-foot ketch, "Vileehi," and between Gus and Kathy, it's love.

Gus is a big, burly guy; Kathy's the size of his head, but when she marches up to him in her navy blue slacks, and says, "I'm a good sailor," he melts.

All the Andrews are mad about sailing, and they've been doing plenty of it, because while Dana was waiting to start *Memory of Love*, his new picture, he had some spare time.

Mostly, they use the "Katherine," which is their 55-foot cutter, and a beauty of a boat. They're real snobs; never run their motor, and have nothing but harsh words for people who do.

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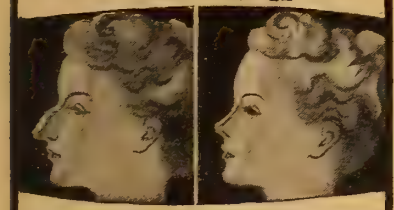

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"There's something about using the wind to push you," Dana says, and he gets the note in his voice some people get when they talk about Beethoven.

He's sensationally good, too, considering the fact that he's only been sailing a year or so.

He was coming up from Catalina one day, with a load of guests aboard, and a fog rising. Fifteen miles out, he got a bearing on the sea gate (there's an artificial sea wall at Long Beach, with a 200-yard opening) and then the fog closed in, thick and grey and wet.

Now, Dana's no navigator. He couldn't see twenty feet in front of him, and the wheel was icy in his hands, but he was sweating.

Once in a while, someone would approach him. "Will we make it?" He could sense the panic; his own fear was sizeable.

"Don't worry," he'd say. "Go back, and don't worry."

When he caught sight of the harbor lights, the Katherine was already passing safely through the gate. It's a piece of work he's proud of.

He had another close shave, too. It was his first trip out alone with his brother, Bill, and they'd forgotten to look at the storm warnings, before they left.

Naturally, a storm came up.

Dana was working furiously, and Bill came back, laughing. "I've been sitting on the bowsprit," he said. "It's the dryest part of the boat."

He hadn't any more than finished the sentence, when the bowsprit went under a ten-foot wave.

The brothers looked at each other, and laughed shakily. "Good to see you," Dana said.

Bill coughed. "Glad to be here."

Bill's a handsome blond boy, six feet tall. He went into the army, right out of high school, and when he was through with the service, Dana lured him to California.

He's going to UCLA now, and getting a little more accustomed to the ways of Hollywood.

In the beginning, he was hopelessly confused. He'd hear Dana talking on the phone to some girl at the studio. "Thank you, sweetheart," Dana'd be saying.

Bill would look at him strangely. "You know her that well?"

The day he heard Charlie Feldman,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In June of last year, Ingrid Bergman toured Europe with the Jack Benny troupe, entertaining U. S. soldiers. My company was privileged to have one man dine with Miss Bergman at Traunstein, Germany. The lucky individual, whose name had been drawn out of a helmet, was a 36-year-old farmer from the Ozarks of Missouri. During the dinner, I looked over to their table and saw the two of them holding an extensive conversation. "M-m-m, he's getting all the latest Hollywood news from Bergman," I thought. Later that night, I asked him what news he had of the film world. "Nothin'," he replied. "We had a wonderful talk about my six children. She must be a fine mother!"

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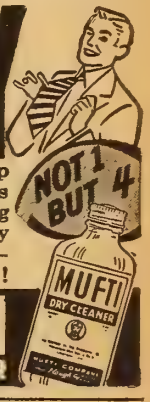

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Dana's agent, call Dana "baby," he gave up. It's tough, for a guy from Texas.

Bill stayed with Dana and Mary for a while, but now he lives in Santa Monica, in a little house out in back of Mary's parents' place.

He got himself into a play at college, and Dana and Mary caught a performance. It gave Dana a shock.

Off-stage, Bill seems very adult. He's been in the army; he's seen a lot. On-stage— "Why, he's only a kid," Dana whispered to Mary. "He's so damn young!"

Mary giggled. "Keep still, Grandpa."

Bill and Dana have another brother in the neighborhood. He's Charles Andrews, vice-principal of Poly-Technic High School in Long Beach. He's a bright man, but awfully modest.

Several months ago, he told Dana a story idea. "I think possibly I'll write it some day," he said.

Dana was enthusiastic. "It sounds terrific." But Dana also knew brother Charles. He needs pins stuck in him.

Being on friendly terms with MacKinlay Kantor, because of *Best Years of Our Lives*, and respecting Mr. Kantor's opinions, Dana thought he'd like to have Mr. Kantor hear Charles' idea.

The problem was, where to get Mr. Kantor so he couldn't walk away.

The solution was obvious: the boat. Dana slyly invited Mr. Kantor for a sail, and Mr. Kantor came on down, and they all set off.

"Charles has an idea for a story," Dana began. "You want to go on up and listen to it?"

Mr. Kantor laughed. "Do I have to?"

"Sure," Dana said. "There's no place else to go but overboard."

Mr. Kantor went up and talked to Charles. When he came back, he was a different man. "It's wonderful!" he said. "Make him do something with it."

Dana tried for a long time. Charles would just listen, and look agreeable and say, "Oh, I don't know if I could write it or not."

After a while, they dropped the whole subject. And then when Dana was in Vermont, he got a letter from Bennett Cerf.

"I had lunch the other day with MacKinlay Kantor," Cerf wrote, "and he told me of an idea your brother had. I'm interested, and I wonder if you'd please send me your brother's address."

Dana sent Charles' address to Mr. Cerf. He also sent Mr. Cerf's letter to Charles, along with a piece of paper saying, "See what I mean?"

Cerf wrote Charles, and then, when he came out on a visit, he saw him, and that did it. Charles is really going to start working, now. He's already been granted a leave of absence from school, and Dana is beating on him.

"You can do it," he keeps telling him, and Charles undoubtedly can. The Andrews family is loaded with talent. Take Dana's son, David. Thirteen years old, and he makes radios.

There's a little house out in the back yard that Dana had thought would make a nice, orderly shop. When David got through installing his varied equipment, the only orderly thing left was the walls. He comes home with these enormous pieces of junk that he finds lying in the streets.

Dana looks at him sternly. "David, *what* are you going to do with *that*? Isn't the place cluttered enough?"

"I'm going to make a radio," his son says seriously.

And two days later, David will call Dana from the house. "Daddy, I'm broadcasting."

Dana can neither encourage nor defeat him. His own knowledge of radio is confined to the fact that he thinks it's nice.

There was the time the very correct-looking gentleman came up to the house, looking for Mr. Andrews.

"I'm Mr. Andrews," Dana said, waiting.

The gentleman held out his hand. "I'm from the FCC. You registered a complaint about a short-wave broadcaster using the same frequency as KNX—"

At which point David broke in on the scene. "I did it," he said. KNX is the Columbia Broadcasting System's outlet for Los Angeles, and one night, when David was tinkering around with his set, he'd picked up a ham broadcast using the KNX frequency, which is strictly illegal. It irritated David, so he phoned the authorities.

mr. andrews, jr. . . .

The authorities—at least those vested in the person of the correct-looking gentleman—tried not to smile.

"You want to see my shop?" David asked him.

"The boy knows exactly what he's doing," the gentleman told Dana later.

Dana grinned. "All I know is that we've got a $400 radio inside, and his plays better."

All told, they're rather nice kids—maybe because Mary and Dana are such a wonderful combination. They're not Hollywood, in the glittery sense, and all they ask of friends is a reasonable amount of intelligence, and a reasonable lack of affectation.

She and Dana share an enormous curiosity about people, but hers isn't as far-reaching as his.

She'll meditate about that, when they're going home from a party. "So-and-so was awfully dull. How could you talk to him so long?"

"Nobody's dull," he says. "If you try to find out what makes 'em tick."

"But you want to find out everything about everybody," she says. "You never go to sleep."

It's nearly true, too.

Not Mary, though. One cocktail before dinner, and right after dessert, Mary retires to the den, and falls asleep.

When she wakes up, he's sitting there watching her. "My fascinating wife."

"I'm sorry," she says humbly, not meaning a word of it, and then she goes off into gales of laughter. "I forgot to show you what I found on the floor today. Some of Kathy's art-work."

It turns out to be nothing more than a couple of scribbled lines on a piece of paper, but it's the funniest thing Mary ever saw.

Sometimes Dana thinks it's that humor, constant and fresh and deep, that he loves best in Mary. Sometimes he thinks it's her honesty, or her lack of sophistication, or her curiosity. Sometimes he knows it's everything she is.

"That girl," he says in wonder. "I'm dead for that girl."

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Of course, we think ALL our stories are tops this month—but it's you readers who really decide. Your opinion—multiplied by thousands—is what keeps MODERN SCREEN alive. That's why we're anxious as ever to have you fill in the Questionnaire below and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY. We still have 500 FREE three-months subscriptions (July, August, September issues) waiting for the first 500 answers we receive!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Papa Flynn (*Errol Flynn*) ..... ☐
Rita Explains (*Rita Hayworth*) *by Hedda Hopper* ..... ☐
You Can't Say That About Bing' (*Bing Crosby*) *by Billy Rose* ... ☐
Secret Heart (*June Haver*) ..... ☐
Family Circle (*Dana Andrews*) ... ☐
Star Light, Star Bright (*Guy Madison*) ..... ☐
Van Heflin, That Is ..... ☐
Everything With Trick Endings (*Peter Lawford*) ..... ☐
John Lund Life Story (*Concluded*) . ☐
Time On My Hands (*Glenn Ford*) . ☐
Call Me Mama (*Deanna Durbin*) .. ☐
Let This Be For Always (*Kathryn Grayson-Johnnie Johnston*) .... ☐
Life Can Be Beautiful (*William Holden*) ..... ☐
Gay Blade (*Cornel Wilde*) ..... ☐
Cary, Cary, Quite Contrary (*Cary Grant*) ..... ☐
Blessed Event (*Olivia De Havilland*) ..... ☐
Holiday! (*Bob Mitchum*) ..... ☐
Best Year of His Life (*Fredric March*) ..... ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ..... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

.....

My name is .....

My address is .....

City ..... Zone ..... State ..... I am ..... years old

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Now! The Miracle Shampoo that lets your hair Shine like the Stars!

IDA LUPINO, glamorous Hollywood star, says: "It's simply wonderful the way new Drene brings out *all* the brilliance in my hair." Now . . . you, too, can have hair that shines like the stars.

For this amazing shampoo discovery brings out *all* the glorious brilliance . . . awakens *all* the natural highlights . . . reveals *all* the shimmering lustre that may now be hidden by dulling soap film. Yes! You can have hair that shines like the stars, tonight . . . if you take Ida Lupino's advice, and shampoo with new, improved Drene, today!

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FOR ALL TYPES OF HAIR

july 15c

modern screen

HER WILLIAMS

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DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE

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SHE FEELS AS THO' SHE'S LIVING A DREAM —

but her wedding veil just came, the ring's on her finger, her heart's going bumpety-bump! It's been a whole month since Bill proposed to her, but she can still feel his fingers on her arm... still see the look on his face when he said, "Darling, there's such a haunting fragrance about you — I want you near me forever!" Lucky girl! She's glad she used Lander's Lilacs and Roses talc that night! It's exciting fragrance helped make Bill hers!

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For the Talc that Tempts

FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING
NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

JUN -8 1947

Make a wish! Little Bette Daly (third from the left), just four years old, may well wish that she grows up to be as pretty as her Mommy. Read why she's well on her way toward having her "model" mother's sparkling smile!

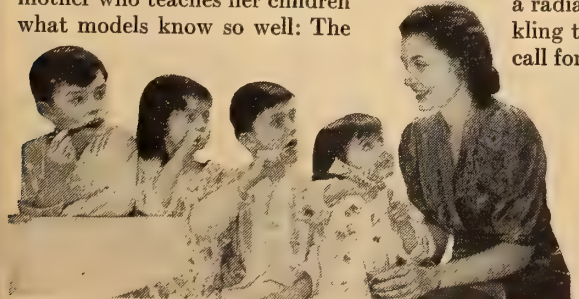
Betty Daly is a Model Mother—five times over!

She safeguards the future smiles of not one, not two, but five little Dalys!

PROBABLY you've met Betty Daly. In newsreel fashion revues, smiling at you from under John-Frederics' newest creation. Or modeling a smart little $15,000 mink number.

Now meet the *real* Betty Daly—mother of 3 boys, 2 girls! A "model" mother who teaches her children what models know so well: The importance of a smile. The older Daly children, in fact, already follow Betty's prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

For this Jackson Heights, N. Y. mother knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for healthy gums.



Jere, Joan, Jackie and Bette hear Mrs. Daly explain proper care of teeth and gums. Among adults, sensitive gums, "pink tooth brush," are signs to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Product of Bristol-Myers

Peace and quiet descend on the Daly household after this nightly workout. Nightly, the Daly gums, too, get a workout—with Ipana and gentle massage. For Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums become firmer . . . teeth brighter . . . smiles more sparkling.

Firmer gums, brighter teeth—with Ipana and Massage

JULY, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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The greatest star of the screen!

"LIVING IN A BIG WAY" is not a bad idea.

★ ★ ★ ★

It involves embracing life. Recommended for those who like embracing.

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M-G-M's new musical, "Living in a Big Way" will make you merrier. It may make you live in an even bigger way.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gene Kelly and Marie McDonald are the "Boy-meets-Girl" of this hearty, happy picture.

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Gene is the shiniest dancer—the best "timer" of scenes—and, to our and the public's mind, one of the very top stars in pictures. He has never been better, not even in "Anchors Aweigh". How the boy can dance!

★ ★ ★ ★

What originality characterizes his dance plots! The scene in which he does a terpsichorean routine on the girders of an unfinished dream-house is worth your week's movie allowance.

★ ★ ★

He teeters on a block and tackle, totters on ladders. Sure-footed, sure-fire Gene!

★ ★ ★

Marie McDonald has been bruited about a bit in the columns. She is known as "The Body". Her curves are classic and where she walks one hears a whistle.

★ ★ ★

In addition to Gene and Marie, you will see Charles Winninger, Phyllis Thaxter, Spring Byington, and others.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gregory La Cava, the director, is also the author, collaborating with Irving Ravetch. Pandro S. Berman, one of our better producers, is the producer.

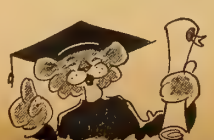
★ ★ ★ ★

When William James, the philosopher, was asked, "Is life worth living?" he said, "It all depends on the liver".

★ ★ ★ ★

And if the liver is "living in a big way", then life has its worth. So roareth the Lion among philosophers—

—Leo



LIVING IN A BIG WAY

When a gal who's got curves... meets a guy who's got angles... it's loving ...laughing... living in a big way!

M-G-M's new, gay, tip-topical musical!

starring

GENE KELLY with Marie McDonald

CHARLES WINNINGER · PHYLLIS THAXTER · SPRING BYINGTON

A GREGORY LA CAVA PRODUCTION

Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA · Original story by GREGORY LA CAVA and IRVING RAVETCH · Screen play by GREGORY LA CAVA · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE · Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

stop smearing sinatra!

by ed sullivan

■ Basically, I am a gentle man. And so my heart goes out to some of the more hop-headed columnists who have been making a living out of dancing on Frank Sinatra's narrow chest. I can't help thinking regretfully that there must be safer, cleaner ways of holding your circulation.

I write a bit of a column myself, and I've learned that one good technique for avoiding a good punch in the eye is to follow facts—not twist them.

Take, for instance the case against Frank Sinatra. He's been accused recently of (1) being a 4-F (2) having a permit to carry a gun (3) having met Lucky Luciano in Cuba (4) being a Communist. The facts are that Frank has always been an outspoken foe of Communism, that hundreds of thousands of good Americans had been rated 4-F, that Sinatra was within his legal rights in getting a gun permit, that all performers who've ever worked in night clubs are bound to know underworld characters. I've bumped into some of the choicest of them myself!

I don't like to pin any kind of medal on Lee Mortimer, entertainment columnist for the N. Y. Daily Mirror, but I've got to admit he stands at the head of the list of Frank's detractors.

For two years or more, this Mortimer had hitched his wagon to the Sinatra star, clinging tenaciously to the Sinatra coattails—not as a rooter, but as a heckler. When heckling drew no response from the victim, Mortimer grew bolder and more vicious.

When Sinatra returned from an overseas tour of entertainment, and criticized some of the Special Service officers whose officiousness had aroused the antagonism of Ed (Archie) Gardner and other performers, Mortimer attacked Sinatra as though Frank were a blood-relative of Benedict Arnold. With no sense of proportion, and completely lacking in good taste, Mortimer characterized Sinatra as "the 4-F who waited until hostilities had ended before going overseas." This was not

(*Continued on page 72*)

Lifting Your Heart to the Highlands of Adventure...

with the endearing charm of young love!

BOB, Son of Battle

in Technicolor

The call of adventure rings out across the hills and glens! Surging with the warm spirit of the classic millions have read and loved!

Starring

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From the producers of "Smoky" and "My Friend Flicka"

20th CENTURY-FOX ACTION HIT!

Directed by LOUIS KING · Produced by ROBERT BASSLER

Screen Play by Jerome Cady · Based on the Novel by Alfred Ollivant

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Sterling Hayden and Betty De Noon, Pasadena socialite, were married near Santa Barbara on April 25. They honeymooned aboard Sterling's schooner, the "Quest."

Although Rory Calhoun squired starlet Myrna Dell to the Decca party, Barbara Hinsdale, ranch heiress, is the reason he spends all his weekends down at Laguna Beach.

Gail Russell and Guy Madison, shown here at a Decca Records party, wear their riding clothes everywhere. Guy—the softy—has given her a heart-shaped locket. Latest grapevine gossip: they'll elope any day!

I printed that Greer Garson and Richard Ney had reconciled and that they'd had dinner together at the hospitable home of Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, and they were together every night for a week.

Never did a lover woo a lady more assiduously or persistently than Richard.

I talked with him when I was in New York and he said, "I still love her. I'll never love any other woman." But Richard has learned his lesson and he talks little.

Later, I talked with Lady Mendl, who had brought the estranged couple together. She said, "There are a lot of adjustments, but it's all settled, I am happy to say."

I think if this reconciliation fails at this stage, it will perhaps be because Richard

Jack Benny's famous quartette warms up for its historic commercial: Dennis Day, Andy Russell, Dick Haymes and Bing Crosby.

has been too broken-hearted in his efforts to get her back. A little independence might have helped, it sometimes does. But he's always wearing his heart on his sleeve, and when he went out with girls in New York, it was with a different girl every night.

Greer, who denied that they had reconciled, did not deny that they had been discussing going back together. She said, "Nothing is definitely settled." Which means at this writing that if they're not together, you might as well say they never will be.

One thing that Greer felt about Richard was his complete immaturity. She wanted him to grow up. He's a great big kid, but he has a sweetness that's hard to resist.

I think that if Greer gets a good picture soon, and feels happy in her career, that she'll have a different viewpoint on her marriage.

Richard told me that she was very unhappy over her career, and she, herself, told me that she realized she was a difficult person when she was working.

I can say one thing for Greer, though. She certainly hasn't been difficult about practically re-making *A Woman of My Own.* It isn't easy for a star to go back over a production that has had so much bad luck in the original filming. She's cooperated in every way.

* * *

I predict right now that Michael North will be your next Dream Boat when *The Unsuspected.* is released He has a lot of Alan Ladd's charm—only in a Michael North way.

As Ted North, he made several movies—but this is his first biggie. Not long ago, he and Mary Beth Hughes were divorced, so he is one of the few eligible males in town—and how the gals are chasing him.

I could give some of these belles a tip! He's not a boy to be obviously pursued. The other evening, at a cocktail party, I watched a bit of by-play out of the corner of my eye.

One of the most glamorous girls in Hollywood had eyed Mike from the moment of his entrance and had stalked him like a Big Game hunter from room to room.

When he finally called a taxi, in desperation, she cooed, "Oh, I'm leaving, too. Is

your taxi going my way, do you suppose?"

"Oh, I'm sure it will go anywhere," said Mike. "Go ahead and take it. I'll wait for another."

So what could the poor huntress do—but let him escort her to the empty cab?

Just another case of a male preferring tc do his own stalking!

* * *

After a month in New York (my first jaunt in over two years), I've made a couple of pertinent observations about movie life—East vs. West Coast.

First, Hollywood stars do NOT behave the same in New York as they do in Hollywood. I don't mean, better or worse. Just *different.*

Second, the social events are certainly not Hollywood's way of tossing parties.

Perhaps, it's just the change in locale and settings that brings on a change in personalities and events. But these things I noticed:

Victor Mature, who is "Mr. Stay-At-Home" himself in Hollywood, was back night clubbing every night with a different gal on his arm. And he was back "wising" with the "cracks" again, too. Whether this will carry over on his return to Hollywood after making New York scenes for *Kiss of Death,* I wouldn't be knowing.

Jennifer Jones, who is very conservative in Hollywood, was a fashion show-stopper in almost everything she wore in the Big Town. One night, in the Stork Club, she caught every eye in a hat that was nothing more or less than a glorified lace baby cap!

Helmut Dantine, a thoroughly moody guy who looks permanently unhappy in movietown, was a gay blade around New York if I ever saw one, raving about everything from the weather to Tallulah Bankhead with whom he appeared in *The Eagle Has Two Heads.*

Joe Cotten, who wears slacks constantly on the Coast, was dressed up like a rival for Adolphe Menjou every time I saw him in New York.

Gene Tierney, who gave or attended few parties in Hollywood, is getting sooooo social in the East.

And I'm willing to bet you dollars to peanuts, that James Mason and his wife, who have irritated the entire Eastern press will completely charm the Hollywood scribes when they land there several months from now.

* * *

As for the movie parties—the New York brand are neither as elaborate nor as novel as the Hollywood variety. My husband's illness at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore brought me East, and the little man on the flying trapeze was no giddier than I commuting between Baltimore and New York, trying to cover the movie and social news—so I'm speaking from first hand impressions.

Perhaps the largest was given for Charlie Chaplin and his young wife, Oona, at the famous 21. I had had an after-the-theater supper earlier with Mr. and Mrs. James Mason

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Now that Joan's divorce from Phil Terry is final, Hollywood is watching the Crawford romance sweepstakes with renewed interest. When Joan showed up at the Mocambo with Steve Crane, Lana Turner's ex, tongues wagged furiously.

HE CALLED HIMSELF "THE POET"

...and he signed his name in lead!

DENNIS
MORGAN
EXCITINGLY TEAMED WITH
JANE
WYMAN

WARNER SMASH!

CHEYENNE

WHERE A MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE RAN A CITY WITHOUT A SOUL!

co-starring
JANIS PAIGE · BRUCE BENNETT

Every eye in Cheyenne is on her as she sings "CHEYENNE" "SO IN LOVE"

DIRECTED BY RAOUL WALSH · PRODUCED BY ROBERT BUCKNER

ALAN HALE · ARTHUR KENNEDY

Screen Play by Alan LeMay and Thames Williamson • From a Story by Paul I. Wellman • Music by Max Steiner

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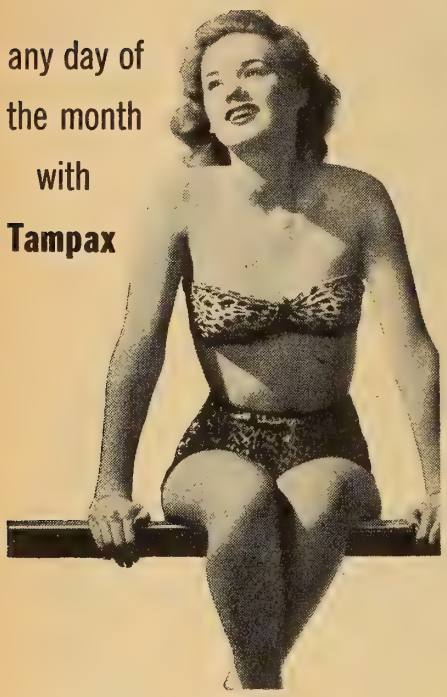


BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Looks like the John Paynes are due to hit the jack-pot any second now! On vacation in Las Vegas, Glo announced she'll quit the screen.

Red Skelton, who's a brand-new father, sniffs real flowers atop Dorothy Lamour's hat. That "serious" operation of Dot's was—adenoids!

and suggested that they go on with me to meet the Chaplins.

The entrance of the Masons, both wearing tweed suits, into the private dining room where all the women had on low-cut gowns and the gents were equally formal, was startling to put it mildly.

Charlie, who can be as charming as anyone I know when he isn't talking politics, delighted Mason when he said, "You are my wife's favorite actor. When Mrs. Chaplin hears you are here, she is going to be delighted." Mason sincerely returned the compliment by saying he had long been an admirer of the Chaplin movies.

Gene Tierney had on a fascinating greenish dress which she promptly told me was designed by her estranged husband, Oleg Cassini. There have been rumors that Oleg and Gene would kiss and make up—and just between us, I wouldn't be surprised. Meantime, he's running true to type—being seen everywhere with a girl who looks so much like Gene, everyone thinks it's his lovely ex-wife's hand he's holding at the night spots.

* * *

Everybody's kidding me about my crush on James Mason—particularly after several potshots I'd taken at him both in my column and on the air before I met him! I, as the saying goes, don't care.

The Masons are completely charming even if they do have cats all over the place—at their New York apartment and their country home—and I'm not a cat fancier, myself. They politely put up the felines whenever I came visiting.

I have a private hunch that the Masons are completely at sea about life in Hollywood. They prodded me with question after question and seem to think that Hollywood parties are as fabulous as the old orgies of Babylon.

They'll find out!

One thing Mason believes, and no one can change his mind about, is that actors should not get too close to the public—spoils illusions, and all that sort of thing that went out of our American publicity methods with the Ark. Anyway, it's funny that with all our differences of opinion and the many things I said chiding him—we really like each other.

* * *

The big gossip every place I go is, "Do Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr like one another? Or are the two English queens of M-G-M feuding?"

There's no sense kidding anybody that they are close pals. (*Continued on page 114*)

RKO PRESENTS

CARY GRANT · MYRNA LOY · SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Cary's Wary!

Fabulously funny affairs of a bobby-soxer who latches on to a reluctant bachelor...and a jealous lady judge who leaves the bench for a game of love!

THE *Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*

with

RUDY VALLEE · RAY COLLINS · HARRY DAVENPORT · JOHNNY SANDS

A **DORE SCHARY** PRODUCTION

Directed by **IRVING REIS** · Original Story and Screenplay by **SIDNEY SHELDON**

RKO RADIO PICTURES

the truth about helen walker

The headlines gave you one picture of a tragic automobile smash-up. Here's the real story of what happened to a gallant girl—who fought for her life in more ways than one.

by valerie sloan
special Modern Screen reporter

■A few years ago I met a young actress from Worcester, Mass. She had just been signed by Paramount and was trying to be neither naïve nor fresh. As we talked over the luncheon table, I was impressed by one bit of conversation.

"My family," she said, "was always poor. You'd say we didn't have a biscuit. My father died when I was four, but I always remember mother telling me that he had an important position. He worked in a grocery store and was the manager. It was a point of pride with us, even though he had only one employee working under him."

Believe it or not, such conversation is unusual. Most young ladies, on being initiated to Hollywood, are careful to conceal any biographical information which would tend to show that their parents were not the élite of the home town.

Hence, in a town widely known for its "different" people, Helen Walker has not seemed at all unusual to me. I liked her at once and I still do. That's why, on picking up my newspaper, on New Year's Day, and reading of the accident in which a young soldier was killed when the car Helen was driving turned over, I didn't send her a wire. I told myself that a girl with eight severe fractures wouldn't appreciate it anyway. (*Continued on page 117*)

BARBARA

STANWYCK

and DAVID

NIVEN

in the daring unpublished story by

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

who wrote "Arch of Triumph"

THE other LOVE

Presented by

ENTERPRISE STUDIOS

with

RICHARD CONTE

GILBERT ROLAND • JOAN LORRING • LENORE AUBERT • MARIA PALMER
NATALIE SCHAFER • Screen Play by Ladislas Fodor and Harry Brown
Adapted from the short story "Beyond" by Erich Maria Remarque
Directed by ANDRE de TOTH • A DAVID LEWIS Production

A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

dorothy kilgallen selects "the egg and I"

■ Laughter is a lovely sound at the end of a long, hard day, and therefore, I can think of no more felicitous method of forgetting the boss's grouch or the customers' complaints than a nice relaxing evening on the audience end of *The Egg And I.*

It's a darling picture.

It has quantities of fun in it. It makes fun of the rich and fun of the poor. It pokes a humor stick at the stingy, the slattern, the queer, the cautious, the timid, the pixilated, the haughty, the absolutely nuts.

Perhaps you know what to expect when girl meets egg—I didn't. I had not read the book, but any book that produced *The Egg And I* must have had more in it than yokes—it had yaks. It had a wonderfully accurate insight into the mind of a city fellow who yearns, with all the unbridled poetry of his pin-striped soul, for the good earth and the feel of the land—and it had an obviously first-hand and still painful knowledge of the trials of a city girl married to such a man. Or I never would have laughed until I cried when Claudette Colbert fell into the mud with the pig.

The Egg And I is a very funny picture.

Try to (*Continued on page 108*)

All the MacDonalds knew about chickens was that you could scramble their eggs. But then Bob (Fred MacMurray) decided he and his bride (she's Claudette Colbert) should live on a farm. Because it's such a healthy, simple life . . .

Are you in the know?

How would you discourage this?

- ☐ *Keep a cool head*
- ☐ *Tell him off*
- ☐ *Let your hair down*

When he gives that wayward wisp a tug — why rant? Or wear a warm, longish mane? Keep a cool head. Twine stubborn strands around two straight hairpins, and everything's under control. You can master other trying situations, too. At certain times, for instance, by choosing Kotex you can be sure of extra protection from that exclusive *safety center*. And you're so at ease with that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt. So snug! So smooth-fitting! No binding!

How can a newcomer find new friends?

- ☐ *Just sit and wait*
- ☐ *Go where they are*
- ☐ *Play hard to know*

You're a new gal in town? Don't let ol' rockin' chair get you. Go where the crowd goes: tennis courts, local ball games, church socials. You'll find friends by joining the fun . . . *whatever* the day of the month. Let Kotex befriend you; keep you cloud-deep in comfort. For Kotex is a softie at heart, with a *loyal* kind of softness (this napkin's made to *stay soft while you wear it.*) You'll be comfortable hours longer. What a welcome "plus" for your poise!

If you're a budgeteen, would you buy—

- ☐ *A good mink*
- ☐ *A "bargain" beaver*
- ☐ *A magnificent mouton*

You drool for mink, but it's too rich for your budget? Well . . . it's smart to select the coat best suited to your problem. Just as on problem *days*, it's smart to select Kotex — because only Kotex offers you a choice of *3 sizes* to help you find the napkin that exactly meets your needs: Regular, Junior or Super Kotex. So too, when buying furs, choose what's best for *you*. In short, take the very finest mouton—rather than a third-rate beaver.

What brings out a suntan best?

- ☐ *A smart beret-beach-bag*
- ☐ *A white bask-ground*
- ☐ *A hot bath*

Beauty and the Beach *can* go together. Consider the sharp new beret shown here — that shakes into a beach-bag! (Neat?) You can wear it with confidence. On "calendar days" you can wear any beach togs without a shadow of a doubt — thanks to Kotex. Because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent "outlines" from tattling. And while you're sunning, remember this: Bask on a white sheet or towel. It's shadowless . . . brings out a suntan best.

More women choose KOTEX

than all other sanitary napkins

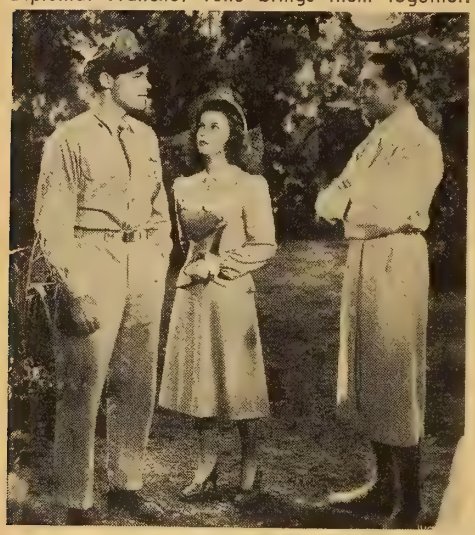
A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX* NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

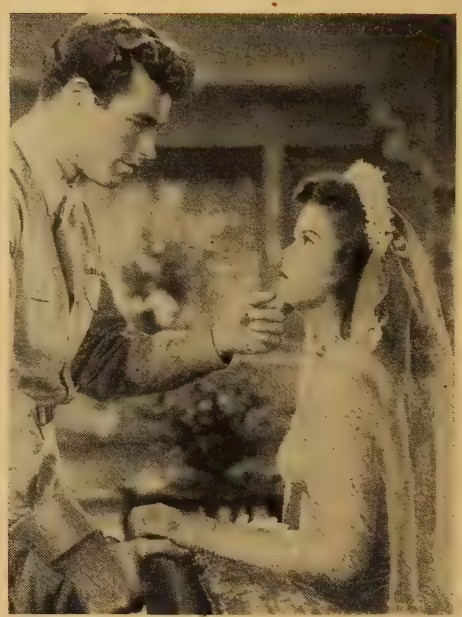
movie reviews

by virginia wilson

Guy Madison and Shirley Temple come to Mexico to be married—and nearly lose each other. Diplomat Franchot Tone brings them together.



After they bump heads in a pool, Shirley decides Franchot is the "fascinating older man" type she prefers to Guy. But Tone's engaged to Lina Romay and has no intention of cradle-robbing.



When Guy finds out about the pool accident, he brings Shirley to her senses—by dunking her in the pool himself! And so they are married . . .

HONEYMOON

■ Take the prettiest girl in the United States, played by Shirley Temple. And the handsomest man—that's Guy Madison. Get them engaged, and have them plan to be married in Mexico City. Then throw every possible complication in the way, and you'll have a picture called "Honeymoon." You'll also have a fine time.

Barbara (Shirley Temple) has dreamed for most of her almost-eighteen years of a wedding with dozens of bridesmaids, a long white satin gown, and the biggest cake in the world. But when Phil (Guy Madison), who's stationed in the Canal Zone, wires her to meet him in Mexico City and be married, she just packs a bag and takes the next train. But Phil's plane is grounded.

And so there's no one to meet Barbara, no place to stay, no nothing. She bursts in on the American Consulate, and tells its trouble-shooter, Flanner (Franchot Tone), her tale of woe. She even shows him a picture of "Phillsie-love" and then bursts into tears. Later she faints from lack of food, and Flanner takes her to lunch.

It's sad but true that in this world a good deed never goes unpunished. Flanner is engaged to a charming Mexican named Raquel (Lina Romay). Her father sees him lunching with Barbara. Raquel's best friend sees him dancing with Barbara—just to cheer her up, of course. He has to break a date with Raquel so he can take Barbara around Mexico City looking for Phil, who has arrived and is making a search for his girl.

When Phil finds her, things just go from bad to worse. They have no health certificates and the doctors are all at a medical conference. And on top of that, the dear girl decides she's in love with Flanner! It's a good thing Phil knows jiu-jitsu.—*RKO*

(Continued on page 18)

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials give skin fresh new Loveliness"

MARSHA HUNT

Star of United Artists' "CARNEGIE HALL"

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

"I always use Lux Soap for complexion care," says Marsha Hunt. "Smooth the fragrant lather well in. Rinse with warm water, then cold. Pat dry with a towel."

"Skin is softer, smoother—*looks* so much fresher too!" In recent tests of these facials by skin specialists, 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

"IT'S SO WONDERFUL the way Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother—give appealing new loveliness!" says fascinating Marsha Hunt.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Try this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care Marsha Hunt recommends. It will make *you* lovelier tonight!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—*Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

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65 PLEASURE PLANNED VACATION TOURS

Travel Trailways...Thrill to a Perfect Low-Cost Vacation. Enjoy America at "Scenery Level"

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5 DAYS from $29
7 DAYS from $42
14 DAYS from $95
20 DAYS or longer from ... $124
TAX NOT INCLUDED

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Trailways *Pleasure-Planned* Tours include transportation, fine hotels and de luxe sight-seeing. Start any day you like—follow a regular itinerary or arrange stop-overs to suit you. Travel by yourself or with your own small group. There's no better way of seeing America. Mail coupon for complete details.

FUN... ADVENTURE... ROMANCE!

Exciting days, romantic nights, watching America's spectacular beauty... her mountains, beaches and famous cities, while enjoying the friendly atmosphere and comfortable accommodations aboard a big Trailways luxury liner. For good times, good friends and grand memories, take a Pleasure-Planned Tour. It's low cost... easy on the budget... shows you more... takes you farther... gives you extra spending money.

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Please send me free folder of tours as checked:
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Address.....
City & Zone..... *State*.....

FIESTA

The most exciting thing to come out of Mexico since the jumping bean is Ricardo Montalban, who plays Esther Williams' twin brother in *Fiesta*. Besides this discovery-of-the-month, you will see the lovely Esther as a bull-fighter (honest!), plus plenty of music and Technicolor.

The greatest matador in Mexico used to be Antonio Morales (Fortunio Bonanova). When injuries force his retirement, he concentrates all his hopes on his son, Mario (Ricardo Montalban). Mario is much more interested in music, but he obediently learns the technique from his father. So does his twin sister, Maria (Esther Williams), who handles a cape expertly herself.

On the evening preceding the twins' twenty-first birthday, there is great excitement at the Morales hacienda. Next day Mario is to fight a bull under the exacting eyes of the great Barrios, manager from Mexico City. If he qualifies, he will be scheduled for a fight there in a few weeks.

Mario is calm about this prospect, but in a dither as to the fate of some musical compositions he has sent to the head of the Mexican Symphony Orchestra. Actually, news comes on his birthday that they have been accepted. But Senor Morales, fearful of anything which might deflect his son's interest from bull-fighting, keeps it a secret. Mario fights well and is approved by Barrios.

Then, on the day of his great debut in Mexico City, he discovers what his father has done. Grimly disillusioned, he walks out of the ring, and is branded a coward by the crowd. Mario disappears completely and even Maria doesn't know where he is.

She postpones her wedding to Pepe (John Carroll) and goes off secretly to fight under the name of Mario. She hopes to avenge her brother's honor and also believes that he will come back when he hears about this.

Akim Tamiroff is good as an aging banderillero who helps the twins. Mary Astor is effective as their mother.—*M-G-M*

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

A college professor who comes out with the statement that women like to be bossed shouldn't be surprised at anything that happens to him thereafter. But Professor Gilbert Sedley (Ray Milland) is surprised when his statement gets in the newspaper. He's surprised when reporters won't let him alone. He's even more surprised when one of them turns out to be a pretty girl named Kate (Teresa Wright), who does not like to be bossed.

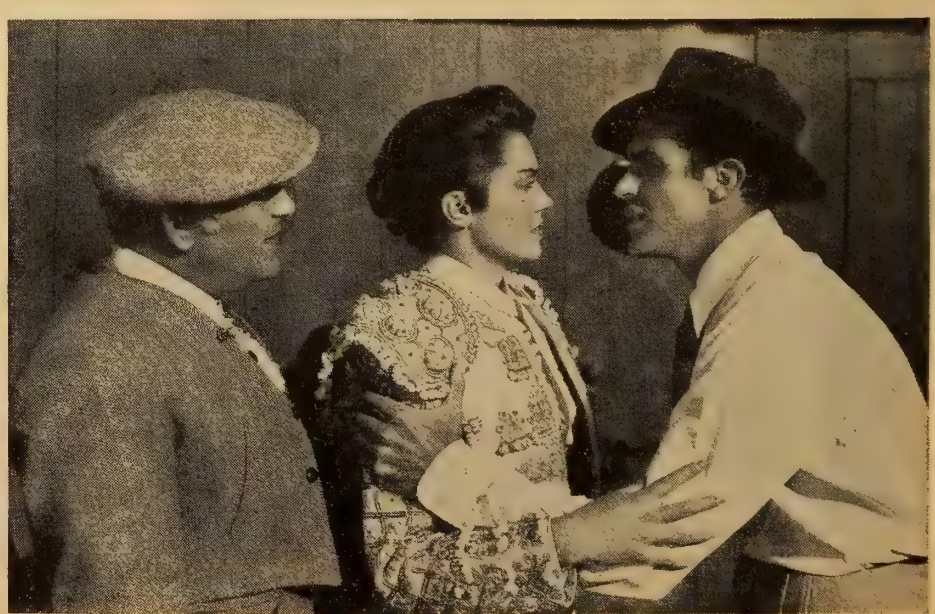
Gilbert has a fiancée, also professorial, Dean Agnes Meeler (Rose Hobart). But somehow Agnes has never had quite the effect on him that Kate does. Kate first meets him by pretending to be a maid bringing towels to his room. That was the only way she could get into the Men's Faculty Club. Her city editor, McBride (Brian Donlevy), has ordered her to get a story on Gilbert and McBride doesn't go for alibis.

While she's there, Gilbert's fiancée and a welcoming committee from the University show up. At that point, Gilbert and Kate are under the bed looking for his socks—a hard thing to explain to either a fiancée or a welcoming committee. And Gilbert infuriates Kate by ordering her to leave.

In order to get a story that will satisfy McBride, Kate bribes a man arrested for wife-beating to say it was Gilbert's theories which inspired him. This makes the front pages, natch, and Gilbert sues the paper for $300,000 libel. Kate thinks she can protect the paper by goading Gilbert into hitting her, thus proving he believes in violence. With a cameraman present, of course.

She enrolls in his new psychiatry class at the University and spends as much time with him as she can. This suits Gilbert fine, but pleases his fiancée less. "What I feel for this girl is just a temporary infatuation," Gilbert tells Agnes soothingly. "The more I see of her the sooner I'll get over it."

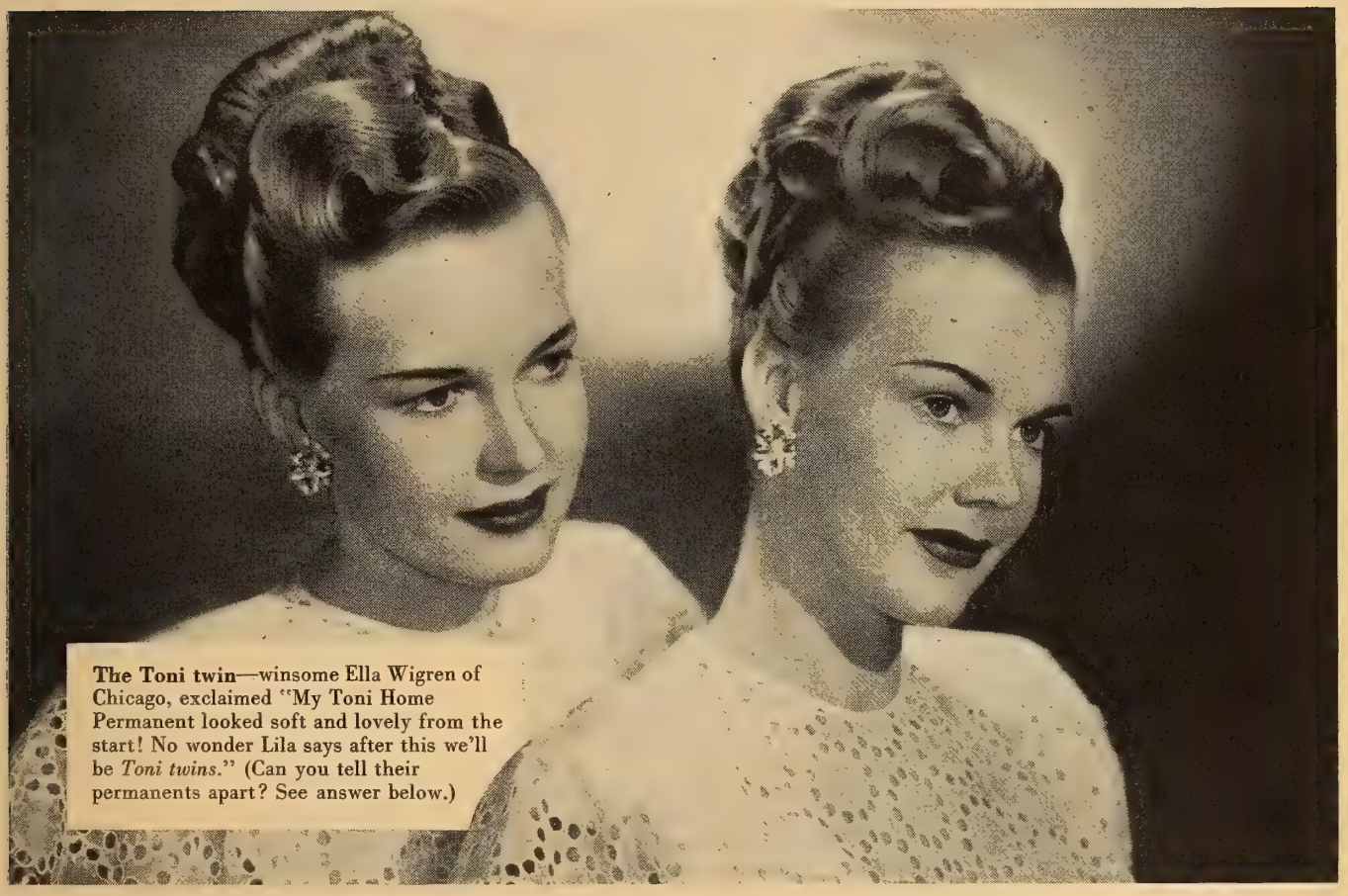
It's a good theory, but what has a theory got to do with a pretty girl like Kate?—*Par.*



Fiesta: The handsome bull-fighter is—Esther Williams! She's taken her twin brother's (Ricardo Montalban) place in the arena, which seems to upset brother Ricardo and Akim Tamiroff (left).

Which Twin has the *Toni?*

(and which has the beauty shop permanent?)



The Toni twin—winsome Ella Wigren of Chicago, exclaimed "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins.*" (Can you tell their permanents apart? See answer below.)

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Beautiful, deep, graceful waves — so smooth, so natural-looking. A Toni is truly lovely. And look how easy it is to give yourself a Toni Permanent—at home.

1. Roll your hair up on curlers (new Toni plastic curlers make it easier than ever). Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.

2. Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like for 2 to 3 hours.

3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Your wave is in — just the way you like it. By following the simple Toni directions you get the curl just as tight or as loose as you want. And your wonderful Toni wave is frizz-free from the start. For Toni Creme Lotion coaxes the hair into soft, graceful, easy-to-manage waves.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent — even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a beauty-shop permanent costing $15 or more. That's why — every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni. Take a tip from them and get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters.

Ella, the twin with the Toni is on the right above. Did you guess right?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers — but the wave stays in for months.

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers $2.00

Regular Kit with fiber curlers $1.25

Refill Kit complete except for curlers $1.00

TESTED AND COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

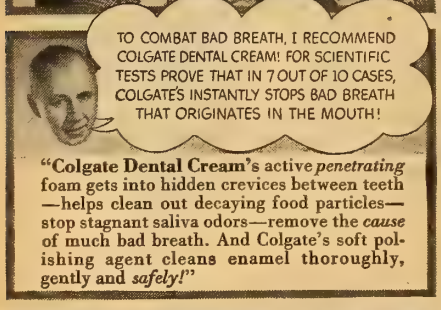
All prices plus tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada

Toni HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

Met Her on Sunday-
Lost Her on Monday!

JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THIS PERT PIGEON AND I WERE DEFINITELY ON THE BEAM. SHE FLEW! AND WHY? I ASK YOU, SIS, WHY?
EVER THINK OF THE BAD BREATH ANGLE? NO FOOLING, PETE, YOU OUGHT TO MAKE TRACKS FOR OUR DENTIST'S—BUT FAST!


TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"**Colgate Dental Cream's** active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

MONSIEUR VERDOUX

If you were a middle-aged widow, a little plump, a little vain, a little rich, you would be enchanted by Monsieur Verdoux (Charles Chaplin). Deliberately enchanted, for widows like that are his business. He pays them compliments, charms them, marries them, takes their money, and kills them. All with the greatest neatness and efficiency.

For thirty years, Monsieur Verdoux was a bank clerk. Then came the depression and he was fired without ceremony. Not young, with an invalid wife (Audrey Betz), whom he adores, and a small son to support, he casts about for a new business. He hits, quite coolly, upon murder. The murder of women for money. This necessitates leading a double, even a triple, life at times. It's all very tiring and a distinct nuisance. But no sacrifice is too great to make for one's family!

Speaking of families, he always tries to select victims without any. However, one of his "wives" has a brother and sister who are sufficiently concerned about her disappearance to go to the police. Gradually the authorities realize there is more than coincidence at work in the sudden vanishing of so many women of the same type in the same general region. No bodies are found, which makes a charge of murder difficult.

Meanwhile, Verdoux is concentrating on two new prospects. One he has already "married." Her name is Annabella (Martha Raye) and she's younger than most of his victims. Also more stubborn—hence, she still has her money, and her life. The other, Marie (Isabel Elsom) is older and richer. An ideal prospect, really. But courting her is costing more than Verdoux can afford—unless he can get Annabella's little nest egg.

This is quite different from Chaplin's earlier pictures, though there are flashes of the old, wonderful slapstick technique.—*U.A.*

THE OTHER LOVE

High up on a Swiss mountain top is a very de luxe sanitarium. Its newest patient is Karen Duncan (Barbara Stanwyck), famous concert pianist. Karen knows she has tuberculosis, but she hasn't much idea yet what that involves. Dr. Tony Stanton (David Niven) tries to break her into the new life gradually, but soon the iron discipline that's necessary for a cure clamps down around her.

Rest in the morning. Rest in the afternoon. Go to bed at nine. Don't work. Don't worry. Don't think. Even her precious piano is forbidden. But for a while Karen doesn't mind all this too much. She even comes to like the quiet, restful life, the happiness of an occasional drive to the village with Tony.

Then, one day, she meets a handsome racing car driver, Paul Claremont (Richard Conte). He doesn't know she's a patient at the sanitarium, and he urges her to meet him for dinner after the big race Sunday. She refuses and returns from the village in a glow of virtue.

She's greeted by Tony with bad news. He has looked at her latest X-rays. There are to be no more trips to the village for awhile. No more anything but rest. Karen's next-door neighbor, Celestine (Joan Lorring), urges her to rebel. "You can come in here at all hours if you bribe the night watchman," she says airily.

So Karen goes to the village surreptitiously to meet Paul. When she steals in again, very late, Celestine's body is just being taken out. The shock is too much for Karen. She is terrified suddenly of the sanitarium and all it implies. She rushes back to Paul and goes with him to Monte Carlo. She'll lead her own life from now on, no matter what happens.

You must see the picture to find out whether it's worth it.—*U.A.*

Monsieur Verdoux: Charles Chaplin is a charming deceiver, forced by loss of his job to murder a series of rich widows, in order to support his family. Martha Raye is one of the widows.

Cynthia: Elizabeth Taylor dreams out loud about junior prom. Mary Astor is her mother.

CYNTHIA

When you're sixteen, going to Junior Prom is the most important thing in the whole world. Sometimes parents understand this and sometimes they don't. With Cynthia (Elizabeth Taylor), it's divided. Her mother, Lou Bishop (Mary Astor), knows how she feels, but her father, Larry (George Murphy), calls it much ado about nothing. "There'll be other dances," he says, in what's meant to be a comforting tone.

Of course, the story really starts a long while before that Junior Prom. Before Cynthia was even born. It starts when Lou and Larry met at college, and fell in love. They made great plans for the future. Lou was going to Vienna to study music. Larry was going to become a doctor. Instead, they got married, and Cynthia came along, and they settled down in a little Mid-West town. Larry went to work in a hardware store, and Lou was too busy with housework and the baby to think about her music. But she is determined that Cynthia shall have the rich, full life she herself has missed.

Cynthia has always been delicate. Even now, at sixteen, she has to spend more time at the doctor's than out with the other kids. The doctor is her Uncle Fred (Gene Lockhart), and she hates the very sight of his office.

She's never had any boy friends. They know that if they ask her for a date, she'll be sure to have a cold or something and not be able to go. But when Ricky Latham (James Lydon) comes back from the Navy to finish high school, he doesn't know that. And he thinks Cynthia is cute.

When a couple of miracles fix it so he asks her to go to the Prom, you can see how important it is for her to go. You can see, but her father and Uncle Fred can't. That needs another miracle!—*M-G-M*

CHEYENNE

In Wyoming, in 1872, bandits were as common as jackrabbits. They had some mighty fancy names, though, like "The Poet" (Bruce Bennett) and "Sundance Kid" (Arthur Kennedy). Jim Wylie (Dennis Morgan), gentleman gambler, has been hired by the Wells-Fargo outfit to track down "The Poet." No one

Oh, yes—you look sweet enough to kiss!

But kisses mean close-ups, so guard your charm with Mum

THAT'S a smooth make-up job, Honey. On you it should catch a man's eye, steal his heart.

But even tempting lips hold no lure when a girl is guilty of underarm odor. So why take chances? Be *sure* you're sweet with Mum. Remember, a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

Mum checks perspiration odor

1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

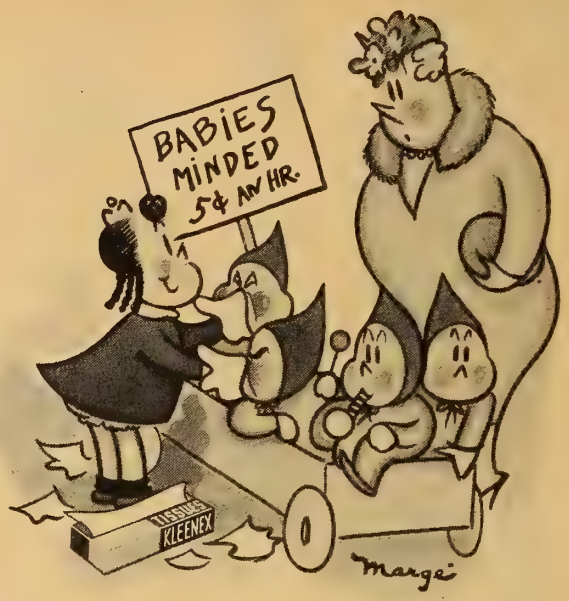
3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Product of Bristol-Myers

LITTLE LULU



"Just leave it to me and Kleenex, ma'am!"

Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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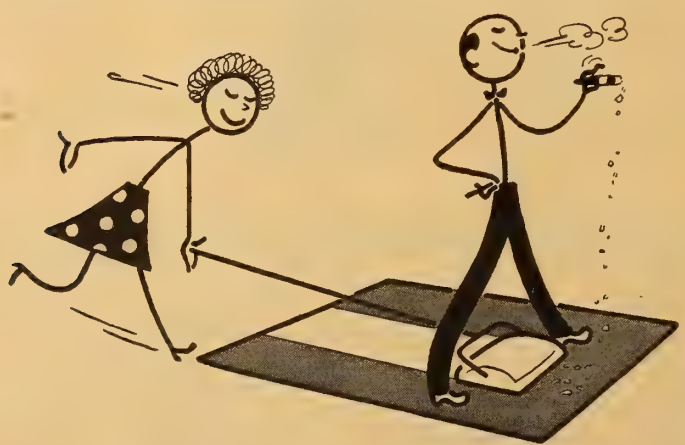


NO "BEAR DOWN" WITH NEW BISSELLS*!

New "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action sweeps clean without any pressure on the handle whatsoever!

Just roll this "BISSELL" sweeper lightly for perfect pick-up—on thick rugs or thin—under beds or under chairs! "Bisco-matic" does all the pressing down for you!

Available now in limited quantities at Bissell dealers only—complete with exclusive "Sta-up" Handle and the new, easier "Flip-O" Empty.

NEW BISSELL SWEEPERS

with patented "Bisco-matic" Brush Action

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFF.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

Cheyenne: Gentleman-gambler Dennis Morgan is out to get Jane Wyman's bandit-husband.

knows what the bandit looks like, but his hold-ups have been making quite a dent in the company's profits.

Jim takes the stagecoach from Laramie to Cheyenne, and sure enough, it's held up en route. This time it's Sundance's gang of desperadoes, but when they get the money box open, they find it's empty except for a bit of doggerel signed, "The Poet."

There are two girls on the coach with Jim. One is a dance-hall hostess, Emily (Janis Paige), and the other is Ann (Jane Wyman), whose past, present and future all seem rather mysterious.

That night, at a local gambling spot, Jim sees two of the men who held up the coach. He follows them and is led straight to the Sundance Kid himself. Jim bluffs, telling them that he is "The Poet." Sundance believes him and says, "Your wife is in the next room. She brought us your message." The "wife" is Ann, and to Jim's surprise, she doesn't deny that he's her husband.

He takes her home, and she tells him she'll make a deal with him if he'll split the reward with her. She says he can capture her husband in South Fork the next night. Instead, Jim is led into a trap and has to shoot his way out, killing Sundance. The tempo accelerates as Jim closes in on "The Poet," who has made the mistake of underestimating both his wife and his opponent.

Arthur Kennedy makes Sundance the real menace of the picture.—*War.*

COPACABANA

You know what a gay spot the New York Copacabana is. Full of beautiful girls, and columnists like Louis Sobol, Walter Winchell and Abel Green. Well, they're all in the picture, too. So is Carmen Miranda, Andy Russell and Gloria Jean, with Groucho Marx leading off this mad dance through the world of neon lights and champagne.

As Lionel Devereaux, Groucho plays the agent of Carmen Novarro (Carmen Miranda). They were formerly an acting team, but that led only to foodless meals. So Lionel decides to book Carmen solo into the Copacabana. If he can. Chewing his usual big, black cigar, he crashes the office of Steve Hunt (Steve Cochran), the Copa's owner. "This gorgeous little girl," he says, waving the cigar, "is just in from Brazil. She's terrific!" Carmen does a number called "Tico Tico," and Steve admits she's terrific. In fact, he hires her.

"Got any more clients I can use?" he asks Lionel. Of course Lionel *hasn't* any more clients, but that would be awkward to admit. So he hastily makes one up. Mademoiselle Fifi. When Steve insists on auditioning her, Lionel's in a spot. But he finally fixes Carmen up with a blonde wig, an Arab costume and a black half-mask. He presents her proudly. "Mademoiselle Fifi from Morocco. Only her husband may see her without the mask—and she hasn't any husband." Steve signs her, too!

So here's poor Carmen, doing a double shift in the new show, and switching from Portuguese to French so fast she's practically speaking English. Things get tougher when Steve decides he's in love with her instead of his pretty secretary, Anne (Gloria Jean). He's going to get that mask off if he has to marry her to do it! As a result, Lionel is arrested for murder.

You'll want to see this pot-pourri of nonsense.—*U.A.*

MOSS ROSE

Victor Mature and Peggy Cummins are an exciting combination in this smoothly eerie tale of London in 1905. It will remind you a bit of *The Lodger*. It begins in the chorus dressing room of a third-rate musical show. Pert Belle Adair (Peggy Cummins) has a date after the show with George (Patrick O'Moore), a bookie. She's a little envious of Daisy (Margo Woode), a sultry beauty. Daisy's date is no bookie; he's a "proper toff," as the girls put it. But none of them ever had more than a glimpse of him.

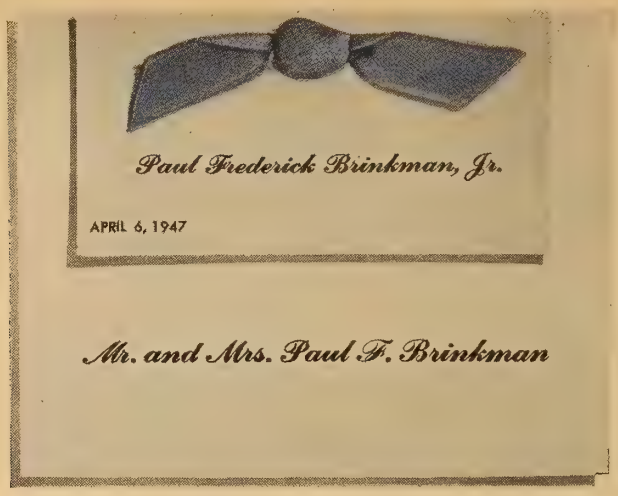
On this particular night, Belle hears his voice as he greets Daisy. "A lovely, educated voice it was," she tells George, who is unimpressed. Belle wants to become a real lady, but George wishes she'd relax—preferably in his arms—and be herself.

Next morning Belle sees "the toff" coming out of Daisy's room. When she goes in, she finds Daisy has been strangled. The police are called, and Scotland Yard sends over Inspector Clinner (Vincent Price). Clinner is a tall, leisurely man, who seems quite casual but misses nothing. The only clue to the murderer is a Bible, with a moss rose pressed inside it.

Belle's sharp cockney wits help her to locate "the toff." He is Michael Drego (Victor Mature). She follows him to his hotel and tries a spot of blackmail. It

(*Continued on page 124*)

Moss Rose: Peggy Cummins asks murder-suspect Vic Mature to teach her to be a lady.



Jeanne Crain can't understand that special glow she feels inside her. After all, women have babies every day. This one *must* be different!

BY JANE WILKIE

First Born!

■ It was sort of a dream world for Jeanne. She realized vaguely that they were wheeling her down the hospital corridor. She couldn't see very clearly, because the anaesthetic hadn't yet worn off, but she was dimly conscious of passing white-coated figures as she progressed along the hall.

Then she was in bed in her own room, and alone for a few minutes before the phone rang. It must be Paul, she thought. It had to be Paul; they had given orders to put no one else through on the phone. With an effort, she reached toward the table and took the receiver off the hook. Her voice seemed far away, as though it came from another room.

"Hello?" she said.

"This is Sam Adams," said a man's voice. "I'm a reporter, and I wonder if you could help me. I heard that Jeanne Crain just had a baby. Is that true?"

Jeanne remembered then, and a sleepy smile touched her lips.

"Yes," she said.

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a boy."

"Can you tell me how much it weighed?"

"Seven pounds (*Continued on page 116*)

The stork caught the Brinkmans in the midst of house-building. Jeanne's taking care of Paul, Jr., herself—until she starts *Chicken Every Sunday.*

A Great Star Of Today Brings You The Life, Loves and Thrills Of A Great Star Of Yesterday...As Betty Hutton Portrays The Adventures–On Screen and Off– Of Pearl White, Beloved "Queen Of The Serials"!

Paramount Presents

"THE PERILS OF PAULINE"

in TECHNICOLOR

Starring

Betty Hutton
John Lund

The spectacular life story of a star who risked a thousand deaths in chapter after chapter of the serial that helped make movies famous. Then sang and danced her way into the hearts of 50 million Frenchmen...only to find that love was the most perilous adventure of them all!

with

BILLY DE WOLFE
William Demarest
Constance Collier
Frank Faylen

Directed by
George Marshall

Screen Play by P. J. Wolfson and Frank Butler

VIRGINIA MAYO discovers New Improved *Drene*

At Last! The New Miracle Shampoo that lets your hair *Shine like the Stars!*

New! Leaves your hair dazzling as the stars! Take Miss Mayo's advice. Discover how new improved Drene's *richer, creamier* lather brings out *all* the glorious brilliance now hidden by dulling soap film!

New! Never leaves hair dried out! Proved superior in tests by hundreds of women. New improved Drene does not dry out hair. Instead, its *richer, mellower* lather actually leaves your hair softer, smoother, far easier to set, curl, and arrange right after shampooing.

New! See and feel the difference, instantly, in the way new Drene lathers . . . the way it brings out all the beauty of your hair! Ask for new Drene today.

Now! For All Types of Hair
New improved Drene is at your dealer's now in the familiar blue-and-yellow package.

VIRGINIA MAYO
Co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy,
"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

Miss Mayo says: "Thanks to new Drene, my hair is now so full of highlights it actually shines"

Never before DRENE could any shampoo perform ALL of these Beauty Miracles

- ★ Reveals ALL the lustre in your hair
- ★ Does not dry out hair
- ★ Leaves hair far easier to manage
- ★ Marvelous hair conditioning action
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- ★ Removes unsightly dandruff
- ★ No acid after-rinses needed
- ★ Flower-fresh fragrance

IF YOU'VE WONDERED...

VAN AND EVIE DISCUSS THEIR AMAZING MARRIAGE WITH FLORABEL MUIR

■ In case you've been wondering how the Van Johnson-Evie Wynn marriage is coming along, I can report that, from where I sat by the swimming pool at their charming home watching these two healthy young people sitting in the sun after a gay gambol in the water, their wedded life seems to be definitely all right.

Van had been playing for an hour with a toy diving submarine someone had given Evie's six-year-old son. The kid hasn't had a chance at it yet. Van told me: "I guess when you see me playing with this thing, you wonder, Florabel, why I don't grow up." I told him it would suit me fine if he never did.

Then I asked him to go away and play tennis while I found out from Evie how it felt to be Mrs. Van Johnson. He said he'd leave if I promised to tell him what she said. He can read it here with pride because what she thinks of him ought to set him up as the number one husband of America.

"I never really think of Van as a big important motion picture actor," Evie told me. "There are a lot of picture actors in Hollywood you wouldn't want to be married to. But Van isn't one of them. He is really the kindest, most considerate (*Continued on page 92*)

■ Esther Williams is a home gal. When her cute guy, Ben Gage, dangled vacation folders before her eyes, she yawned at them and murmured, "Sunshine, a pool and exquisite cuisine we've got, so let's stay home." Then she spied some literature from the Arrowhead Springs Hotel. The expressive eyebrows shot up. The long slim fingers turned pages frantically. "This is different," she said, fascinated by the descriptions of the mineral spring baths. "What are we waiting for?"

They made reservations, packed bags and two hours later they were there. (It's sixty-five miles east of Los Angeles.) They took one look and decided that all it needed was St. Peter to make you *know* you were in heaven. No folders could possibly prepare you for the place. It is really a plush spot, surrounded by palm trees and set against a backdrop of hills and mountains. As the bellboy led them past wonderful Dorothy Draper-decorated rooms to their own lush quarters, Ben stage-whispered to Mrs. Ben, "Home was never like this."

It never was. Imagine a spot with dinner-dancing to the (*Continued on next page*)

Maybe it's the heat that has Esther Williams calmly submerging husband Ben Gage in Arrowhead Springs Hotel pool. The palm-ringed swimmin' hole is always 80 degrees!

Ben, an expert, taught Esther to play golf at Arrowhead. She encouraged his shots with, "Hit a good one, Pop;" then beamed at his 250-yd. drives as if they were her own.

LUSH, LAVISH, BUDGET-BUSTIN'—THAT WAS ESTHER AND BEN GAGE'S DREAM VACATION AT ARROWHEAD, WHERE EVEN THE MINERAL SPRINGS SPRAY GLAMOR—AT 40 BUCKS A THROW!

modern screen
goes to
arrowhead springs

After the mineral bath, mud bath, steam cave and other assorted ablutions, Es was ready for a stiff massage.

Bingo was a nightly feature—with Ben playing no less than 8 cards at once. Esther found winning easier with one.

Reminiscent of her new picture, *Fiesta,* was this peasant skirt and blouse, which Esther wore to romp in the grassy slopes surrounding their hotel. When going got tough, Ben carried her back to their hotel.

arrowhead springs

(*Continued from preceding page*) tune of top-flight bands six nights a week, with swimming, golf, ping pong and badminton right in your back yard. A place where tennis courts are floodlighted after dark; where sixty-five miles of old Indian trails beckon to the horseback rider; and ski-ing on sun-drenched slopes is less than an hour away. All this in addition to the main event—the springs. (There are four, including The Pen-Yugal Springs, at 202°, the hottest in the world.)

Ben was less enthusiastic about these than Esther. She was mad for 'em, tried them all—including one for rheumatism, joint trouble, arthritis, neuritis, etc., none of which she has, of course. They (*Continued on page 106*)

Before rushing back to his spot on the Joan Davis show, Ben challenged his wife to one last knock-down fight to decide the badminton champion of the Gage family.

Es, who's too young and healthy to need 'em, insisted on trying *all* the baths, including the lush pine needle-CO_2 bubble bath at $3.50 per.

If Ty had his way, would he marry Lana? Here is a frank and unusual interview with the only man who knows all the facts— Ty Power himself!

if Ty had his way . . .

Hedda Hopper, who calls the Power-Turner romance "the real thing," visits Ty's *Captain From Castile* set.

by hedda hopper

■ If Tyrone Power had his divorce from Annabella today, he'd marry Lana Turner tomorrow. That's the way Hollywood's number one star romance stacks up, in my considered opinion. I've never seen a pair of people more in love.

I called Ty as soon as he came back to Hollywood from Mexico, where Lana had flown to visit him twice.

"I'm not trying to muscle in on young love or anything," I kidded Ty, "but how about a date with a middle-aged lady who thinks you're pretty cute—meaning me? I'm curious as a cat about a lot of things—so come over and see me, and I won't breathe a word to Lana."

Ty laughed. "If you didn't breathe a word," he cracked, "you wouldn't breathe at all. I know you. Don't kid me!"

"You're absolutely right," I admitted. "But how about it anyway? I promise not to tell anyone—except maybe a couple of million people who read MODERN SCREEN."

When Ty stepped inside my doorway, it was hard to believe that this was the same grim guy I'd seen right after he'd split up with Annabella, his wife. Drawn, pale, nervous, he was then, with furrows between his eyes like hatchet marks.

This time Ty was still mighty serious-looking—but the beaten-up look had vanished. He seemed at least five years younger, gayer, handsomer, and that old jolly, interested sparkle was right back in his handsome black eyes. I came out with the only possible question.

"Young man," said I, "just (*Continued on page 89*)

Dixie from Dixie

Elementary, Dr. Watson! Nigel Bruce, famed Dr. Watson of screen and radio, lines up a putt. The guys—Bruce, Rex Harrison, Clark and David Niven—vacationed at Del Monte Lodge, went fishing or golfing daily.

When Hollywood's biggest star sends flowers to a newcomer, that's a friendly touch. But when he signs the card, "From your leading man," that's the Gable touch!

by deborah kerr

the Gable touch

watched a picture he had made several years ago, one of his favorites, *It Happened One Night,* I had to pinch myself to realize that I was seeing it again, in Clark Gable's own house in Hollywood.

I'm sure that never in a million years would I have dreamed of such a fantastic future the first time I saw *It Happened One Night.* At the time I had only vague dreams (*Continued on page 122*)

Jane thought an actress could go far on a pair of shapely legs and false lashes. But acting—she found—is born out of living. And living means being yourself:

By Ida Zeitlin

jane wyman life story

■ Jane was sleeping late that morning. Or so she thought, till the voice of Reagan broke through.

"This is it, baby—"

He spread the papers under her nose. Academy Award Nominations—Best Actress Division—Jane Wyman one of the five for her performance in *The Yearling*.

She drew a long breath and looked up. What could you say? Nothing. Ronnie stooped to kiss her. She knew right along she wouldn't get the Oscar. Said so then and stuck to it. Livvy was her candidate, Livvy had it coming. Of that she was so dead certain that she sat through the crucial moment on Academy Night without a quiver in her stomach.

If she never gets an Oscar, that'll be fine with Jane. She's made her point. Her point is, she's an actress. In M-G-M's *Yearling*, Sidney Franklin and Clarence Brown gave her her chance, and now she's come through. Picked among the top five. That's good (*Continued on page 66*)

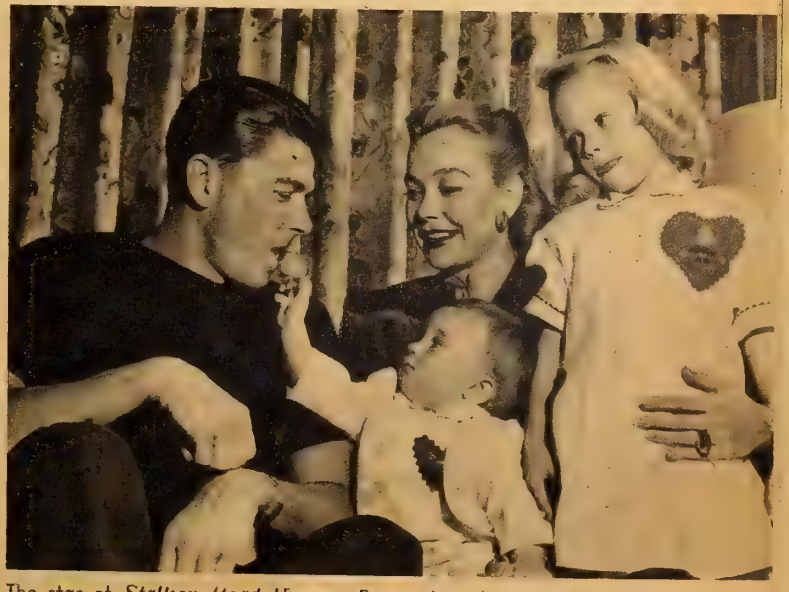
If you were big enough for movies in 1937, you'll remember Jane Wyman's tiny part in *The King and The Chorus Girl,* starring Joan Blondell. Joan now says that was the pic she most enjoyed making.

Posing with cubs was—and still is—standard procedure for young starlets, and these two Warner babies were no exception. That's Jane at left, and the other ingenue? It's glamorous Lana Turner!

Ronald Reagan was just another hopeful at the studio when he caught Jane's eye. Pictured here at their wedding, Jane admits she "chased him till he stopped running, got his breath, and proposed."

For Maureen, born in 1942, Jane started collecting linen and silver, all monogrammed with "M." If the baby due in October is a girl, her name will begin with "M" also, in order to divide the loot!

What with her dancing class taking up so much time, Maureen hardly had time for her fifth birthday party. Jane believes in children playing with other small fry, so Maureen and her brother attend nursery school.



The star of *Stallion Road* [illegible] *Town* and *Cheyenne* (Mr[illegible] fun. If the new baby's [illegible] Reagan) and the star of *Magic* [illegible]aying with Maureen and Michael named after his pa—Ronnie.

No wonder Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier did such a good job in *Romeo and Juliet;* they're always rehearsing and improving their art.

■ I've seen Laurence Olivier play *Richard the Third, King Lear* and *Oedipus,* which critics have labelled the finest acting of our times. But the most exciting performance I ever saw Larry give, took place in my own house one night when I watched him carve a roast goose.

It was during the war in England. I was stationed with my family near Windsor, about ten miles from Denham, where Larry and Viv lived while Larry produced his film masterpiece, *Henry V.*

The goose was pure manna from Heaven. It arrived one day as a gift from relatives in Scotland. I immediately invited the Oliviers to dinner—but unfortunately I didn't stop there. In no time, I had twenty eager acceptances for a feast. When my wife took the goose from the oven, I almost fainted. It had shrunken sadly. Four hungry people, I realized, could murder that bird with ease. Larry saw the dismay on my face.

"What's the matter, Old Boy?" he asked calmly. I explained.

"Let me carve," suggested Larry. I handed him the knife and in no time the bones were sliced neatly bare and twenty plates were heaping with goose. I have no idea how he did it. But if there's been a greater commissary miracle since Moses I don't know what it is!

Another time, I saw Larry conquer another awkward situation—with a different sort of bird—by sheer force of personality and talent.

It was during the war, too, down at Aldershot, where thousands of British soldiers trained. One night he took a dramatic company to the stronghold of the British Tommy. Larry was a Navy man and so were his players. To make matters worse, they were dressed as British soldiers. He was greeted with the English version of a Bronx cheer, and believe me, a "bird" is just as loud and devastating (*Continued on page 106*)

Larry and Viv

SO YOU THINK THE BRITISH ARE RESERVED? THEN DON'T DISCUSS THE OLIVIERS WITH DAVID NIVEN—OR YOU'LL BE DISILLUSIONED!

▼ The Olivier home in Chelsea has a small office where Larry and his secretary attend to business. He's inclined to be careless about money.

▼ While Larry was in England making *Henry V* he and David Niven became fast friends. The two families got together and pooled food rations.

◀ When Larry got out of the Navy, Vivien complained about his ruddy appearance. "Do get pale and thin again," she teased. "Like a real actor!"

by David Niven

The battle of the lipstick was a clear victory for Elizabeth, but Mrs. Taylor is confident she'll win the war of the strapless evening gown—if her strength holds out!

Bringing up Elizabeth

Elizabeth's best friend, Anne Westmore (of the famous Westmore makeup family) is a frequent overnight visitor. They'll lie awake for hours planning the oriental trips they'll take when they're all grown up.

It's not unusual for the Taylors to entertain famous artists at dinner, for Liz's dad is director of the Francis Taylor Galleries. Here, Mané-Katz, noted French painter, gives Elizabeth a few priceless hints.

Her roles in *Life With Father* and *Cynthia* completed, Liz is permitted to hold open house for her friends Saturday nights. Mom and Dad do the barbecue-ing—and the butcher and baker do a land-office business!

■ The mother of one of Elizabeth's friends said something to me that I thought was very funny.

"I wish they'd invent a gadget," she said, "that would keep teen-age daughters hibernating till they're past teen-age."

Any mother of a girl in her teens will know what she meant. But that's only one side of the medal. To my mind, children need as much patience with their parents as the other way round. No matter how hard you try to stay young, you do forget. In my own case, I ride and swim and try to do all the things Elizabeth does, short of going kittenish on her. With some misgivings, I even joined her ballet class.

But whatever you do, there's still a gap of twenty years—or more—to bridge. Entering into your daughter's activities helps, but not enough. Staying young in spirit helps more—trying to project memory and imagination back to when you were fifteen. I must say Elizabeth's very sweet about the whole thing. She's never called me old-fashioned, and I wear that possibly negative compliment like a feather in my cap.

One question, applying only to movie children, has been put to me so often that I'd like to deal with it first. How do you keep a child normal when, being in pictures, she gets more than her normal share of attention? Well, Elizabeth was ten when she made her first M-G-M picture, *Lassie Come Home*, and by the time you're ten your disposition's taken roots.

As a tiny girl, she was extremely shy. Howard, three years older, had beautiful blond, curly hair; Elizabeth's was dark and straight. In England, where we lived for the first seven years of her life, people would stop on the street to admire Howard. "What a pity," they'd say to the nurse, "that she's not the boy and he the girl." She grew up, thinking, "Too bad about me . . ."

To overcome this shyness, we sent her to dancing class, but what helped her most was learning to sing.

We had just moved to the Pacific Palisades, and didn't have a *(Continued on page 93)*

by Mrs. Francis Taylor

you're all wrong about Mature!

Writer Carl Schroeder has known Vic for years. In fact, he was sitting at his desk (feet up, just like this) the day Victor barged into his office unannounced, demanding, "Get me in pictures!"

With Brian Donlevy and director Henry Hathaway, Victor discusses the *Kiss Of Death* script. Incidentally, author Fred Othman, in his new book, "Man On The Half-Shell," devotes a chapter to Mature.

■ I remember it like yesterday.

My office was a hole in the wall up over a pet shop on Hollywood Boulevard. A nice, quiet place. An editor could think there.

I was an editor, and quite a thinker. On a particular Thursday I was thinking that if I went out to Lakeside Country Club and put in a little work on my irons, I could straighten out that slice.

Then, without warning, all Hell broke loose.

Excuse the language. That is exactly what happened. Now I know that I will never cure the slice, and my life will never be quite the same.

The door to my office opened, and this guy walked in.

I went around behind my desk, put my feet in the top drawer, and snarled, "How did you get past my secretary?"

The tall, black-haired young man laughed.

"Easy. She was out in a dead faint," he said with a broad grin.

Without further banter, the fellow announced, "Look, Roscoe—I am a guy who wants to get into movies,

Vic, who's used to making his home in a tent, was forced to live in a swank New York hotel for the filming of *Kiss Of Death.* He relieved the stuffiness by reading the funnies on the carpeted floor.

Although it's said Vic will resume his romance with Rita Hayworth, he's been dating half a dozen New York girls. He took pretty Dorothy Bell (above, with Sherman Billingsley) to the Stork Club.

and my name's Vic Mature." He waited for an answer.

I told him that I didn't put people in movies, and besides anybody could pick a better name for an actor than Vic Mature.

"That's my real name," he said, "and I have it on good authority that if you'll put my picture in your magazine I will be a cinch to get a job acting."

I am a little guy. I resent characters who are six feet, four inches tall and think that everything comes easy. Something sadistic in my nature (*Continued on page 70*)

This story is for people

who get a knowing look

when they hear the name

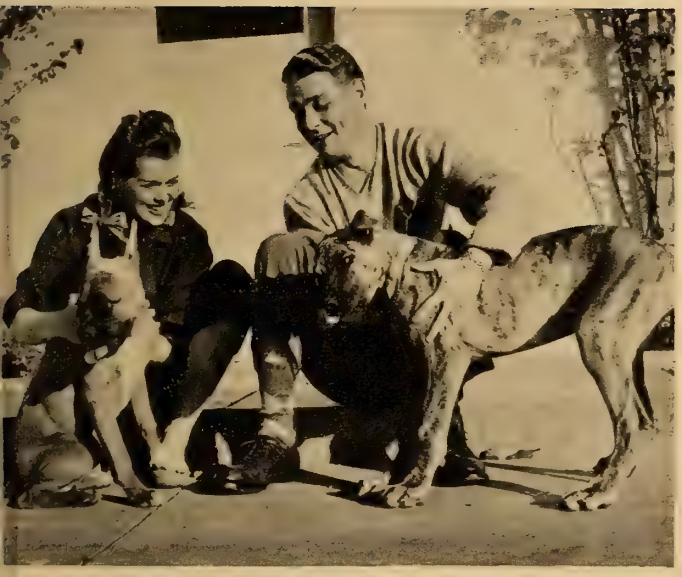
Mature. If you're one

of them, watch out! It may wipe

the leer clean off your face!

By CARL SCHROEDER

war baby



Neighbors Janis Paige and Michael North are mutually interested in the romance of her Boxer and his Great Dane. Neighbors at Warners, too, Jan is making *Wallflower;* while he's in *The Unsuspected.*

THE BOYS AT THE CANTEEN WANTED JIVE AND GINNY SIMMS. WHAT THEY GOT WAS OPERA AND SOME UNKNOWN CANARY. AND THAT WAS JANIS PAIGE'S INTRODUCTION TO SHOW BUSINESS!

By Jack Wade

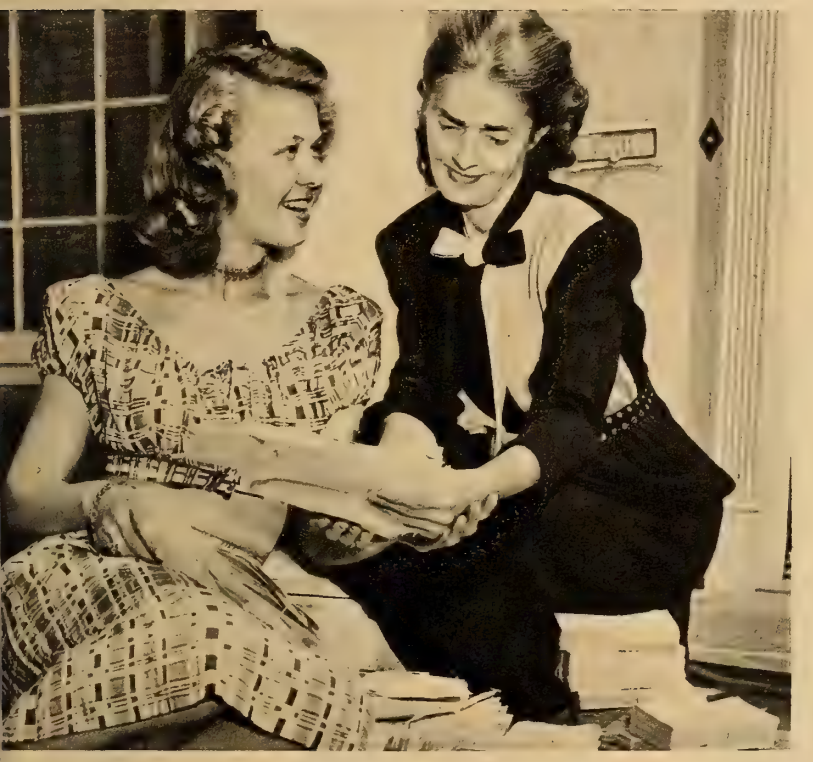
■ The doctor stared down at Janis Paige and shook his head. He thought, "What some of these young Hollywood stars will do for a career!" Because, before she'd fainted away in his office, Janis had gasped out a confession:

The last two days on *The Time, the Place and the Girl,* she'd come to work with a burning sore throat and had danced and sung both days in sheets of water, filming the "Rainy Night in Rio" scene. After which, she'd wobbled into his office with the worst strep throat he'd ever looked at—and promptly passed out, cold as a pickle!

Now Janis was in bed, semi-conscious, with a nurse and not too much chance to pull through. The streptococcus was in her blood stream. Glucose injections hadn't done enough good, nor 500,000 units of penicillin. She needed a blood transfusion, and that's why the doctor frowned. Only one in 5,000 were of her blood type. He'd ransacked Southern California for donors with no luck. In desperation, he called Warner Brothers, and in a few minutes the story crackled out over the radio. They had to put in an extra switchboard to handle the 3,000 calls that promptly peppered the studio. Luckily, a sailor on leave looked at his dog-tag when he heard the desperate appeal.

It's absolutely fittin' and proper that Janis Paige has GI blood (*Continued on page 99*)

A star in *Billion-Dollar Baby* and *Carnival in Costa Rica,* no wonder Vera-Ellen is swamped with mail. Fans and fan mail are crowding her and Mom out of their tiny apartment, so they're house-hunting.



OUT IN CINCINNATI, THERE'S A LITTLE RIVER, AND EVERY SPRING, IT TURNS INTO A WHIRLPOOL. ALSO FROM CINCINNATI IS A PINT-SIZED DANCER, VERA-ELLEN—WHO'S LIKE THAT ALL YEAR ROUND!

by Irene Greengard

TWINKLE TOES

■ Alma Rohe looked in at the door. Vera-Ellen was on her knees beside the bed, her flannel pajamas hanging loosely around her, her small, scrubbed face turned upward.

She was praying, but she didn't pray like other kids. Other kids asked for a brother, or a sister, or a tricycle. Vera-Ellen begged earnestly "—and please let me gain enough weight so I kin diet."

The thing about Vera-Ellen was that there seemed to be no possibility of a compromise between her tiny body and her huge zest.

For instance, her mother and father gave her piano lessons. They'd thought of it as a pastime, a pretty accomplishment.

They made her stop, after a while. They were afraid the piano would last longer than Vera-Ellen.

During her whole short life, her need to work has been almost as tangible as her work itself. *(Continued on page 101)*

▼ The Hotel Del Mar, 100 miles from Hollywood, was selected by Billy De Wolfe and Diana Lynn as ideal for Kirk Douglas' option party. Billy (in *Perils of Pauline*) was official host—because the party was his idea.

▼ To clinch the studio's lifting of Kirk's option (you'll see him next in *I Walk Alone*), the party-throwers (Betty Carey, Billy, MacDonald Carey and Diana L.) dipped Kirk, seat first, in the cold Pacific.

◀ Duel in the sand. Pistol-like device sets off toy plane. Kirk's wife, Diana, took advantage of Billy's bad aim: he'd shoot first, miss, and turn around to chase his plane. Then she'd aim, let him have it!

■ He made a nice dignified entrance, only he was standing on his hands.

Lindsay Durand, the pretty Paramount press agent, turned to Diana, the hand-stander's wife.

"It's okay," she said. "Paramount just lifted his option. And if you're real nice to me, I'll see if I can get his head examined, free."

Options, to the uninitiated, are those very important clauses at the end of a

option party

AN "OPTION" IS THE BOSS' RIGHT TO RENEW A STAR'S CONTRACT. KIRK DOUGLAS CELEBRATED HIS MIRACLE-OF-THE-OPTION WITH A GALA BEACH PARTY—INVITED MS!

star's contract which give the studio the privilege of keeping him on the payroll or dropping him like a dog. Needless to say, when a studio does take up the option of a new star, there is much rejoicing and dancing in the streets.

Kirk Douglas catapulted to his feet, and leered at Diana. "How does it feel to be married to a handsome, sought-after movie star?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'll run out and ask Barbara Stanwyck."

Kirk considered that gravely. "She's in England."

"Okay," said Diana. "So don't wait up."

Then she kissed him.

"She's really proud," Kirk told Lindsay. "She's just being modern."

The telephone was ringing and Kirk finally answered it. It was Billy De Wolfe. *(Continued on next page)*

option party

"We're going to have a week-end party," he said. "You're as good an excuse as any. After all, it isn't every day that you have your option picked up."

Kirk, being a man of action, packed a bag, grabbed wife Diana, and met him. He—Billy—had Diana Lynn and the Macdonald Careys with him, and they were all heading for the Hotel Del Mar.

When they reached the hotel, everyone's behavior was exemplary. Except for Mr. Douglas.

The Del Mar has millions of old trees, the Pacific under its nose, and a breathtaking stretch of lawn.

Douglas proceeded to leap around like a drunken Nijinski. "It's like taking off G.I. shoes and running bare-footed," he howled.

Diana Douglas nudged Diana Lynn. "Let's walk on as though we weren't with him."

It was a lovely time. Charades, and bicycling, and aquaplaning, and fishing —Kirk caught a good-looking shoebox—and a Grunion run . . .

Grunion are fish eight inches long, and they come up on the beach at high tide to talk things over, and then they rush back in.

If you intend to catch a grunion, you have to do it with your bare hands, because the State of California doesn't allow nets or pails.

When it was over, De Wolfe sighed. "I hate fish, myself."

"They sensed that," Macdonald Carey said bitterly. "Why do you think our luck was so bad?"

Later on, there was a bonfire, and hot dogs, and after a couple of sentimental old songs, somebody held up a Pepsi and said, "I give you Kirk Douglas."

"Don't give *me* Kirk Douglas," said Billy. "*I* wouldn't have him as a gift."

Mrs. Douglas grinned, looking very young and pretty in the firelight, under the stars. "You can give him to me," she said softly. "He's my type."

In their own version of charades, the opposing teams enact famous titles. Billy, D. Lynn, and Kirk (below) are baffling the others with *The Bartered* (Battered?) *Bride*. Diana plainly shows she prefers her role in *Variety Girl*.

This is *Suddenly It's Spring*, with Diana Douglas, Macdonald and Betty Carey, though Billy insisted Mac was enacting his new film, *Dream Girl*. The junket, incidentally, was Dutch treat, with Douglas' expenses shared by the rest.

Junie doesn't want Richard to fly, but he's taking off soon for Havana, for final scenes of *Assigned To Treasury*. J.'s finished *High Barbaree;* her next is *Good News*—in color!

Junie's a caution,

says Richard admiringly.

But what other wife

makes meat balls that bounce

and drives holes in the

golf course?

BY CHRISTOPHER KANE

secretly, he Loves her

■ He stood in the doorway, and watched her rolling on the floor.

"If I may be so bold as to point it out," he said, "you'll never gather any moss that way."

"Moss!" she said, sitting up straight, and dusting herself off. "Richard! I'm trying to train the dogs."

He shook his head. "I've never understood why people wanted dogs to roll on the floor in the first place."

"Oh, you'd just have uncouth dogs," June said scornfully, and went back to training the heck out of the two French poodles.

One's named Pat, and he's silver; one's named Casey, and she's black, and with June, it's like having children. She keeps discovering new and wonderful things about them; she respects their intelligence, and worries about their security.

Dick came home for dinner one night, and she met him in a state of hysteria.

"Richard!" she shrieked. "Pat can spell, Richard!"

"What does he want to spell Richard for?" asked her husband, happy as if he were bright.

"Oh, Richard," she cried impatiently.

He gave in. "Okay, tell me all about it."

She told him all about it.

June had been talking to Tehru, the housekeeper. "I don't think we'd better (*Continued on page 87*)

Other little girls went to market—the movie market. But this little Peggy Cummins stayed home —in England—and the movie makers came to her!

this little Peggy...

Victor Mature shared basket luncheons with Peggy both on and off the set, while working in *Moss Rose*.

Director Ratoff taught Peggy American slang—with a Russian accent! Fresh from *The Late George Apley* set, Peg still had her Boston "a."

by gregory ratoff

■ Thirteen years I am with Darryl Zanuck, and always he uses adjectives. There was the time when he saw Tyrone Power, and he said, "That will be my big star." But in England, he saw a little girl, Peggy Cummins, and this time he uses the biggest adjective of all.

As I say, for thirteen years I listen to Mr. Zanuck being enthusiastic about personalities, and usually he is right.

Only I remember that I can hardly believe what he reports about Peggy Cummins. Since she is seven years old, she acts, he tells me. She studies ballet; she plays Shakespeare. Now she is twenty, and she weighs ninety-eight pounds, and besides, she is beautiful.

And he is going to make her *Amber*.

For six weeks they shoot *Forever Amber* and suddenly production stops. The script is not right yet, and Peggy Cummins looks too young for such a worldly role, and *Amber* has to be re-shot.

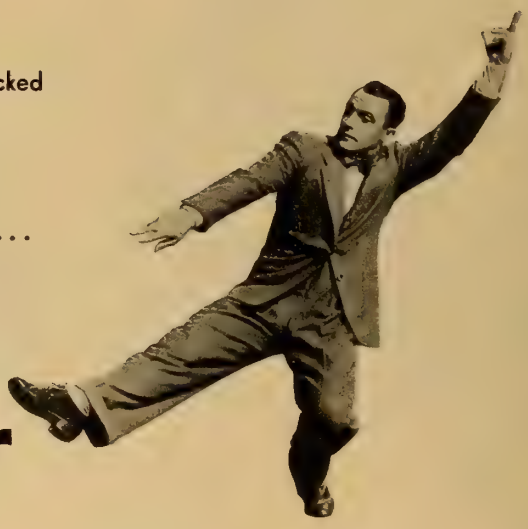
But Mr. Zanuck still believes in the screen future of Miss Peggy Cummins.

This he proves when he puts Peggy into the feminine lead in *The Late George Apley*, and when the picture is previewed in (*Continued on page 121*)

The Pied Piper of legend had an irresistible way with children. But even he could have picked up a whimsical trick or two from Gene Kelly . . .

By ROSEMARY LAYNG

pied piper



■ The windows in the big, bare room were open, and a dozen tousled heads peered through. "Yah! Yah!" came the small-boy chant. "Sissies. Sissies." Gene Kelly left his dancing class for a minute and stood in front of one of the windows. His hands were in his pockets and he rocked back on his heels casually, and no one could have known that his heart was beating like mad.

"Hi, kids," he said. You know how nice and easy his voice is. "Say, how about dropping over to the gym next Friday. I'd like to shoot some baskets before class. Any of you guys any good?" There was a sprinkle of "Yah's," and then a modest murmur of "Gee-no's," and after that the heads vanished.

Gene went back to his group of be-rib-boned, be-laced little girls and reluctant (*Continued on page 97*)

Solarex

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SOLAREX THE ORIGINAL TWILIGHT COLOR

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Manufacturers of PLASTIC PRODUCTS Established 1833

by
pandro s. BERMAN
as told to frank nugent

■ Something I ought to mention is that before writing this story I had my secretary dig through the magazine files at the public library to see whether any other Hollywood producers had been writing about stars they had worked with and, if so, what line they took. Not that I wanted to be a copy-cat, you understand! It's just that in this business you learn to keep an eye on the opposition.

My secretary didn't find many of these articles, but the ones she did locate were very revealing. In each case, the producer spent the first half of the article praising his star to the skies and the second half in subtly impressing the reader with the notion that the actress wouldn't have climbed higher than a bean-hill without his taking her by the lily-white hand and guiding her every step of the way.

Well, I'm different and so is Kate Hepburn.

Kate today is probably as high on the Hollywood ladder as she ever has been. She can have pretty (*Continued on page 119*)

the HEPBURN story

Being Katharine Hepburn, she couldn't show her real feelings. So she stuck out her tongue and sassed the whole world—when all she really wanted was to run away.

Broadcasting with Cary Grant, Kate asked if he'd mind her wearing slacks. Cary said yes, disappeared into an office, and came out wearing a wide grin—and a borrowed skirt!

Bill Grady, M-G-M executive and Edward Arnold enjoy conversation with Katharine Hepburn (now in *Song Of Love*) because she "thinks straight, and argues her point to a logical ending without dragging in personalities."

Capable of seeing herself objectively, Katharine takes advice gladly, especially from producer Berman. If she's not careful, she tends to overdo some facial expressions.

Spoiled kids are a dime a dozen. But a spoiled daddy, who weighs his Dena every hour and gets mad when she's untidy in the diaper department—that's Danny Kaye!

by KAAREN PIECK

In the pink

■ Dena is the best thing Sylvia and Danny Kaye ever collaborated on. She's their tiny, blue-eyed, red-headed daughter with fantastically long fingers and feet, exactly like her father's, and lungs just like her father's, from all indications.

She's a New Yorker—Park Avenue, instead of Bradford Street, Brooklyn, which was Danny's and Sylvia's old beat—because Sylvia's doctor was in New York, and Sylvia came East from Hollywood, and lived in New York until the baby was born.

Luckily, Danny wasn't with her all the time. Danny was impossible. He'd clutch her arm, when they were crossing the street. "Take it easy; go slowly." (*Continued on page 111*)

Dena Kaye couldn't possibly have seen her daddy in *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty,* but she's captured his famous facial expression and gestures like a trouper!

Sylvia and George Burns, at the Tony Martin Party in the Beverly Hills Hotel, kept stuffing Danny's mouth with weiners—to stop his bragging about talented Dena.

Cutex (wonderful new, improved Cutex) brings you beautiful new bowl-him-over "Applecart"

So spicy, so saucy, such a flattering red it's wicked!

"Applecart"—the bright young thing to wear with your sun-gold tan! You'll love the provocative new shade, "Pippin," too—dark and delightfully attractive.

And the beauty of it is—all the new Cutex polishes are so wonderfully well behaved.

New stay-on and-on-and-on! Improved Cutex can really take it—thanks to a highly talented ingredient found only in the new Cutex. This wonder ingredient defies chipping and peeling.

New drying speed! Try new Cutex on one hand, your old-time polish on the other, and clock-watch them. You'll be amazed—new Cutex dries so fast!

"Polished performance?"—now, more than ever, you get it with Cutex. Northam Warren, New York.

NEW! NOW! LUSCIOUS CUTEX LIPSTICKS!

Yes, Cutex, the most popular name in nail beauty, now brings you heavenly new lip beauty!

Creamy-smooth, alluringly lovely lipsticks in shades that match or harmonize with your new Cutex nails. Only 49¢, at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection *24 hours of every day?* Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only *protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .*

It gives you *the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.*

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)

24-hour protection with Odorono Cream

(*Continued from page 40*)

enough for Jane Wyman. Her point is proven.

Without an Oscar, there were still plenty of thrills. The night Franklin ran the first rough cut for the Reagans, the Pecks, the Jarmans and Clarence Brown. Came the fadeout, and not a word out of any of 'em. Ronnie sat mum, Greta Peck sat mum, so did Jody's parents. "Will somebody," pleaded Brown at last, "kindly say something?"

Ronnie blinked and came to. "There's nothing to say. I can't figure if I've just been to church or ought to go there—"

The night of the premiere was world-shaking. Jane was working in *Magic Town* with Jimmy Stewart. Billy Wellman, the director, let her go home early. They had Milo Anderson and Erving Kaplan to dinner, and Erving brought her a wonderful gold locket, with Jane as Ma Baxter on one side, as herself on the other.

After dinner, there was the grand march to the door of Carthay Circle, where she'd gone to so many preems and was finally going to one of her own. The applause. The compliments. The party at Ciro's. She loved it all. She also loved the kidding next day on the *Magic Town* set, when Jimmy, Wellman and the others went down on their knees to her, bowing like mandarins. And the huge sign on her dressing-room door: THE QUEEN—MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY YEARLING. And Wellman snapping at her whenever she blew a line: "You stinkin' deerkiller, you—!"

salute to ma baxter . . .

But what gave her the deepest satisfaction was something she heard through Ronnie. On his way home from Warner's one day, he picked up a caddy waiting for a hitch. The youngster eyed him. "You're Ronald Reagan, aren't you? Say, I go to the government dramatic school for GI's, and they sent us three times to study your wife's performance in *The Yearling*. Don't think I'm just saying this," he continued earnestly, "but I could go twenty times and learn something new. *That's* acting."

As far back as memory goes, Jane had charted her course for independence. Most kids look forward to stepping out on their own, but with her it was a passion.

Her brother once told her a thing she never forgot. "If you study hard, you'll get knowledge. With knowledge, comes wisdom. With wisdom, you can stand on your own two feet." And that became the goal of Janie's existence.

Meantime, life went smoothly enough in St. Joe. Summers, you'd hunt turtles through little caves by the river, and gorge on those wonderful things called paw-paws—a cross between bananas and passion fruit. Winters, you'd build snowmen and play chase-the-fox. Then at Christmas time there'd be a trip to the orphanage, Mother carrying baskets of goodies, Jane her last year's toys that were just-like-new. Maureen does the same in California today.

Though Jane and her mother could hardly be called pals, there was something else they always did together. On Saturday afternoons they'd lunch downtown and take in a play at the Lyceum Theater. This led to a minor stock company in the stable behind the house where Dad kept his horses. She never thought of herself as a future Duse, though, but clung to just one dream—the dream of standing on her own two feet.

When her father died, they moved to Los Angeles, where Jane's sister had al-

ready set up a small law office. Jane's day consisted of lessons. Piano and dancing she'd always taken—the latter from LeRoy Prinz's father, who ran a school in St. Joe. Though by now their means were limited, her mother insisted that Jane take dramatic lessons, too—not with the idea of stage or movies, but simply because she thought they'd be good for her.

The Jane of those days was a plain little high-school kid, whose long brown hair went round her head in two braids, whose clothes had no oomph, who went straight home from school every day. At the end of her junior year, love, the miracle-worker changed all this . . .

There was a boy every girl in the school had her eye on. Let's call him Pete. He was a senior, one year ahead of Jane. She thought him divine.

On his graduation day, she stood outside the building with a couple of girls, when HE came up.

He looked straight at Jane. "Could I see you a minute? There's something I'd like to tell you."

They wandered through the lanes around school. Pete said, "I've been noticing you. You've got such big brown eyes. But I thought you were snooty till a fellow in your class said I had you all wrong."

Before they parted, he'd given her his fraternity pin.

young love's dream . . .

For two years it was an idyl. Their names are still carved on a tree in the school grounds. Pete started his college course in Los Angeles. Jane finished high school and took one year of college. As classes let out, he'd come by and pick her up. They couldn't afford night clubs or restaurants, but maybe once a week they'd climb into his jalopy and drive to Santa Barbara, making plans for their home.

The home never got beyond paper. At the end of two years, Pete changed to an out-of-town college. For a while they wrote—every day, every other day, once a week. Then the letters stopped . . .

Jane can't imagine being married to anyone but Ronnie. But until she met Ronnie, Pete was the only boy in the world.

What helped her get over him was her first job.

"How about taking me on as office girl?" she asked her sister.

"Jane, I couldn't pay you to empty the waste-paper basket. But I'll keep my ears open."

A few days later she phoned. "How about working at Manning's Coffee Shop?"

They started her in the pie department, but the pies had to be cut into even hunks, a knack Jane couldn't master. At the end of six weeks the boss laid her off.

"I'm sorry, Miss Wyman, but we've got too many girls and you've had the least experience."

Jane grinned. "I'll go quietly. You've been darn nice to keep me this long."

A couple of weeks after Manning's gave her the gate, she ran into a girl she'd gone to school with. It seemed this girl was dancing in a Goldwyn musical.

"They're *crying* for hoofers, Jane. If you can do a timestep, you're in."

She was in, by the skin of her teeth, and one dancing job led to another. She wasn't flooded with calls exactly, but at $66 a week when you did work, and with apartments renting for $25 a month, you could manage if you watched your step. Jane managed.

This went on for a couple of years, in the course of which she met show people. One day she was lunching at Sardi's with Vince Barnett's wife. Bill Demarest, in the agency business then, with Small & Landau, came by to say hello to Mrs. Barnett and took a look at Jane.

"There's my card," he told her. "Look

—that Always-Fresh look

says **LOUISE ALLBRITTON,** featured in the Universal-International Picture **" THE EGG AND I "**

"My beauty-glow cleansing

"Want skin captivating . . . for *your* close-ups? Beauty-cleanse *my* way . . . with Woodbury Cold Cream! It's different . . . so clean-cleansing make-up whisks off . . . and skin's beauty-clean." Four rich oils in Woodbury—*deep-cleansing* oils that free skin of powder, rouge, grime. Try Woodbury . . . for that "Always-Fresh" look!

Luscious Louise dines with husband. "First after work, my date with Woodbury . . . to cream away that worn *dry* look. Instantly, skin's fresh . . . *velvety!*" Thank Woodbury's *rich softening oils!* Girls . . . to soften skin lovely-smooth . . . it's Woodbury Cold Cream!

—with Woodbury Cold Cream"

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM — rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks dewy-fresh, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It *melts* — takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

me up if you're ever looking for a movie job." "What can I lose?" thought Jane.

Demarest got her an interview with LeRoy Prinz, and Prinz sent her to the dramatic coach, to find out if he thought she could do a line here and there. The coach said no, she wasn't for pictures, her face didn't go with her voice.

"How right you are," agreed Jane.

But she did a lot of musicals with LeRoy, made herself a nice bit of change, and watched it melt away as the musical drought struck. The drought lasted long enough to give her visions of herself back in Manning's Coffee Shop. From that fate she was snatched by *Anything Goes.*

A girl she'd hoofed with told her they were calling interviews for a big Alice Faye musical.

Janie went, did two steps of a rumba and was hired.

By this time she had bloomed into her natural self—a peppy young colt with a dry and salty wit who attracted notice. Another agent approached, and this one was a wizard. He got her a date with a flesh-and-blood producer. Jane promptly went to town on herself. To be an actress, you've got to look like an actress. At the beauty parlor she had her hair dyed black and ordered an eyelash job—the kind you have to stick in one at a time. Shopping around for an outfit to sock 'em in the eye, she came up with a black crepe and red georgette. Her shoes were adorned with outsize cut-steel buckles, and she hung enough rhinestones on to frighten a train.

Five minutes in the producer's office, and they asked her to leave. A few minutes later her agent tottered out, so chalk-faced he scared the daylights out of his client. "What's wrong with *you*?

"Know what that guy just said? If I brought any more cold fish like you around, he'd bar me from the lot."

There were other interviews. All they netted her was a line in *My Man Godfrey.* Meantime, she went right on hoofing. At rehearsal one morning a girl kept looking at her. "Mind if I give you a tip, Jane? Here you are with no makeup on, and you look so much better than with all that junk on your face."

She went home, took a good gander, and by the time her agent had another date lined up, the dye was out of her hair, the eyelashes ditched. But she hauled out the black-and-red again and, with thirty bucks, added a cape of red foxtails.

This date was with Max Arnow of Warner Brothers and he asked her to read for him. At which point even the red foxtails drooped. She'd never read before . . .

But again, what could she lose? Assuming a bright professional air, she asked if she could take the script home overnight. In the living room she put on a show for Cheri, her roommate. "Does that sound right?"

"Sounds like you're reading, not talking."

As with the makeup, a hint at the providential moment showed Jane the light. Enough, anyway, so that Arnow said next day: "You read very well. We might use you." She didn't believe him.

A couple of weeks later, she answered the phone and heard her agent say she had a contract with Warners, and then the lid blew off!

no more kidding around . . .

Now she turned dead serious. These people must think she had the makings of an actress, or they wouldn't be forking out good dough every week. Okay, she'd be an actress and she'd be a good one.

Eventually they gave her a small role with Glenda Farrell in *Smart Blonde.* She registered. Before the picture's release, Max Arnow sent for her. Mervyn LeRoy had just come on the lot to make *Fools For Scandal* with Lombard and Fernand Gravet, the big French star.

"It's the chance of a lifetime, Jane, and I don't think you'll get it. But we'd like him to use one of our contract players, and somehow you remind me of something foreign. Think you could play a French girl?"

"Sure," said Jane, who'd have brazened it out in Choctaw for this.

By appointment next day, she tapped at LeRoy's door. "I am Jane Wyman," she said in her French accent.

"Oh. You speak French?"

"Oui."

She didn't fool LeRoy, but she did get the part. And it did the trick. Lo-o-ve that little French girl in the restaurant scene, yelled the fans. *Fools For Scandal* was followed by *Mr. Dodds Takes the Air,* which was followed by *Brother Rat,* which was followed by more ups and downs than most of us could take and still come out fighting. Jane lost lots of battles but, with *The Yearling,* she won her war.

We've told the whole story in past issues of MODERN SCREEN, and we've kept you up-to-date on the happy married life of the Reagans. The one tale we've never told is how Jane got her man.

As we've mentioned, there's nothing coy about Wyman. She did the chasing, and doesn't give a hoot who knows it. When she and Ronnie met, he, too, was nursing a romantic scar, only his was fresher, and he thought he was through with girls.

One day, as she lunched at a table for two in The Green Room—this was after *Mr. Dodds* and before *Brother Rat*—in he walked. A voice halted him. "Would you like to sit here?" She gave him the full benefit of the big brown eyes.

He told her he'd seen *Mr. Dodds* in Des Moines, and liked her. Glenda Farrell came by. Glenda Farrell's a good egg. "We ran *Smart Blonde,* Janie. With you in the same studio, I'll have to watch my step."

Jane was feeling a little top-heavy anyway. After all, she'd done thirty pictures to this character's two. "He must think I'm a great gal," she informed herself and went in search of a certain Mr. Arnow.

"Look, you're always working on publicity for people. Sending them out to the night-spots together and so on. How about working it on this Reagan and me?"

"No. You ought to go out with a bigger name than your own. So should he."

Little girl, what now? Well, she was moving to her own apartment. Her beloved friend, Betsy Kaplan, was fixing it up for her. "When it's ready," said Betsy, "ask him over for cocktails."

Jane called him. "Let's have cocktails at my place."

"What for?"

Which stumped even Jane.

a new campaign . . .

She knew when she was licked, and after that she laid her next campaign more cleverly. Ronnie spent most of his time with a bunch of his fraternity brothers. Swimming. Golfing. Riding. To Jane, the beach was a place where you got a suntan, but a girl can learn. She wormed her way into the graces of two fraternity brothers. All of a sudden she was a bug for outdoors. Ronnie started hearing what a swell scout the Wyman kid was. Before he knew it, she was one of them.

He proposed in a hospital room, after sending her roses with the loving message, RONALD REAGAN. Really sunk this time, Jane had shoved the roses off her bed and turned her face to the wall. That night Ronnie made the big discovery. All he wanted was to drive the sorrow out of her eyes. Suddenly, the world righted itself for them both.

The year of *The Yearling* is also the year of Jane Wyman, and not only because of the laurels they've crowned her with. It's the year of *Stallion Road,* her husband's first post-war release. When the sneak preview was over, the audience whooped it up for their old favorite and the beam on his face was another kind of award. Since then he's copped one of the year's prize plums—*Voice of the Turtle.*

Before the year's out—in October, to be exact—they're expecting another baby at the house on the hill. Maureen can hardly wait. Mike's too young to get excited.

For a while, they'd been hoping to add to the house, but that's out while things are so high.

"Let the kids double up," says Ronnie. "I roomed with my brother and shared a bed, and it never stunted our growth."

"Let's pile 'em ten deep then," agrees Jane, "so's they'll all turn out like you."

"Up they go again—eight months before Christmas."

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NEW COLOR TWINS for Summertime lips and nail-do

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Precious pair for Summer wear! Newest of Helen Neushaefer's 12 heavenly colors . . . Carnival Red! In NAIL POLISH with amazing *Plasteen* . . . to help shock-proof this more brilliant nail-do against chipping. And in the new LIPSTICK with the miracle ingredient—*Lasteen*—for new softness of lips . . . for lovely, *lasting* color! At leading chain and drug store cosmetic counters.

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harmonizing NAIL POLISH and LIPSTICK

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Co., Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.

YOU'RE ALL WRONG ABOUT MATURE!

(*Continued from page 47*)

went to work. I told this boy Mature that he should go away somewhere and study to be an actor for a couple of years. If he did that, I would make him famous.

The naïve lad from Louisville, Kentucky, took the bait.

"All right," he said. "I will do that little thing. I will keep my word, and I expect you to keep yours."

We now dissolve to a time two years later. My feet are still in the same desk drawer. The telephone rings. It is publicist Jules Selzer. He says—

"There is an actor over here who lives in a tent and stays alive by eating two hamburgers a day."

I said: "It's a corny gag, Jules; but life is pretty dull, so the cameraman and I will come right over.'

Mr. Selzer took us to the tent.

A big tall guy came out.

"You!" he exclaimed. "You're the guy who was going to put my picture in the magazine. I did like you said. I have studied for two years at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. I have appeared in 87 plays, mowed two lawns a day and I expect you to keep your word."

I did.

I printed his picture in the magazine. The title of the story was, "What Hollywood Needs Is a Man." There was a big picture of Vic with arms outstretched. Under one hand was a little picture of Tyrone Power, and under the other, an equally small Bob Taylor. For four months, the magazine was full of pictures of Mature.

By that time, Vic was saying "Stick with me, bub, and you'll be wearing diamonds."

We decided it was time to put on a little front. Why not get two more guys to go in with us and rent a house in Beverly Hills? Split four ways, we could live like kings, and Mature could move out of the tent. I collected the $48.74 which he owed for the first month's rent and told him that he was the luckiest actor in Hollywood.

Chez Mature, he called our place. We hired a housekeeper who was a genius with fried chicken. Her fame was so great that we had dinner guests every night, most of them blonde. Such hospitality! Nobody could eat before shelling out 67 cents.

In spite of the big front, however, Vic was not becoming an overnight sensation, as planned. One night we sat down and talked it over. "Joe," he began, "things are not going so good." He calls me Joe because my name is Carl. "Maybe they are not going to pick up my option. How the devil am I going to become a big name?"

"Easy, Joe," I counseled. I call him Joe because his name is Victor. "Just have a terrific romance."

"All right," he agreed. "Fix it for me."

The next afternoon a nice girl by the name of Betty, who was giving me no time at all, called up and said that she and a friend of hers didn't have anything to do in the evening, if I would care to go to the public library, or a night club, and bring along something tall, dark and handsome.

We went to a Russian rendezvous called Madame Sonja's—Betty and I, Mature, and an eyeful named Lana Turner.

Joe got his romance without trying to stage one.

A few days later the columnists all reported that Mr. Mature and Miss Turner were taken with each other. The romance lasted for six weeks, but they secretly hated each other for five.

the hunk on broadway . . .

"I was thinking," he remarked one evening, elated that the big romance had worked so well. "I think I will go to New York and do a play."

"Great idea," I agreed readily, thinking what a time the rest of us would have with his little black book of phone numbers. "After a smash hit on Broadway, you can name your own price in Hollywood."

Lady in the Dark, in which he subsequently strolled around in pink tights, made love to Gertrude Lawrence and was dubbed the "gorgeous hunk of man" by Moss Hart, made Vic a celebrity!

But he was still Joe to me—a friend who had plenty on the ball, but could use an auxiliary brain. I was sure of that when he told me over long distance phone one night that he was going to get married.

"Fine!" I howled. "Wonderful. Get married. Throw away a career. Think of the publicity you'll get, sitting home nights with the little woman."

He said he guessed he wouldn't get married after all, and two days later the newspapers announced his marriage.

Pretty ridiculous, I thought.

His marriage to Martha Kemp took place on June 18, 1941. It lasted less than a year. I had a little ranch in the San Fernando Valley where I lived with my parents. Joe moved into the garage.

He liked that place. He said he couldn't stand the elegant Hollywood life. He was afraid he'd go soft.

Then he did something I really approved of. He fell in love with Rita Hayworth.

He did something else. He enlisted in the Coast Guard.

Of an evening, when Joe came up from San Pedro where he was stationed, we'd sit around at Rita's place, playing records and gabbing. He was not long for such fun. Joe got orders to report for duty on a Coast Guard cutter called the *Storis.*

Eleven months later, my telephone rang at midnight.

"Presque Isle, Maine, calling," the operator said. Then Joe was on. "Joe," he said, "what's this about Rita?"

"I wouldn't know, Joe," I replied.

"Well," came back a strained voice, "if you don't know, I guess nobody would."

That was that.

And Rita Hayworth married Orson Welles.

Joe was now Chief Boatswain's Mate. He went back to the *Storis* and the North Atlantic. I still have a stack of letters he wrote, and during those months in the North Atlantic, I guess that in them I learned more about what sort of guy he really was than I ever knew before.

I can tell it better through an incident which happened in the grill of a midwestern hotel shortly after he'd been flown back from Londonderry, Ireland, to join a bond tour. The Treasury Department needed a power house to boost payroll deductions. Joe was being sent around with Major Allan V. Martini, the great air ace, who had four Flying Fortresses shot out from under him during missions over Germany, and Johnny Basilone, first Marine to win the Congressional Medal of Honor.

three guys named joe . . .

The three had become fast friends and were on their way to an important meeting. As they passed a table full of male civilians, somebody sitting there said, *sotto voce,* "Look at the heel with the two heroes!"

Basilone and Martini wheeled around. Mature took two steps more toward the door, being accustomed to nasty remarks. Then he turned around and saw tables being turned upside down and heads being cracked. Then he joined in.

A few minutes later, the three of them, straightening their ties, met the Treasury official in the lobby.

"What held you men up?" he asked.

"Mature," Basilone said. "We were helping him with autographs."

When The Character, as I sometimes call Joe, arrived back in Hollywood after his first long hitch overseas, he got himself a date and joined my wife and me at Mocambo.

Somebody at the next table said, "Seems mighty peculiar to me the way all you actors fight the war in night clubs."

Joe turned around and saw he was the only actor within earshot.

He said: "I hate to ask a man to apologize, but I guess I have to."

"Oh, dear, did I forget the napkins again?"

The other guy replied with a sneer.

"In case you don't say you're sorry," Joe snapped, "I'm going to ram that fat head of yours down your throat."

"You and five other actors couldn't do it," was the reply.

Joe did it.

Last year, Joe, fresh out of uniform, bought a house. $13,500 it cost him, and in a neighborhood far removed from movie star mansions. Joe simply wouldn't be hijacked by the famous California black market in rents. Back of that is a sense of good citizenship.

Sure, I say these things because we've been friends for a long time. I like him.

I know of no other actor who arrived in Hollywood broke, yet really had a fortune behind him. His father, who died several years ago, was worth over a half million. When Vic decided to become an actor, he refused any financial help from home. He used to return, uncashed, checks his father sent him. When Vic made good, no father was ever more proud of a son.

Still, Vic didn't accept his legacy. He turned it all over to his mother. He spent all the money he had saved having a good time with friends while on leave during the war. He backed a buddy in business, and they both lost their shirts.

Meantime, his name in headlines stood for almost every crazy thing an actor can do. People constantly are surprised when they get to know him, and exclaim in amazement, "Why, he's really a nice guy."

Actually, his name in headlines means nothing to him, except to prove that a guy can start from scratch and become famous without using "pull," hurting anyone, or discarding his friends.

He is involved in endless plots to do something special for people he likes. On one occasion, he talked Moss Hart into giving a cocktail party for me in New York. Every big celebrity of the literary world was there. I was used to movie stars, but in the presence of playwrights and authors I was as helpless as a beached halibut.

lifesaver . . .

A prominent Los Angeles physician credits him with saving my father's life.

Dad had gone to the hospital for an operation, and at the last moment the doctor said the case was inoperable. The man was too far gone. He'd lost all his fight.

Advised of the situation, Vic was indignant.

"That's silly," he stormed. "You can't lick a guy like that." Promptly, he sent off a barrage of telegrams to my father. The wires were all urgent, ridiculous and demanded an answer. Three hours later, the old man was sitting up in bed dictating replies to a nurse.

Next day, the operation was a success.

Vic's romantic life is confusing because he looks on almost every girl as a potential bride. Not that he is in a tearing hurry to get married again. He just has a normal desire to have a home and a family of his own. Usually, he is attracted to girls not generally considered attractive, and he forever chides his friends for pursuing beautiful women. "The trouble is," he says, "you prefer a mirage to the real thing."

A singular exception to the theory was Rita Hayworth. Somehow, I can't shake off the idea that life may twist around until they get back together again. I had the thought again this morning when I read that Rita would probably be separating permanently from Orson Welles.

Yet, I know that my friend Joe is seriously interested in a girl whose name has barely been mentioned. She is not an actress, and I won't divulge her identity.

Whatever happens, the results will be spectacular, and you'll be reading about it in the headlines.

Sunny Mackay, **Adorable Cover Girl,** *Says*

So I changed to the Gentle **FLOATING LIFT**
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Discover SweetHeart's 1-2-3 *Extra Lather* Care! Night and morning, massage your face one minute with SweetHeart's *extra lather.* Rinse with warm—then cold water. Skin is *cleansed . . . stimulated . . .* looks more *radiant!*

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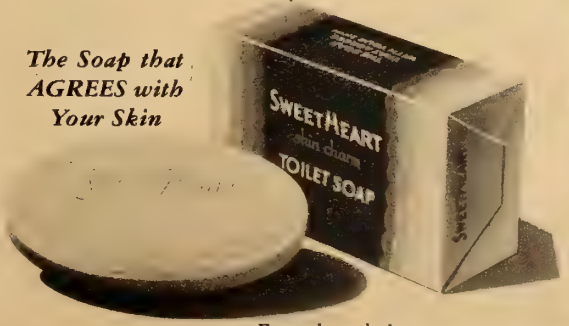

For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is marvelous.

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*Paste coupon on penny postcard, if you wish.

STOP SMEARING SINATRA!

(Continued from page 4)

only offensive to countless patriotic citizens, who, like Sinatra, had been given this physical rating, but it was also incongruous: Mortimer, who, without previous military experience, had been given an Army commission, sat out the war safely in New York City night clubs. If it is conceded that this happened for reasons beyond Mortimer's control, it must also be conceded that Sinatra was adjudged physically unfit for reasons totally beyond *his* control.

What Mortimer deliberately failed to establish, at any time in his writings, was the fact that Sinatra had done and was doing a magnificent war job, at all times—entertaining in U. S. Military hospitals, sandwiching in flights to cities where War Bond sales were lagging, aiding the Red Cross to raise money, singing at Army camps and Navy bases, and on the side, doing a fine job in curbing juvenile delinquency by addressing classrooms in person and through the medium of such a fine movie short as *The House I Live In,* a sincere plea for tolerance. It was a splendid American job, one that reflected honor on Sinatra and the entire movie industry.

Fresh opportunities for abuse of Sinatra developed when he met Lucky Luciano, at Havana, Cuba, although at the time, men high in Cuban society were inviting Luciano to their homes. Luciano openly attended the racetrack, the best Havana hotels and cocktail bars. At this exact moment, too, Walter Winchell broadcast the story, later denied, that the American government was about to present the Legion of Merit to Luciano for undercover aid he had rendered during the war.

There is no doubt that Sinatra should not have punched Mortimer in the eye. But how many other self-respecting men would have endured the ridicule that Sinatra took for two years, without lashing out?

For redress, Mortimer can exhibit his punched eye to a judge and jury, in an attempt to collect substantial damages. For additional redress, his paper and allied papers can subject Sinatra to a daily parade of injurious statements, without too much concern for their accuracy.

Mortimer is making a good thing of his talent for righteous indignation. Don't get me wrong. I applaud righteous indignation. But I think it's high time that Mortimer and his kind developed a conscience about the gross indignity of attacking Hollywood performers who cannot possibly strike back—except, perhaps, with some hot-tempered physical violence.

Veronica Lake . . .

soon to be seen in Paramount's *Saigon.* Veronica poses for MODERN SCREEN in a sweetheart of a dress which answers all this issue's challenging fashion questions: How crisp can you get? How cool? How summery?

Here Veronica wears red and white striped chambray, iced with eyelet, and pulled by a circular drawstring to a draped neckline. Pretty as can be. And high-fashion, because it has the long torso look—absolute latest! Also blue, green or brown. Sizes 9-15.

By Laura Lee About $8.95.

To find out where to buy dress, hat and jewelry, please turn to page 86.

modern screen
fashions

By Connie Bartel,
Fashion Editor

how CRISP

Know how crisp celery is? That will give you an idea. Laugh off the sun in this seersucker worn by Veronica Lake. Red and white stripes—scalloped sleeves, nice swingy skirt. Cute? Also brown, blue. 7-15. By Minx Modes. About $10.95.

WHERE TO BUY
see page 86

can you get?

Look as though you'd
just stepped out of an icebox—
and stay that way all day!
Try on (for crispness)
this checked dress
worn by Veronica Lake. Dan River's
Starspun gingham, in red,
blue or brown. Sizes 10-18.
By Queen Make. About $8.95.

how

Cool as the kiss of a fresh little breeze—and graceful as Karin Booth, new find who'll dance and act her way into your affections in M-G-M's technicolor *The Unfinished Dance*. She wears a one-piece playsuit, plus a flounced skirt over the pants. Dan River gingham in aqua, pink, gold. Sizes 9 to 15. By Juniorite. About $8.95.

COOL

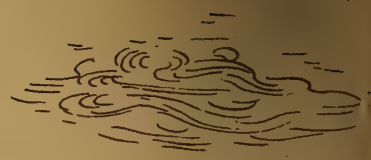
can you get?

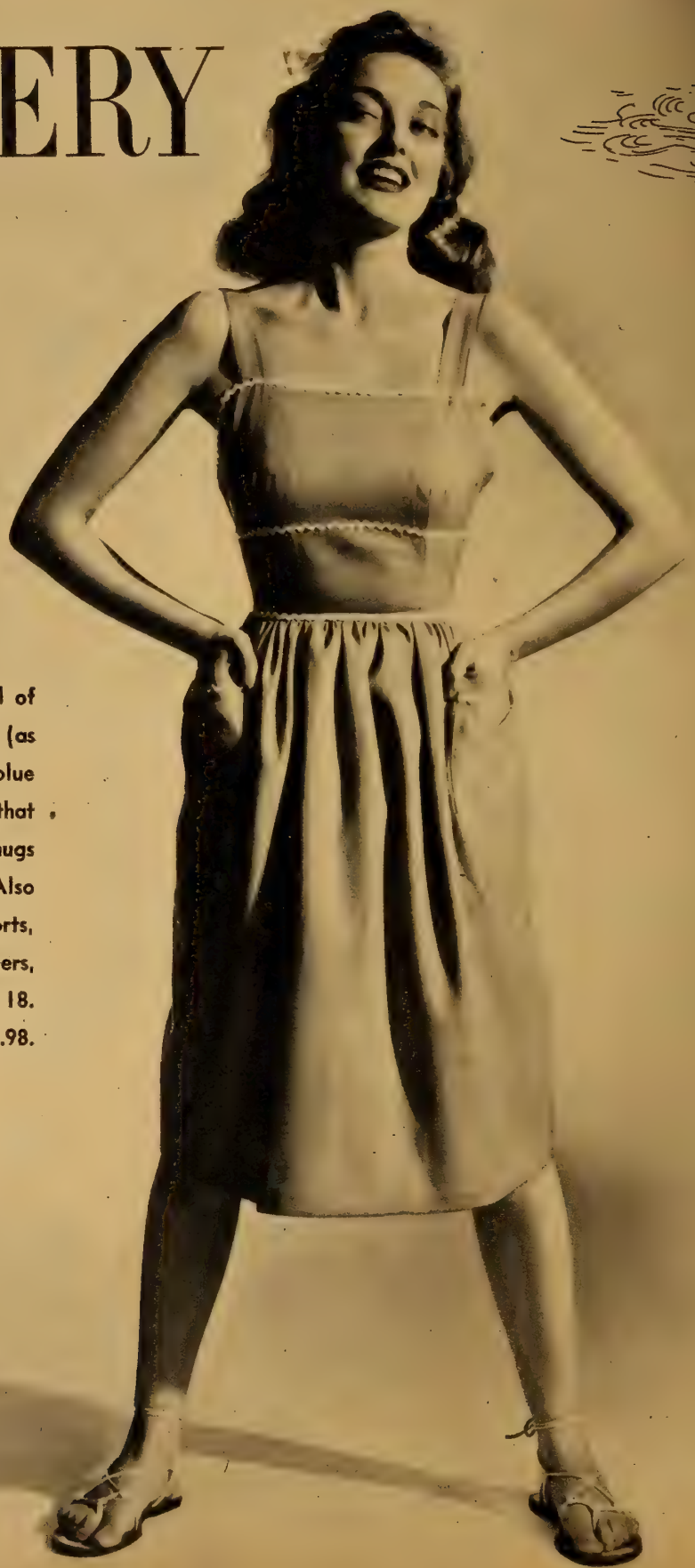
Cool as a bare-armed, bare-legged patio dress can make you! Karin Booth wears a flounced cotton print in dreamy shades of copen, rose and lime. We wish you could see it in color. Also aqua, red, gold. Sizes 10 to 18. By Mayflower. $7.95.

how

SUMMERY

can you get?





You'll look like the soul of a blue July day (as Karin Booth does)—in a blue denim playdress that bares your shoulders, hugs your waist. (Also available—matching shorts, jacket, pedal pushers, overalls.) Sizes 10 to 18. By Jane Irwill. $5.98.

WHERE TO BUY
see page 86

Modern Screen shops for you

BY MAXINE FIRESTONE

Calico cologne makes you feel as fresh as your newly-laundered dress—like the one on page 77 for instance. The perfect combination—half spice, half sweet. By Minx Modes, $1.50, plus tax, Saks-34th St., N. Y.

A darling leather wallet made just for you with your first name or initials in a contrasting color. Holds pictures, change. Zipper closing. $3.35. Order from Crown Craft Products, 246 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.

A link bracelet with a dangling compass—to let you know where you stand! Accurate? It's government reject paratrooper's escape kit equipment. Gold or silver. By Jordan, about $2, plus tax, Saks-34th St., New York.

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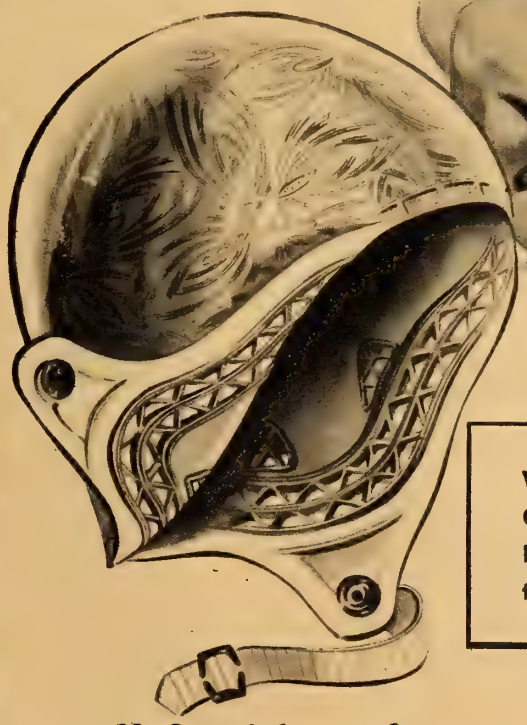

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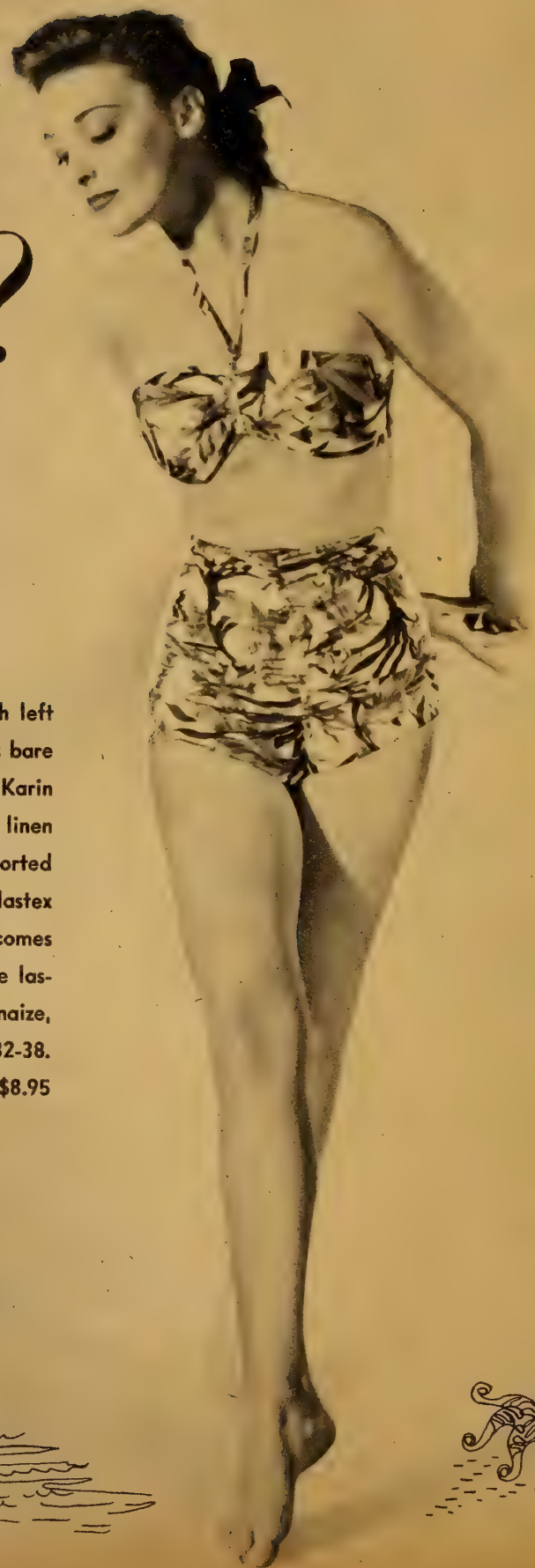
how much can you BARE?



Tan every inch left uncovered by this bare minimum suit, modeled by Karin Booth. It's printed linen in front (the real imported thing!)—clinging lastex in back. The print comes in luscious multicolor—the lastex in black, red, maize, white. In Sizes 32-38. By Sea Goddess. About $8.95

WHERE TO BUY
see page 86

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Know what? We've got a crush. Have had for a long time. Guess who. No, not Van or Guy or James Mason (although we'd walk a mile on broken glass to see any one of them). *Our* crush is on—the American manufacturer of American fashions. Honest.

Did you ever stop to think that nowhere in the entire world can you buy such wonderful clothes at really low prices—as you can in the U.S.A.? It's true. If you were a chick in China, say—or a young thing in Spain, or a cute trick in England—you could scarcely keep yourself *covered* with the money that will buy you a whole wardrobe here. Girls in those countries would think they were in heaven if they could plunk down eight dollars for a playsuit—or twelve for a dress—or two dollars for a dreamy hunk of costume jewelry.

But in these United States you can actually build a best-dressed rep on an average budget. And the man who makes it possible is the American manufacturer. It's he who turns out hundreds and thousands of good fashions for low prices. And we mean *good*—not just cute. Good fabric. Good construction. Seams that stay sewn, buttons that stay put. Colors that stay their original shade. Zippers. (They're *luxuries* in lots of places).

As for style—did you know that some of the most budget-priced manufacturers have some of the highest-priced designers? Well, they have. Some of the most expensive boys and girls in the business sketch and drape and pin and cut—all to make your twenty-five dollar suit look like a million.

That's why more and more manufacturers are sewing their designer's names into the clothes they make. They're proud of their fashions, and they want you to know it.

So when a dress or coat has a label which says something like "By Susan Sparks" or "A Marjorie Minton Original"—you can be pretty sure that it has been made by a manufacturer who is knocking himself out to offer you the best for the least.

Same goes for fashion photos. When you see a dress you like in a magazine, and the caption says it's "A Jeannie Junior"—by all means mention "Jeannie Junior" to the sales girl when you go to buy the dress in a store.

Catch our drift? We mean—mention the trade name, and end up with what you really want. Look for the label, and come up with the cutest clothes in town. And while you're at it—look for Modern Screen's cute pink and green tag, too!

Yours for fashions that are proud of their name,

Connie Bartel

GROW
long lovely eyelashes
Take a tip from Movie Stars and Models — acquire long stunning eyelashes that everybody admires. Long eyelashes add so much to your attractiveness. Now, You too, can enjoy the glamourous feeling of long silky lashes and bright sparkling eyes by using Long-Lash a Doctor's Discovery, GUARANTEED to make your eyelashes grow longer or your money refunded. Try it for a few days and watch these admiring glances. Only $2.00 per tube (tax inc.) and that is all you need.
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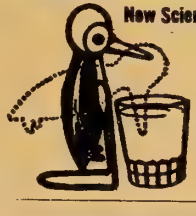
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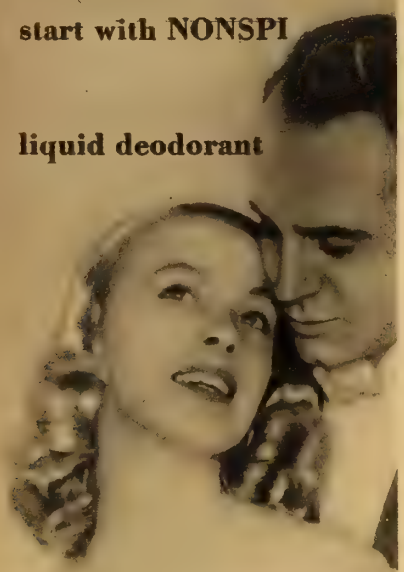

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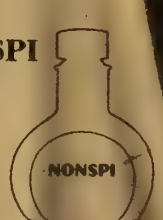

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accent your lips

says Veronica Lake! She has happy ideas that are bound to inform us about beautiful lip designs

By CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR

■ "A man likes a woman's lips to look kissable! No thick coating, exaggerated outlines . . . or red smears on her pearly teeth." Such definite talk makes a Beauty Editor take notice. Too, it was Veronica Lake talking! We were at New York's 21 Club.

Veronica is enthusiastic about lipstick, says it should be used to best advantage. Think of your audience; don't start shudders by painting lips rose blue when you're wearing russet-checked gingham. Save the rose blue lipstick to team with your navy suit. An orange-red lipstick will be happier (and prettier!) with the russet gingham.

Veronica owns the largest lipstick wardrobe in Hollywood! Collect yours by realizing there are three basic tints, true red, orange red and blue red. Know the *intensity* best for your complexion. For example, a blonde uses light shades of true red, blue red and orange red. Her brunette sister will take all three in deeper shades.

Variety is possible because of the large selection of lipsticks on your cosmetic counters. Prettier colors are always coming up! Six divine new lipsticks in "golden" metal containers are being shown by a firm that makes wonderful nail polish. Another house has metal-cased lipsticks. Each case tip is painted red to show the shade of lipstick inside. You'll find plenty of help in accenting your lips!

* * *

"You Can Be Charming!" Find out how in our pamphlet of that name. To get your copy, send 5c and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Veronica Lake, whom you'll be seeing in Paramount's *Saigon* has beautiful lips.

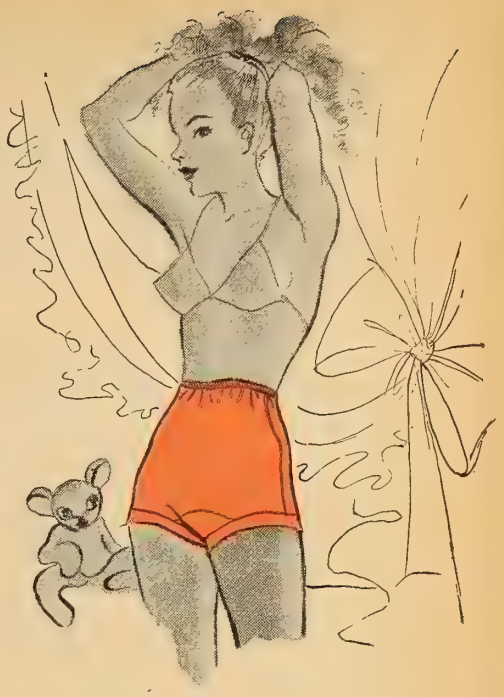
modern screen shops for you

A great big flattering beach hat that has no carrying problem. Folds up when you're not wearing it. Called "Hollywood Halo"—name fits doesn't it? About $3.50, at The May Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

A compact that looks just like Grandfather's watch. You press the stem to open. Comes on a bright red ribbon fob that you can pin to belts or pockets. By Wadsworth, about $3, at McCreery's, N. Y.

Who ever gets enough playshoes? Only $3—how's that for a real bargain! Greggies cute fabric ones have a rope sole for extra bounce. Greg Shoe Co., Inc., 26 N. Kentucky Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Rhinestone initials to make any man ask what's the name—and probably the phone number too! A nice way to add extra sparkle to you. By Omar, $1, each initial, plus tax, order from Lane Bryant, N. Y.



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The versatility of the "undie-world" is proven time and again by McKay. Clever styling to please every type — from the petite to the statuesque.

Now with summer coming on, women everywhere request them — because they're so trim ... so free ... so cool ... so easy to wash!

Made in an attractive variety of luxurious rayons that make them your favorite budget buy!

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Next time say, "McKay Lingerie!"

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NEW RANGE OF
5 SIZES . . .
Tots . . . for ages 2 to 4
Kiddies . . . for ages 5 to 8
Juniors . . . for ages 9 to 14
Regular . . . for trousers up to 32"
Long . . . for trousers over 32"
NEW AUTOMATIC TRIGGER LOCK

Minimize hot, tiresome ironing of wash pants and slacks! Simply insert "Marvel" Trouser Creasers in pants as they come out of washer, hang on line to dry. New automatic "Trigger" Lock sets creasers to exact tension. Trousers dry smooth, shaped, neatly creased with little effort on your part. More than 1,000,000 in use!

LEE-ROWAN CO., 6307 ETZEL, ST. LOUIS 14, MO.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

Red and white striped long torso chambray dress worn by Veronica Lake in the full color photograph (Page 73)

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Co.
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Seattle, Washington—Frederick & Nelson
St. Louis, Missouri—Famous & Barr Co., Teen Town Department

Large white off-face straw hat carried by Veronica Lake in the full color photograph (Page 73)

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Daisy comb and bracelet worn by Veronica Lake in the full color photograph (Page 73)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Philadelphia, Pa.—N. Snellenburg & Co.

Striped seersucker dress with scalloped sleeves worn by Veronica Lake (Page 74)

Atlanta, Georgia—Davison-Paxon Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Brothers
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Checked gingham dress with button-trimmed yoke worn by Veronica Lake (Page 75)

Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
Norfolk, Va.—Ames & Brownley
Oakland, Calif.—Kahn's Dept. Store
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Portland, Ore.—Olds, Wortman & King
South Bend, Ind.—Robertson's Dept. Store

Shoes worn by Veronica Lake by Johansen
Two-piece gingham playsuit worn by Karin Booth (Page 76)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
Cincinnati, Ohio—The John Shillito Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

Printed cotton dress with deep hem flounce worn by Karin Booth (Page 77)

New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh's

Blue denim sunback dress worn by Karin Booth (Page 78)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Detroit, Michigan—Demery's
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Norfolk, Va.—Smith & Welton, Inc.

Two-piece lastex and printed linen bathing suit worn by Karin Booth (Page 80)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
Buffalo, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins

Leather thong tie playshoes worn by Karin Booth (Pages 76, 77, 78)

Baltimore, Md.—N. Hess Sons

(*Continued from page 56*)

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But it wasn't worth much then.

Dick stared down at his plate, knowing she'd burned her fingers three times, and she wanted it to be so good, and now she couldn't eat a mouthful.

follow the bouncing ball . . .

He picked up a meat patty, and tossed it in the air. "Who cares about a little old bit of meat?" he cried gallantly. And waited for the meat patty to bounce back onto his plate.

It bounced on the brand-new couch, instead. It spattered forty-six grease spots all over, and June burst out crying, just like brides do in the movies.

Distressed, Richard went to her, and lifted her chin. "Honey, don't. I'll buy you more meat. I'll buy you more couches. I'll buy you—"

"Go away," June sobbed. "I'm a bad wife."

"But I *like* bad wives," he said. "Honest I do. The worse they are, the harder I fall for 'em."

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Every night, she'd stagger home with a broken heart.

Dick would arrive to find her glaring at her golf sticks. "I'd like to break them," she'd be muttering. "I'd like to smash them in a hundred thousand pieces and bury them deep in the ground. I'd like to beat that laughing caddy over his fat head!"

Dick plays a wonderful game, so of course, he won't play with June. She's humble about it; she doesn't expect him to. "You'd go crazy, waiting around for me, wouldn't you?" she says wistfully.

He says, "Yes, I would," and that ends that.

LESS IRONING
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Marvel
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SECRETLY HE LOVES HER

(*Continued from page 56*)

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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

ARTHUR KENNEDY, who scored as the accused man in BOOMERANG!, *was born in Worcester, Mass., on Feb. 17, 1914. He is 5' 11", 162 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. He's married to Mary Chaffee. Write to him at Actors' Equity Assoc., 45 W. 47th Street, N. Y., as he is currently starring on Broadway in* All My Sons.

Also in BOOMERANG!, *as the cub reporter, was brown-haired, brown-eyed JIMMY DOBSON, who was born in Greenville, Tenn., some twenty-odd years ago, on Oct. 2nd. Jimmy is 5' 11" tall, weighs 155 lbs. and is unmarried. He can be reached at Fox, Beverly Hills, for a photo.*

RAY McDONALD returned from service to appear as Allyson's dancing partner in Till The Clouds Roll By. *He was born in Boston, Mass., on June 27. Is 5' 11" tall, weighs 145 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Is married to Elizabeth Fraser, and they have one child. Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City. Next pic,* Good News.

Victor Morales, N. Y.: Charlotte Setzer, 635 Chestnut St., Janesville, Wisc., has the Richard Webb Club; Yvonne Mickle, 238 W. 106th Street, N. Y., has Rudy Wissler's.

Helen O'Connell, St. Louis: When stars free-lance, it means that they aren't with any studio. Thus, address the star care of Screen Actor's Guild, Hollywood. EVERY screen player is registered with the Guild, and can be reached there when he has no studio.

FREE OFFER: For each of the following, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope: (a) Questions on any of your favorite film players or pics (b) Instructions on starting a fan club (c) Score of *Humoresque* (d) Entire Academy Award list since origin. Address your letters to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART—1946-'47 (10c)—A new edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of fascinating data on all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to **Service Dept.**, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

She's terrific at tennis, though, and also she's been gardening passionately.

To her surprise, flowers are actually growing where no flowers grew before.

Dick can't keep a straight face when June talks about her garden.

"I watched her one day," he tells people. "She dug a lot of holes in the ground, and then she put a lot of seeds in the holes, and then she admires the seeds sitting in the holes for a while, and after she was tired of that, she came over to me.

" 'See those piles of dirt I dug out of those holes?' she said. I said 'yes.'

" 'Well, Richard,' she said, 'what do I do with all that dirt?'

"You could have knocked me over with a short-handled spade. I told her to put the dirt back in the holes, and she beamed as if I'd given her an oil well. She's brilliant, my wife. I should give *her* the subscription to the New Republic."

In spite of the contempt which Dick professes for June's gardening ability, amazing progress is manifesting itself. Pansies and camellias sprout up like out of an Olsen and Johnson show, with frantic disregard for the way proper pansies and camellias sprout up, and June brags to Dick.

"I did it. Me, myself."

"Anything'll grow in California," he says. "You're the only living object I know that stopped at a scant five feet."

Whereupon she goes in the house and puts on four-inch heels, so Richard will be sorry he ever hinted she wasn't majestic.

She knows exactly where to find her four-inch heels, too. When Richard designed the closets for the house, he designed her a shoe closet, a sweater closet, a glove closet, a purse closet, a slack-and-blouse closet—you name it, and they've got a closet for it. In one closet, there is nothing but seven identical hats.

The reason for this last is simple. Before Christmas, Dick and June were going to make a short trip to New York. June never wears hats; she dislikes them, and usually Dick doesn't care. But this time, his sense of fitness rose up and smacked him.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you need a hat."

He went shopping and came home with a small sort of taxi-driver's-cap number, and she tried it on.

"It looks pretty good," he said proudly.

She admitted it looked as good as a hat *ever* looked on her, so he went out and bought six more, in six different colors.

She never wore them.

"I wouldn't say she was stubborn," Dick says, defending her staunchly. "At least, I wouldn't say she was stubborn where she could hear me."

Dick has his own stubbornnesses. They center around flying, mostly.

He loves it; June detests it. And never the twain shall meet.

. . . into the wild blue yonder . . .

Almost every week-end, they fly down to Palm Springs, or up to Santa Barbara, or out to God-knows-where, and meet a whole lot of other sprightly young couples who own planes, and they all talk about altitudes and instruments and stick time. Excepting June, who listens in glum silence.

Dick used to have an Ercoupe; now he has a Navion, and he's working up to a two-engine baby. Two engines would undoubtedly be still safer, but June's irrational about planes. She figures if she gets one headache from one engine, ipso facto, ergo, and two engines means two headaches.

She isn't one of those people who just hates to take-off, but is fine in the air. Or one of those people who's fine in the air, but can't stand landing. She simply hates the whole process from the minute she gets in until the minute she gets out.

Dick, who is flight-happy, is making a picture called *Assigned to Treasury*, and the last scenes take place in Havana.

"Maybe the studio'll let me fly down myself," he says, his face all glowing, and June sits there, dying.

Or he'll outline his plans for the near future. "I'd like to fly to Little Rock, Arkansas," he says. "And then I'd like to fly to Washington, and then I'd like to fly to New York."

"I won't let you!" she says. Adding, sadly, "But you will."

He worries about her the way she worries about Pat and Casey. He worries about her eating and her sleeping and her working, and whether or not she goes to the dentist.

For three years, he's been saying, "Go to the dentist and get your teeth checked, while you still have some teeth."

Finally, three weeks before she started *Good News*, she went, shaking with fright. What price, years of neglect?

this won't hurt a bit . . .

She told herself she deserved anything she got, but that wasn't much comfort, and when she sat down at last in the dentist's chair, her hands were wet, and her heart was banging.

She volunteered some information. "I had four fillings before," she said.

"Yes." The dentist was poking around with a little instrument. "I think we'll change those four."

"And what else?"

She sounded as though her voice were changing from boy soprano to girl bass, and back again.

"Nothing else, Miss Allyson," he said. "You have fine, strong teeth."

Currently, June is sitting around in her dressing-room at Metro, and feeling her four new fillings with her tongue. She looks so smug about the operation that someone will occasionally be cruel. "You know it isn't really such a sensational achievement to go to the dentist."

"It is for me," she says, and goes right on looking smug.

Part of the smugness could be on account of the dressing-room, of course. It's a new one that she decorated herself. It has red chairs with black legs, and a sort of aquamarine couch, with plump cushions, and a lamp with a frothy white shade, and the whole place is papered gaily. Naturally, it has very unusual closets, too—Dick designed them.

June loves it, and she and Betty Carlson, her secretary, spend spare hours there.

Dick found Betty Carlson for June. "She's a terrific girl," he said. "She used to be a French teacher."

When June met Betty, she was delighted, and the deal was closed. But that night, at home, June cornered her husband. "That Betty Carlson's awfully pretty," she said.

He laughed till he looked like a lobster with a crew-cut. "A jealous wife!"

"Well, she is," June said. "Awfully pretty."

June's supposed to speak some French for *Good News*, so Betty's tutoring her. Betty's accent is beautiful; June's is not, but it's fun anyway.

The only thing June doesn't love about *Good News* is the Technicolor makeup. She can't bear a lot of grease on her face, and for Technicolor you need it.

The very first day of shooting, her little dressing-room was so filled with flowers she could hardly turn around.

There were flowers from Chuck Walters, the director, and there were flowers from Peter Lawford, her co-star.

"Don't worry about a thing, Junie," Peter's card read. "I'll carry you through the entire picture."

And while she was chuckling over that, another long white box came, and she opened it, and it was full of red roses.

She picked up the card. "Happy picture," it said. "Husband." That was all.

But for Junie, that's enough.

IF TY HAD HIS WAY...

(Continued from page 32)

what is all this—love?"

Ty wasn't grinning when he said what he said, because it wasn't a kidding remark.

"If it isn't," answered Ty, "then it's the nearest I've ever come to it. She's a wonderful girl, Hedda, and I want you to know her."

"For heaven's sake, Ty!" I exclaimed, not believing my ears this time. "I do know Lana Turner." He shook his head.

"I don't believe you do, Hedda. I don't think anyone has ever tried to know her."

"Well," I began, "I understand she's pretty spoiled, and—"

He stopped me with another vigorous headshake. "Put that in the *past* tense," corrected Ty. "She's not any more."

Now this Tyrone Power has never tossed me a curve in any department and I decided—playing a quick truth-and-confessions with myself—come to think of it, he was right as rain. I certainly had never "tried to learn to know" Lana Turner. I thought the answers to Lana were fairly obvious. Maybe she'd been fooling me all these years—just as she'd fooled me not so long ago; in fact, the first time she'd appeared publicly in Hollywood with Tyrone Power.

That was at a party Otto Preminger, the director, gave. Ty brought Lana—and that's what I'd missed and Lana knew I'd missed it—that's why she wore a smug proud-to-fool-you-Hedda look. Well, I take off my best hat to a gal who can slip one like that over on me.

Ty had seen Lana before that. Here's how they discovered each other, just as Ty Power told it to me the afternoon he dropped by my house.

it all began . . .

It was at Romanoff's, last winter just after she came back from her South American tour, just before Ty flew off on his. He came in after dinner at the party both were invited to and the first person he saw was Lana, sitting by herself in a booth. She smiled invitingly and patted the empty seat beside her. Ty strolled over, feeling a funny pounding inside his shirt. Before he left, he'd found himself asking Lana's telephone number, and getting it. He drove by her house the next afternoon and they took up where they'd left off. Then Ty flew away on his "Filthy Five" all-male barnstorming tour of South America. When he came back, there was plenty to talk about concerning the romantic land they'd both visited. And when Ty Power came back things were very different with him. His marriage rift, already a fact, was announced in New York.

And since the formal separation was now known Ty felt free to follow his heart. It led straight to Lana Turner.

Lana found out in the very beginning that her new love was all man. She had her eyes opened once and for all when she flew to meet Ty in Mexico City. Ty was working there, making *Captain From Castile*, and Lana was on vacation. She was out for fun; Ty was working. They went to Ciro's, at Mexico City's Reforma Hotel, the first night. After dinner, it was late but Lana was just starting her evening. "Let's stay and dance," she said, but Ty shook his head firmly.

"No," he said, "I've got a four o'clock call and I've got to get some sleep."

"I want to stay," pouted Lana, and that pretty pout had always worked before.

Ty rose from the table and Lana placed her hand on his arm. That had always worked, too. "You're not going," she whis-

Sparkling hair that thrills men!

Your hair can be your most intriguing charm—when you know this special secret of shining *natural* hair beauty. For whether your hair is honey blonde or raven black, sunny brown or fiery red—whether it's straight or curly—it's your natural hair-*appeal* that wins the eyes of men. And more and more women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo is the winning secret of True Hair Loveliness! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that whips up luxurious lather like magic in hard or soft water—sweeps dullness away—and in its place leaves hair heavenly soft, shining, delightfully obedient. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new formula that gives your hair a stunning new sheen and finish. Discover what true hair loveliness one jar of Lustre-Creme Shampoo can bring. At all cosmetic counters.

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Four Ounces, $1.00; Family 1 lb., $3.50

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

pered. "You're going to stay and dance with me."

"You don't know *me*," said Ty. He paid his check, walked out and left—by himself. Lana had to call a cab. But I don't think she was so mad as she was surprised, and probably pleased. I doubt if anyone had ever done that to her before. Anyway, Lana liked what she discovered, because she flew to Mexico City again against M-G-M's wishes, right in the middle of *Green Dolphin Street.*

"I guess I don't know the Lana you describe," I confessed to Ty after a few minutes' chat, "and I want to know her. Why don't you bring her here for dinner?"

"Love to," he smiled. "I think you'll be surprised."

hedda goes overboard . . .

I was. I certainly was. In fact, after one of the most pleasant evenings I've had in a long time with the most handsome and utterly love-struck couple I've seen in ages, I'm prepared to go a bit overboard. Not only do I think they'd be wed tomorrow if Annabella had her divorce—but I think they'd stay married.

It wasn't necessarily the perfect picture they made together—although that was as flawless a matched male-and-female vision as I've ever seen. I've always thought Lana Turner one of the world's really great beauties. She had her naturally taffy silk hair darkened for *Green Dolphin Street.* It made her even more striking.

"I'm going to try and keep it this way," she said. "Do you like it?" I nodded. "I'm glad," said Lana. "I love it this way." Then she added what was most important. "Ty does, too."

That recurred like the theme in a symphony as we sat and talked until midnight. What Ty thought, what Ty did, what Ty said. And when Ty spoke, it was about Lana.

We chatted about Mexico, and all that Lana had seen was through Ty Power's eyes. They'd both collected a golden tan together which made them look younger and fresher and more alive. Ty's was a darker hue. Lana's a honey-gold. And every other moment it was "Ty did this and Ty showed me that." Through Ty, it was plain, Lana saw things that just wouldn't have been there otherwise.

They went to Acapulco, the heavenly seaside resort where Mexico's mountains meet the blue bay. To Lana, with Ty it was the most romantic spot on earth. "You've never seen such stars, Hedda," Lana marvelled. "You could reach right up into the velvet sky and pluck them out, they were that big!"

I couldn't help asking, "As big as the stars in your eyes?"

"Does it really show that much?" Lana smiled, startled.

"It certainly does, my dear," I told her. "And it's very becoming."

It was, too. Everything is more becoming to a lady when she's in love. Lana seemed more at peace to me, quieter, lost in a dream. I saw what Ty meant. Maybe I didn't know this Lana. She wasn't restless. She was content to sit and hold his hand all evening.

We talked of pictures and both Lana and Ty wanted to talk about one they'd like to do together. Together. We talked about their living problems. Ty has moved out of Annabella's house and he's camping with his friend, Watson Webb, until he can find one he wants to buy. He looked at Lana when he said that "I want"; I took it to mean "we." It was not long after Easter then and Ty and Lana told about their own particular Easter Day, about the identical bonnets Lana had had made at John Fredericks for herself and her daughter, Cheryl. "They looked like twins," chuckled Ty. Lana said Cheryl was crazy about the chocolate Easter eggs, chicks, and bunnies Ty brought over. It all sounded like a cozy understanding.

"What about you two?" I asked them. "What about wedding rings and things?"

"We can't discuss that until after Ty's divorce, Hedda," said Lana.

Said Ty quickly, "Of course, you know Annabella's getting it very soon."

Later Lana told me, "It's just as though all the past romances in my life had never existed. Ty is the only man I've ever loved."

There was a time when I would have smiled pretty skeptically at that remark, coming from Lana Turner. But it suddenly occurred to me that Lana certainly could *well* mean what she said. Not only did every word and gesture she made that night in my house back her words, but for the first time I realized Lana Turner was in love with a man who matched up. Probing my memory through the men in her life, I knew Lana had always consistently picked the wrong kind for the girl she is.

"I'll bet," I told myself wonderingly, "if Lana and Ty had met and fallen in love at the start they'd be settled happily down now with a bunch of kids!"

But they didn't meet at the start.

There isn't space enough here to go into the Romances of Lana Turner. But the ones that flashed through my mind that night all fell smack in the same wrong-guy-for-Lana groove. Greg Bautzer, the lawyer-man-about-town, for instance, whom Lana thought she loved and would have married, only Greg liked his independence too much to be tied down. And Artie Shaw, the band leader, whom Lana married.

Then there was her unfortunate, spectacular marriage to Steve Crane. You'll remember the hideous mix-up when it turned out that his divorce had not been final when he'd married Lana. The one bright spot in this brief, ill-starred alliance was Cheryl, Lana's darling little girl.

There was Howard Hughes, the brilliant millionaire aviator who's never married anyone of the Hollywood stars he's beaued. Howard flew Lana across the continent and went out of his way to show her the Grand Canyon. It was deep enough to swallow their romance, because when they landed in Hollywood they never saw each other again. There was a South American swain supposed to be captivating Lana with Latin love and lavishness when she took her flying trip to Rio. He was supposed to send her a race horse, as I recall, but that horse, like the romance, melted into the mists.

All the time, I know, Lana wanted to get married, and maybe that was why she circulated, stayed the party girl even though she was a mother—until Ty Power came along.

Ty Power matches Lana in more ways than just being an extremely handsome guy perched on a Hollywood star's throne. He, too, had been unlucky in love. Furthermore, though he has an acting tradition in his family, he came through in Hollywood almost as suddenly as Lana did when she put on her first fatal sweater. They're both—Lana and Ty—Young America who came through—and I've always thought Young America should team up together to make a marriage work.

Well, that sums up the reverie I slipped into while I talked to Ty and Lana over coffee at my house and watched them hold hands like a couple of puppy lovers. They used to save a table for Turner every night at Mocambo, and she usually showed up with some pretty boy or other. They don't save it any more. Ty and Lana go out to dinner and to parties, of course—they aren't ready for slippers and a rocking chair yet, by any means. They came together to one I gave the other day for Col. Robert McCormick, the Chicago Tribune's publisher, and Lana proved she hasn't lost any of her wonderful flair for elegance when she wants to use it.

She wore a sable-black dress with diamond earbobs, rings and clips and a perfect black hat with flowers. I appreciated her dressing up for my party. I knew Ty would have to run Lana home to change to informal clothes, because they had another informal dinner engagement later that night. But she knew I wanted the Colonel, on his first Hollywood visit, to see Hollywood's most beautiful star at her most glamorous.

I'm not quite sappy enough to think Lana Turner will ever settle down to making apple-pan dowdy with flour on her face, or anything—don't misunderstand me. But I think with a quick divorce action there might be something very solid for Lana and Ty in a Hollywood union that would blend successfully with two very flourishing careers.

the waiting game . . .

But the path of true love never did run smooth—in Hollywood or anywhere else—and there are clouds that hang today over Ty and Lana's hopes and plans. For one, although Ty and Annabella's property settlement is all signed and sealed, the divorce has been delayed until she returns from Paris.

Everyone who is interested in the happiness of these two hopes the way will be clear for their marriage before long.

For if time drags on, say another twelve months or even six, then the danger curve for Cupid rises, day by day. There are too many psychological termites boring away at a love affair in Hollywood, and anything can happen to a drawn-out romance.

When they said "Good-night" at my door that night I told them right out what I thought, no matter what they admitted or didn't admit about wedding talk. "You've got companionship, and love—and that spells marriage to me," I said. They didn't say no, at least . . .

What I didn't say was something I thought, as I watched the handsome jet-and-marble male features of Tyrone Power blend into the darkness with the lovely ivory-and-gold beauty of Lana Turner:

It was, "If they only *were* married, those two, think of the beautiful babies they'd have. Why," I mused, as I closed the door on my disappearing dinner guests, "that pair could found a whole divine new dynasty of movie stars if they had the chance!" I hope they do.

DOIN' WHAT COMES NATCH-ER-LY!

Naturally, Lana Turner doesn't walk down the main street of your town every day in the week. But we've hardly heard of a movie fan anywhere who doesn't have at least one eye-witness story to tell about meeting a real, live movie star in person. If you're one who's "seen it happen," you just naturally want to tell the whole world about it, don't you? That's the idea behind our "I Saw It Happen" Department. So, how about sending us your experience? First, of course, you'll want to read the "Happen" boxes in this issue so you'll see that we want short, unusual and true anecdotes. Mail your entries to: "I Saw It Happen" Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And—naturally!—there'll be a check for $5 waiting for every entry we use.

You can stay at home and still discover new things!

BUSY WIVES AND MOTHERS TEST NEW NAPKIN—102 OUT OF 122 REPORT NO CHAFING WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS!

Housewives over the country recently made a discovery that'll be comforting news to every girl who chafes . . .

In home after home, busy women who had suffered chafing with their regular sanitary napkin were asked to try a new, improved napkin —*Free-Stride* Modess.

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IF YOU'VE WONDERED . . . By Florabel Muir

(*Continued from page 27*)

person I have ever met anywhere in all my life. He constantly amazes me. I wonder how anyone can be so thoughtful. It isn't only with me or with his close friends. He's that way about people he scarcely knows. The other day he read about the death of a man he had met once or twice. To my surprise, he sat down and wrote a letter to the widow and sent her flowers. A little boy from down the street came here the other day to play with my son and Van took their pictures. Then he got the idea of how much fun the kid would get out of an enlarged picture of himself and how his mother would like it. So he spent the whole afternoon getting that picture finished. There isn't ever too much trouble if he can make someone happy. Is it any wonder that I love him?"

She told me she couldn't really say when she began to love Van. It was something that grew first with a great friendship, then a deep affection and finally the realization that here was the man she wanted to spend the rest of her life with.

"I am essentially a woman who wants a home and the security and peace that should go with it," she explained. "Like every other woman, I wanted a husband who would share the home with me. I guess we all want some one to play house with us from the time we're in pigtails.

"That's why I fell in love with Van. He noticed all the little things I did around the house. He knew when I had a new dress or changed the style of my hair. If I felt depressed or blue he told me something funny that would make me laugh till the tears rolled down my cheeks."

Evie wouldn't say anything at all about her life with Keenan Wynn, but she didn't need to tell me why she didn't find happiness with him because I've been watching these two for a long time in Hollywood, and although I am very fond of Keenan and admire him greatly, I wouldn't want to be married to him, either. I'm sure, although he appreciated the lovely home Evie made for him and the children, that he would have been just as happy living at the Lambs Club. I've seen them night after night together in the gay spots and nearly all of the time he would be table hopping, talking animatedly with his friends, while Evie sat alone at their table, twiddling her thumbs.

One night she and a girl friend went to Ciro's with Keenan, and he left them sitting while he galloped off to talk to everyone in the place. I heard the friend tell Evie she was silly to stand for that, and when Keenan didn't come back for too long a time the friend went and got him. Since he and Evie have been divorced, he goes out with many a pretty girl. But they all wind up sitting at the table alone while he table-hops.

He doesn't want to play any games that a girl could play, either. He is happiest when he's off dashing about the country on a motorcycle. Up and down hazardous roads, over hill and dale he rushes. And, of course, when he gets home, he's too tired to be entertaining or amusing to a wife. It wasn't in the cards that their marriage could last.

"I hesitated a long time about getting a divorce, though," Evie told me. "I didn't want to hurt Van with those wonderful people who idolize him. It has been like a miracle to me that our marriage hasn't changed them. And they're so nice to me, too. But I do wish they wouldn't keep thinking about me as a woman older than Van. We are just about the same age, you know."

And she didn't look like an old woman, sitting there with her feet tucked under her, in a bathing suit, her short hair tied back with a blue ribbon.

"Pretty cute kid, huh?" said Van pushing her into the pool. "You'd never believe she's the mother of two kids would you?"

a party for evie . . .

Van was planning a party for Evie's birthday, which was May 8. He made up the guest list, planned the menu, ordered the food, and then he suddenly realized that he was doing everything.

"Hey, this is your party," he told her. "Why don't you get some ideas about this affair, too?"

"You seem to be doing so well. Why should I bother?" she asked.

She told me that she hasn't bought one single thing for the house unless he was with her.

"He'd kill me if I did. He wants to see everything we get even if it's only an egg beater from the five- and ten-cent store. We've spent hours in furniture stores and drapery shops together. Every time we go shopping, it's like the circus for him. He has such a good time.

"And I used to think I was neat and orderly about the house, until I came to live with Van. He's Swedish, you know, and has the almost fanatic urge to be clean that Swedes have. He sees a speck of dust no bigger than a fly and is always polishing things. Never leaves his clothes lying around.

"On the cook's day off, he makes my breakfast, and he wants to cook dinner too, when we're by ourselves. And, of course, he washes the dishes. You should see him shine the glasses. He told me that he got used to helping around the house because his grandmother who raised him wasn't young and strong. He loved her so, he wanted to save her from any extra step. You've no idea how wonderful it is to be waited on like this. It's heavenly."

I asked her if he notices her clothes or the way she wears her hair.

"Notice them? He tells me what to wear. He likes to choose the dress he wants me to wear when we go out and he's fussy about my makeup. It was on his orders I had my hair cut shorter."

I told Evie that friends had noticed that Van wasn't moody any more like he used to be. He even stays at parties until everybody else has gone home.

"Have they noticed that, too? He has changed. He used to be so restless. No sooner did he arrive at a party than he wanted to leave. He often used to desert the girls he took out and say he had a headache or something. It was just that he couldn't be bothered." Van joined us at this point and explained why he used to duck parties. "It was because I felt so inadequate. Never had anything to talk about but my acting job and who wanted to hear about that? Now I have lots to talk about. My house, my wife, my car and my tennis. I can entertain people for hours. Guys tell me about their houses, and I tell them about mine."

When Evie left us alone, I quizzed Van about her.

"You know, Florabel, I've always felt like a fool talking about anything that I cared deeply about. I'm just one of those inarticulate Swedes, I guess. But my happiness frightens me. I realize my great responsibility. I hope I can measure up to it. I want to make Evie and the children so happy. Maybe I'll stumble occasionally in my efforts. But I guess Evie will always know I mean to do the right thing."

Since their marriage, Van has been vacationing. But he has to report to the studio soon to start a picture, and he dreads it.

"I used to hang around the studio all the time," he said. "That little old dressing room was my home, pal. But it's different now. I guess I'll be thinking up excuses to stay home. Gee, I hate to leave this place for a whole day. Why do I have to work for a living? Why can't I just sit here and relax by the pool for the rest of my life?"

"You'd go crazy," his wife told him.

"You're so right. Say, let's go down to La Cienega and buy us one of those tent things to put over here in the corner by the pool. I saw just the one we ought to have driving by there last night." So off they went on another shopping spree, like two kids on the way to their very first circus.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As I was nervously waiting to interview Sister Kenny for our school paper, a tall, beautiful woman entered the room. She asked me if I were waiting for Sister Kenny also. I said yes and, as she seemed so friendly. I told her how scared I was about the interview. "Would it help," she smiled, "if I went in with you?" Just then Sister Kenny came out and said to her, "Why, Miss Russell, how lovely of you to come to see me." Yes, it was Rosalind Russell. She went in with me and I was never so proud in my life as I was to have the reel Sister Kenny sit beside me, while I interviewed the real Sister Kenny.

Louisa Foss,
Minneapolis, Minn.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The movie company of The Stronghold *was on location at the Courthouse here in Quebec, and I went downtown for my first view of a film in the shooting stage. When I arrived on the scene, a policeman stopped me from getting very close to the action. I was very disappointed because from where I was standing I could not see too much. Just then Helmut Dantine, one of the stars of the picture, came by, saw my plight and took my arm. "Let the lady through," he told the policeman. "She's my girl friend." Of course, it was just a scheme to get me through the lines, but I certainly appreciated Mr. Dantine's kindness.*

Gisele Charest,
Quebec, Canada

BRINGING UP ELIZABETH

(*Continued from page 45*)

piano. "If we could get an old second-hand one, anything"—I said to my husband—"maybe I could teach her a few nursery songs." Up until that time she hadn't been able to sing one note. He found one and we started and it looked pretty hopeless for a while. But, before too long our noteless Elizabeth had developed a sweet coloratura. We'd put a record on, and she'd take it with Lily Pons. Lily would stop, and there'd be Elizabeth still holding this note, looking so happy that Daddy and I would laugh till the tears rolled down our cheeks.

Singing seemed to do something for her. Out of her shyness, she blossomed into the gayest of children. Indeed, it was her voice that first attracted interest at M-G-M. As for acting, she loves it, but it's made no essential change in her. If there'd been any tendency toward self-inflation, her brother would have squelched it. To Elizabeth, Howard is king, and like most older brothers, he considers it his mission in life to keep her from feeling that she's so much. Which we think is fine.

For example, they were running a girl-ask-boy dance at Beverly High. I should explain that, while Elizabeth goes to school at the studio, Beverly High, where Howard's a senior, is her second home. Most afternoons you'll find her at the canteen, having malted milks with her friends, and the school dances are the only ones she's allowed to attend.

wanted: one fixer-upper . . .

On this occasion she appealed to Howard. "I might ask someone who's accepted another bid, and I'd hate to be turned down. Could you sort of find out for me?"

Howard was incensed. "You mean go round asking fellows, have you got a date? Not me! Go ahead and take a chance on being turned down. The other girls do."

If anything, her work's made Elizabeth a stricter conformist. Acting is different enough. In all other respects, she must be even more like the rest. At 15, there's apparently something so horrible about being different that it's almost a crime. I have to go out and buy hideous sloppy-joe sweaters and those wretched angoras that shed all over the house. One day I caught a gleam of hope. Flittering through a fashion magazine, my daughter gave a startled yip. "Look, she's wearing her sweater inside her skirt. That must be the latest."

She tucked her own sweater inside and ran across to Ann Westmore's. Ann's not merely her bosom pal, she's the law and the prophets. When Elizabeth returned, her sweater was pulled out again. "What happened to the newest trend?"

"Oh, I got razzed. Ann said the magazine must've lost its mind."

It was while she was working in *Life With Father* last summer that Elizabeth grew clothes-conscious. She was 14, playing 16, and all of a sudden it was anything to make her look older. Little waists, tight belts, high heels. Pleated skirts are tabu. "Oh, they're so juvenile, Mother." But the big battle was the battle of the lipstick.

In *Life With Father* she wore makeup for the first time and loved it. The makeup men, with only kindness in their hearts, gave her little jars of pomade, and she'd try to get around me by pointing out that, as these were gifts, it was the part of courtesy to use them. That didn't work. One night she came home with Howard from a basketball (*Continued on page 95*)

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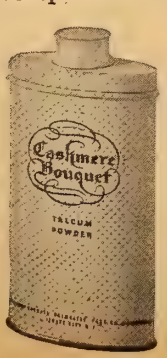

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

Here it is—at last! The month of the big Hollywood Fan Club Convention. It is the sincere wish of the Modern Screen Fan Club Association that this convention will be a successful one, and that every delegate will work whole-heartedly to contribute something worthwhile and beneficial. Because we know that for most of you this will be a new experience, we'd like to mention a few of the "pitfalls" of which we hope all of you will steer clear: 1. Keep in close contact with convention headquarters at all times, so that you are sure of which event will take place next, where and when it will be held, and how to find your way there. 2. Obey carefully whatever instructions are given for the conduct of delegates. Remember, rules are made not to *inconvenience* you, but to *protect* you. 3. This will not be the time for petty jealousies, personal squabbles or destructive criticism and action. Always conduct yourself in a well-mannered, orderly fashion.

THE CONVENTION PROGRAM

Monday, June 23
12 p.m. Luncheon—Open Forum
Evening. Radio Shows
Tuesday, June 24
Afternoon. Sight-seeing tour, via bus
Evening. Dinner in Colorful Olvera Street
Wednesday, June 25
All-day Outing
Thursday, June 26
Morning. Radio Broadcast
Evening. Theater Party
Friday, June 27
Open
Saturday, June 28
4 p.m. Tea and Presentation to Charity at Ambassador Hotel
Sunday, June 29
9 p.m. Fan Clubs' Representatives' Ball at Ciro's

Note: Delegates who are under 18 and attending the Convention from out of town, *must have the written consent of their parents, and be accompanied by a guardian, or they will not be seated at the Convention.*

CLUB BANTER: Martha Farrington's Jeannette MacDonald Club has inaugurated a Sunshine Committee, headed by Peggy Murphy. Object: to send cards and notes to clubbers who are either ill or celebrating gay occasions . . . the "Baby Sitter Brigade" of Dixie Gibbs' Jack Smith Club in Rochester, Indiana, is a novel idea in fan clubs. When prexy gets a call from a frantic mother in need of a sitter, she taps available mems to fill the job . . . Darryl Hickman (McCreight) Club's "Favorite scene" Contest is a new twist in club contests . . . Betty Grable, Dale Evans, Bill Williams and Barbi Hale will be the stars honored in the next Four Stars Journal . . . Girlfriends of the "Boyfriend" (Vic Damone) wrote to Arthur Godfrey of the Talent Scout Program, inviting him to be an honorary (because Vic was winner of one of his contests) and Art was so pleased, he read the letter and accepted over the air . . . Sid Ceasar threw a private party for his club (Joan Schneider and Anne Cohen, co-prexies) in the rehearsal hall of the Roxy Theater, during his p.a. . . . Bobby Beers' Club made half a column (Harve Fischman's) in the Chicago Times . . . for the first anniversary of his club, Danny Scholl entertained prexy Lenore Larson and other clubbers at his radio guest shots and the theater . . . Theresa Smith, prexy of the Skip Homeier Club, was the subject of a feature story in the Wilmington Star. All about her activities as a one-woman drive against racial prejudice . . . Walter Goldby, of Lois Carnahan's Barbi Hale Club (and 29 others) draws sketches for Jane and Ronnie Reagan's daughter, Maureen. She likes to color them . . . Beatrice Gussin (Gerry Kee's Ladd's Legionnaires) painted an oil portrait of Linda Darnell and won a top prize with it in her high school art contest . . . Dorene Granade is offering free memberships to all veterans in her James Gleason Club . . . Any prexy (or group of prexies), preferably with club under 500, interested in purchasing a used portable mimeo machine, please inquire MSFCA, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.

TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Here they are: the current club leaders in the fifth lap of our Trophy Cup Contest. League One (clubs of 600 members or over): Nelson Eddy Music Club, 1350 points; Gene Autry Friendship Club, 800 pts.; June (Allyson) Bugs, 700 pts.; Shirley Temple Club, 650 pts.; Dick Haymes Associates, Ernest Tubb Club, 600 pts. League Two (clubs of 200 to 599 members): Bob Crosby Club, 1050 pts.; Dennis Morgan Club, 950 pts.; Ginger Rogers Club, 800 pts.; Charles Korvin Club, 750 pts.; Gene Kelly Club, 600 pts.; Larry Douglas Club, Gloria Jean Club, 600 pts. League Three (clubs with under 200 members): Sinatra Club (Wolfenstein), 850 pts.; Bill Williams Club (Demers), 750 pts.; Basil Rathbone Club, 700 pts.; Richard Jaeckel Club, 650 pts.; Carole Landis Club, New Stars Club, Sinatra Club (Beattie), Joe Cotten Club, Sinatra Club (Chiappari), 600 pts.

THIS MONTH'S WINNERS: THIS IS MY BEST, 100 pts. ea. to club. (Individual Prize, Gift set, FABERGE's sophisticated APHRODISIA Perfume and Cologne for the girls; FABERGE's WOODHUE Men's Cologne for the boys): Iris Perry, Sinatra (Pacilio) C.; Amena Peacock, Vincent Price C.; Mildred Avarado, Allyson C.; Arthur Holden, Ginger Rogers C.; Robert Waste, Stardusters C.; Herb Pease, Bob Crosby C. CANDID CAMERA CONTEST: (First Prize, 100 pts. to club; Beautiful TANGEE TRIP KIT for travel) Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman C. (Others: 50 pts. to ea. club; surprise package of four DELL MYSTERIES to winners) Barbara Feit, Sinatra (DiMattia) C.; Berenice Olson, Gene Autry F.C.; Dianne Beresford, Dennis Morgan C.; Ronnie DeArmond, Glenn Vernon (McCarthy) C.; June Sams, Ella Mae Morse C. BEST JOURNAL EDITORS OF MONTH, 250 pts. ea. to clubs. (Individual Prize: Special assortment of lovely PONDS Cosmetics for girls; Year's subscription to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, SCREEN ALBUM, 4 Dell Mysteries to Dave) Marianne Gitzler, Carmen Cavallaro C.; Marion Oppenheim, Bette Davis C.; Dave Hanson, Allyson C. BEST ORIGINAL PIECE OF ART WORK, 150 pts. to club. (Individual Prize: Year's subscriptions to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, SCREEN ALBUM and 4 Dell Mysteries) Phil Steriti, Sinatra (Delaney) C. BEST COVERS, 250 pts. to ea. club: June Allyson Journal; Ginger's Gems; (tied) Stardusters and Johnnie's (Johnston) Gay Notes. MOST WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES, 250 pts. to ea. club: Gene Autry F.C.; Dennis Morgan C.; Sinatra (Pacilio) C. BEST JOURNALS, 500 pts. to ea. club: Nelson Eddy Golden Notes (Music C.); Jive (Bob Crosby C.); Swooner's Corner (Sinatra C., Chiappari). GREATEST MONTHLY PERCENTAGE INCREASES IN MEMBERSHIP; 100 pts. to ea. club: No qualifications in League 1; Bill Williams (Chandler) C.; A. Ladd (Pearl) C. BEST MSFCA CORRESPONDENTS, 50 pts. to ea. club: Mary Susan Leonard, S. Temple C.; Annette Russell, Baritony C. (Ray Heatherton-Jerry Cooper-Jimmy Farrell); Josie Ciabattoni, Marian McManus C.

(*Continued from page 93*) game, and spoke to me firmly.

"Mother, I was the only girl at that game without lipstick on, and it made me look different. You wouldn't want me to look different, would you?"

"Yes, I would. I'd want you to look clean and scrubbed, and show the whole world you don't have to wear makeup."

"But Mother, you don't understand." (That cry of the teen-ager—Mother, you don't understand.) "The girls don't see it that way. They think you're a square."

Well, she confused me. It was probably that word "square," which they use as if it meant leprosy or worse. I finally agreed to lipstick within reason, and I've just flatly picked two shades she's allowed to use, and no others—Hildegarde Rose and Seashell Pink, which are almost the color of her lips.

If I have any rule, it's the rule of compromise. You give a little, and you take a little. The one thing I won't take is back-talk. Reasonable argument, yes, but no impudence. Elizabeth doesn't talk back, but for doggedness in trying to get her own way, any teen-ager could give cards and spades to a mule.

With her, the most effective method of showing displeasure is to stop talking to her. Elizabeth can't bear it. On the set one day, we had a little difference of opinion. You know how young girls wear their hair all over their faces? It irritates me, makes me think of a sheepdog. I'd push it back, and she'd flick it forward. In the end, I just walked off the set, which worked better than any number of words. When I came back, she was an angel.

on her it looked good . . .

I have no more use, however, for an arbitrary parent than I do for a self-willed child. In New York last fall, we went through the phase of the black party dress. For a girl not yet 15, black seemed to me absurd. I said certainly not. No sooner had I said it, than they brought out this heavenly black velvet and Elizabeth went mad. "Oh Mother, just let me try it on."

Once I saw her in it, I realized there was no reason why she shouldn't have it, except that I'd just said no, which isn't much of a reason. So I changed my mind and said yes.

On the other hand, I *can* be adamant. On the subject of strapless evening gowns, for instance. A dozen times it's been, "Oh Mother, you don't *know*. *All* the girls wear them. You want me to look like a teen-ager, don't you, Mother?"

And a dozen times, weary but holding my own, I've said: "What the other girls wear doesn't concern me, Elizabeth. *You're* not wearing strapless evening gowns." I believe she's beginning to be convinced.

We're also firm about going along to premieres. We let her accept a date, but her father and I are in the party. Of course, we bring up the rear, and they always manage to photograph her and the boy, so that no one could possibly know we were around. But Elizabeth knows it. And doesn't always relish it. She did her best to wangle it to the Academy affair alone. Her date was Marshall Thompson. Let me say that you couldn't find a nicer boy in the world, nor one we'd rather have her be with. But if a girl of 15's allowed to go unchaperoned to these big affairs, we just don't see how you can keep her from feeling blasé later on.

"Oh *please*, Mother," she begged. "It looks so much more grown-up, stepping out of the car with just your date."

"That's exactly the point, darling. You're *not* grown up, and we'd rather you didn't try it before your time."

She goes out only with boys whose families we know. Or if Howard knows the family and brings the boy home, and

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Elizabeth meets him at the dinner table. Weekdays, she's allowed no dates unless it's a special premiere, and then only when she's not working. If she's on a picture, her dinner's served in bed, after which she studies her script.

If she goes out Friday night, she stays in on Saturday. Maybe asks her crowd over for a barbecue, the advantage being that we can send them home early. On parties, we set a 12 o'clock deadline. Several times she's put up an argument about that and, when it's seemed reasonable, we've yielded.

On party nights, we make sure the refrigerator's well stocked, and encourage the children to bring their friends in for a snack. If we left milk and sandwiches out, it would be a bore. But if they can raid the icebox, and the boys can fix bacon and scrambled eggs, that's fun. Especially if they burn the eggs and let the hot chocolate run over.

I'd now like to record a small miracle worked in our midst, which may interest other mothers. Elizabeth had no sense of money values, so we hesitated to increase her weekly income of a dollar. After talking it over, we decided to put her on a clothes allowance and see what happened.

What happened was a revelation. She used to want everything she saw—from junk jewelry to mink. On our first shopping expedition with her own money, my daughter became a changed woman under my nose.

Elizabeth had turned 15 on February 27th, and by request had been given money for her birthday. "To spend foolishly—because I've never been allowed to spend money foolishly." This birthday check was also tucked into her bag. First thing she sighted was a handpainted blouse—price, $45. "Oh mother, how divine! *I* know! That'll be with my foolish money." I didn't say a word. Folly, after all, had been the purpose of the check. But Elizabeth hesitated. "Let's look around first." The upshot was that she found and bought an equally effective blouse at $5.95. What really floored me, though, was her approach to the purchase of an Easter outfit. "I'm on an allowance now," she confided to the salesgirl, "so don't bring me things that are too expensive. Have you anything on sale?"

We have two other problems that are harder to handle. One is untidiness. Never will I forget the day when a photographer was coming to do a home sitting. It was during the war and we couldn't get any help. Twenty times I'd impressed it upon Elizabeth that her room must look particularly neat. When the photographer arrived, the place was in apple-pie order, everything shone. Why the bed had to be moved, I don't remember—for my sins, I suppose—but moved it had to be for a certain shot. There must have been fifty comic books under that bed, face tissues, shoes, even clothes—oh well, why go on? The photographer laughed., wanted to take pictures of it, but my own humor failed me. Over my dead body, I told him.

crime and punishment . . .

I doubt if Elizabeth's ever stowed anything under her bed since. But unless she's watched, sweaters are still thrown in drawers any old way, and her dressing-table's a mess. I've experimented with all sorts of corrections. Correction's her word, by the way. To me it sounds awful, but she prefers it to punishment.

At last inspiration came. The radio! Unless the radio's blaring, she's lost. Now I just leave little notes on the bedroom door. Notes, I find, are more effective than talk—also less tiring. It's my profound belief that the fewer words you use with teen-agers, the better. They've got such a long list of arguments, and so much more energy. So I leave a note. "Sorry, darling, there'll be no radio this evening. You didn't hang up your clothes." That does it for a while.

Our second, and only real trouble is time. Time doesn't exist for Elizabeth. Her timeless world is really something I haven't been able to cope with. It drives me crazy. Take baths. Unless I'm standing right there, she'd stay in her bath till tomorrow morning. Take school. At first, seven seemed a reasonable rising hour; gradually it got to be 6:30; then six. She'd play with the cat; she'd get the chipmunk out of his cage; then he wouldn't go back; then she'd have to feed him. One evening I found myself setting the alarm for 5:30. To save *myself,* I had to put a stop to that.

I tried letting her be late to school, thinking that would embarrass her. Not at all. I talked to her teacher. We decided to keep her double the length of her lateness after school—triple the length. All we accomplished was to wear the teacher out.

And it's not that she doesn't like school. She does. Certainly, she adores premieres, yet exactly the same thing goes on. We'll be downstairs, me wilting in my fur coat, with my orchid threatening to follow suit —"We're all waiting, Elizabeth."

"Don't get upset, Mother, I'll be right down."

Long minutes elapse, to the tune of rumblings from Daddy. At length, he erupts and starts up after her.

"I'm just ready, Daddy; I'm just coming." And our daughter appears, sweet and smiling, at the head of the stairs.

Nothing helps. No correction corrects. If any mother anywhere can tell me what to do about time and Elizabeth, four Taylors will be everlastingly in her debt.

ADVERTISEMENT

"She's not a model really—that bag's full of Pepsi-Cola."

PIED PIPER

(Continued from page 60)

junior Astaires and knew in his bones that *next* week things would start looking up.

When he'd taken this job teaching at the dancing school sponsored by a Pittsburgh synagogue, he'd pictured himself surrounded by dozens of kids, and his heart had warmed to the thought. With some guys, it's horse-racing. With Kelly—now as then—it's kids. He's nuts about them. That first day the small, uninspired turnout was a real kick in the teeth, but the next week, a dozen of the ten- to twelve-year-olds showed up, in addition to the original group. They started out eyeing Gene as if he had two heads, but after fifteen minutes of shooting baskets with him, they relaxed and began to have fun. By the end of the afternoon, they weren't quite on Strauss waltzes, but Gene had them all doing dance steps reminiscent of Doug Fairbanks in his palmy days. And when the kid they called "Duckfoot"—a small-scale Eddie G. Robinson—mopped his brow and said admiringly, "He-eey, this is strictly a work-out," Gene knew with a quick stab of joy that he was "in."

Getting the teen-aged boys to come to dancing class required a different approach, but Gene was close enough to his own teens to know exactly what to do. He stopped one of the smoothies on the street one day. "Hear you're having yourselves a ball up at the high-school," he said.

"That's right," said the kid.

"Want to be the best dancer at it?" Gene said. "Oh, I don't mean just *good*. I mean really sharp stuff."

"Well, I guess I wouldn't mind."

a hit with the mob . . .

The smoothie brought a friend for moral support, and the news got around that this Kelly guy was terrific. After a while the gym wasn't big enough to hold the mob that flocked to learn from The Feet, and there wasn't a happier man in Pittsburgh than Gene.

At that point Gene, although only a kid himself, had been teaching dancing for years. He and his mom had organized a dancing school when he was in his teens, and he'd put himself through college on the proceeds. Teaching was his first love, and he'd still rather be a teacher than a dancer. If his pupils were kids, that is.

For Gene, teaching always meant more than fun. It was so very gratifying when some of his pupils became fine dancers, but there was a deeper satisfaction to his work than that. Some of the youngsters came from lonely neighborhoods or farms where there were few children. These shy ones used to suffer when they first attended the class. They hung back in a corner most of the time, and when Gene asked them to do an exercise, they melted in embarrassment. Under his gentle guidance and encouragement, they began to bloom, and when they suddenly found that they could dance just as well, and perhaps a little better, than the others, they'd hold up their heads with a new-born confidence. Remembering his own shy childhood, Gene got a kick out of watching the half-pints knock down their own defense mechanisms.

There were the sick kids, too. Several doctors sent paralysis cases to the Kelly school. They shared Gene's feeling that dancing is often not only therapeutically good for crippled children, but wonderful for their morale. It gives them a pretty fancy feeling to know that even though they're lame they can dance a little bit.

In connection with this work, Gene told me a story about a little crippled girl he'd worked with, and then he said, "Hey, you'd

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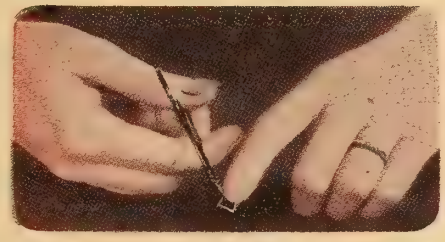

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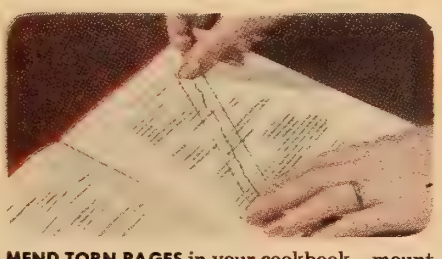

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better skip that. It might embarrass the kid if she reads it." But you know, Mr. Kelly, I can't skip that story. It needs to be told because of the encouragement it will give to hundreds of youngsters. I've changed the little one's name so that she can't possibly feel bad, and Mr. Kelly, you old softie, please don't be mad at me.

We'll call her Joan, this five-year-old Gene discovered in one of his classes one morning. Her right leg was considerably shorter than the left, and she was so painfully conscious of her deformity that at first she wouldn't even look at Gene. His big heart went out to her. He flopped down in a deep chair and stretched his right leg in front of him; then rose from the chair standing on that one leg.

"Joan," he said, "can you do this?" Joan watched him, a brief wistful smile on her face, then she dropped her glance shyly.

"When you can do that, Joan, I'll teach you a dance step. Will you try?"

Well, she practiced for a week, awkwardly at first, her face burning with embarrassment, and there came a beautiful morning when she could do it quite easily. She tugged at Gene's arm, too excited for mere words, and he watched her go through the exercise feeling his own pulse pound. When she'd finished he discovered that he had no words either, so he just gave her the old prizefighter salute, his hands clasped over his head. She became one of his star pupils, and in time her leg lengthened almost to normalcy.

he's been around . . .

Gene's really traveled since those early days in Pennsylvania. From Pittsburgh he went to New York where he started at the bottom of the ladder in show business. He danced in *Leave It to Me.* Then in *One for the Money,* he did a solo, some songs, and had a line or two. He dabbled briefly in summer stock, came back and appeared in *The Time Of Your Life,* which won the Pulitzer Prize and the Critics Award, and established Gene as a legitimate actor. *Pal Joey* cinched that fact, and then he staged the music and dancing for *Best Foot Forward.* Now, after a few solid years as a Hollywood star, he's back where he started —teaching kids. And still getting results. It's like this.

For his new picture, *Living in a Big Way,* he does a dance called "The Pied Piper" with a bunch of small sprouts. In order to select them, he asked the casting department to send him a couple of hundred boys and girls. In they trouped one morning, all like small Eleanor Powells and Fred Astaires, and executing entrechats for Gene. They left him very cold, so he called Casting again and asked them to send him kids who couldn't dance a step as he wanted to teach them himself. Out of the second batch he was able to salvage a few normal unstage-struck youngsters, and his experience in the Pittsburgh synagogue school held him in good stead. Inside of an hour, he had them all crazy about dancing—all but this one straight-haired, snub-nosed little boy who was much more enchanted with playing in the half-built house that was one of the props. During an intermission, Gene took him aside. "Bet your mom misses you this morning, Joe," he said companionably. The kid eyed him silently. "Kinda hard on her with you gone all day." The kid swung by his knees from a beam. "So I think I'll let you go along home," Gene finished quietly. No scolding, no loud voice. Just that. And when the youngsters lined up again, Joe was right there in the front row dancing like absolutely crazy, meek and obedient as a lamb. He was like that from that day forward. When you see the movie, look for the kid with the halo—that's Joe. The Kelly touch with children is still deft.

In fact, his touch in all the art forms connected with dancing is deft, and as a choreographer, he is little short of a genius. Unlike other artists, he doesn't have a studio or a canvas or a piano; his office is in his head, and he spends silent hours working out his dances in introspect. Once in a while he does use mirrors to get the effect of line. All ballet is based on as long a sweep as possible, and he must be certain that his steps don't include awkward angles. Sometimes the steps he designs are divine when viewed head-on; and then the director will decide to shoot a portion of the scene from overhead or along a line of legs; whereupon, Gene will have to revise them. To the tune of hours' more work.

loves his work . . .

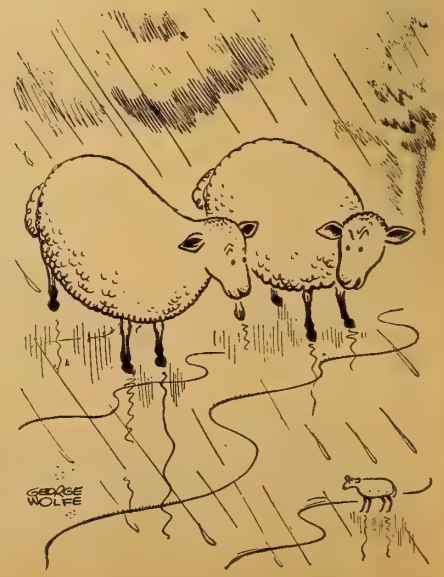
Incredibly, dancing and all its difficult ramifications are for Gene the sheerest fun. There's an exhilaration to his work that can't be put into words, that only another dancer could understand. In addition to this exhilaration, he feels that dancing gives a person a certain animal grace which is a great social asset if, says Gene, you care about social assets. He stresses the importance of avoiding overtraining. He has seen some dancers who walk continually on the balls of their feet, giving you the feeling that they're about to spring at you, a habit directly resulting from two much training. Not that some training isn't advisable. Gene does a great deal of swimming, which is excellent for dancing, and very little walking, which slows you down because you land on your heels, pulling the back leg muscles. He eats more or less what he wants, but has stopped smoking since his discharge from the Navy.

Gene admits that dancing today is highly commercialized, yet he feels that it still opens up worlds of appreciation to a child, bringing with it music, painting, and even literature. With that in mind, he has taught Kerry, his own little girl, a few dance steps. He does sort of hope she'll be an artist of some sort when she grows up, but whether it's a painter or a writer, or a musician or a dancer he doesn't much care. Nevertheless, if she hasn't evidenced any terpsichorean instincts by the time she's eight, he thinks he'll weasel her into it.

He doesn't think parents should force children to dance, but he does wish they'd at least let them try it.

"Remember me," he says. "I hated it, and now I'm not only having fun, but they pay me for it!"

MODERN SCREEN



"I don't see why he should shrink—he's supposed to be 100 percent wool!"

WAR BABY

(Continued from page 49)

chasing along in her lovely veins. She's a Hollywood War Baby if there ever was one. Service guys discovered Janis, named her, adopted her and spread her fame to the far corners of the globe. They gave her the experience she needed in hundreds of camp shows, and finally they saved her life.

If any girl had the right to pinch Elsie Janis's last name for her movie monicker, it was Donna Mae Jaden. Elsie, you know, was the dream girl of World War I.

One of her prize possessions is a tattered picture of herself that a marine sent her from Guam. He'd taken it off a Jap he'd killed, who obviously looted it from a dead Yank. Another Air Corps flyer fan buzzed into a ravaged Chinese village and found Janis, glossy and grinning, pasted in 8 x 10 likeness in the town hall by a Japanese invader. "You certainly get around in this man's war," he wrote.

Small wonder that when she gets in a jam, she doesn't hesitate to reach back and grab an idea out of her old wartime duffel bag. There was her appearance at New York's Strand Theater, for example.

She'd never been in Manhattan in her life, and she'd never been on a real big-time stage. The morning she opened—Friday the thirteenth, of all days—she gave a quick look around the Strand—and she had an idea. The house had a low, flat stage, like the one at the Hollywood Canteen. All during the war Janis' biggest hit was her number where she dragged a mike around singing first to a red-faced soldier and then to a grinning gob—night club stuff, but they loved it. Why not now?

her knees wobbled . . .

The manager tossed up his hands. "Let me try," begged Janis. That night her knees were shaking under a long dress as she grabbed her mike and whipped into her favorite GI sigh-song, "Embraceable You." She sang to a bald head in the front row—then to a slicked-up wolf, a curly-headed college kid, spreading herself around. When she was through, they whooped, whistled and yelled. The manager said, "I've been running Broadway theaters twenty years—but I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it." But then he hadn't seen Janis before.

Since she was knee-high to a gnat, Janis was in there pitching for a career. She was only four when she learned "My Blue Heaven" from a phonograph record. A few years later she made the church choir. All that took place in Tacoma, Washington, where Janis was born, about twenty-three years ago. What kicked the urge to entertain along in her kiddie days was a theater smack across the street from the apartment house her grandpa and grandma Paige managed. Grandpa Paige (whose name she took for her Hollywood last tag) was a painter and paperhanger by trade, but plenty proud of Donna Mae's artistic ambitions, until he died recently. Janis' dad walked out on the family during the depression, and her mother had to work to scrape up a living for her sister Betty and Janis, but whenever the Right Steps for Janis' ambitions arrived, she took them.

Like the time in early high school when Janis fell for a rosy want-ad in a Seattle paper. "Guaranteed!" it promised, "to create a beautiful voice in six months. Only $150." Mom said, "We haven't got it but we'll find it." She did, too—and then drove Janis the 100 round-trip miles to Seattle twice a week.

The six-easy-lessons guy didn't do her much good but her Tacoma High School music coach, Clayton Johnson, was super.

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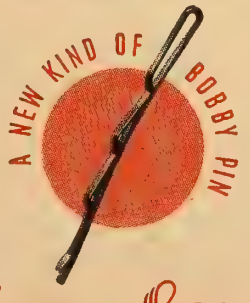

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"I know you're going right to the top!" he told her, and handed her the singing lead in a school operetta, *The Desert Song.* Well, a measles blight hit school about then and days before her Big Night Janis turned right into the Lady in Red. She stayed in bed two days but on the third, even though she still looked like a walking polka dot, she wobbled up the stage. Did swell, too.

She liked to sing and entertain better than she liked to study, so after squeezing through high school, Janis decided that was her formal education—period. She had her eyes set on the Metropolitan Opera, and to finance voice and piano lessons she turned lady plumber. She'd moved up to Seattle by then, where her mother had a new job.

She might have been studying and singing yet in Seattle, except for a trip south to Los Angeles with a girl friend whose aunt turned out to be a singing teacher. "Why not come here and study with me?"

strangers in town . . .

Janis and her mom sold their furniture for $800 total, bought an old car and headed south. When they rolled into Hollywood neither of them knew a soul. But in no time at all they had a tiny 2-room apartment, Janis' mother had a job in a bank and Janis was studying away at voice with Edith Merrithew, the girl friend's aunt.

That went on for about six months, before the afternoon the Hollywood Canteen called Janis' teacher. "Someone's sick," they explained, "and we need a girl to sing in her place."

Janis didn't know until she was about to step on the Canteen stage just whom she was pinch-hitting for. When she found out it was Ginny Simms, she almost swooned. She faced the sea of uniforms and let them have the "One Fine Day" aria from *Madame Butterfly* in her best operatic voice. Janis brought down the house and right afterwards turned into a one-girl tug-of-war between two studio talent scouts. One was from Goldwyn's and the other from M-G-M and both shouted "contract" as loud as they could.

Janis picked M-G-M. They signed her at $150 a week without even a test. "This is what I've been waiting for," thrilled Janis. But she never got near a camera. She studied voice, diction, dramatics, singing and dancing—and stewed.

She was a pretty unhappy girl when they took up her option even though the boost was to $200 a week. Her agent finally had an idea: "They make a lot of musicals at Warners. That's the place for you."

"All right," agreed Janis, "but this time —please—let's make a test. No more gift contracts for me."

The test was a nightmare for Janis, but Warners signed her—and from then on Lady Luck hopped right on her shoulder.

The day she walked on the Burbank lot, just to look the place over, was the day a New York actress wired Director Delmer Daves she couldn't take the part he wanted her to do in *Hollywood Canteen.* When Daves heard that a real Hollywood Canteen discovery was just signed, he took one look and right into that picture went Janis, opposite Dane Clark.

That same day Del Daves took a squint at Janis' girlish beauty and said, "I'd like to see you in pigtails for this picture."

So Janis tripped over to the commissary the next noon in her rattails and pretty soon a waitress handed her a note. "Please come to Mr. Goulding's office right away," it read. Mr. Goulding, she knew, was Edmund Goulding, the artistic director of super special A pictures. He had had a look at Janis in person and in pigtails—and that did it. She was cast as Sally in *Of Human Bondage.*

That's the way her luck ran from the minute she started as a Warnerette—and it's never stopped. Even when she landed in trouble she came out on top.

Janis knew it was a cardinal crime at Warners for a cast member to catch a sneak preview. But when *Hollywood Canteen* opened at Huntington Park, she and her mother secretly chased down to see it. They got two inconspicuous balcony seats —and who should plunk themselves down right behind her but Del Daves, the director, Alex Gottlieb, the producer, and Jack Warner, himself, czar of all the Warners. When the title sheet came on and there was her name—Janis Paige—right up with all the other stars she let out with "Oh, there I am—there I *am!*"

Was Jack Warner angry? No—he thought it was all very charming!

Besides musicals and the Morgan-Carson funnies, she's had a straight dramatic part with Zachary Scott in *Her Kind of Man,* too. Came next a Western barroom belle in *Cheyenne,* then straight comedy again with Jack Carson in *Love and Learn. Wallflower,* her current starring script, was written especially for her. "I shouldn't be surprised," she states flatly, "if I won an Academy award—in about five years!"

That might sound like a pretty chesty crack, but Janis Paige has seen so many of her prize dreams come true in Hollywood, she simply can't sell her good luck short. She's been saving for a Buick super, and the other day up one rolled, all blue and shiny—and all paid for. Her favorite dream house was one perched high on a windy hill with a view all over the whole world. That's where Janis lives today with her young-looking mother, Grandma Paige and "Debbie," her Boxer pup. It's the first house of her own she has ever had and she got homesick for it before she ever saw it!

Janis was in Manhattan on this Strand personal appearance of hers when Thanksgiving rolled around. She tortured herself with visions of her family in the new Hollywood house around roast turkey, and that made the Gotham Hotel seem very dreary.

In the midst of her sobs, a bellboy knocked at her door. "Miss," he inquired, "will you accept a compliment of the management?"

highness and the bellboy . . .

Janis opened the door and found a tray with turkey and the Thanksgiving works. They'd heard she was alone. "Please come in and sit down," she told the bellboy. "I'm lonesome and homesick." Turned out he was an ex-GI and one of her special fans. He talked for three hours—but when the bellboy left, he still couldn't believe a glamorous movie star could be lonesome.

Janis doesn't smoke or drink—alcohol, coffee or even tea. She knits socks constantly, she papered three rooms of the new house herself and took the kitchen right over to mess around with the devil's food cakes she likes to bake.

That kind of a domestic female character, you'd think, would be all-out for marriage instead of a career. But Janis Paige has the quaint notion she can handle both assignments. She's had fun dates with Jack Carson, Howard Hughes, the millionaire aviator, Playboy Cubby Broccoli and other Hollywood men-about-town but nothing terrific has developed yet.

A while back an old Tacoma High School crush of hers, a flyer, came through Hollywood and dropped in to see her.

"Gene," she asked him, a little wistfully, "think you'd like living in California?"

"Listen," snorted her old beau decisively, "I'm going to live on my farm in Washington, and," he added pointedly, "no movie stars for me!"

That sort of burned Janis up. She doesn't see why she can't be an actress and a human being, too. "Someday," she says, a little grimly, "I'm going to make somebody a mighty fine wife!" She will, too.

TWINKLETOES

(*Continued from page 51*)

Now she has a contract with Samuel Goldwyn and financial security, and she could relax a little. But she isn't conceited enough to relax, or old enough to relax, or maybe she's just not built that way.

Vera-Ellen signed up for a French course at Hollywood High, a few months ago. It's every Monday night. "Why?" her mother asked her. "Haven't you enough to do?"

"Mr. Goldwyn might send me abroad," Vera-Ellen said. "I have to be prepared, don't I?"

Last summer, she enrolled in a shorthand class at U.C.L.A., and she was miserable when she had to give *that* up.

Every Thursday night, she goes down to the Lutheran church for choir practice, too. And Alma Rohe watches her go, and thinks of a little kid bent over a piano, a long time back . . .

Martin and Alma Rohe lived in Cincinnati.

Before Vera-Ellen was born, Alma had a dream, and in the dream, she saw the name, Vera-Ellen. Just like that, hyphen and all.

The next morning, she told Martin and her mother. "If my baby's a girl," she said, "that's what she'll be called."

Her mother laughed. "Why, Alma, I never heard of such a name."

Alma was adamant, however, and Vera-Ellen was duly born.

She grew up in Cincinnati, and she was an only child, but she had a million friends and a million interests.

She started taking dancing lessons when she was nine years old, and she's still taking them.

you oughta be in pictures . . .

Those dancing classes used to put on shows, the way dancing classes do. And Vera-Ellen was always prominently displayed in them. People would see her at the dance recitals, and approach Alma Rohe. "Why don't you take that child to New York, or Hollywood?"

Alma would smile. "We're not thinking of a dancing career."

Nevertheless, when Vera-Ellen's teacher departed for the Dancing Masters' Convention in New York, Vera-Ellen went with her. She was in high school, at the time.

The convention was being held in New York's Roosevelt Hotel, and Vera-Ellen trampled the streets, that visit, seeing and smelling and breathing New York. She fell in love with a strange, new country, and she fell hard.

She went home to Cincinnati in August, and had a few words with her mother, and by the first of November, they'd packed, and moved to the big city.

Martin Rohe was skeptical. "I can't leave my work, just like that," he said. "And you two, all alone—"

They hushed him. "You'll come later; we'll be fine."

Their first step, on arrival in New York, was to write to Major Bowes. At that time, Cincinnati thought an appearance on the Major's program was the pinnacle. If you made that, you were in.

Vera-Ellen got a reply, asking her to come for an audition. She went. As she remembers, there were two men at two grand pianos. Or maybe they were two angels at two golden harps. Anyway she sang, and did a tap number, and the major's representatives got in touch with her a couple of days later. She was to appear on the next program; it would be Cincinnati Night.

Cincinnati Night came, and Vera-Ellen

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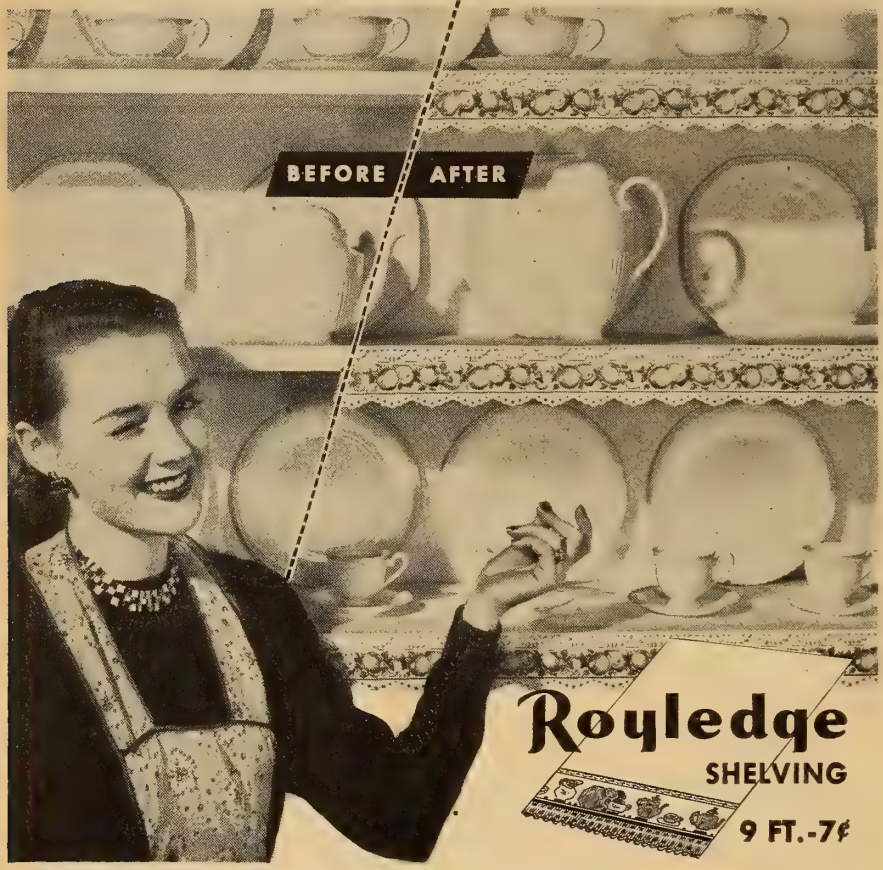

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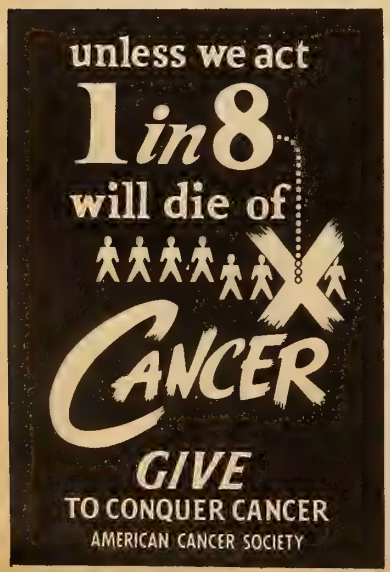

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went on. She thought she was pretty good.

When it was over, she'd won. That entitled her to join the Major's unit in Cincinnati. It was an all-girl unit; Vera-Ellen would have to be on a train in an hour—

They made the train, all right. And half an hour out of Cincinnati, they were snowbound. Alma and Vera-Ellen stared at each other.

"This was going to be my big debut. Opening night in Cincinnati; all my friends. . ."

Her mother was comforting. "It could be worse, dear."

So it got worse. The next day, the Ohio River flooded, and electricity quit (in theaters as well as other places) and none of Vera-Ellen's friends ever saw her in Cincinnati. Because the Unit got sent on to St. Louis.

She stayed with the Unit six months, and then headed back for New York.

She was studying dancing at a studio in Steinway Hall (her mother had got a job as secretary to the dancing school) and she was practicing, the day Alma called her over to the desk.

"I've got a message for Mr. Smith," she said. "He told me he'd be downstairs in Room 405. You want to run down with it?"

Vera-Ellen said sure; Mr. Smith was one of her tap teachers. She picked up the note, and left.

In Room 405, she discovered not only Mr. Smith, but also a tall young man, and Ted Lewis, the bandleader. She delivered her message, and was starting out, when Ted Lewis stopped her.

"You dance?"

"Yes," she said.

"Where are your shoes?"

She looked at him in some surprise. "Upstairs."

"Go get them," he said.

She went and got them, and half an hour later, she had a job.

For three months, she toured with Ted Lewis, and they *never* hit Cincinnati. She used to fret, but it did no good.

surprise for billy . . .

When she got to New York again, she heard that Billy Rose was auditioning dancers for his World's Fair Aquacade, and also for his night club, Casa Mañana.

Vera-Ellen went to audition, and discovered five hundred other girls with the same idea.

She watched them as one at a time, they stepped forward, did a time-step and a kick, and listened for the verdict.

When her turn came, she spoke up. "Do you want me to do time-steps and kicks, like the rest of them?"

Mr. Rose's voice was deceptively soft. "What would you *like* to do?"

"I want a specialty," said Vera-Ellen. "I don't want to be in any chorus."

And she opened with a specialty at the Casa Mañana. Along with a trained seal who played "My Country, 'Tis Of Thee."

She did some work in other clubs, later, for the experience, and then a minor part in *Very Warm For May,* the Broadway musical.

The next show was *Higher and Higher,* with Jack Haley. Then she was a Rockette for three months, and lost nine pounds, and left. She went into *Panama Hattie,* and did the lead on the road; then she came to New York and went into *By Jupiter.*

Richard Rodgers and Larry Hart had done the music for *By Jupiter,* and Mr. Hart liked Vera-Ellen.

"If I ever do a show of my own," he told her, "you'll have a good part."

She thought it was one of those nice things people say, and she didn't worry about it.

But Mr. Hart really did do a show of his

own—*Connecticut Yankee,* it was—and she really did get a good part. It opened in Philadelphia, and she stopped the show four times.

Major Bowes saw *Yankee,* in New York, and a week afterward, a special messenger came to Vera-Ellen's dressing-room with a package from the Major. Mrs. Rohe tore it open. "It's a record, Vera-Ellen."

It was a record of Vera-Ellen's performance on Cincinnati Night. Gone but not forgotten.

Major Bowes wasn't the only person who caught Vera-Ellen in *Yankee.* Mr. Sam Goldwyn was among those present opening night, and he sent for Vera-Ellen.

She and her mother went up to his hotel. There was a contract lying on the table.

"You can sign here," Mr. Goldwyn said.

Vera-Ellen looked startled. "Oh, we didn't come to sign anything," she said. "We just came to talk things over."

By the time she finally signed, Mr. Goldwyn was beginning to worry.

She had a run of the play contract with *Yankee,* and she went on tour.

One of the nicest things that happened to her during the play's run was meeting Chuck O'Brien, Marilyn Miller's husband.

He came around after the show and said, very quietly, "You're the only person I've ever seen that I've wanted to play Marilyn." Vera-Ellen's still hoping she may do the Marilyn Miller movie.

Her very first picture was Danny Kaye's *Wonder Man,* and for that, she had to learn double-talk. She was thin, then, but there's something in the California air—

By the time retakes were shot, she'd gained thirty-five pounds. She had to stop eating for three days before she could squeeze into her costumes.

She lives in a little rented house in Hollywood, and it's currently stuffed with souvenirs of last Valentine's Day. Fans sent her a sweater, a ring, a lace hat, a set of dishes, two dozen roses—

She turned to her mother Valentine's night, and she had tears in her eyes. "People are so kind."

drop it in a pail of water! . . .

There was another present, a black thing, with gadgets, and pieces of glass. She was afraid to touch it, it looked so complicated. One of the boys from the studio was over, and she hauled it out. "What's this?"

He roared. "Why, girls, it's a projector!"

"Oh," Vera-Ellen said, replacing it tenderly. So now she's got a projector. But she's got nothing in the world to project.

And no time for projection, if she had. What with working, and French Monday nights, and choir Thursday nights, and practicing singing. She wishes the people next door would go right on having their floors sanded. It means she can practice singing at the top of her lungs, and nobody will call the police.

One Sunday afternoon, Vera-Ellen took the phone off the hook (they have a party line that *never stops ringing*), and lay down for a nap.

Two hours later, she was awakened by her mother. "Honey—" Mrs. Rohe's voice was husky. "Somebody's trying to get in the house. They're even using some kind of key in the lock."

Together, they went down to investigate, and there, outside the door, was a delegation from the phone company, and a bunch of irate neighbors, and the landlord. It seemed that if the Rohes left *their* phone off the hook, none of the other people on the line could use *theirs,* either!

Vera-Ellen doesn't date very much. Not only is her schedule full, but Hollywood's a funny place. Vera-Ellen has no Cadillac, no swimming pool, no mink coat, and she doesn't go out with married men. Her rules of behavior concerning men are not predicated on any (*Continued on page 105*)

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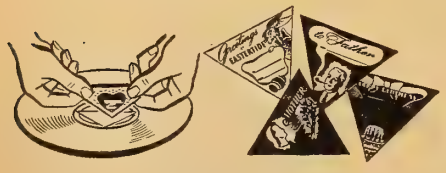

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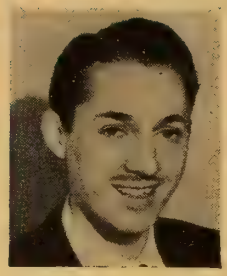

By LEONARD FEATHER

**Highly recommended
*Recommended
No stars: average

POPULAR

AS LONG AS I LIVE—*Kay Kyser-Jane Russell (Columbia)
Critics to the contrary, *The Outlaw* gal is a promising singer, with nice tone, good phrasing and a beat. Give her a chance, puleeze!

GUILTY—**Ella Fitzgerald (Decca), Tony Mottola (Majestic)
Listen to Ella's disc for some of the greatest singing ever heard on records.

LULLABY LANE ALBUM—*Joe Dosh (Continental)
Only a couple of years ago, the good-looking young fellow who's heard on these records was an FBI agent! The transformation is amazing—he couldn't have been better at sleuthing than he is at singing. Dosh was on the Hit Parade for a while, but they never announced his name—just said, "Sing it, Joe!" This is a promising disc debut.

NO GREATER LOVE—**Billie Holiday (Decca); *Woody Herman (Columia); Charlie Spivak (Victor)
This is Woody's first record as a solo singer, using only an instrumental quartet.

SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE—*Jo Stafford (Capitol)
For the first time on records, Jo's deadpan voice has life and warmth as she sings this great tune.

THAT'S MY DESIRE—*Frankie Laine (Mercury); *Martha Tilton (Capitol); *Woody Herman (Columbia); Ray Anthony (Sonora)
After singing for years in Cleveland and Hollywood night clubs, Frankie Laine made his own name with this record as well as starting a big revival of this old song.

HOT JAZZ

BABS' THREE BIPS AND A BOP—*Lop-Pow (Blue Note)
Bebob music adapted to scat-vocal style. Cute idea.

IKE CARPENTER—*Jeep's Blues; Things Ain't What They Used To Be (Modern Music)
This young pianist, who looks like Artie Shaw and talks like Senator Claghorn, does well with his 12-piece Hollywood group in two Ellington tunes, with Lucky Thompson on tenor sax.

DUKE ELLINGTON—**Carnegie Hall Album (Musicraft)

METRONOME ALL STARS—**Sweet Lorraine (featuring Sinatra); *Nat Meets June (Nat Cole & June Christy) (Columbia)

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—*Lonely Moments (Disc); also recorded by *Benny Goodman (Capitol); *Milt Orent-Frank Roth (Disc); *Gene Sedric (Harmonia); *Edmond Hall (Continental)
Versatile Mary Lou Williams wrote a different arrangement of her own tune for each of these records, except the first, on which she plays it herself, as a piano solo.

FROM THE MOVIES

CARNEGIE HALL—Beware My Heart: Larry Douglas (Signature)

EGG AND I, THE—Title Song: Sammy Kaye (Victor); Helen Forrest (M-G-M)
This department's nomination for the most synthetic song title and the most feeble, ungrammatical lyrics of the year.

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN—I Believe: *Louis Armstrong (Victor); *Frank Sinatra (Columbia); *Artie Shaw-Mel Torme (Musicraft)

LADIES' MAN—What Am I Gonna Do About You: Harry James-Art Lund (Columbia)

RAZOR'S EDGE, THE—Mam'selle: Frankie Laine (Mercury); *Pied Pipers (Capitol); George Towne (Sonora); Ray Bloch (Signature)
The Laine version is zooming, but Art Lund's on M-G-M, listed here last month, is still way ahead.

UNDERCURRENT—Theme music: *Al Goodman (Victor)
Two sides of good movie background music. This one, based on parts of Brahms' Third Symphony, features pianist Vladimir Sokoloff. Overleaf is some Schumann music from *Song of Love* with the spotlight on Oscar Shumsky, violinist. It's a 12-incher.

(*Continued from page 103*) how-holy-I-am attitude. She simply doesn't want to get hurt, and she's living in a town that's famous for hurting people.

She's talked to her mother about it, often. "You and Dad being with me is what helps. We manage to have a normal life."

"You'd be just the same," Alma Rohe says.

Vera-Ellen's not so sure. "If you're alone, and you don't want to be alone, you do a lot of things—"

One of the biggest events in Vera-Ellen's life was going back to Wadena, Minnesota, where her grandmother lives, for this last Christmas.

"I don't know if I can stand another Hollywood Christmas," her mother had said. "All those pink and yellow surrealist trees."

In Wadena, it was thirty below zero, and there were twelve inches of snow.

There was a real, green tree, tall and cold and smelling so wonderful it made you feel four years old again.

And Aunt Julia and Uncle Fred handing you a pan of popped corn. "Here, string this, for the tree."

Grandma, eighty-seven years old, and as sound and alert as they come, stood Vera-Ellen off and studied her. "Gained a little weight, haven't you?" She wasn't impressed with Vera-Ellen's being a movie star. Grandmothers have a way of loving their grandchildren for simple biological reasons, and movie stars or school teachers, it's all the same to them.

That didn't go for the little kids in the neighborhood. The little kids would come around, and Uncle Fred would stand in the window, watching them. "What in thunder are those kids doing?"

Vera-Ellen grinned. "They're writing my name in the snow."

Uncle Fred would snort. "Don't they think we know your name?"

It was a lively Christmas.

And just as they were leaving, Grandma Rohe approached Vera-Ellen, and thrust a white table-cloth into her hands. "Thought you might need it there," she said. "Hear there's a linen shortage."

Vera-Ellen took the cloth, and got out fast, so she wouldn't break down and disgrace herself.

All the way home, she hugged that cloth. "She wanted to do something special for me, Mother. Nobody ever had a family like mine."

Friends have asked Mrs. Rohe if she isn't proud of Vera-Ellen, and she says no. "I wouldn't say I was proud. I'm just happy, because Vera-Ellen's got what she wanted."

So we give you Vera-Ellen, who got what she wanted. And who looks like a baby Jane Wyman, and who can't bear to part with her old ballet shoes.

(Once, at the studio, she steeled herself, and hurled 'em all out to be carted away, but the man who cleaned up thought it was a mistake, and set them back in the dressing-room. She's never had the heart to try it again.)

We give you Vera-Ellen, the girl who made it. She gained enough weight so she kin diet.

AUGUST ISSUE

He may be Forever Amber's now—but, come August, and he's all ours! Who? Cornel Wilde, of course. You'll find him in action and in close-up on the cover of our August issue—on sale July 11.

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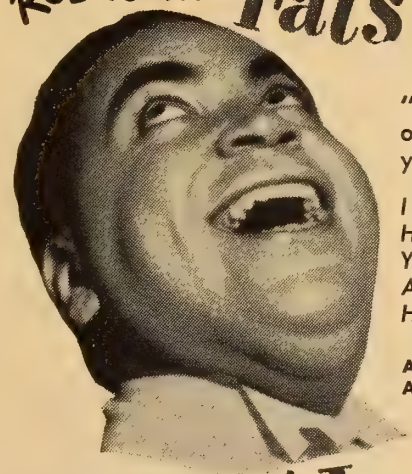

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Scoldy Lox BOBBY PINS
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO ARROWHEAD SPRINGS

(Continued from page 31)

were pretty expensive whimsies to indulge, prices ranging from $1.00 for an unspectacular foot bath to $4.00 for the super-duper mineral mud job. However, this vacation was sort of a second honeymoon, and the budget was given a two-week back seat.

Meals prepared by world-famous chefs and served to them on the terraces, beside the palm-ringed pool or in the main dining-room, averaged about $7 a day for each of them, and their bed-room with sun-deck was $22 a day. If they'd wanted to be *really* fancy, they could have taken a $40-a-day suite! Golf rates were comparatively low at $1.50, as was horseback-riding at $2 an hour. Esther rides like Roy Rogers, is a dream in riding clothes and consequently is nuts about the sport. But Ben feels like a heel every time he gets on a horse. He's six four and weighs at least 225 pounds, and he keeps feeling that the horse should be riding *him.*

They both love swimming, and Ben was on his school and college swimming teams. He claims he never could do a respectable crawl, though, till "Es" gave him lessons. Her story is that he could show *her* how.

It was strictly a dream-vacation, a beautiful damn-the-expense interlude in the lives of a really hard-working, thrifty couple. When they left to go back to work (Esther to M-G-M, where she's just finished *Fiesta;* Ben to CBS, where he's on the Joan Davis show) did they think they'd gotten their money's worth? We'll say! Says Esther, "This holiday will last me till I'm an old, old lady. Then I'll come back for a couple more mud baths and massages—and I'll be good for another fifty years!"

LARRY AND VIV—By David Niven

(Continued from page 42)

in Britain as it is in the good old U. S. A.

Larry paid no attention to the raucous Army razz for the Navy—because that's what it was. He went on with the scene and pretty soon you didn't hear any razzes. In fact, pretty soon you could have heard a pin drop. When it was over the roof shuddered with the ovation he got.

It's not my purpose here to estimate Laurence Olivier's stature as an actor. He has London and Paris and New York at his feet with his marvelous Old Vic company. He produced, directed and starred in *Henry V,* which some people think is the greatest film ever produced. He came up this year for an Academy Award. All in all, Laurence Olivier is quite a boy. I've learned to admire him, though, for other things, too.

We were together the day England declared war. I remember Larry saying "There must be something I can do."

I couldn't tell him what it was. No one could. But I think the decision he made required an extra amount of courage. While he was finishing his Hollywood job and clearing up his affairs, he took flying lessons out in San Fernando Valley, every spare minute he had, at his own expense, to make himself valuable in a war. He was thirty-six then, well over-age for combat flying. He knew he faced a tedious war service even if he passed the tests.

I've been rattling on quite a bit about Larry—but I don't want to give the impression that he's the whole show in the famous Olivier-Leigh team.

On the stage and in person, Larry and Vivien complement each other like tea and cake. Matter of fact, their careers have travelled along side by side for years. They met when Larry took a Shakespeare company to Denmark to play *Hamlet* in the original castle of Elsinore. Vivien played Ophelia, his luckless sweetheart. When he came to Hollywood to make *Wuthering Heights,* Viv traveled to New York with a Shakespearean company. She flew to Hollywood to see Larry.

I had never met Vivien Leigh until the day she walked on our set, but I've never changed my instant impression that she was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. I wasn't the only one who thought so. Myron Selznick, Larry's Hollywood agent, whisked Vivien straight over to his brother, David, and the great search for *Scarlett O'Hara* was over.

As I said, Vivien Leigh is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen outside an art gallery, and remember I've seen her in dusty jodhpurs, slacks, in a kitchen dress. In person, she's dainty, speaks quietly and moves gracefully. With Larry's restless stride, his shoulders hunched always as if he's wearing armor, they make an amazing-looking couple wherever they are.

No pair is gayer, more eternally bubbling with wit, fun and life than the Oliviers. I've heard Viv, many a time, discussing some world-shaking question with a British peer or government big shot, and right in the middle of the conversation slay him absolutely by saying, "Oh, but that's all absolute rot, you know."

I met Larry Olivier first years ago. Ann Todd took me backstage when I was just out of Sandhurst and introduced me. Larry was in a London play then, a flop, but it didn't keep him from being completely charming. I had no idea of acting at that time, but Larry made an indelible impression on me, and when a freak of fate later landed me in Hollywood and set me to making faces myself, he immediately became my ideal as an actor. In between, I saw Larry only once in New York, when I called him up to sell him some whiskey, and instead he gave me some. The next time we met was while making *Wuthering Heights* together in Hollywood. I had to cry over Merle Oberon's body in the death scene, and I couldn't for the life of me.

They brought out the glycerin blower, and at last I shed floods of tears over poor Merle, prone on the bier. Larry was amused. He still insists that what came out of my eyes was not tears at all but Scotch whiskey.

Viv is a marvelous hostess; both she and Larry are experts about food and especially wines. They've made a hobby of wines, know all the vintages, bottling, shipping dates and everything.

Since the war they've kept a cottage in Chelsea, the artists' section of London. Most gala evenings at Larry and Viv's, I remember, usually wound up around three a.m., with Viv at the piano and Larry singing the whole of Handel's "Messiah"—his prime musical feat. It's long and, the way he sings it, frightfully noisy. They love card games of all descriptions, and Vivien is absolutely crazy about those

twenty-question quiz books, probably because she always wins. But often the evening resolves itself into just sparkling conversation, at which the Oliviers excel.

They work hard at hobbies on top of all their stage and screen work. The main one they share is collecting old furniture and paintings, although how they manage to keep their collection I'll never know. Both Larry and Viv are supremely generous. Vivien has sent my David a first edition on every birthday, so he'll have a valuable library when he grows up. I once made the mistake of admiring a painting of Larry's, and he handed it to me. I wouldn't take it, of course—it was worth thousands—but that's the sort of chap he is.

Money means absolutely nothing to that pair. The play's the thing, frankly, and what Larry has accomplished as guiding genius of the Old Vic is, I'm sure, the proudest feat of his life—despite the fact that it has brought him none of the riches his talent could command in Hollywood.

Recently, when he'd finished his Old Vic engagement in New York and hopped off from Newfoundland for England, his plane, you'll remember, lost an engine in mid-air and cracked up. Garson Kanin, one of his best friends, heard of the accident in New York. He called Larry promptly to ask if he and Viv were okay.

"We're quite all right, thanks," Larry told him. "And I'm awfully glad you called *me*. I couldn't possibly have called *you*." Garson asked how come. "The toll's $18," Larry explained, "and I haven't the price."

one masterpiece at a time . . .

Both Larry and Viv are impatient with anything short of perfection, in everything: I have a producer friend in Hollywood who pesters me constantly to get them to read a movie scenario. I've sent them several tempting scripts but they always come back, unread, with a note of explanation from Larry. "If I read it, I might like it and want to do it. Then I'd take my attention away from what I'm doing. That wouldn't be fair. Wait until this is over." That's how conscientious he is when he works.

However, Larry at least has *some* Philistine leanings. For instance, he has a weakness for joining clubs. He never goes in one, just joins, buys the club tie and pays dues. The harder they are to join, the more tempting they are to Larry.

I belonged to an ultra-conservative West End Club which Larry yearned to join. I boosted his stock pretty thoroughly with the members, stressing the fact that he was an officer in the Navy, from a family who traced back to the Norman conquest and all that rot. I finally wangled an introduction for Larry with the committee, who were about as familiar with the stage as they were with Timbuktu.

The interrogator was Lord So-and-So. He fixed a cold eye on Larry. "Tell me, Oliver," (he called him Oliver) he said, "Are you at the Admiralty?"

Larry never flicked an eyelash. "Oh no," he replied. "I'm at the Garrick!" That was the theater he was playing, but the old boy never got it! And now Larry's a member in good standing!

Although he works night and day, Larry enjoys the solid health of an ox. He has practically no dissipating vices—except work. They bought Notley Abbey, a Fifteenth Century manor house in lovely Oxfordshire, at the close of the war, and when I last saw them they had great restoration plans—and also enough work to keep them happy for years.

But if anyone thinks either one is going to settle down at Notley and grow gracefully old, they've another think coming about the Oliviers. Neither Larry or Vivien will ever give up acting, I'm sure as long as they can toddle. And that—I'm also sure—will be quite a time yet.

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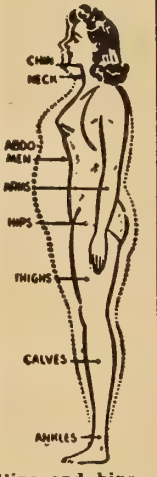

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DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE EGG AND I"

(*Continued from page 14*)

stay solemn if you will. Just try not to giggle or guffaw. Marjorie Main, giving one of the great characterizations of all time, will make you howl. Percy Kilbride, a dream of an actor and tailored for rural roles, will reach right out of the celluloid and tickle you where you are most ticklish. The problems of Claudette Colbert as the unwillingly agricultural wife will touch the soul and funnybone of every woman who ever wrestled with an omelet, let alone a chicken farm.

The Egg And I has its gentle moments, too. You may find a tear in the eye that does not stem from laughter when the MacDonalds lose their fields and orchards and outbuildings in a night fire but discover the generosity of their neighbors, the way you always feel warmly moved when you uncover simple goodness. That scene is fine and genuine, undoubtedly based on the splendid kind of unrecorded human history that goes on in farm communities year upon year.

As I watched the film, I kept wondering who would enjoy it more—the city woman, to whom a farm is a mysterious and terrifying experiment, or the farm woman who has been through it all as the routine of a lifetime and emerged with a well-earned disdain for any female afraid of dirt or weather or early rising or the hazards of nature.

I decided the city woman would contribute the loudest guffaws in the audience. She can sympathize while applauding with hands like velvet. She can snicker, but she has never made love to a porker. She can root for the heroine, but she has never slept with a sieve for a roof, nor danced the barn dance equivalent of the schottische with an Indian brave. She can laugh with impunity, because the black-of-night arisings are not hers—and there is something fantastically ludicrous about getting up at four-thirty every morning when you are not the one who is doing the getting up.

In *The Egg And I*, Claudette Colbert is flawlessly cast as the only female alive with enough humor to survive the combined blessings and curses of the simple life as lived on a farm and with the character played by Fred MacMurray. Fred manages to convey exactly the proper amounts of intelligent stupidity and blind idealism to make you see why he allowed his wife to go through what she went through, and almost enough charm to make you understand why she stayed around as long as she stayed.

Don't miss this picture, if you like gay entertainment, even though you may never again enjoy your breakfast, thinking of what poor Claudette Colbert went through to get you a couple of fried eggs.

PIXIE FROM DIXIE

(*Continued from page 35*)

face to match, with oversize, slightly slanty hazel eyes, taffy-silk hair and a nice unactressy laugh.

Diego Rivera, the famous Mexican artist, met Evelyn in Mexico City a few weeks ago. The first time she wore a red suit, red beret, with her blond hair tumbling. He took a look and sighed. "You remind me of a Francesca painting!" Next day he saw her again. Evvie was hatless in black. "You're exactly like an aristocratic Van Dyke," he corrected himself. The third time, Rivera had even another idea. Evvie wore a peasant dress. "A Raphael madonna!" he proclaimed.

Hollywood press agents in the past have struggled to label Evelyn with this and that glamor tag, but they roll off her like raindrops off a slicker. The only one that's endured—around the Columbia lot, at least—is "Pixie."

By nature, however, Evelyn Keyes is about as pixie-ish as Joe Di Maggio. The record shows she's been as direct as a base hit about that, ever since, at a tender 17, she shook the red clay dust of Atlanta, Georgia, from her sneakers and headed for Hollywood, to visit her sister, wide eyed and green.

"I came out to get in the movies," Evelyn announced the minute she stepped off the train. "I'll have no part of any such silly idea!" said her sister.

She did though, because by knowing a Hollywood agent—her lone acquaintance in the studio set—she's the one who sparked the miracle.

They were sitting in a Hollywood restaurant one day when this agent said hello, and spotted baby sister Evelyn. "Would you like to be in pictures?"

"That's what I'm here for," Evelyn answered.

The agent took her to Cecil B. DeMille the next morning. C.B. looked her over and signed her pronto, without even a screen test. To this day, Evelyn thinks it must have been because of her fingernails. She wasn't wearing any polish that day, as all the rest of the girls in the world, practically, were. "If there's anything that makes Mr. DeMille see red," the agent informed her later, "it's nail polish. How did you ever figure that out?" Evelyn shrugged. If people think you're smart, she thought, let 'em think it.

Almost every one of the 20-odd Columbia pictures Evvie's made she's taken seriously. When she played the blind girl, she spent a week at the blind school in Los Angeles. She did a cockney maid once and pal-ed around with some English servants in Hollywood. She's never been a shrinking violet about going after what she wanted, either.

Evelyn got the idea it would be swell experience to play in a technicolor western. She pestered the producer about it thoroughly, but in the middle of her campaign she had to leave town. From the minute her train pulled out, this harassed mogul got a wire every hour on the hour. "I'm an old cow hand from the Rio Grande. How about it? Evelyn." "Don't fence me in. Let me play that buckaroo babe. Keyes." After due bombardment the producer succumbed. "You win," he wired Evelyn. Evelyn strapped on her pistol belt for *The Desperadoes*.

When Al Jolson okayed her to play his toe-tapping wife in *The Jolson Story*, she plunged into concentrated dancing lessons, tackling ballet, modern and tap. She worked Sundays, nights and holidays. By the time the dance scenes came around, the double the studio had hired was out of a job; Evvie could do them herself.

She carries this deceptive determination and "obey that impulse" complex right into her private life. Take her marriage. . .

Evelyn barely knew her husband, John Huston, the talented writer-director, when they decided to tie the knot. She'd met his dad, Walter, once on a flight to Seattle during the last election campaign, and they'd chatted away about John, then off in the army making war documentary films. She met him finally last spring at one of Lady Mendl's parties. Later that summer, one July night, they sat at Romanoff's after a late dinner, got off on the subject of marriage (Evvie's marriage was with Director Charles Vidor) and they had a lot of mutual ideas on the subject. Right in the middle of the discussion, they happened to look at each other and that was it. They both chorused, "Why not now?"

It was almost midnight. Evvie was in the middle of *Johnny O'Clock* then, and about the only favorable feature, as Evvie recalls, was that she had a nine o'clock call the next morning instead of the usual six. They figured they'd have time to make it to Las Vegas and back. They called over "Prince" Mike Romanoff, their royal host, and told him what was up.

Mike got Paul Mantz, the perennial Hollywood flying Cupid. He had a ship ready in Glendale. There was just one other small matter then—the ring. Mike fixed that, too. "Someone dropped one in my swimming pool the other day," he said. "I'll go get it." He came back with a nifty gold band which Evvie still wears.

So that July night they flew to Las Vegas, walked into the courthouse around 3 A.M., and a half-hour later said "I do," with their pilot, Paul, and the cab driver as witnesses. By morning they were back in Hollywood and Evvie scurried off to the studio, on time, but a little puffy-eyed from no sleep.

The Hustons live in a cozy pine-and-fieldstone ranchhouse, tucked away on seven acres of a sunny cove in the San Fernando Valley. John designed and built it in his bachelor days just before he went off to war. Evvie had never seen the place before she moved in. What's more, she'd never even seen his wonderful wartime documentary classics, *Report From the Aleutians* and *San Pietro* filmed right in the middle of a brutal battle in Italy.

even steven . . .

John evened that up because he'd never seen any of Evvie's movies. The first time he saw her in action was on their delayed honeymoon trip to New York last fall. They walked into the Music Hall one day, and Evvie came out with her nails bitten bare. She hadn't seen *The Jolson Story* until then, either. But they both liked it, so everything came out all right.

Ever since their marriage, they've been discovering things about each other. Evvie walked into an art gallery on 57th Street one day because she knew John was very art-happy. She wanted to surprise him with a new painting for Christmas. "Who is a good modern painter?" Evvie inquired.

"Well," said the dealer, "your husband's pretty fair himself." Turned out painting was John Huston's first love, but he'd never mentioned the fact to Evvie. When they got back home, she made him dig out his canvases and unlimber his palette and paints again.

One other thing Evvie discovered about the tall, gangling, Abe-Lincoln-like John Huston, is that he's a millionaire in friends. One night they came home and found 150 guests awaiting them and a terrific party—orchestra, outdoor dancing floors and fancy frills—all staged as a surprise by well-wishers like Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard, the William Wylers, Jennifer Jones and six or seven other close Huston pals. They also found a burro, grazing out in the front lawn, with a sign, "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," the name of John's new picture, on his side—a wedding gift

"Our marriage was all thorns . . ."

Ned was habitually bristling like a cactus, over nothing at all . . . was seldom his sweet, loving self any more. What had happened to our perfect marriage? Why, *this:* I only *thought* I knew about feminine hygiene. I didn't realize that careless *now-and-then* care could spoil one's married happiness . . . until my doctor enlightened me. Yes—then, he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

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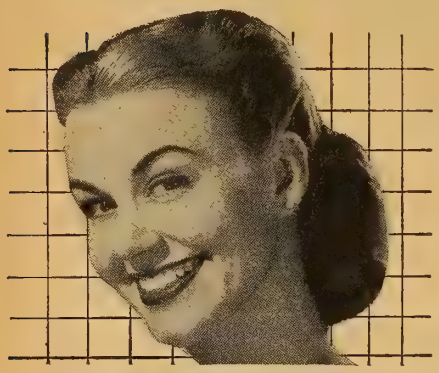

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There are plenty of items, too, that Evvie's fascinated new husband has learned about the pretty pixie he married. Such as, for instance, that his bride is likely to do anything that pops into her lovely head.

He flew down to Mexico recently to hunt locations for his picture the same time that Burgess Meredith went to New York on radio business. The two forlorn Hollywood widows, Paulette Goddard and Evvie, promoted plane seats that night and arrived in Acapulco the next morning to appear before the startled Johnnie, just in from the jungle, like two lovely apparitions. By now John knows that what she sets her mind on, she does.

Evvie had her convertible packed with presents to deliver last Christmas Eve. A California rain started bucketing down in gray sheets. "Better wait until tomorrow, Ellavyn" (that's what he calls her), suggested John.

"Pooh," said Evvie.

She whizzed off and on her winding way up a hill to the first stop, slithered off the road and smacked into a bank. She finally sloshed through the mud up a hill and wove her way into the first house she could find, looking like a drowned rat. Who should open the door but Katharine Hepburn, whom Evvie had never met but had always wanted to.

Katie slipped on her slicker, sloshed back and helped her get started again, couldn't have been nicer, in fact, and Evvie consoled herself, Pollyanna-like, that the accident was worth it.

There are various other vagaries of Ellavyn Keyes that Johnnie Huston has unmasked. She's a tennis shark—can take her embarrassed husband easily; she's so good, in fact, that the pro at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club swears Keyes could have been a champ if she'd gone after racquet work like she has gone after her acting.

She reads four books at a time, and in bed, takes showers on the hour all day long, gets up disgustingly early, likes to dance, but at home, and to play the piano while John plays his harmonica. She eats everything edible, with no wasted thoughts on her dainty figure. She can't stand eating at regular hours and won't let the cook tell her what's coming up for dinner because it spoils the suspense. Any regular habits of life give her the pip. She has no business sense and can't remember dates and engagements. She's very likely to say the wrong thing at the right time. Not long ago Evvie remembered that the funeral of a friend's relative was due but she was afraid she'd waited too late to send flowers. She called. "It's not until tomorrow," said her friend.

"Oh," replied Evvie. "That's just fine." She meant about the time to send flowers—not the unfortunate demise. John tells that one on her when she gets uppity.

In the shopping line, she falls especially for shoes, fancy belts, coats and unusual jewelry. White is the shade that really wows her. She has enough perfumes and colognes to float a small yacht but always forgets to use them. She looks best in peasant things, slacks and sweaters, but when she does dress up, it's formal as all get-out. Nothing in between.

Evvie's current crush is Mexico, and she shares it with John and their good friends Paulette and Burgess. But her real deep-down love is the same one that bit her away back when she was sweet seventeen, and to which she's been strictly faithful all these years. It's a Hollywood career.

"What I really want out of life," says Evelyn Keyes doggedly, "is just one good—I mean—absolutely terrific, stupendous, sensational part!" She thinks while there's life, there's hope.

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

If any of the stars below is UNPOPULAR with you, please check the box opposite his or her name. If you like them all, please check the box opposite "No dislikes." CHECK ONLY ONE BOX!

☐ *Betty Grable*	☐ *Jeanne Crain*
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☐ *Lauren Bacall*	☐ *Guy Madison*
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IN THE PINK

(Continued from page 64)

Sylvia would sigh. "Darling, relax. I walk all the time. I learned when I was one year old."

Danny's sense of humor just didn't extend to his wife and unborn child. He even used to help Sylvia from one side of the living-room to the other, and after a couple of months, she gave up, and let him help.

They were both sure the baby was going to be a girl, and she'd be named Dena, after Danny's famous song.

Every once in a while, Sylvia would have a qualm, though. "Suppose—oh, I know it's treacherous of me—but suppose it just *might* be a boy?"

Danny would give her a black look, and she'd apologize. "It's just that I'm alone so much, dear, I'm getting fanciful—"

"If it's a boy," Danny'd say, "we'll name it Waldemere. That'll teach it!"

After that, it didn't dare be a boy.

Danny and Sylvia wouldn't talk about the baby to strangers. They were superstitious. They wouldn't even let anyone except Eddie Dukoff (Danny's manager) give them a present. Eddie bought the crib—with pink ribbons, naturally.

At Thanksgiving, Danny was making personal appearances in Boston, and Sylvia went up to join him, and they came back to New York together. Dena was due the first of December, but she took her time.

December sixteenth, Sylvia went to the hospital. Danny took her over late at night, and then the waiting began. For thirty-six hours, he wandered around with all the other nerve-wracked husbands, talking himself green.

He fastened on one man, and went into a lecture. "It'll be over in no time," he said to the man. "Everything is going to be fine."

The man opened his mouth, and closed it again.

Danny spieled away. He actually has a good deal of medical knowledge, and he gave the man a short course in obstetrics. When he went off for a drink of water, the man walked over to a nurse.

"Your doctors sure have a lot of time to spare around here," he said wonderingly.

The nurse blinked. "What doctor?"

The man pointed to Danny.

"That was no doctor," said the nurse. "That was Danny Kaye."

The man scratched his head and marched back to Danny.

"I tell you," Danny started again, "there's nothing to worry about."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Late last December, I went to see the Broadway show, Call Me Mister, *starring Betty Garrett. In the second act, there's a scene called, "A Home Of Our Own," in which a lot of people were involved. I looked about and happened to notice one whom I recognized immediately. It was Larry Parks, star of* The Jolson Story *and husband of Betty Garrett. I discovered later that Larry, while waiting for his wife in the wings, decided to go on as an extra.*

Ruth Cooper,
Bronx, New York

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"I ain't worrying," said the man. "Can I have your autograph?"

And then the nurse came out and told Danny that Dena had arrived, and Danny, red-eyed and groggy, just stood there saying, "Thanks. Gee, thanks."

When they let Danny in to see Sylvia, he was still in a state of shock. "A baby, honey," he said. "Honey, a real baby."

"Yep!" She grinned up at him. "One head, and everything. Aren't we terrific?"

The first night Sylvia and Dena came home from the hospital, the nurse and the maid were off.

This delighted Danny, who had made up his mind that *he* was going to diaper his child.

Five minutes later, he went over and touched Dena. "She's wet," he said in an aggrieved tone.

"Don't take it personally," Sylvia said. "She's a baby. She doesn't mean anything by it."

Danny picked Dena up and diapered her.

Half an hour more, and she was sodden. "She's certainly not very fastidious," her father complained.

For a couple of weeks, he insisted on personally weighing Dena every morning, and then forcing half the population of New York City to listen to a report of her hourly gain in ounces.

"You're wearing the newness off her with all that handling and weighing," Sylvia observed. "First thing you know, she'll be a second-hand child."

But Danny goes on being a wild-eyed father. Packs a hundred thousand pictures, and wants you to pick out points of resemblance between him and her.

"The image of me!" he'll tell people. "'At kid knows which side *her* bread is buttered on."

He and Sylvia left Dena with the nurse, and went to Miami for a time, because Danny had an engagement there, so now Miami is full of people who know all about Dena Kaye, too.

A friend named Irvin Graham wrote a song called, "Dena's Lullaby," for Danny, and Danny sang it at the club in Miami every night.

And Moss Hart had a contract drawn up for Dena, which specifies that she'll play the lead in *Lady in the Dark* on Broadway, when she's eighteen years old. (*Lady in the Dark* started Danny on his way.)

But until she's eighteen, Danny and Sylvia seem willing to support her. They go around like a couple of cocaine addicts; nothing matters but Dena.

one mink, more or less . . .

Sylvia's mink coat was swiped in Florida. She started to feel bad about it. "My beautiful coat," she said mournfully. "My beautiful coat that you bought me."

Danny shrugged. "Think if anything had happened to Dena. There are other mink coats in the world."

"You're right," she said. "You're so right, darling."

The nurse wrote letters to them in Miami, and she signed Dena's name. Danny would study them by the hour, in a half-witted glow. "The pink sweater's too tight!" he'd exclaim. "Imagine that! The pink sweater being too tight. She must be growing."

"That's a habit they have," Sylvia said. "Growing."

Danny'd get to his feet dignifiedly. "Gotta go buy a new pink sweater."

He's the boy who used to jeer at pals who were fathers. "You spoil your kids," he'd tell them. "You buy 'em too much junk."

And now you can find him in Infants' Wear, the long, slender fingers poised expressively over bootees, the bright blue eyes gleaming, the red hair on end with delight.

"It's only Danny," his friends say charitably, looking the other way. Danny, the kid from Brooklyn, who forgot to grow up.

Bradford Street, where he used to live in Brooklyn, was shabby, and crowded with kids, and cats, and flies, but it was exciting in a way that spotless, milk-fed, suburban children never know about.

Danny, going back to visit the old neighborhood a while ago, felt a twinge of nostalgia. And even though he's pleased that he can provide *his* child with something better, he was, for the moment, in love with Bradford Street, simply because years of his life had been left there.

He remembers a crowded flat, and his mother singing him to sleep.

He remembers how his father loved to dance. Papa Kaye was a tailor, but his heart belonged to the Ballet Russe.

He remembers that he wasn't the most interesting kid on the block, by any means. He wasn't even *nearly* the most interesting kid. He'd sit on the front stoop for hours, staring at his scuffed knees and thinking, and what he was thinking, nobody ever knew, and he doesn't remember himself.

In the winters, he'd go to school, and be unremarkable. He was an inmate of P.S. 149, and the kids called him "Red," which was logical, since his hair was red. He was the only child in the neighborhood who didn't care to imitate Jackie Coogan.

type casting . . .

Once he got into a show at P.S. 149. It was a minstrel show, and the only prop was a big watermelon slice with holes in it for the performers' heads.

The auditions were interesting, if not awe-inspiring. The teacher went around the room pointing at pupils, telling them to call out their names. Like those army gags where they take the guy if he's breathing, if a kid could talk loud enough, he could act.

Later, the teacher began to worry about having cast Danny. "Who ever heard of a red-headed watermelon seed?" she said irritably.

He appeared in the show, and sang something called, "Let It Rain," and came home to be greeted by his big brothers, Mac and Larry. "How'd it go?" Mac said.

"Oh," said Danny brightly, (he was about twelve then and very witty, he thought) "I thought we looked a little seedy."

P.S. 149 was followed by Thomas Jefferson High School, and there again, Danny made almost no impression on anybody.

Until he came into a class taught by a Mr. Schenck.

Mr. Schenck, poor man, was one of those students' delights—he always looked as though he were whistling, and he used his hands like Zasu Pitts.

If he was fool enough to turn his back on cruel young Danny, the class immediately exploded. Mr. Schenck never did know quite what was going on. By the time he turned around, Danny would be sitting quietly in his seat, studying the sky from the window. He never went so far as to study books, or anything rash like that.

Still, Mr. Schenck put the thing in motion, you might say. Danny being such a success at satire, he decided to run away from home and make his fortune.

He was fourteen, and he mentioned his plan to a neighborhood friend who was also fourteen. In no time flat they were on their way; boy artists. They didn't hit any headlines, but people gave them rides, and bought them meals, and slipped them a buck now and then.

There was a woman in South Carolina. They'd stopped at her farm to offer their services. The only farming on Bradford Street was in cigar boxes, but they assumed they could pick up the knack.

"We'll work," they said hopefully.

The woman had them in, and fed them till they were sick, and let them put on their show with the ukelele, and then led them up to a lovely, clean bed.

After she'd left them, they stared at each other. "What do you suppose it's all about?" Danny said.

The next morning, the woman told them. "I had a son who used to thumb his way around. I haven't seen him in years. I only hope that wherever he is, or wherever he goes, people will be kind to him, too."

Our musical twosome, those hard-hearted men of the world, got wet in the eyes, and lumpy in the throat, and thanked the lady hoarsely, and hitched back home.

Back in Thomas Jefferson, and more boredom. Danny was a lazy kid. All the other characters in the neighborhood knew what they were going to do with their lives. All Danny knew was that he liked to sleep in the morning.

Danny wandered into the pool-room around the corner occasionally, but he discovered that wasn't to be his place. Because his brother Mac heard about it, and followed him in one afternoon, and kicked him right out again. Literally.

Danny got up and dusted himself off, looking pained. "You didn't have to kick so hard," he said. "I'm crummy enough with a cue as it is."

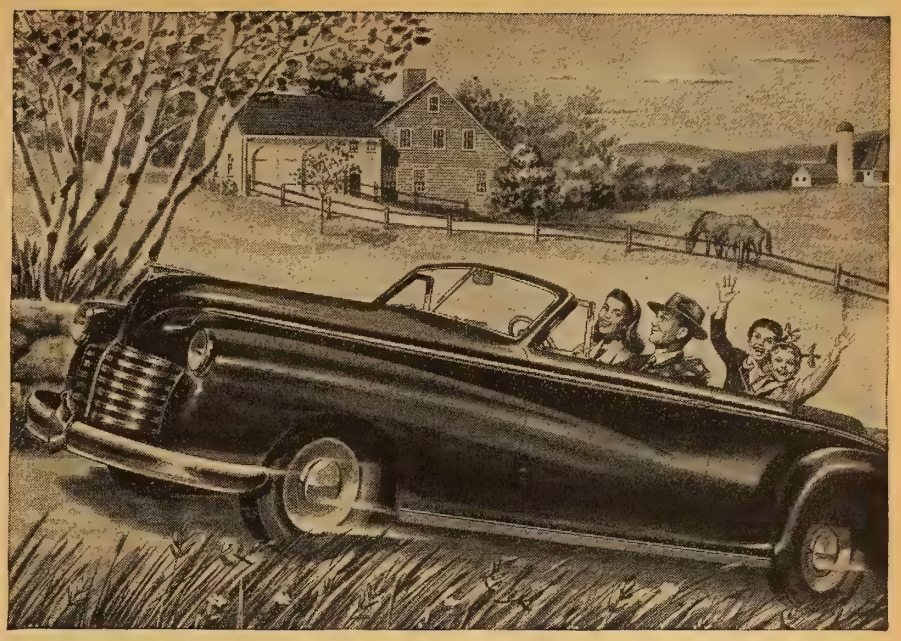
He gave up being a pool shark, and went to work in a dentist's office.

Unfortunately, the dentist was out too much, and during an off-day, Danny picked up an electric drill and made pretty patterns in the woodwork. He was fired.

All the way back to the house, he talked to himself darkly. "Anyhow, I won't have to listen to that darn old girl practising that darn old piano any more," he said. "Her and her sissy piano."

The darn old girl was Sylvia Fine, and her father was the dentist, but she and Danny didn't meet until 1939. You remember how they met, rehearsing for a semi-professional show, how they worked together on the borscht circuit, and got rich and famous thereafter.

And now there's Dena, to bring the whole thing into focus, to round out the picture, and complete the accomplishment. Dena the wonder-child, who'll probably talk double-talk before she's a year old, who's going to have all the advantages the old man missed. Plus the most terrific advantage of all—the old man!



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GOOD NEWS—By Louella Parsons

(*Continued from page 10*)

But they are certainly cordial and go out of their way to speak whenever they meet at the studio.

Although both charmers hail from London, they didn't meet until Academy Awards night in Hollywood. A fellow M-G-M-er introduced them and they stood chatting backstage over a couple of cups of coffee.

Considering the gay, giddy and ofttimes foolish but never dull feuds that used to go on between rival studio queens, this is all very charming but doesn't make for much excitement.

* * *

Lana Turner has sunburn poisoning again. That girl just can't keep out of the sun regardless of what it does to her and the way she suffers.

Ran into Lana and Ty Power at a beach house party the first week I got back and she looked stunning in a black dress with diamond clips. Ty doesn't go for informal attire and these two are still so much in love she likes to do everything to please him.

* * *

My dander is up—and good!

I am indignant for every star in Hollywood who has been the victim of those auxiliary group make-up men who have been shooting off their faces and mouths in print in their fight to be taken into the Make Up Departments Union as full senior members.

What a lot of malicious drivel to parade before the public revealing secrets of facial and physical imperfections in the stars.

I won't dignify their "revelations" by mentioning names (which they did) but one charming girl was referred to as a "messy kisser"; an actor who suffers terribly from sinus trouble was heralded as "Mr. Bags Under The Eyes"—leaving the implication that he is dissipated; another glamour girl was held up to ridicule because her eyes are too close together.

All these are secrets that should be as inviolate as the confidences between a patient and a doctor or a client and a lawyer.

* * *

I saw Gloria De Haven and John Payne at the Mocambo the other night and she doesn't look too happy since her break with M-G-M, if you ask me.

Seldom do I get in these squabbles between studios and stars. Both usually have their sides. But I do think that unless a young player has definitely hit the star brackets, she is much better off with a major studio handling her career problems. Both Gloria and John are very upset over the stories that she walked out of M-G-M because he wanted her to be a housewife and forget her career.

* * *

I thought to myself, "What's Betty Grable doing during these last couple of restless months awaiting the birth of her baby?" I hadn't seen Betty for a long time, so I dropped in on her at her Coldwater home.

She's as sun-tanned as a hickory nut and there are sun-streaks in her golden blonde hair. These particular days the James menage is as quiet as the proverbial mouse on the night before Christmas. Harry is away on a six weeks' tour and his absence completely mystifies four-year-old Vicki James.

She veers through the house and out around the swimming pool chirping, "Where's Harryjames?"—all one word, which is the way she constantly refers to her father.

Betty says her entire time is spent reading and lounging by the pool. "I've read every best seller on the market," she laughed. "Bet I polish off a novel a day." She also reads the comics—prefering "Blondie" and "Dick Tracy."

She still likes to play poker and gin rummy and gives "hen" parties for girls who feel likewise in the evenings.

"When the baby is born," she told me, "we're evicting Vicki from the nursery. She's getting to be a big girl now and should have a room of her own."

Ma James won't say whether they want a boy or a girl but I have a hunch some fingers are crossed for a boy. "Still," mused Miss Pin-Up, "it would be fun to name another girl Jessica and call her Jessie James!"

* * *

That feud going on between Robert Hutton and Joyce Reynolds during the entire making of *Wallflower* ended in a big make-up scene the day the movie finished.

The trouble was that Bob is a quiet, reserved, non-talkative fellow and Joyce bubbles over with Texas good fellowship. She thought he was trying to snub her when he would retire to a quiet corner between scenes.

Joyce got her dander up and said, "If Warners think they're going to make a co-starring team of us—they're crazy. I don't want to make any more pictures with him."

But the day the picture ended, Bob did a mighty nice thing. He had a big cake brought over to Joyce, also a corsage of three beautiful orchids. But the thing that really GOT her was a letter in which he said he was sorry he had seemed grumpy but he was just a fellow who doesn't do much talking.

* * *

Don't say I spilled the beans, but they say Betty Hutton does a devastating imitation of Joan Fontaine in *Dream Girl*. Incidentally, this is the movie in which Betty neither sings nor dances nor gives with the wild antics. In fact, she doesn't even wear makeup most of the time.

* * *

Rex Harrison was on location making a picture when his birthday rolled around, but that didn't keep him from tossing himself a party—six weeks later.

"What difference does it make whether you hit the right date or not," said the British actor, "a birthday party is a birthday party." So when the birthday cake was rolled out, it had written on it, "Happy Birthday to nobody in particular!" It made a big hit with everyone.

Since his real natal day was over, and none of the guests had been notified that he had selected another for himself, he received no presents other than a couple of nice ones he sent himself!

Most of the feminine guests—Mary Benny, Deborah Kerr, Loretta Young and the hostess, Lilli Palmer, all wore white gowns. So Sylvia Sidney and Mrs. Gary Cooper were stand-outs in red and green dresses, respectively. Millicent Rogers, the heiress, was also there—but minus Clark Gable. I don't believe he has seen her since her arrival in Hollywood.

* * *

Speaking of Gable—how that boy hates to be pinned down about his plans.

Just before taking off on a fishing trip to Canada, a harassed press agent asked him where he was going. "Oh, North," replied Clark. "And where will you be after that?" the p.a. pressed on.

"Oh, South," said the evasive Mr. G.

Sue and Alan (do I need to add, Carol and Ladd?) have started a wonderful idea for four-year-old, Alana.

On her fourth birthday party, they gave her toys, of course. But they also presented her with some really beautiful pieces of table silver. By the time she is a young lady, Alana will have a complete service of silver—which is a mighty nice thing to own.

* * *

Everyone on the Selznick lot is crazy about Valli, the new Italian star who debuts in *The Paradine Case*. They go out of their way trying to think up things to surprise and please her.

During a recent heat wave, one of the department heads had her house equipped with a cooling system which was formerly in one of those theaters where you go in and freeze on a hot summer day.

Being new to our modern ways, poor Valli didn't know what had happened.

Imagine his surprise to go out to her home one day and find she had stoves burning brightly in every room in the house. "All of a sudden this place turned into an ICE BOX!" she explained. And then somebody showed her how to turn off the cooling system!

* * *

While I was still in New York, Wild Bill Elliott, that rootin', shootin' cowboy from Republic was there, too—incidentally, his first trip to the Big Town.

I must say Wild Bill doesn't live up to that "wild" in his name. He was plum flabbergasted, ma'am, that New York fans recognized him.

He surprised the Republic publicity department because his first request was not to visit the Statue of Liberty or Radio City. Instead, Bill's first stop was to Brooks Brothers because "I've heard so much about that men's furnishing store." After looking through the complete stock of wearing apparel—he didn't buy a thing!

But his big adventure came when he took over the reins atop a hansom carriage while Mrs. Elliott obliged by getting into the vehicle. Suddenly, the horse reared and began to act up!

"That's a fine way to act with a cowboy at the reins," yelled Wild Bill at the fractious nag, as his face got redder and redder!

* * *

I've been particularly interested in my mail this past month. Such interesting and intelligent letters from many, many of you who read this column in MODERN SCREEN.

Let me give you a few samples of what I mean:

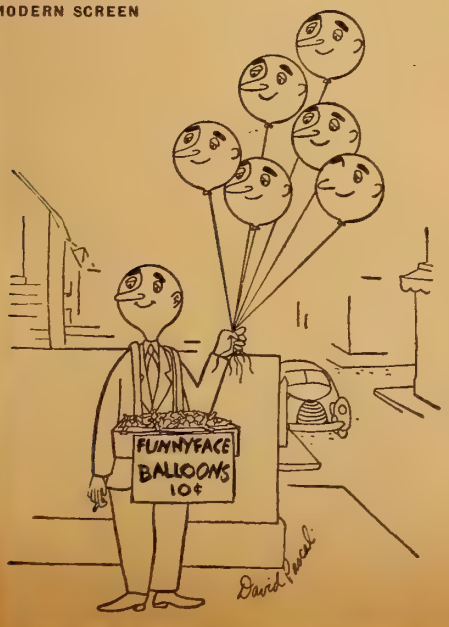
Mrs. Dorothy McIntosh, of New York City, writes: "I have just seen *Sea of Grass* and consider it one of the finest pictures I have ever seen. But I am puzzled as to how they could handle such a theme as infidelity and illegitimacy—which I have always understood to be banned by the Hays (it's now the Johnston) office. How did they get away with it?" A very intelligent question, Mrs. McIntosh.

I believe that the reason this picture could handle such taboo subjects is that they were presented with such dignity and drama and without one iota of sensationalism. If you noticed, even in the advertising there was nothing lurid or offensive to drag in the paying customers. The picture also pointed up that the characters who had sinned against society were punished and suffered for their transgressions.

Evelyn Sanger, of Detroit, writes: "I can't understand Hollywood romances. Right up to the time June Haver eloped with Jimmy Zito we heard that she was madly in love with Dave Rose. How can people meet and fall in love so hurriedly?"

June and Jimmy didn't "just meet," Evelyn. She has known him a long time and their friendship began when they were both working with well-known bands around the country. Girls in the movies have many escorts and after all, remember that Junie never said she was "madly in love" with Dave Rose. Perhaps that was just the idea of some press agent.

That's all for this month. Do keep on sending me your interesting comments and letters about Hollywood topics and we'll continue to talk over some of them in this column.



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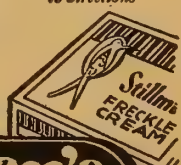

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FIRST BORN!

(Continued from page 24)

and—I can't quite remember. But I think it was almost eight."

"Thanks, lady," he said, and then there was the click of the receiver.

And so with her first words since the advent of Paul Frederick Brinkman, Jr., Jeanne announced the birth of her son to the press, and unless the reporter reads this he will never know he was speaking with the new mother herself.

That same day, an item appeared in the papers to the effect that the Brinkmans were so sure the baby would be a girl that they were caught without a name for their son. This wasn't true. Whole evenings had been devoted to discussion of this most weighty problem.

"For the first boy," Jeanne decided, "I like Paul Frederick Junior. And for the second boy—"

Paul interrupted. "I don't know about that 'junior' stuff," he said.

"Why darling, that's taken for granted. Of course, he'll be named after you. Now, the second boy—how about Michael Anthony?"

Paul grinned. "Have you picked a monicker for the twelfth boy?"

one with hair, please . . .

Jeanne had a couple of major worries during her pregnancy. She didn't want a bald baby. And she was scared to death at the thought of bringing a new baby, even a bald one, into their crowded apartment. Things had got so bad, what with the loot from Jeanne's baby shower, that she and Paul had to keep their clothes at their respective parents' homes. Enough baby clothes littered the cramped quarters to outfit a nursery. But every time the two of them had to dress for an occasion, they had to synchronize their watches, split up, head for the Crain and Brinkman homes and rejoin later.

The new home isn't yet complete, but it's livable enough for the present, and with a new baby to add to life, who cares about the inconvenience of painters and carpenters swarming over the house? On her homecoming, Jeanne found a lot of changes. The fence was installed and thirty of the fruit trees had been planted. The artificial waterfall, designed by Paul to drain water from the swimming pool and tumble down a cliff into a running brook, was not yet in operation. The fireplace, flanked by huge glass windows overlooking the city, was doing its best with a roaring fire. Both the indoor and outdoor barbecues were functioning. The freezer was installed to take care of the forty different types of fruit to be grown on their acres, and most wonderful of all, closets sprawled all over the house—thirty whole feet of closet space.

There was ice cream in the freezer, which reminded Jeanne of the Saturday night preceding Easter. She and Paul had gone out for dinner and then to a movie. There was no necessity for Paul to inquire about her wants when they left the theater; he automatically steered toward a drive-in.

"Two hot fudge sundaes," he told the car hop. Jeanne smiled at him. That was one of the nice things about Paul; he knew her so well that he seldom had to ask about her feelings on any subject.

Now she was engaged in the pure ecstasy of putting away the sundae. And suddenly, she didn't feel very well. When she told Paul, he immediately switched on the ignition.

"We'd better get home," he said.

"Wait a minute," said Jeanne. "There's another spoonful here."

By the time they reached the apartment, Jeanne realized that the pains were regular, and they decided to check with Paul's watch.

"Now?" he said.

"Now."

Paul watched the slowly moving hands for six minutes, and then Jeanne squealed slightly. They looked at each other in horror. She had read somewhere that pains ten minutes apart meant almost immediate action, and here they were, six minutes apart, and in the Santa Monica apartment, miles from the hospital. Paul grabbed the phone and called the hospital immediately.

"Dr. McCarthy—quick," he said.

"Dr. McCarthy is in surgery," said the girl at the switchboard. "He's delivering a baby."

Paul gasped. "But he can't— Oh. Oh, well, we'll be right down."

"What's the matter?" said Jeanne.

"Nothing. The doctor's with another patient—that's all." He thought it discreet not to tell her the whole truth in view of her delicate condition.

During the mad dash to the hospital, Jeanne held Paul's watch in her hands, consulting it under the flashing light of street lamps every six minutes, then every five.

"Golly!" she said.

They needn't have got into such a nervous stew, for the ways of Nature are unaccountable. Although they entered the hospital at 12:30 on Easter morning, Paul Junior didn't put in his appearance until 5:15.

Dr. Alphonsus McCarthy was the only person involved who deserved a nervous collapse, as he delivered four babies during that night. He was more than weary when he finally showed the baby to Paul for identification, yet he couldn't restrain a comment.

"Will you look at the shoulders on that boy?" he said.

For a moment, Paul thought the buttons would pop off his shirt. Then he exhaled and asked the doctor when he could see Jeanne.

"In a little while," said Dr. McCarthy. "Just be patient."

The little while went by, and then he stood in the doorway, looking at his wife It was a long minute before either of them said anything. At length, Jeanne broke the silence.

"He has hair!" she said. "Lots of it— just the way I always knew he would!

this one's different . . .

This matter has been the subject of most Brinkman conversation ever since—including grandparents, friends, and the assortment of workmen who are completing the house. Jeanne and Paul try not to brag, but this baby is somehow different from others.

"I'd like your opinion," Paul says to almost anybody. "Our son has very clear-cut features. Now—isn't that unusual for a baby so young?"

And, of course, everyone talks right back on the same topic. Jeanne was in the hospital for several weeks after the birth of the baby, and it naturally followed that friends were concerned about the state of her health.

"How did she look when you first saw her?" they wanted to know.

Paul had the same answer for them all. He said, "She looked—beautiful."

THIS LITTLE PEGGY . . .

(Continued from page 59)

Pasadena, I see with my own eyes the reaction of the audience.

Remember, this is the first time any American audience has seen her. It is an opportunity for people to say, "Well, we wanted to be shown—and she showed us."

They prove to Zanuck he is right.

In *Moss Rose,* which I just finished directing myself, Peggy has a big, starring role. She plays a Cockney girl, with ambitions to become a lady.

A couple weeks before the picture starts, Peggy comes to me. "It is better you know now," she says. "I can't speak with a Cockney accent."

We decide to change the accent to Irish —Peggy is Irish, to begin with, and she plays at Dublin's Gate Theater for years. "You *can* do Irish?" I ask her.

She says yes, and we begin. One scene later, surrounded by people with Cockney accents, she discovers she can do Cockney. She is a gifted child.

Peggy has real respect for fine acting, and she admires Ethel Barrymore, who is also in *Moss Rose.*

One day, we are shooting a big scene—between Miss Barrymore and Peggy.

When everything is at last ready, I call, "Camera!" and all of a sudden, in the middle of the scene, Peggy stops acting, and starts watching Miss Barrymore.

"Peggy!" I call to her. "What is the matter with you, spoiling the take?"

"I'm sorry," Peggy says. "I was so fascinated by Miss Barrymore, I forgot."

There is a dance Peggy does in the movie and the studio calls her in a week early, to learn the routine. Peggy learns it in one day.

The afternoon we are shooting the dance scene, everything is going fine, and suddenly Peggy falls. "What is the matter?" I say to her. "I thought you were a dancer at seven years old?"

"I didn't have to be provocative at seven years old," she tells me.

Little Peggy has wonderful lungs. Ask anyone who works with us on *Moss Rose.* There is a place where she has to walk down the hall, and into a room, and find a body on the bed.

"You shake the body, to wake it up," I tell her. "And then when you discover it's dead, you scream."

Well, after the first rehearsal, and a timid scream from Peggy, I decided she shall save her throat for the take.

her screaming wakes up the dead . . .

Margo Woode, who is the body on the bed, falls asleep under the hot lights, during the subsequent rehearsals, and when the take finally comes, and Peggy screams, Margo Woode forgets all about being dead, and sits up howling.

No one blames her for a minute, because in all your life you never hear such a scream as that one of little Peggy.

Opposite Peggy in *Moss Rose* is Victor Mature, who is as rugged as Peggy is dainty.

Peggy claims that Victor does not know his own strength. In a love scene he holds her arm so strongly that when he lets her go, she is all black-and-blue.

Victor already teaches Peggy American slang—he is a very restless, energetic man, and he has a lot of humor—but one of her favorite slang phrases, she gets from me. "Making with the jokes," it is.

She is forever coming up to me on the set. "Gregory," she says, "you're not making with the jokes today."

What I say that she likes best of all, though, is something I personally do not think is so funny. When I try to get some animation from her and Victor for a certain scene, it is a habit of mine to use that old Army call, "Come out, now, laughing and scratching—" and every time I do this, she gets hysterical.

Those two have good times together. It used to be every lunch hour Victor will ask Peggy to marry him, and then walk away without waiting for an answer.

"If she said yes, she'd probably be sorry," he will explain, "and if she said no, I'd be sorry."

Once, when I have a new line for Victor put in the script, I announce it, and Peggy smiles wickedly. "He can use a new line," she says.

it's a dog's life . . .

But she really likes him. For instance, a while ago, Victor gets a new, two-story doghouse. Such a doghouse as I never hear of before. Once it belongs to Myrna Loy, Gene Markey's wife, and now it belongs to Victor. His Boxer, "Genius," and his Shepherd, Mickey, live in it. It is the most deluxe dog house ever built.

Well, anyhow, one morning Peggy and I are talking of it, and about a week later, Peggy sends Victor a present. It is a regular, conventional sized doghouse, and it has on it a little sign. "Guest House," the sign says.

Victor comes to work the next morning, beaming. "It's like I always say," he confides to me in a loud voice. "The English have a sly sense of humor, Gregory."

Peggy says Victor is the person who teaches her how to really laugh, for the first time since she is in the United States.

He is always asking her for dates in Cockney accent. "'Ow about Sat-eh-day noight, ducky?" he shouts all over the lot.

There is such a hopelessness of accents on that set that I remember we are arguing all the time whether the cast shall learn to speak Russian, or I shall learn to speak American.

But talking about Victor's dogs reminds me of Peggy's cat. The publicity department at 20th Century-Fox says that the cat is a "pure marmalade Persian," but Peggy says that cat is mostly alley. In any case, its name is Timmie, and it is sick in the hospital part of the time we are making *Moss Rose.* This is good for the picture. She is playing a girl who has reason to worry, after a murder next door. Timmie helps her to look worried.

Peggy has a birthday while we are making *Moss Rose,* too. Vincent Price comes up to her and says, "What birthday is it, Peggy?"

"The twenty-first," Peggy says.

Vincent looks thoughtful. "It is a long time since I was twenty-one," he says. "And I was twenty-one for a long time."

Not a straight man on the set, I keep telling them.

There is the scene where Peggy wakes up in bed. A gun shot wakes her, really, and then she hears weird, terrifying noises. For one thing, the chandelier is tinkling.

Well, I am trying to help her get into the mood, and every time we do the scene, I make weird noises for her, but she never seems to appreciate them. She laughs.

She says I go, "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," and maybe it sounds strange, but it is not in the least terrifying.

After a while, I give the whole thing up. I get a prop man to ring bells.

Another interesting item about that scene in bed is Peggy's hairdo. Originally, I want realism. "Go on over to Peggy's house," I tell the photographer. "and get

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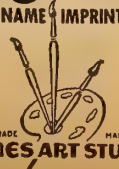

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a picture of her when she wakes up. Drag her out from her bed, even."

So they get the picture of Peggy, and then we give the picture to Lillian Hokom, Peggy's hair-dresser, and every morning it takes her one hour and fifteen minutes to disarrange Peggy's hair so it should match the picture.

Fortunately, she only needs to be disarranged five mornings or so, or the picture will still be going on to this day.

During that picture, we make it a practice to have tea every afternoon. Mine, I have with lemon, and Peggy has hers plain, but we remain friends.

At lunch time, I remember Peggy trying to make me not eat so much. I am a man who will occasionally diet, but I do not like it, and for months, Peggy tries to be my conscience.

It gets so bad, I sneak away from her every so often to get a little snack.

She is a big fruit eater, herself, and anything else doesn't matter much to her.

The fact is, I first met Peggy at a dinner-party. Where, I have no doubt, she eats fruit-cup, fruit-salad, fruit-compote, and fruit drink. She says I don't pay any attention to her at this particular party, but she thinks I must notice her, because the next time I run into her, I say sternly, "Go wash your face, and take that stuff off your eyebrows."

I don't remember this, but it is possible. She has very pale eyebrows, and I like her best when she is looking natural.

Peggy, being a stage actress, prefers to rehearse a lot, and she has a recording machine, and she reads her scripts into it, when she gets home at night.

And although I am associated with Peggy in a professional capacity, I know a few personal facts about her. I know she is a terrible speller, and she has a twenty-inch waist, and she has a convertible car, and she lives with her mother in an English type bungalow (a rented one).

And I know she is going to be a very big star.

Peggy has everything that the doctor prescribed. She has youth, looks, tremendous technique, and also sex appeal. And a woman without sex appeal is like soda water without bubbles.

And Peggy Cummins has plenty of bubbles.

THE GABLE TOUCH

(*Continued from page 39*)

of ever acting myself. I didn't exactly swoon, but I thought Clark Gable was pretty exciting.

Right after that I tacked his photograph up in my room, along with those of my English heroes, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Laurence Olivier and others. Clark Gable was the first and only American to make my private gallery.

Later on, the wheels of fate started spinning in my case and I found myself an actress, making motion pictures in England. They whirled a bit more and, after *Vacation From Marriage*, I found myself under contract to M-G-M and on my way to Hollywood to make a film, but what film I had no idea.

As Tony and I boarded the boat, I mused, "Wouldn't it be odd if it turned out I made a picture with Clark Gable?"

"Better than odd," he grinned. "It would be smashing lucky. He's a perfectly grand chap. I saw quite a bit of him in Hollywood during the war."

"Why, Tony," I exclaimed. "Why don't you tell me these things?"

"Can't tell you everything, you know," teased Tony. "Besides, I haven't had time!"

That was true. Anthony Bartley and I were married only a few months before. He was a squadron leader in the RAF and not inclined to talk much about his war service. But I finally wormed the facts out of him: after the African campaign Tony flew on a quick lecture tour of the United States. Clark, a flyer himself, was a Captain in the U.S. Air Corps and they made contact in Hollywood.

The day we arrived in Hollywood, there was a luncheon to meet M-G-M officials, and Tony and I were placed at the head of the table with a line of unfamiliar faces stretching down on both sides from us.

The room was crowded and before we were seated someone elbowed through the crowd. It was Clark Gable. I had just a touch of a panicky feeling and braced myself to say "How do you do?" in my best manner. But he didn't even see me!

"Good heavens," boomed Clark, grabbing my husband's arm, "What in the world are you doing here, Tony?"

Then they jabbered away, catching up on the past three years. I stood, completely unnoticed and just a little put out. At last Clark said, "I came here to meet Deborah Kerr. Have you seen her?"

My husband stepped aside, taking huge delight in the situation. "Why yes," he said. "Clark, I'd like to have you meet my wife." Clark Gable didn't know Tony was even married, let alone to me!

The thing that struck me at once about meeting Clark Gable in person is that he's exactly as you think he'll be after seeing him on the screen. I had always imagined him as typically American, unsophisticated, direct, humorous and good natured.

After we made the screen-test for *The Hucksters*, I stayed home waiting for a telephone call from the studio. When it came, a familiar voice said excitedly:

"Baby, you're in!"

That was how I first knew I'd gotten the part. Clark called and told me himself! I later learned he'd made everyone at M-G-M promise to tell him first. The minute he knew he'd rushed straight to a telephone to bring the good news.

That is typical of Clark Gable, I've since discovered. He takes the greatest delight in making anyone happy. Around M-G-M, I soon found, he has been doing that for years, putting new actresses cast with him at their ease. And although I was hardly a new actress, still Clark realized as much as anyone how difficult it is in a strange new world, getting down to work.

"Golly," he grinned to me the first week. "I'm glad it isn't *me* doing a picture in England."

Though we never had the slightest script disagreement, Clark has too ready a funny-bone not to be amused at what Britishisms cropped out in me. One day, for instance, I looked at the script and was horrified. There was a line for me to say: "If you think I'd ever go off to a hotel with you—"

With my particular British upbringing that was a very ungrammatical sentence. "I'd never make an error like that," I told Clark, utterly shocked.

"What's wrong with it?" he asked blandly.

"Why," I replied, "it should be 'an hotel,' of course—"

He grinned. "Not in America it shouldn't. That's the way we say it." From then on whenever I'd unconsciously give an English twist to anything—like pronouncing 'clerk' 'clark'—or protest at what loomed in my

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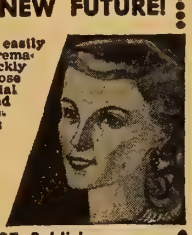

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British background as an impossible error, Clark teased, "Oh, of course, it's 'an hotel'."

But there is never any sting to Clark Gable's ribbings, and absolutely no offense in his easy-going familiarity. Clark called me "Baby" all through the making of *The Hucksters*. My own husband doesn't call me "Baby," and I might have bridled except that Clark can say "Baby" in a way different from anyone else.

The only trick Clark Gable played on me all the time we made *The Hucksters* was one inspired by an attempt to give me a pleasant surprise. I'm sure he had no idea it would turn out to be a durable reproach to my vanity.

One day, between scenes, I was in my dressing-room when a knock came on the door. It was Clark Gable's stand-in. He was apologetic, but he said he admired my work very much. He wondered—would I give him my autograph?

"Oh, but of course," I answered. I was really quite pleased; it was the first time in America I'd been asked for that favor. In my eagerness to please, I'm afraid I overdid the autograph. I dashed one off in my best Spencerian hand with sweeping lines and flourishes.

"Thanks," he said, and I forgot all about it. I'm not much of a sleuth, I'm afraid. It never dawned on me to suspect that Clark had sent him in to get the autograph. Not until—a week later—he presented me with a lovely leather script cover—with that dreadful, glamor autograph of mine tooled all over the front!

vanity, all is vanity . . .

Like every man I've ever met, Clark's got his own little share of "rugged" male vanity, of course. One day on the set, for instance, Diane, the little girl who played my daughter in *The Hucksters*, turned up with the sniffles and a runny nose. Clark was in the habit of swooping Diane up in his arms for a hug whenever he arrived on the set. This morning he headed for her and his usual morning hug-and-kiss. But Diane's mother warned him. "Better stay away from Diane today, Mr. Gable," she said. "It looks like she's coming down with a cold." But Clark laughed it off.

"Don't be silly," he said. "No kid can give me a cold." So up swooped Diane for her regular Gable blessing.

The next day Clark was reaching for his handkerchief regularly. The day after that he had the "flu!"

On Tony's last birthday, Clark invited my husband and myself out to his ranch for dinner. It was exactly the kind of place you'd expect him to live in. Out in the open country, plain, comfortable, with trees and animals all around. After dinner, we sat in the big living room, panelled in wood, beside the crackling fireplace in the roomy, masculine chairs and talked mostly of England.

Before we left that evening, Tony and I pestered Clark for a picture to keep in the library of our Hollywood cottage.

"No, no, *no*," he objected in horror. "No pictures of me, please!"

We realized that Clark loathes giving out pictures of himself, but we were pretty much a pair of British bulldogs about it. Finally, Tony almost had to wrestle Clark for the portrait before he gave in grudgingly. "All right for you," he muttered as he signed it ruefully and handed it over. "I'll never give you anything again."

But if Clark Gable never gives me anything again, he has already given me something that is deeply appreciated, and for which I should say, "Thank you, Mr. Gable." He gave me confidence in American actors and confidence in myself making my first American film. I couldn't wish better luck for an English actress, new to a strange and frightening Hollywood, than to make her first movie with Clark Gable.

NEW ODORLESS CREAMY LOTION SAFELY REMOVES HAIR

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 23*)

doesn't work until she actually puts the police on Drego's trail. Then he is ready to talk terms. By that time, Belle has other ideas. She wants to be a lady like Drego's aunt, Lady Sterling (Ethel Barrymore) and his fiancee (Patricia Medina). With a childish naïvete, she tells Michael if he will help her to that end, she will keep silent about seeing him come out of Daisy's room. From the moment he agrees, Belle comes closer and closer to death . . .—*20th- Fox*

DOWN TO EARTH

I'm sure Rita Hayworth has frequently been referred to as a goddess, so it's not surprising to find her cast as one. Very beautiful she is, too, all done up in Grecian gowns and Technicolor. But don't get the idea the picture is strictly mythology. This particular goddess comes down to earth and stirs up plenty of excitement.

You see, a Broadway producer, named Danny Miller (Larry Parks), is staging a musical based on the Nine Muses. But he's burlesquing them, and the Muses, hearing about it up in heaven, get pretty annoyed. Terpsichore (Rita Hayworth) gets hold of Mr. Jordan (Roland Culver), intermediary between heaven and earth. Looking wide-eyed and innocent, she tells him she wants to help young Danny, who's in trouble.

As a matter of fact, Danny actually is in trouble—trouble that she knows nothing about. He owes a hundred grand to a certain gangster who's all set to take him for a ride if the show fails. Mr. Jordan knows this. *He* knows everything. So he lets Terpsichore descend to Broadway because she might be able to help. He even supplies her with a mink coat and an agent (James Gleason).

Being the goddess of the dance, she has no trouble snatching the lead role of Terpsichore away from Georgia Evans (Adele Jergens). She fascinates Danny with her beauty and talent. Then Kitty, as she is known on earth, really goes to work on the poor guy. She gradually persuades him that he's making a mistake doing a cheap burlesque like this. Before the rest of the cast knows what's happening, they find themselves doing classical dances instead of bumps, and singing Grecian chants instead of jive.

They open in Philadelphia, the audience goes to sleep, and the gangster begins looking for a good location to dump Danny's body. However, here comes Mr. Jordan to tell Kitty some of the facts of life—and death. —*Col.*

LIVING IN A BIG WAY

Gene Kelly plays a straight role as a lieutenant, Leo Gogarty, who married a girl he met at a Canteen during the war. Her name was Maggy (Marie McDonald) and she was gay and sweet and that was about all he knew about her. It was, he thought, enough.

But when Leo comes back after the war, he finds that Maggy is Margot Morgan, who lives on a big estate with butler, swimming pool and the maddest family since *You Can't Take It With You*. She isn't gay and sweet any more. She's busy studying ballet and getting her picture in the papers. And she wants a divorce.

Leo might have left right away if it hadn't been for Grandma (Jean Adair). She is, Leo thinks, the only one in the household who makes any sense. Father Morgan (Charles Winninger) isn't a bad guy, but he's too engrossed in high finance to do much about his family. Mrs. Morgan (Spring Byington) *flutters*. The butler, Everett (Clinton Sundberg), is a fabulous character, but screwy.

Grandma persuades Leo to stay around.

Down To Earth: Rita Hayworth, goddess of music and dance, comes down to earth to show Larry Parks how to put on a musical show. Taking over Adele Jergens' role, she dances with Mark Platt.

Living In A Big Way: G. Kelly wed M. McDonald during the war. Now she wants a divorce.

Maybe if he sees Margot for awhile he'll decide she isn't the girl for him. (She is, Grandma confesses, spoiled, selfish and useless.) That's exeactly what happens, but by then Margot and the rest of the family have become very fond of Leo. When he says "Okay, go ahead and get the divorce," Margot, with the usual contrariness of women, has decided she doesn't want it. But Leo does. He feels that Maggy has vanished and Margot could never take her place.

Meanwhile, he and Grandma have started a little Veterans' Housing Project of their own. It leads to a lot of things, including a bathtub, a courtroom and a dog whose name is *not* Fido.—*M-G-M*

BRUTE FORCE

They've selected an accurate title for this picture—it's definitely not for the squeamish. It tells the story of desperate men, made brutal by imprisonment. Burt Lancaster has the leading role and does well with it.

There are six men living in Cell R-17, in Westgate Penitentiary. Joe Collins (Burt Lancaster) is their dominating spirit. He is moved always by an intense, driving force that won't let him be still. As the story opens, he is just back from a week in "solitary" for being found with a knife in his pocket. Joe knows who planted that knife on him—a cringing, tricky, little stool pigeon named Wilson. And he knows why. It was because Munsey (Hume Cronyn), the head guard, ordered him to do it. Munsey hates Joe and is determined to break him.

Joe's cellmates are sure nothing will break Joe. *They* have their weaknesses. Lister (Whitney Bissell) talks constantly of the wife who never writes to him. Soldier (Howard Duff) dreams of his wife in Italy. The others have brooding secrets, too.

They don't know that Joe, too, has tragedy in his heart. That Ruth (Ann Blyth), the girl he loves, is dying of cancer because she won't have an operation without Joe beside her. Somehow, some way, Joe must get out of prison—to Ruth.

There's trouble stirring all through the prison. Wilson, the "stoolie," meets with an "accident." Lister is deliberately driven to suicide by Munsey. Big Gallagher (Charles Bickford) who has always kept order among the men, loses his parole, and tells Joe he'll try a "break" with him. Plans are made for Tuesday night. Plans that lead to disaster and bloodshed and violence.—*Univ.*

SEE THE DIFFERENCE Maybelline MAKES!

Compare the two sides of this revealing picture. First, cover the right side . . . then cover only the left. What a thrilling difference! Soft, lovely Maybelline Eye Make-up can do the same for *you*. It's amazing to see how much larger and more expressive your eyes appear when lashes are darkened to their very tips with Maybelline Mascara—and brows are gracefully defined with the smooth, soft Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Insist on Maybelline — the Eye Make-up in good taste.

MAYBELLINE SOLID MASCARA in the new gold-colored metal vanity, $1. Refills, 50c. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue.

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"In diving, you practice and try until you find the particular forms and styles that suit you best," explains Champion Mildred O'Donnell.
IT'S TRUE IN DIVING... EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER! ...AND IN SMOKING TOO. THE CIGARETTE FOR ME IS CAMEL!
Mildred O'Donnell
DIVING CHAMPION

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

Yes, experience during the shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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DIVING Champion Mildred O'Donnell hasn't forgotten the war shortage of cigarettes. "I never realized there were such differences in cigarettes until the shortage," she recalls. "That's when I really learned what cigarette suits me best — Camel."

Millions of others had the same experience, with the result that *today more Camels are being smoked than ever before in history.* But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

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MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

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modern screen

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PER.

CORNEL WILDE

Softer, Smoother Skin can be yours with just One Cake of Camay!

Lady, if you'd be lovely, look to your complexion. A soft, clear skin is beauty's first essential. Yes, and you can have a softer, smoother skin with just *one cake* of Camay . . . if you'll forego careless cleansing . . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Just follow directions on the Camay wrapper. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—can give your skin a thrillingly softer look!

MEET THE BAUDOS

Kay met Joe, a doctor, at a hospital dance. This was it! Kay is tall, dark and stunning—one of the most interesting-looking girls you ever saw!

MRS. JOSEPH S. BAUDO
the former Kathryn M. Cheetham of Forest Hills, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by Alex Ross

The site is chosen for the Baudos' home on Long Island. They'll build soon. And in the meantime, Kay stays on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you too!

You're sugar-sweet... but will you keep?

Guard your after-bath freshness—
stay nice to be near with Mum

Of course you're sweet and fragrant after that refreshing shower. But, Honey, don't expect *too much* of your bath. Remember, it can't protect you against risk of *future* underarm odor.

So play safe. Be sure. *Complete* your bath with Mum. After you wash away *past* perspiration, let Mum guard your charm all day or all evening.

Mum

Product of Bristol-Myers

checks perspiration odor

1. Safe for charm. Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. Safe for skin. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin . . . forms no irritating crystals.

3. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

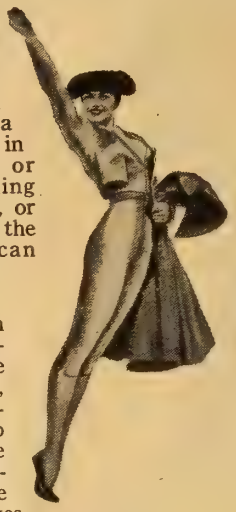
The greatest star of the screen!

We love "Fiesta". We recommend "Fiesta". "Fiesta" is the most-a of the best-a. And so is Esth-a!

★ ★ ★ ★

We refer, of course, to lovely Esther Williams, who lends her glamorous presence to M-G-M's big Technicolor spectacle, "Fiesta".

★ ★ ★



Even standing still, Esther is lovely to look at. And when she swirls a matador's cape in the bull ring, or dances a flaming Latin flamenco, or romances under the mellow Mexican moon—*ai-ai-ai!*

★ ★ ★

You'll revel in gay "Fiesta"—and meet, for the very first time, handsome newcomer Ricardo Montalban, the M-G-M star discovery whose torrid love makes the screen curl up at the edges.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ricardo's equally adept at dancing and at the strings of a guitar . . . equally audacious in the bull ring and in the moonlight. Welcome, Good Neighbor!

★ ★ ★

The beauty of Esther Williams ... the manliness of Montalban... the music of Mexico . . . the magic of Technicolor... the thrills of the arena—that's M-G-M's "Fiesta".

★ ★ ★

Viva! we say for Director Richard Thorpe, Producer Jack Cummings and a prime supporting cast: Akim Tamiroff, John Carroll, Cyd Charisse, Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova. Also for screen playmen George Bruce and Lester Cole.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Fiesta" leads off a festival of M-G-M hits. Soon "The Hucksters" comes to town, with Clark Gable (as Vic Norman) and lovely Deborah Kerr (pronounced "new star"). Wait till you see Frederick Wakeman's bombshell best-seller! You'll be saying "Love that picture!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Coming along, too, is "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker. We'll say only one thing about it: "Song of Love" is one of the ten greatest love stories of all time.

★ ★ ★

Meantime, be a guest-a at "Fiesta".

—Leo

AUGUST, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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By day, disguised as a man, she fought the fiercest beasts in Mexico's bull ring— but at night, in the arms of her sweetheart, she was all woman!

M-G-M's BIGGEST, GAYEST TECHNICOLOR SPECTACLE

FIESTA

(WHERE THEY LIVE AND LOVE DANGEROUSLY)

ESTHER WILLIAMS

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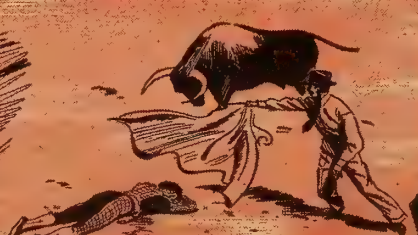
AND INTRODUCING **RICARDO MONTALBAN**

Gorgeous **ESTHER WILLIAMS** is an eyeful
—in dazzling evening gowns!
—in matador costume!
—in bathing scenes!

Torrid romance with new star Ricardo Montalban!



Saved by a miracle from death in the arena!

Music! The dance of desire— with exotic Cyd Charisse.

Directed by RICHARD THORPE · Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY by GEORGE BRUCE and LESTER COLE

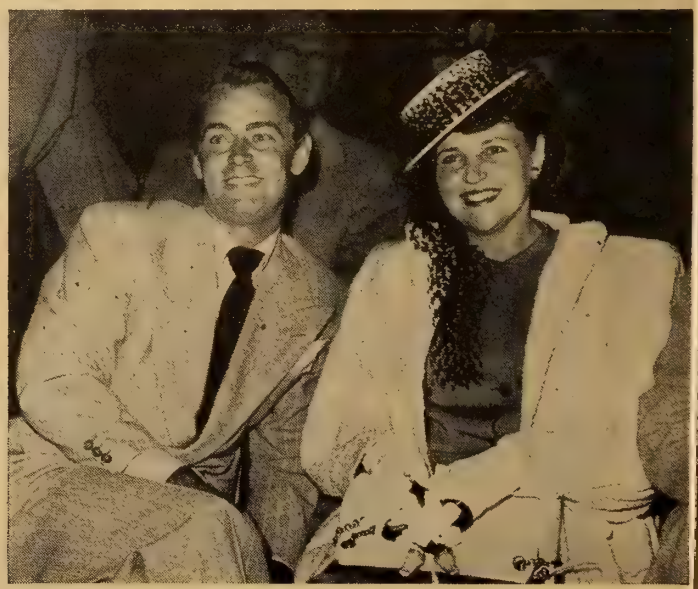
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

louella parsons' good news

At Tony Martin's Beverly Hills Hotel party, Annelle and Mark Stevens kibitzed their host, while he tried to order up more hors d'oeuvres. "That's my literally agent," Mark kept insisting, "calling about my book."

It was a real treat for Judy Donlevy, 4, the day her daddy escorted her to N. Y.'s Stork Club for lunch—and a present (in the box). Brian and Marj. Lane were divorced last February, after 11 years of marriage.

Esther Williams and Ben Gage are still talking about the vacation they spent at Arrowhead Springs. At the Martin party, they found a fascinated listener in Janet Blair. Ben and Es are busy laughing at divorce rumors.



Sue Ladd's new streamlined figure drew raves at the *Ice Capades* opening. Grapefruit—cold and baked—helped do it! Alan, who has sold his interest in the Mayfair Restaurant, is now concentrating on ranching.

The Ty Power-Lana Turner romance dazzles Hollywood. They fly his boss, Darryl Zanuck, to and from Palm Springs every week-end.

Before Van and Evie Johnson announced hat the stork would visit them in December, Evie had the most divine squelch for women who kept asking her if she were going to have a baby.

Before a stork-minded femme could get to her at a party, Evie would spot the unspoken question in the eye, then go up to the belle and say, "Are YOU going to have a baby?"

Such sputterings and stammerings you've ever heard—particularly when some of the victims weren't even married!

Up until a few hours ago, Evie insisted hat she and Van were not "expecting."

"It's just that we happen to have the most wonderful cook in the world and both Van and I are putting on weight, which we'll have to start watching," she would say.

Well, now we know that Van will definitely be a father, before the end of the year.

* * *

I don't often report items like this—because they are better left unsaid. But in this case, I think some good can be accomplished even though I mention no names. The girl in question will know whom I mean.

If she thinks the great amount of drinking she is doing is unknown to her studio bosses, she is seriously mistaken! It's true that she doesn't make an exhibition of herself in public or in night clubs. But that is not the point.

This dangerous habit to which she is falling victim is marking her face with lines and kidney circles under the eyes, and the hangovers she suffers shows in the dull, slow way she reads her lines.

How silly and pointless this all is. There is nothing in her life to "drive her to drink."

She has a wonderful contract with one of the big companies. She is in love with a very fine boy. She has friends rooting for her to go straight to the top of the movie ladder. And she has youth and beauty.

But, believe me, she won't keep any of these things if she continues along her present path to a smash-up. I was present at a dinner party the other night attended by one of the top men at her studio. He told me she had lost out on a very good role because they couldn't take a chance on her.

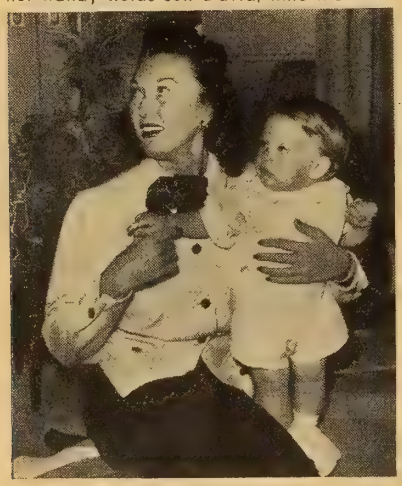
In this case, a word to this very "unwise" young lady should be sufficient.

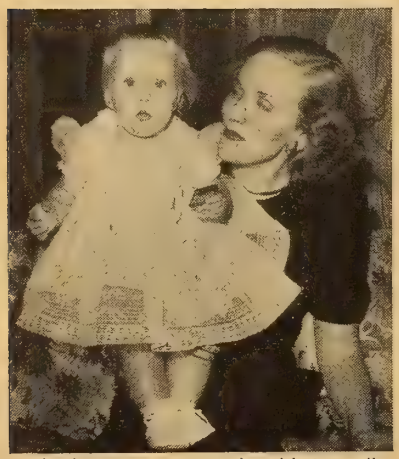
* * *

I don't know what's happened to Hedy

louella parsons' good news

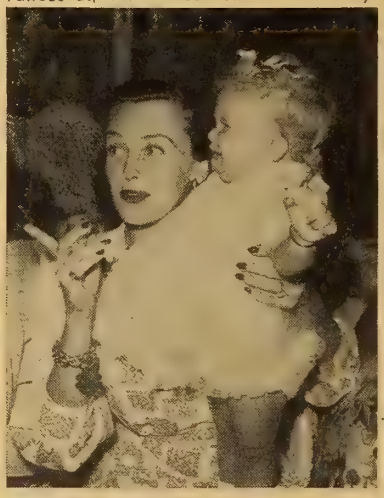
Mrs. Hyatt Dehn (whom you'd recognize as Ginny Sims if she had a microphone in her hand) holds son David, nine months.





Kimberly Kyser, 11 months old, is really too young to smoke; the matches are for her ma, Georgia Carroll Kyser.

Competition for Charlie McCarthy: Candice Bergen, daughter of Edgar and Frances B., celebrates her first birthday.



Master Robert Cummings, Jr. (second baby from left) was definitely the Older Man at Candice Bergen's birthday party. But in spite of his fifteen months, mama Mary Elliott Cummings still had to wipe his mouth. Georgia (left) and Ginny (right) had a wonderful—but exhausting—time.

Lamarr. I saw her walking along Vine Street—slacks, shirt, bandanna tied around her head, and looking anything but glamorous. I passed her by and didn't recognize her.

Even if Hedy is down and blue, she shouldn't appear in public on a crowded business street in slacks and a bandanna over her head. There are hundreds of women who idolize Hedy and think of her as glamorous, beautiful, and chic.

It's true she's unhappy. Her marriage hasn't worked out just as she thought it should. She left John Loder once, and I wouldn't be surprised if she left him again. She feels she has had too much responsibility with two babies and four pictures all within three years.

Well, maybe so—but for the sake of her public, Hedy should leave those troubles at home, and when she steps out on the street, look as a movie star should look—carefully turned out, beautifully groomed, and properly coiffured.

* * *

I was happy when I told you a few months ago that I was sure Greer Garson and Richard Ney had ironed out their troubles, but as I write this, they have separated, and I don't believe there will ever be a reconciliation.

Greer is fond of Richard, but she thinks he has to grow up first. She believes they are better off apart. I see her dining sometimes with David Lewis, the producer, or Sam Raphaelson, the writer, usually talking business. I'm sure there is no other romance in her life, and I'm doubly sure there is no other in Dick's.

(Continued on page 8)

SEE IT NOW... *from now on you'll be hearing about it !!!!!!*

ANN SHERIDAN
LEW AYRES
ZACHARY SCOTT

it's so easy to cry "Shame!"

"THE UNFAITHFUL"

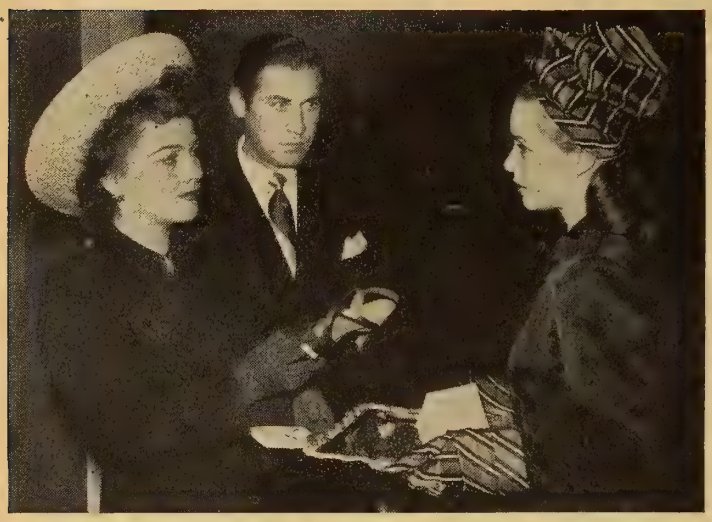
IF SHE WERE YOURS
COULD YOU FORGIVE ?

THE NEW **WARNER** SENSATION!

with EVE ARDEN STEVEN GERAY · Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN · Produced by JERRY WALD

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY DAVID GOODIS AND JAMES GUNN · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

louella parsons' good news



At designer Don Loper's swank fashion shop, a mannequin offers a sandal to Anne Baxter, while husband John Hodiak looks on. Anne, who's been working too hard, recently went on a long fishing trip with John, to relax.

Instead of having a famous person as his guest of honor, famed host Atwater Kent threw an aviation party—with a Douglas DC-6 as the star! Among the younger guests were Scotty Beckett and Peggy Ann Garner.

Ran into Kathryn Grayson and she told me that she's the first bride-to-be on record who ever moved into the honeymoon house ahead of the groom!

The housing shortage is responsible. "Johnny has a place to live and I haven't," Kathryn said, "so I moved in even though only three rooms are furnished."

They aren't at all sure the house will be furnished for the Big Event. She said it wouldn't surprise her in the least to have the social columns report the wedding like this:

"The bride entered from the partially furnished kitchen, and the happy couple exchanged vows before an improvised altar in a corner of the empty living room. Guests remained standing throughout, because of the shortage of chairs. The reception was a clubby affair in the cramped breakfast room."

* * *

Even the most devoted of husbands like their wives streamlined, no matter what they say about loving the little woman just as she is. Listen to this:

Alan Ladd is so proud of his Susie's new trimness, since the birth of their last baby, that he left word in the kitchen that Mrs. Ladd was to get half a grapefruit for dessert every night.

The other day, Sue had a few thousand words to say to the cook, herself. It all added up to the fact that she was tired of the same thing.

"Oh, you don't have to eat cold grapefruit all the time," replied the Queen of the Kitchen. "Mr. Ladd says if you get tired of that—you can have *baked* grapefruit!"

* * *

Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison are completely redecorating their home, and Lilli told the interior decorator that Rex's bedroom was to be done entirely in gray—gray ceiling, walls and floor.

"And what will we use for color relief?" the decorator asked.

"Nothing," cracked Lilli. "He says he wants it all gray—and gray it will be unless he comes home in a blue funk or a red rage!"

* * *

When Shirley Temple signed to do *Mary Hagen* for Warners, it was in her contract that Mary Lou Isleid, who has been her stand-in for 14 years, would do her regular chore for this movie.

I think it is really astounding and a coincidence that these two girls who started working together when they were five years old have grown up and retained exactly the same measurements!

Mary Lou's figure, height and weight are exactly the same as Shirley's.

Most stars acquire stand-ins after they are fully grown. But Shirley and Mary Lou set a record of some sort, or I miss my guess.

* * *

This has been a month of "little parties."

Irene Dunne was so intrigued with the new Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel that she chose that spot for a small cocktail party. The motif is very swanky modern "Western," if you can imagine such a thing. Clever lighting makes the soft tan and beige decorations look like desert gold and one whole side of the room is taken up by an amazing frieze of illuminated cowboys.

Irene was a vision in a cool green and white summer print against this background. "My feelings are hurt," she whispered to me. "Everybody is asking me 'what's the occasion for this party?' There's no occasion. I just felt like seeing my friends, and I think this is a stunning room."

Betty Hutton looked cuter than peanuts in a white dress with a snood-effect hat just dripping little pink roses. If there was ever a time when Betty and Ted Briskin were having their troubles, that's all over since the birth of the baby. The only time they stop holding hands is when Ted reaches in his pocket to bring out pictures of their debutante of 1960.

Natalie Draper, with her bright red hair was a stunner in one of the new "daytime" long dresses in a soft shade of green.

Ted North, one of the best looking boys in this town, was stagging it—which ain't fair.

Right in the middle of the festivities, I noticed everybody crowding around the big win

(Continued on page 10)

THE SONGS HE WROTE! THE LOVES HE KNEW!

Wherever he went there was a lovely face, a trim ankle and melodies that set an era aflame! Gad, what a life!

The story of Joe Howard, America's most romantic troubadour!

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now

Color by Technicolor

JUNE HAVER · MARK STEVENS

with MARTHA STEWART · REGINALD GARDINER

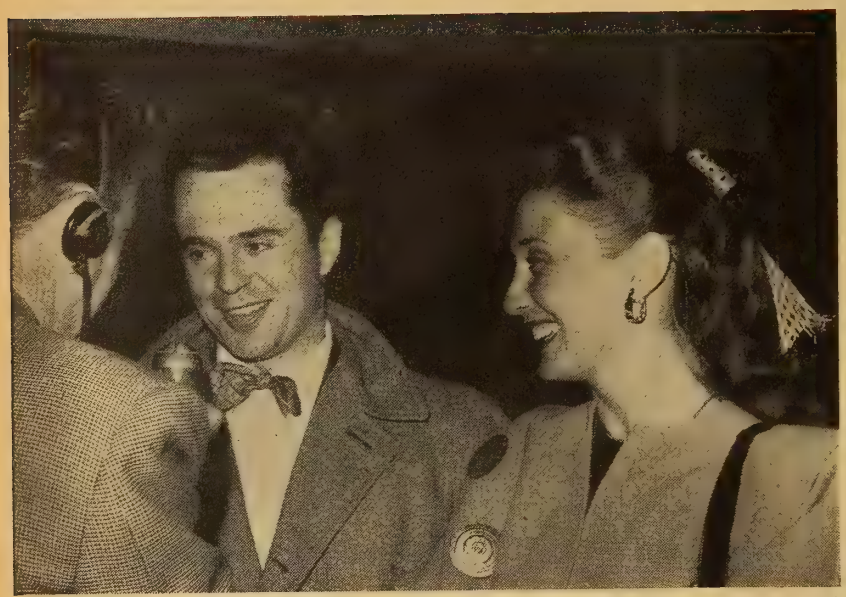
LENORE AUBERT · WILLIAM FRAWLEY · GENE NELSON · TRUMAN BRADLEY · GEORGE CLEVELAND

Directed by LLOYD BACON · Produced by GEORGE JESSEL

Screen Play by Lewis R. Foster

20th CENTURY-FOX

louella parsons' good news



Larry Parks and Betty Garrett were interviewed by the roving mike reporter at the opening of *Ice Capades*. What the radio announcer probably asked Larry to do was to "make like Al Jolson"—a request he hears everywhere he goes these days.

Bob Hutton and his wife, Cleatus Caldwell, were among the happiest spectators at the ice show premiere. Poor Bob can't see two feet in front of him without the specs he's cleaning. The Huttons are headed for a delayed honeymoon soon.

dow overlooking the swimming pool—and no wonder. Johnny Weissmuller and Esther Williams were both down there doing exhibition dives and water stunts. Believe me, they were simply wonderful. We were all sorry when the light faded and we couldn't watch those two water babies any longer. All in all, Irene's "little party" was a splashing success.

* * *

Want a good beauty tip straight from one of the prettiest faces in Hollywood?

I was in the beauty parlor the other day, and as I passed a booth where Audrey Totter had just finished putting on a brand new makeup, I was surprised to see her go over to the tap and dash cold water in her face!

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a little trick I learned a long time ago," she said. "There's nothing so unattractive to me as a face that shows every bit of freshly applied makeup—the powder, the rouge and the definite line where the lipstick has just been applied. Well, if you want to do away with that—just dash cold water over your face and blot it dry with a towel. It gives a completely natural, unmade up look."

It certainly gave that to Audrey. Give it a try.

* * *

No one even suspected that Spencer Tracy was an amateur veterinarian until he successfully brought his pet dog through a serious intestinal infection.

Then it came out that he has bred and raised two young colts which he intends to race in California.

But Spence, who is the quietest guy in the world and seldom talks about his interests, just tosses it off with, "Oh, I've been interested in veterinary work for some time and have been reading a lot of books on the subject."

* * *

The wackiest set to visit is the one on which Annie Sheridan and Errol Flynn are making *Silver River* at Warners.

The day I dropped over, Ann was walking around in hoop skirts, very heavy, with ice packs on her *feet!* "These danged costumes are so heavy my feet are killing me," quoth the amazing Miss Sheridan, who refuses to give a hoot for glamor where comfort is concerned.

Over in a corner, Errol Flynn was in a huddle with a salesman, fingering the most beautiful Irish linen, and when I asked, "For hankies?" he replied, "Nope—for dresses for two beautiful girls—my daughters."

The doors to their portable dressing-rooms happened to be open, and when I glanced in I noticed that both were adorned with baskets of the most wilted flowers I have ever seen. It started out as a gag on Errol's part—sending Annie the most dilapidated posies he could order from the florists. But Annie got wind of what was up, and ordered equally dried up specimens delivered to Errol the same time on the same day!

These two have made so many pictures together and know each other so well they are continually trying to think up new gags, but Flynn seldom gets away with anything because he swears Annie has a "pipeline" to his gags, and either beats him to them or duplicates them.

Some way or another, even with all these shennanigans going on, they get a movie made—and most of the time they are good ones.

* * *

It's no publicity story that Lauren Bacall wants out of her Warner contract to settle down and be just plain Mrs. Humphrey Bogart. She even signs photographs sent out to fans, "Lauren Bacall Bogart." (Well, Olivia de Havilland returns mail that is not addressed to Mrs. Marcus Goodrich!)

I think the thing with Lauren, or Betty, as her friends call her, is that she has no burning ambition for a career of her own. People ask, "But how can a girl want to give up fame and her own career when things are breaking so well?"

It has happened before. Look at Alice Faye.

* * *

Van Johnson is "tennis happy" and I'm not kidding. He just doesn't talk about anything else these days—except Evie!

This summer he goes to Honolulu, where he will play several exhibition matches with Jack Kramer and Ted Schroeder, and when you play with those gents, you have to be good. (If he played like a mudlark, he'd still draw the girls to the courts, I betcha.)

(Continued on page 12)

Only a Sucker Would Turn His Back...

on a Dynamite Dame Like This!...

RKO PRESENTS

PAT O'BRIEN
WALTER SLEZAK
ANNE JEFFREYS

in

"RIFF-RAFF"

Killer mob closing in!... A blonde in his arms who might double-cross him for a dime... anything can happen to a guy in the toughest racket in tough Panama!

with
PERCY KILBRIDE
JEROME COWAN
GEORGE GIVOT

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by NAT HOLT • Directed by TED TETZLAFF • Screen Play by MARTIN RACKIN

louella parsons' good news

Lately, I've been amused at how many of our stars run to form where their party manners are concerned. Recently, I attended a cocktail party where most of the big names in Hollywood were present and I noticed—

That Spencer Tracy always joins a group of men—and sticks with them.

That Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier remain the shortest time. They dash right in and dash right out again.

That Roz Russell never wears the same gown twice.

That Dinah Shore and George Montgomery never touch anything to drink but they just l-o-o-ove hors d'oeuvres.

That Lauren Bacall wears the most tailored gowns—even dinner dresses.

That Greer Garson experiments the most with different hair-dos. Greer is seldom coiffured the same way twice.

Joan Crawford, whether she arrives with Greg Bautzer or some other escort, always leaves early enough to get to the Mocambo or Ciro's for an hour or so of dancing.

Cary Grant usually arrives alone, but usually spots a beautiful belle to whom he devotes himself for the rest of the evening.

Tyrone Power refuses all social invitations if he is making a costume picture. Too self-conscious about his long hair and sideburns. But Cesar Romero doesn't care about beards.

Lana Turner attracts the most candid camera shots.

The best "eater"—Van Johnson.

* * *

Close-Up of Lana Turner: She drives Tyrone Power crazy by laughing before he gets to the point of a story—but he loves her just the same. She drives others crazy when she tells stories of her own. She always *misses* the point!

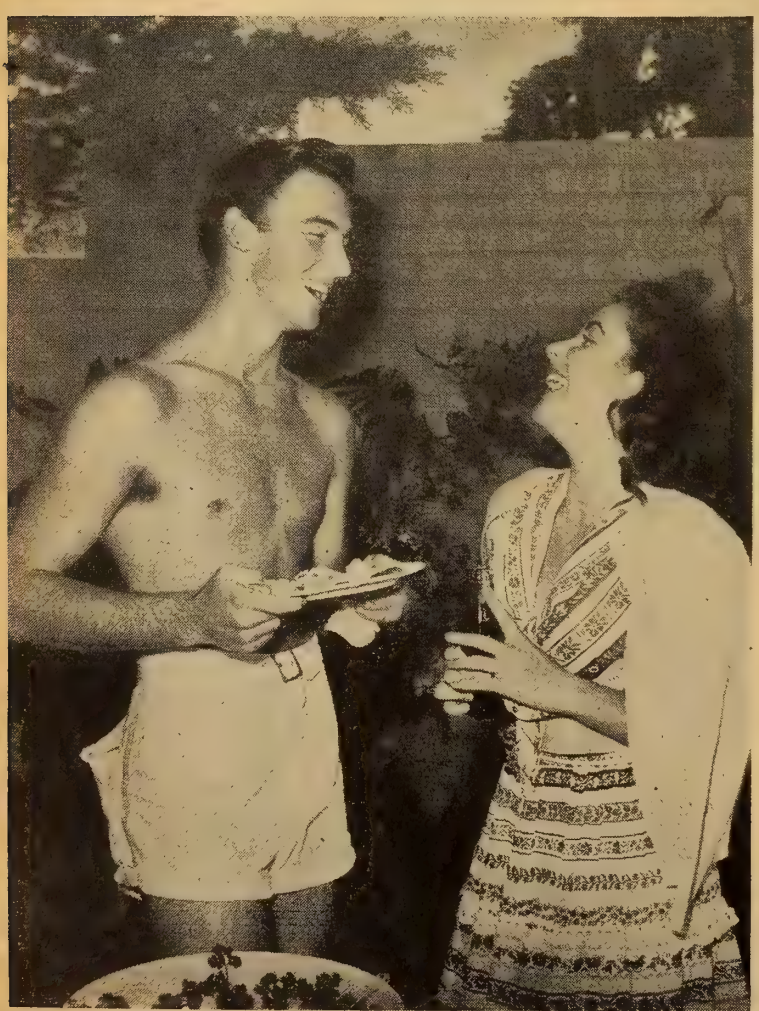
She's one of the best dressed girls in Hollywood—but seldom makes any of the "ten best-dressed" lists.

She both hates to go to bed—and hates to get up.

She thinks black over pink is the most seductive combination a woman can wear.

When she's in the mood, she can talk "jive" with the best of the jitterbugs.

She buys every new shade of lipstick that comes on the market whether it's for blondes or brunettes, because she never knows which color she's going to have her hair. But her



Jerome Courtland's Sunday afternoon swimming parties are a gay habit with the movies' younger set. This particular Sunday, though, the sun wouldn't shine; in fact, it was cold! But Elizabeth Taylor dared Jerome to don swimming trunks.

With swimming counted out, guests Shirley Temple and John Agar sample the second-best feature—the wonderful picnic food. Others played tennis, listened to records—or just loafed.

favorite is a pale pink "Watermelon,"

She is very proud of the amateur portraits she makes of her daughter, Cheryl, and likes them better than the professional ones.

When she does her bedroom over again, it will be in yellow and orchid.

She "sneaks" candy and pastries and then gives others advice about dieting.

Because she has a naturally gay disposition, she laughs a lot and likes to be around people who are happy.

Around the M-G-M lot, she has the reputation for being easy to get along with.

She loves to go to parties, but hates to give them. As a hostess, she worries.

Like Edna St. Vincent Millay, "there isn't a train she wouldn't take—no matter where it's going"—or a plane, either!

Shirley and Joyce Reynolds (who dates Marshall Thompson, who dates Elizabeth Taylor, who's recently been squired by their host) enjoyed a quiet chat with Jerome's step-brother, tiny Kurt Wordeman.

Among the record-enthusiasts were Liz Taylor and Jan Ford. The warbling on the disks was done by Jerome, himself—and he's quite good. He won't sing professionally, though, until he's had more training.

Both Joyce and Marshall Thompson brought their swimming togs, but their bathing suits never got wet—or worn! After some strenuous sets of ping-pong, they helped devour the party delicacies.

dorothy kilgallen selects "the bachelor and the bobby soxer"

■ Years ago, when I watched Shirley Temple dimple and coo as a curly-topped five-year-old, little did I dream that one day I would be referring to this beruffled angel as "sexy." But the interests of science compel me to report that a new Shirley Temple—almost adult, deliberately alluring and admirably designed for sweaters—is on view in *The Bachelor And The Bobby Soxer*, and in a refined way she is giving Lana Turner quite a run for her money.

In fact, I can hear the whistles from the balcony now.

What is more to the point of this report, I can hear noisy applause for *The Bachelor And The Bobby Soxer*, a bright and delightful picture designed to give anyone in any family anywhere—grandmas in Grand (*Continued on page 16*)

Poise—that's what Cary Grant needs to beat Rudy Vallee. Shirley Temple, Myrna Loy, Ray Collins and Harry Davenport lend moral support.

MAGIC STARS! MAGIC STORY! MAGIC ENTERTAINMENT!

JAMES STEWART
JANE WYMAN

Robert Riskin's

"MAGIC TOWN"

Their meeting was saucy and flippant!

Their romance found birth in the magic of a sudden kiss!

Their love jeopardized the happiness of thousands!

-ELECTRIC-as only the stars of "It's A Wonderful Life" and "The Yearling" can be!

with KENT SMITH · NED SPARKS · WALLACE FORD · Ann Shoemaker · Donald Meek

Written and Produced by ROBERT RISKIN · Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN ·

A William A. Wellman Production

Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

WOMEN GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR HIM... AS READILY AS THEY GAVE THEIR LIPS!
Man among men. Lover.. Adventurer.. Soldier-of-fortune —his life and loves made a new kind of history!
J. ARTHUR RANK
presents
STEWART GRANGER
the Screen's Great New Lover!
6 Feet Three of MAN!
JEAN KENT
ANNE CRAWFORD
in
"CARAVAN"
with DENNIS PRICE • ROBERT HELPMANN
From the novel by Lady Eleanor Smith
Screenplay by Roland Pertwee
Produced by Harold Huth
Executive producer Maurice Ostrer
Directed by Arthur Crabtree
A GAINSBOROUGH PICTURE
AN EAGLE-LION FILMS RELEASE

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY SOXER"

(Continued from page 14)

Rapids, patricians on Park Avenue and kids in Kokomo—an evening of happy hilarity.

There must be a universal and grateful audience for this type of film, because while it is true that some people like to cry and some people like to worry about the state of the world, everybody likes to laugh. Here's their chance. Here is merriment based on situations as familiar and normal as the adolescent phone call, the drug store sundae and the potato race, and anyone who has lived any part of a lifetime in an average community can find identity and great humor in it.

Myrna Loy (see page 68 for a story on Myrna) just as pretty and pert and appealing as when she first got gay in *The Thin Man,* is a real charmer as a female judge, and Shirley is cast as her younger and more complicated sister. When Judge Myrna dismisses a case against an almost too attractive and more than somewhat playboyish artist, only to discover a few hours later that little sister Shirley has fallen wildly in love with him, the story is off to a spritely start on a series of incidents that, if not world-shaking, are certainly rib-tickling.

Cary Grant, of course, plays the artist, and with considerably more lightheartedness than he has shown in recent seasons. It's becoming. He seems actually to be having fun with the comedy scenes, his manner with the tirelessly predatory Shirley striking just the right balance of patience and desperation. His particular brand of widow's-peak, black-eyed, casual-drape magnetism makes it easy for any female member of the parish to understand why Shirley falls for him.

Then there is Rudy Vallee. A few years ago some genius at type casting thought of putting Rudy in the role of a stuffy and pedantic young gent, and he was transformed into one of Hollywood's most desirable comedians. The trick is done again here: he is an assistant district attorney vaguely enamored of Myrna and with his briefcase, Yale collar and air of canonization he might have stepped right out of the old Tom Dewey racket-busting office. He is extremely funny, and I am afraid he steals a good many of the scenes.

But it is a gay kind of larceny, appropriate in one of the gayest comedies to flit across the screen in a blue moon.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Would you like to receive the September, October and November issues of MODERN SCREEN *absolutely free?* Every month we give away 500 three-months subscriptions to the first 500 of you who fill out the questionnaire below and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY! Pretty neat, isn't it? We tally your choices, find out what stars you like to read about in MS, so we can give you the kind of magazine you like—and you may win three free issues—if you hurry!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Honey Chile (Ava Gardner) ☐
A Man's Castle (Dick Haymes) ☐
Jeepnic (Elizabeth Taylor-Marshall Thompson) ☐
Dream Guy (Macdonald Carey) ☐
Palm Springs (Cornel and Pat Wilde) ☐
Mirage in Mink (Lizabeth Scott) ☐
Little Maggie Comes To Town (Margaret O'Brien) ☐
Who, Me? (Larry Parks) ☐
Pair of Aces (James Stewart-Henry Fonda) ☐
James Mason Life Story ☐
Male Animal (Rory Calhoun) ☐
Out Of The Mouths of Babes (Dennis Morgan) ☐
Poise, It's Wonderful! (Myrna Loy) ☐
Sound of Laughter (Rosalind Russell) ☐
Welcome Stranger! (Bette Davis) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Strange Woman (Joan Crawford) ☐
The Jolson-Crosby Story (Al Jolson-Bing Crosby) ☐
"Jessie" For Short (Betty Grable) ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

PERSONALS
FAMOUS ARTIST seeks beautiful model. Meet 9 o'clock, sixty paces west of Battersea Bridge. Will wear red carnation.

Don't answer this ad...

Don't

Don't

Don't

HUNT STROMBERG *presents*

GEORGE SANDERS ★ LUCILLE BALL ★ CHARLES COBURN ★ BORIS KARLOFF

IN

Lured

WITH

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE ★ JOSEPH CALLEIA

ALAN MOWBRAY ★ GEORGE ZUCCO

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • *Screenplay by* LEO ROSTEN

PRODUCED BY JAMES NASSER

Executive Producer, HUNT STROMBERG

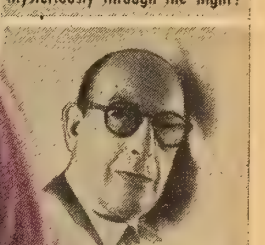
Released thru United Artists

How far will she go to trap a killer . . . or any other man?

Eight beautiful girls on his mind . . . and all of them quite dead!

His alibi was clever . . . and she was very, very beautiful, too!

What does he seek as he prowls mysteriously through the night?



Was he the artist who lured 8 beautiful girls to their deaths?

Movie Reviews

by VIRGINIA WILSON

Louise (Joan Crawford) has been in love with David (Van Heflin) long enough to know he's no good and not worthy of her—but she can't help loving him.

After David throws her over, Louise roams the streets looking for him. She cracks under the strain and is hospitalized. Dr. Willard (Stanley Ridges) treats her.

Through all her troubles, Dean (Raymond Massey), her ex-employer whom she married, never deserts her. When he learns about David, he understands that too.

POSSESSED

In other, less scientific days, an insane person was said to be "possessed of a devil." In those days a woman like Louise Howell (Joan Crawford) would probably have been stoned to death. Now she is treated by psychiatrists, who patiently unravel the threads of her strange story. . .

For our purposes, the story starts when Louise, a registered nurse, comes to take care of Mrs. Graham. The invalid is filled with jealous fancies, and imagines her husband, Dean Graham (Raymond Massey) is having an affair with the new nurse. Louise actually *is* having an affair, but not with Dean. She is madly, uncontrollably in love with a cynical, worldly man named David Sutton (Van Heflin).

David has made it clear from the start that he isn't serious, that for him it's just one of those things. Gradually Louise grows more and more demanding, until at last, tired of her possessiveness, he tells her the affair is over. She refuses to believe it, pleading wildly with him to take her back. But he makes immediate plans to go to Canada on a mining job for Graham.

That night, Graham's wife is drowned in the lake by their house. Accident? Suicide? Murder? The coroner says accident. The household believes suicide. Except Louise. Her mind, unbalanced by her own emotional turmoil, can recall nothing of that night. Did she drown Mrs. Graham, or let her drown? She isn't sure.

In a year's time, Louise is married to Graham and they are living in a beautiful house in Washington. Graham's eighteen-year-old daughter, Carol (Geraldine Brooks), can't make herself love her father's new wife. She doesn't trust her, and they don't see much of each other.

Then David Sutton comes back from Canada, and an already explosive situation is touched off. Louise tries to convince him that he still loves her. He tells her brutally that he never did, and starts to take Carol out. Louise's mind gives way under the shock, and Graham learns quite suddenly that his wife is insane. Events move with appalling swiftness to their terrible climax.

Joan Crawford turns in another Oscar-worthy performance. Van Heflin gives a convincing portrayal of a heel, and young Geraldine Brooks is a definite discovery.—*War.*

(*Continued on page 20*)

She's out of this world and down-to-earth in

Technicolor

with Music!

who is she?

where is she from?

They say she kissed 2000 men!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rita HAYWORTH · *Larry* PARKS

in

Down to Earth

with

MARC PLATT · ROLAND CULVER · JAMES GLEASON · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

ADELE JERGENS · GEORGE MACREADY · WILLIAM FRAWLEY

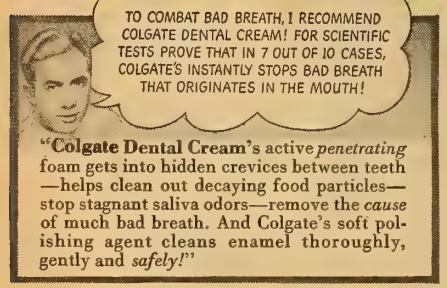
Original screenplay by Edwin Blum, Don Hartman · Songs by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher

Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · A DON HARTMAN PRODUCTION

HEAR THE NEW SONG HITS:
"They Can't Convince Me"
"Let's Stay Young Forever"
"People Have More Fun Than Anyone"

Woe is Me! I've Got No She!

GIRLS, GIRLS EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A GIRL FOR ME! HOW COME EVERY GUY'S GOT CUDDLE-CARGO BUT ME, SAM?
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOU NEED YOUR DENTIST'S SCHOOLING ON HOW TO SQUARE AWAY THAT BAD BREATH OF YOURS, JOE!


TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"**Colgate Dental Cream**'s active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

Always use **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** *after you eat and before every date*

After the Civil War, Van Johnson lives with—and charms—Janet Leigh's southern family.

Host Tom Mitchell asks wife Selena Royle and son Dean Stockwell if Van is a "damnyankee."

Comes the showdown and Van's in real trouble with Chas. Dingle, Guy Kibbee and their friends.

ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE

I think you'll like Van Johnson better in this than in any picture he's ever made. There's warmth and sincerity in his portrayal of a young man with a difficult mission to perform. Janet Leigh is perfectly cast as a shy, pretty girl in backwoods Missouri. The time is right after the Civil War. The story is of the MacBean family, and of Henry Carson (Van Johnson) who comes to live with them.

Gill MacBean (Thomas Mitchell) fought on the Confederate side in the war. So did his son, Ben (Marshall Thompson), who is still missing. It's hard for Gill to run the farm alone. His wife, Sairy (Selena Royle) and daughter, Lissy (Janet Leigh) do all they can. Even little Andrew (Dean Stockwell) lends a hand. Still, it would be mighty nice if they could get a strong young man to help.

But when a strong young man comes along, in the person of Henry Carson, Gill is reluctant to let him stay. Henry won't come out and say which side he fought on. Just does a lot of talking about how folks ought to forget the fighting and settle down to helping their neighbors. But folks aren't feeling very neighborly because of the "night riders"—a masked group who have been burning barns at night.

No one knows who they are, but as Gill points out, "there ain't no Northern barns been burned." Meetings are held and feeling runs high. "It's plumb silly to talk like you do about having a dance, everybody together," Gill tells Henry. "They'd be a-fightin' in five minutes."

Henry doesn't think so. He likes to sing and dance himself, and he believes other people do, too. And he's sure Lissy would look lovelier than ever in a party dress. Because by then he and Lissy are in love.

So they have the party, and for a little while everything's fine. Then trouble starts, and Henry has to come out at last and show which side he's on. That looks like the end of the romance—until a dead man tells a tale.

Wait till you hear Van singing those hill-billy songs. He's terrific!—*M-G-M*

(*Continued on page 22*)

THE THRILLING STORY OF OLD CALIFORNIA'S MOST ROMANTIC DAYS !

The tough-shooting, hard-fighting times of pioneer California. Days filled with adventure . . . Nights filled with excitement . . . Hearts filled with glorious love!

HEAR THE NEW SCORE BY RUDOLF FRIML

Nelson Eddy
Ilona Massey

in

NORTHWEST OUTPOST

A story of rough-riding men . . . heart-stealing women!

with

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

ELSA LANCHESTER • HUGO HAAS • LENORE ULRIC

And Introducing The American G. I. Chorus

Lyrics by EDWARD HEYMAN

Directed by ALLAN DWAN

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Screen Play by ELIZABETH MEEHAN and RICHARD SALE • Original Story by ANGELA STUART • Adaptation by LAIRD DOYLE

Beech-Nut Gum

Everywhere it goes the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it

Most everyone you meet in vacationland enjoys Beech-Nut Gum.

It's all in the day's work for Pearl White (Betty Hutton), dare-devil heroine of silent films.

Betty fixes it so boy-friend John Lund can play her leading man—but John doesn't like it at all!

When World War I breaks out, Betty leaves the movies to entertain our soldiers in Europe.

PERILS OF PAULINE

Our beautiful blonde heroine, bound hand and foot, lies on the railroad track. Swift as death, the locomotive hurtles toward her. Pauline hasn't a chance! Or has she? See the next chapter of this thrilling serial, folks, at the same theater next week. . .

Around 1914, Pearl White in *Perils of Pauline* was the hottest bet in the movie field. When you see Betty Hutton playing Pearl, you'll understand why. Pearl is quite a gal, even before she becomes a heroine star. "A regular cut-up," the other girls in the sweat-shop where she works, call her. One day the boss has her deliver a dress C.O.D. to Julia Gibbs (Constance Collier), stock company actress. Pearl is so impressed with this "grande dame" that she hands over the dress for nothing, on condition that she get a try-out in the stock company.

The company is run by Michael Farrington (John Lund). He reluctantly gives Pearl her chance, and she wows the audience with a wild novelty number. She stays on with the company, sewing, ironing and once in a while doing a walk-on. At last Mike lets her do a scene with him in a South Sea Island play. This leads to utter chaos, and Pearl gets fired.

Julia leaves with her. She and an actor called Timmy (Billy de Wolfe) are both fond of Pearl. Mike is more than fond of her, but hasn't sense enough to know it. Pearl still has a stubborn determination to be an actress. It is through Julia, a lion, and a custard pie, that Pearl becomes "Pauline," the dare-devil girl of the serials. Pearl loves it, even though McManus (William Demarest), the director, has her risking her neck every day.

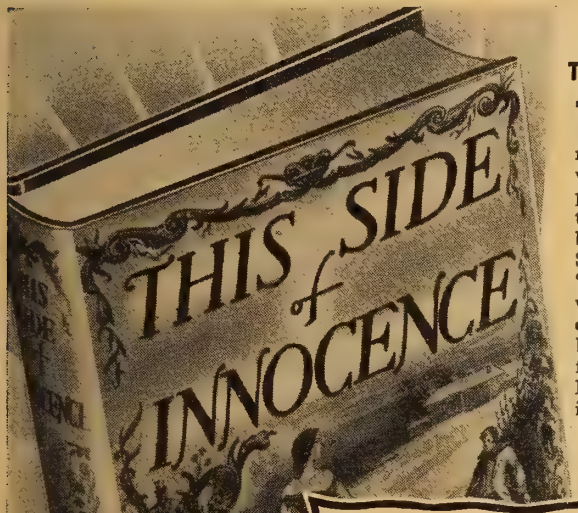
But she misses Mike. Eventually, she manages to get him as her leading man, and marriage is just around the corner. Then Mike's pride gets in the way—he isn't going to be Mr. Pearl White. Instead, he enlists in the Army, for war has just been declared. Pearl gives up pictures and goes to Paris where she's an enormous success as an entertainer. Eventually Mike, too, turns up in Paris and Pearl gets another chance! And being Pearl, she makes the most of it.

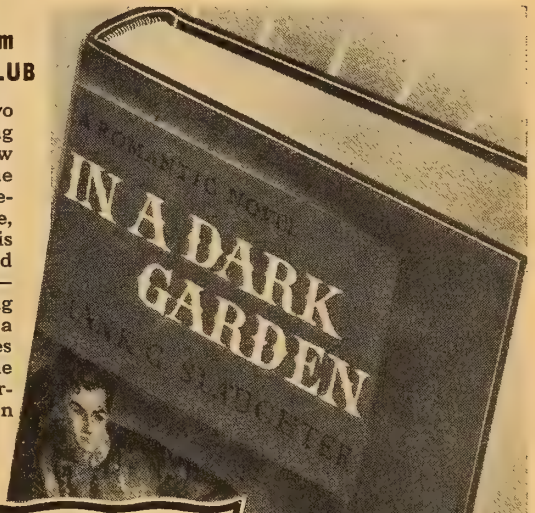
If you're looking for good escapist entertainment, this is it.—*Par.*

HERE'S THE **Biggest Book Buy** in DOLLAR BOOK CLUB HISTORY

As a special inducement to join the DOLLAR BOOK CLUB now . . . take this amazing 2-in-1 bargain . . . this DOUBLE package of best-sellers . . .

Not One, but BOTH for $1





as your first books from THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

THINK of getting two of the best-selling novels today (you know what they cost in the publishers' editions at retail) for only $1—not one, but BOTH for $1! "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden"—what a package of reading enjoyment—and what a bargain! With it comes free membership in the Dollar Book Club—offering the greatest savings in the book world today! Read facts below.

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

by Taylor Caldwell

AMALIE, the whispered-about daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, sold herself into a marriage with wealth and position. Only one man could threaten the security of this ravishing minx—the wastrel half-brother of her husband. Then these two, the wanton and the wastrel, found themselves whirled into a lawless passion that defied every rule of honor. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* called this best-seller "a masterful piece of story-telling . . . pulsing with life."

IN A DARK GARDEN

by Frank G. Slaughter

HERE is a story that will hold you transfixed as you plunge with Julian Chisholm into a furious War between the States. Fascinating characters, including Lucy, intoxicating Southern belle, who gave her body recklessly but refused Julian's offer of honorable marriage. . . . Brave, lovely Jane, a mid-century Mata Hari, who would stop at nothing to gain her ends, yet whose coldly planned wedding became a thrilling romance. . . . If you liked "Gone With the Wind," you'll *love* this great new novel!

Every DOLLAR BOOK CLUB Selection Saves You 60% to 75%!

NO other book club brings you popular current books by famous authors for only $1.00 each. No other book club saves you 60 to 75 percent from the usual retail prices of books!

Yet membership in the Dollar Book Club is free and requires no dues or fees of any kind. You do not even have to take a book every month; the purchase of as few as six books a year keeps your membership in full force. In fact, for convenience most members prefer to have shipped and pay for books every other month.

More Than Half a Million Families Buy Books This Money-Saving Way!

Think of it! With book-manufacturing costs at an all-time high; with most popular current fiction selling for $2.75 and $3.00 in the publishers' editions at retail, the Dollar Book Club continues to bring its members the cream of the books for only $1.00 each! And in distinctive, full-size library editions bound in a format exclusively for members! The Club's huge membership makes such savings possible.

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You need send no money now. Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will immediately be sent the Double Book Package consisting of "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden." As a new member, you will be billed a total of only $1.00 for BOTH books.

Then, every other month, you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called The Bulletin. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, or neither. Or, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each. The bargains are there—but only if you want them!

Join Now—Send No Money

When you receive "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden" and consider that these are typical of the values you are privileged to buy for only $1.00 each, you will be more than happy to have joined the club. Mail the coupon today.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York

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"This Side of Innocence" "In a Dark Garden" } **BOTH FOR $1**

Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Dept. 8 M.M., Garden City, New York

Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me my two introductory membership books, "This Side of Innocence" and "In a Dark Garden"—both for $1.00.

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin," telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered for $1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

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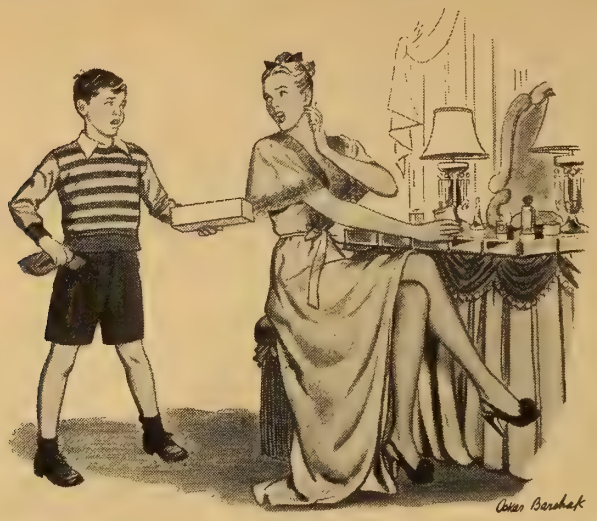
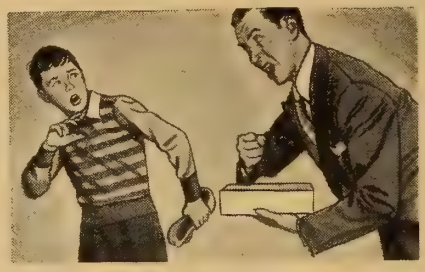
"But I didn't say tissues . . . I said KLEENEX *!"*

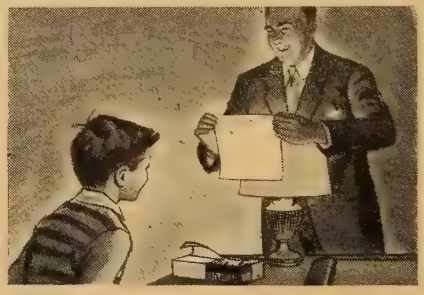


It's not the same thing at all—bridled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a *s-o-f-t* tissue. A *Kleenex* Tissue. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex *isn't* another name for tissues?



Your Mother's right—for once! Pop chimed in. Kleenex is *different*. Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!

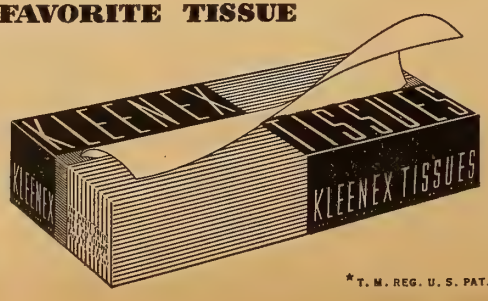
I've got my NOSE to think of! blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary *tissues*—when my nose *knows* there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!



I'll learn you! winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-wyne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty *soft*. And husky! Your *eyes* tell you there is *only one* Kleenex.

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Bob, Son of Battle: Lon McCallister plays a shepherd, and Edmund Gwenn, his cruel father.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE

Peggy Ann Garner has her first romance in this picture. With Lon McCallister, which is nice romancing, and in Technicolor. But it isn't allowed to interfere too much with the story of Bob, son of Battle, the champion sheep-dog you read about years ago.

Lon McCallister plays David M'Adam, a Scotch shepherd boy. David doesn't have much fun in life. His father (Edmund Gwenn) has become a cruel, embittered old man since his wife's death. He beats David regularly, and seems to care for nothing in the world but whiskey and his great, ugly dog, Red Wull.

Wull has won the Shepherds' Trials once, and M'Adams is sure he will win again this year. Everyone else is convinced the cup will go to Bob, son of Battle. Bob is champion stock, and is the property of James Moore (Reginald Owen), a neighbor. The old man is fiercely jealous of Moore, not only because of Bob, but because young David spends as much time as he can at the Moores' home.

Mrs. Moore has taught David to play the violin, which he loves. Seventeen-year-old Maggie (Peggy Ann Garner) idolizes him. It's a peaceful, happy household, in complete contrast to his own slovenly, un-homelike dwelling.

One day David buys a violin of his own. He drives a thrifty bargain to get it, but even so, his father thrashes him soundly and tells him he must take it back. When Mrs. Moore dies in child-birth soon after, she leaves her violin to David. But M'Adam, in a drunken rage, smashes it, and David leaves home once and for all.

Meanwhile the sheep-owners round about are losing sheep. Some dog is killing them and they are sure it's Red Wull. M'Adam insists it must be Bob, but no one believes him. The Shepherds' Trials are won by Wull again, since Moore doesn't enter Bob. "One more year and the Cup is mine and Wull's to keep," M'Adam gloats. But a great deal can happen in a year. . .

Edmund Gwenn gives a superb performance as old M'Adam. The scenery has a mournful, haunting beauty that almost convinces you that you are really in Scotland.—*20th-Fox*

MIRACLE ON THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

So you don't believe in Santa Claus! Well, you will, by the time Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Hara, John Payne and a wonderful little girl named Natalie Wood get through with you. Because that's what the miracle is all about.

It starts on Thanksgiving Day, when a window dresser (Bob Gist) glances up from his arrangement of reindeer and Santa Claus to see an old gentleman with a white beard (Edmund Gwenn) motioning to him. "You've got Dunder and Blitzen in the wrong places," the old gentleman says reprovingly. "Better change them around." He wanders off, leaving the window dresser with his mouth wide open.

Then the bearded man encounters the Macy parade all ready to start. When he finds that the parade's Santa Claus has gotten roaring drunk, he takes over the job himself. He makes a wonderful Santa Claus; everyone says so. Doris Walker (Maureen O'Hara) who is in charge, hires him to play the regular Santa Claus at Macy's store for the Christmas season. She asks him his name and he says Kris Kringle. That's Doris's first inkling that there's trouble ahead.

The second one comes when she hears a report from pop-eyed toy clerks. It seems that if a child happens to ask "Santa Claus" for a toy the store doesn't carry, Kris says cheerily "You can get it at Gimbel's." In fear and trembling she goes to Mr. Macy's office. She finds him up to his ears in telegrams congratulating him on his "good-neighbor policy." She gets a raise!

But in the meantime, Doris is having trouble at home. Her little girl, Susan (Natalie Wood) has been brought up by modern divorcée Doris not to believe in anything. Now, all of a sudden, Susan has started thinking that maybe there *is* a Santa Claus. And their next-door neighbor, Fred Gailey (John Payne) says, looking at Doris, "I've been sure of it for a long while!"

By the time all the ensuing complications are unraveled, you will have had a lovely, sentimental, Merry Christmas-ish kind of an evening.—*20th-Fox*

(*Continued on page 26*)

Miracle on 34th St.: E. Gwenn makes J. Payne, M. O'Hara and Natalie Wood believe in Santa.

GEORGE RAFT
has his hands full of TROUBLE
and his arms full of
VIRGINIA FIELD
. . . but when Aunt Matilda calls for help he fights his way to her for
"CHRISTMAS EVE"
It's merry!
and That's not all!

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film! ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

Dear Ruth: Bill Holden, Joan Caulfield and Ed Arnold romp merrily through this soldier farce.

DEAR RUTH

Families are funny. You can do something with the best intentions in the world, and the next thing you know your parents are practically calling you a juvenile delinquent. And your older sister is saying she ought to cut your throat. When all you did was write some letters to a soldier—a lieutenant in the Air Force—and sign your sister's name and enclose her picture.

Of course it does get sort of complicated when the lieutenant, whose name is Bill (Bill Holden), shows up all of a sudden. He's madly in love with your sister, Ruth (Joan Caulfield), just from the letters and her picture. Whereas Ruth, of course, has never heard of him! Just to make it tougher, Ruth picks that day to get herself engaged to a jerk named Albert (Billy De Wolfe), who works in the bank.

Anyway, this Bill arrives when neither you nor Ruth are at home and tells your mother (Mary Phillips) and father (Edward Arnold) how crazy he is about the girl. When you stroll in that evening they are putting Ruth through a fast third degree about this lieutenant, and they catch on to the fact that you're responsible. Your father acts as if he had *no* understanding of the facts of life, and Ruth is very narrow-minded about the whole deal.

She does get more agreeable after she meets Bill, who's all done up in ribbons, and keeps sending her lilacs every hour on the hour. In fact, she gives Albert the brush-off so she can go out with Bill. She even pretends she *did* write the letters.

But that just makes things worse, because Bill wants her to marry him right away. Before he gets sent somewhere with the occupation forces. You ought to hear what Albert says about that!

Sure, it all works out, only in a funny way. And you get practically no credit for having really arranged the thing. Families are funny.

("You" is Marian, played by Mona Freeman in just the right key.)—*Par.*

HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS

It's been quite a while since there has been a good screwball comedy around. This is

Her Husband's Affair: That's Franchot Tone under the spinach—to Lucille Ball's surprise!

definitely it, with Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone playing the wackiest pair you've ever encountered.

Bill Weldon (Franchot Tone) is an advertising man. All too frequently, however, he is side-tracked by the fabulous inventions of his friend, Professor Glinka (Mikhail Rasumny), a mad Czecho-Slovak genius.

Right now Bill is trying to get the Tappel hat account. Tappel won't give it to him unless he can get the Mayor to endorse Tappel hats. The Mayor won't endorse *anything*, as a matter of principle. But Bill's gorgeous, zany wife, Margaret (Lucille Ball) tricks the poor man into posing in a Tappel hat at a baseball game. He doesn't know he's doing it, but that doesn't matter—the account is now Bill's. They can go to Bermuda on a second honeymoon.

They have the bridal suite all reserved. Everything is set. Then Glinka shows up with a going-away present for Bill. An innocent looking little jar, it is. Glinka says it's a by-product of the embalming fluid that is really his life's work. "You use it instead of shaving," he says. "It removes hair."

Bill tries it and it works. He sees millions of dollars staring at him from this little jar. It will become a sensation overnight. He cancels the trip, and sells the cream to a manufacturer of shaving products. It's a sensation, all right. Every man who tries it suddenly grows a three-foot beard overnight!

Margaret comes to the rescue to the tune of "From the Halls of Montezuma." She tells them to sell it as hair tonic. They do, and it grows glass instead of hair on people's heads. Honest.

Next thing Bill knows, he's wanted for murder. Glinka's murder. Let's see Margaret get him out of this one!—*Col.*

CRY WOLF

Barbara Stanwyck and Errol Flynn are an intriguing combination. The plot of *Cry Wolf* keeps them suspicious of each other most of the time, which seems like a waste of romantic material. Still, it's a good plot, with lots of suspense. It begins with the arrival of Sandra Marshall (Barbara Stanwyck) at the big Caldwell estate. She has read in the papers that

GEORGE BRENT
is ducking out on a $75,000 cold check...
and a million dollar chick named
JOAN BLONDELL
...but when he gets Aunt Matilda's S.O.S. he takes a chance getting there for
"CHRISTMAS EVE"
It's merry!
but there's more yet!

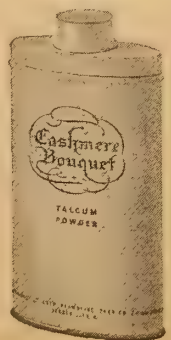
with this talcum powder, so fragrant and cooling

KEEP FRESHER! First, bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool. Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Its silken sheath of protection *insures* you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talc lavishly and *often*. Gives your person the *fragrance men love.*

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

...with the fragrance men love

Cry Wolf: Suspicion and intrigue stalk the high-voltage team of Errol Flynn and B. Stanwyck.

young James Caldwell (Richard Basehart) has died. Now she is here to tell his uncle Mark (Errol Flynn) that she is James' widow.

Mark at first refuses to believe her. He also throws out some fast cracks about fortune hunters. Sandra admits calmly that she did marry James for money—exactly $2,000, which he gave her so she could finish her studies for a doctor's degree in geology. In return, she became his wife "in name only" so he could get control of his fortune away from Mark. It had been left to James and his sister, Julie (Geraldine Brooks) with Mark holding the strings until they either married or reached the age of thirty.

Sandra produces her marriage license, and Mark is forced to believe her. Julie, the seventeen-year-old, is on Sandra's side immediately. "Mark is just a jailer!" she says passionately. "Why, he won't even let me off the estate!" It soon becomes obvious that some very strange things are happening in the big, gloomy old house. There are screams and moans from Mark's laboratory at night. A bearded giant of a man comes and goes by a secret entrance. Sandra stubbornly stays on, partly because she has become fond of Julie, and partly because she is convinced that James isn't really dead. Then murder strikes and with it comes sheer terror.—*War.*

SINGAPORE

Smuggled pearls, a beautiful girl, a handsome schooner captain and a couple of Oriental gunmen. With all that, how can you miss? Especially when the handsome man is Fred MacMurray.

A few weeks before the Japs take Singapore, Matt Gordon (Fred MacMurray) brings his trim little schooner into port there. He finds himself the object of considerable attention from Police Inspector Hewitt (Richard Haydn), and from a couple of crooks named Maribus (Thomas Gomez) and Sasha (George Lloyd).

None of this worries Matt. He's young enough not to mind taking chances. He blithely caches

Singapore: Ava Gardner and Fred MacMurray search George Lloyd for a string of pearls!

the smuggled pearls, which are the cause of all this, in a safe hiding place, and goes out to look over the town. He finds that its most exciting landmark at the moment is an American girl, Linda Grahame (Ava Gardner).

It doesn't take long for Matt and Linda to fall in love. She misses her boat for home—on purpose, natch—and they plan to be married the day before Christmas. Matt gives Linda a string of perfectly matched pearls, and when Inspector Hewitt asks questions about them, he just gets a lot of double-talk.

But on the wedding day, the Japs are approaching Singapore. Matt leaves Linda at the church while he rushes off to get the hidden pearls. When he comes back without having been able to get them he finds that the church has been blown to pieces by a bomb. He sails away with a load of refugees in his schooner, and a load of tragedy in his heart.

After the war he comes back to Singapore, still looking for the pearls. And meets Linda, who isn't dead after all, but has had amnesia. She is not only married to a man named Hollister (Roland Culver) but doesn't even remember Matt.

However, Maribus and Sasha remember him—and the pearls. It takes some fast action to bring about a satisfactory climax.—*Univ.*

WYOMING

There are various ways of making a fortune. My favorite is the way the old Wyoming cattle barons did it. They got the land free from the government, cut out a few mavericks from somebody else's herd, and they were off!

That's how Charlie Alderson (William Elliott) begins, back in 1870. His wife dies in childbirth and he determines to found a fortune for his baby daughter, Karen. He sends her to Vienna to school when she's only ten, with her old nurse, Maria (Maria Ouspenskaya). When she gets back she is a young woman with her mother's beauty and her father's stubbornness.

By now life in Wyoming has become more complicated for the cattle ranchers. The

Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection *24 hours of every day?* Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only *protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .*

It gives you *the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.*

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)

24-hour protection with Odorono Cream

Wyoming: John Carroll and Vera Ralston pause for romance in their hunt for cattle-rustlers.

government is refusing to grant more than a few acres to anyone, and the so-called "nesters," or homesteaders, are moving in. Lassiter (Albert Dekker), a slick character who seems to be the forerunner of the modern gangster, is using the "nesters" for his own purposes. Trouble is looming ahead, especially for Alderson, Lassister's first target.

Alderson has the respect of everyone—and the shrewd advice of his young foreman, Forrester (John Carroll). However, he is gradually needled by Lassiter into a bad error of judgment. He brings in a cut-throat named Jackson to use force against the "nesters." Forrester warns him, but the old man is too stubborn to listen. When his best friend, Windy (Gabby Hayes) is killed by Lassiter's men, Alderson is sure he's right. Forrester is equally sure he's wrong, and Karen must decide between them. A wild climax provides the answer.—*Rep.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Before we came to New York from London, where my father is the official physician at the Gainsborough Studios, my sister and I were allowed to visit the set on which James Mason was working. In the film, Mason was playing a doctor, and my father was serving as "technical advisor." During a lull, my father introduced my sister and me to Mr. Mason. He shook hands with us and began to talk medical "shop talk" with Dad. Father had to show him how to look through an eye instrument. James screwed up one eye and looked into mine, through the instrument—what a moment! Then, James was shown how to use the instrument, while I continued to serve as his "guinea pig." I shall never forget the moment when his eyes looked into mine!

Shirley Bowman,
Omena, Michigan

GREEN FOR DANGER

Let me introduce Alastair Sim, an English actor who is, for my money, one of the funniest men on the screen. In *Green For Danger* he plays a Scotland Yard inspector who manages to be a good detective and a comedian at the same time. Trevor Howard, Leo Genn and Sally Gray form a romantic triangle, with murder as its base.

The scene is a hospital in war-time England, and the first murder victim is a postman. An unimportant little man, you would have said, but he is important enough to someone so that he must be killed. He dies as he is being given an anesthetic, prior to a minor operation.

At first it seems like an accidental death—heart trouble, perhaps. Then it is learned that Doctor Barnes (Trevor Howard) who gave the anesthetic, had another patient die in the same way a couple of years before. Later, when the death seems definitely to be murder, there are other suspects beside Barnes. Eden (Leo Genn), the surgeon, is one, and so is pretty Freddi Linley (Sally Gray), a young nurse who won't make up her mind whether she's in love with Barnes or Eden.

The next night there is a dance for the hospital staff. An undercurrent of tension is evident, and before the evening is over, Sister Bates (Judy Campbell) injects a note of complete hysteria. She screams defiantly to the crowd that she knows who committed the murder and has evidence to prove it. Half an hour later, she is found dead in the operating room.

That's when Inspector Cockrill (Alastair Sim) is called in. He's a big, gawky man with a bald head, and no one is much impressed by him—at first. But the murderer learns that he is a man to be reckoned with.

Green For Danger is a quietly played, but intensely exciting, mystery. The acting of Leo Genn and Trevor Howard is a pleasure to watch.—*Eagle-Lion*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

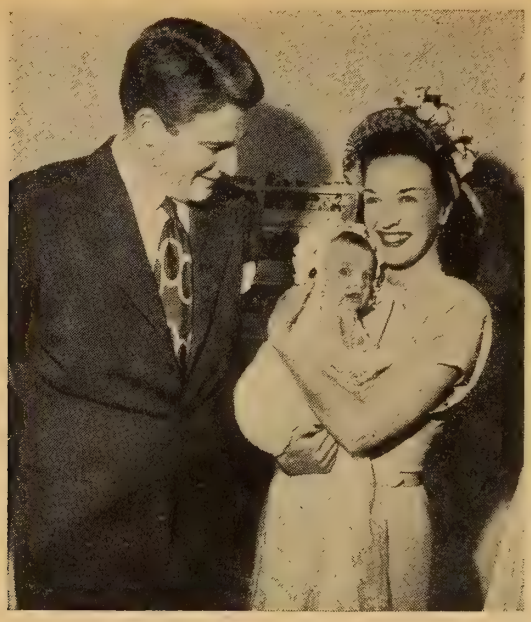
When John Garfield and his show came to our bomb group in Southern Italy, naturally every GI on the base wanted to see Johnny in person. However, in the army, someone is always on duty, and Joe was the most disappointed kid on the post that night because he was Charge of Quarters. That was the show he wouldn't have missed for the world, but nothing could be done about it. Johnny Garfield, however, did do something about it! When he heard of Joe's disappointment, through our medical officer, he came trekking over to the dispensary where Joe was working and, not only did he come himself, but he brought Eddie Foy along with him. While we were sweating out a line before the theater, to see John Garfield in person, he was entertaining Joe privately at our group dispensary. Swell guy, John Garfield!

William L. Eury,
Bessemer City, No. Carolina

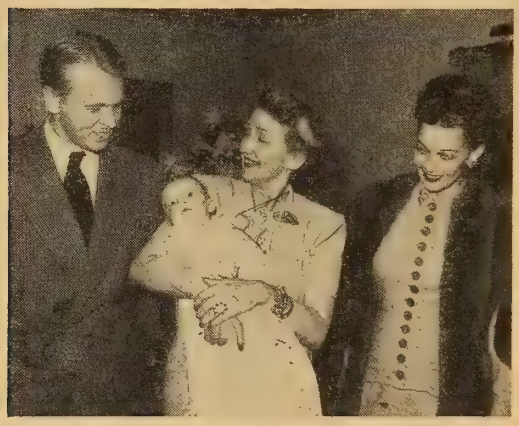
...and wait till you see what happens when they all get together to rescue AUNT MATILDA
...on CHRISTMAS EVE
Benedict Bogeaus presents
GEORGE RAFT
GEORGE BRENT
RANDOLPH SCOTT
JOAN BLONDELL
VIRGINIA FIELD
DOLORES MORAN
and ANN HARDING
in
Merry "CHRISTMAS EVE"
with
Reginald Denny • Douglas Dumbrille • Clarence Kolb • Dennis Hoey
John Litel • Walter Sande • Joe Sawyer • Konstantin Shayne
Screenplay by Laurence Stallings
Adapted from original stories by
Laurence Stallings and Richard H. Landau
Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS • Directed by Edwin L. Marin
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

modern screen goes to a christening

Hedda Hopper, Merle Oberon, John Lund—they all played supporting roles to the star of the christening: Hedda's first grandchild.



Bill Hopper, Hedda's handsome son, could've been a movie star, but chose a business career instead He and Jane are thrilled over their first baby



Among those who wished health, wealth and happiness for Hedda's grandchild were Mr. and Mrs. John Lund, who raved over the baby's christening-dress!

Proud Mama Jane lets Hedda spoil her off-spring because, after all, that's every grandma's special prerogative! And, like all babies, Joan loved it.

"No, thanks, says Joan. "I think I'll stick to milk." Anyway, it's nice having someone as lovely as Merle Oberon toast your future in champagne. Hedda figures that in 20 years, Joan will take over her MODERN SCREEN assignments.

Smart Evening Necklines reveal lots of skin! For utmost flattery, use Malibu Tan on every bit of skin that shows. You'll adore this divine new face powder shade by Lady Esther.

LOOK HOW

LADY ESTHER'S *Malibu Tan*

FLATTERS YOUR SKIN AT NIGHT!

It's Summer's Most Flattering Face Powder Shade . . . a soft, subtle, heavenly shade . . . designed to enhance a natural tan or make untanned skin look beautifully, naturally tan. And here, at last, is a summer-tan shade which will not change its color after it's on your skin. Smart women everywhere are wearing Malibu Tan! Why don't you?

"I'm excited about the new Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake with make-up sponge right in the case!"

—says lovely

Gail Patrick

APPEARING IN
"CALENDAR GIRL"
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

A thrilling improvement in cake make-up that's set Hollywood all agog. For Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake has its own dainty make-up sponge in a moisture-proof compartment right in the compact. As glamorous Gail Patrick says, "It's perfect! As soon as I open my Beau Cake there's the sponge, ready for use." Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake imparts ravishing young color to your skin; hides tiny blemishes; lasts for hours and hours. Enjoy it once and you'll agree Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake is truly the cosmetic sensation of the year.

"With BEAU CAKE it's so much quicker to make your skin look youthful, smooth and glamorous."

"BEAU CAKE is so much neater . . . no need for loose cotton in my purse."

Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake $1.50 PLUS TAX

Gay new cake make-up with sponge compartment right in the case

Barbara Davis Sherry, weight 7 pounds, was born to Bette on May 1. Since it was a Caesarean birth, Bette chose the date. One wag wired, "Congratulations on your first production without Warners."

Welcome Stranger!

"It's a girl!"

Only to Bette Davis, she's

so much more—a

princess, an angel, a dream

she's dreamed

for so many years,

finally come true.

by Hedda Hopper

■ "I've wanted her ever since I was twenty-one," said Bette Davis. "Now that she's actually here in my arms, I can't believe it's true. Hedda, isn't she a beauty?"

"She is, indeed." I smiled, because I'd felt that way once myself. "The most beautiful baby in all the world!"

The young lady drawing all those raves was Miss Barbara Davis Sherry. That day she was exactly eleven days old. That day, too, was Mother's Day, and I was spending it exactly as I wanted to, with the happiest mother in Hollywood, Bette Davis.

I'd hopped in my car and driven down beside the rolling Pacific, clear to Laguna Beach, where the William Grant Sherrys live, in their new home perched over a crystal cove where the surf beats a lullaby and the sun makes diamonds dance on the waves to delight a baby's blue eyes.

The tiny sign over the gate said simply, "Sherry," and I pushed it open and went in. I didn't ask to be announced; I hadn't even called from Beverly Hills. I opened the door. "Happy Mother's Day!" I greeted.

"You *would*," Bette laughed, "catch me right at the psychological moment! I've just finished feeding Barbara. Can you stand a few bubbles and burps?"

"I can stand anything about (*Continued on page 104*)

She'd made Humoresque,
Mildred Pierce,
then Possessed—*and almost*
collapsed. But after
two days' vacation, Joan
Crawford was
pestering the
studio for a new part!

strange woman

■ A tall girl, muffled in a big coat and wearing dark glasses, slipped into the press preview of *Possessed* after the picture had started, and slid quietly into a back row seat. Just before the ending, she sneaked out. Joan Crawford was worried about how good a job she had done on her toughest part yet. She wangled special permission from the studio to take in the show, even though stars aren't generally allowed to attend press previews.

Joan was very careful that no critics or newspaper reporters saw her that night. She wasn't after pats on the back or polite praise. She just wanted to know eagerly and nervously their verdict. Outside, she paused for a second as a roar of applause from inside reached her ears. That snapped her tension—made her heart skip a grateful beat.

"Golly," thought Joan to herself as that critical, cold-blooded crowd gave her her answer, "this is the biggest thrill of my life."

About everything that happens to Joan Crawford is the biggest thrill of her life—everything that's a step forward, that is. She's got a one-track pair of eyes focused on the future.

"When you look back," she explained, "you just get dizzy." Maybe that's why, after 21 years in Hollywood

and so many pictures, Joan can't remember them herself. She is a greater star than ever with a still shiny Oscar at home to prove it, her choice of prize parts, and a paycheck to match.

Adding herself up sometimes, she can't quite understand it, and she is not alone there. After *Mildred Pierce* won Joan Hollywood's highest honor, a producer who has known Joan since she started acting called to see and congratulate her. "You deserve the title of the first lady of Hollywood—it's you. You're a living symbol of a great screen star. Why, Joan," he said, "you are the most amazing woman I know. Imagine making a brand new career for yourself after all these years!"

Joan gave him a "Poor darling, you just don't understand" look and smiled. "It's not a new career," she said, meaning it. "It's the same old one, and," she added, "believe me, *I love it!*"

No one ever confessed more truthfully a case of enduring affection. Hollywood is devoted to Joan Crawford, and always has been, and with Joan the feeling is strictly mutual—in fact, sometimes martial.

Joan was in New York recently when a group of ace portrait photographers picked their ideal glamor subject. One prominent lens artist picked (*Continued on page 99*)

the JOLSON-CROSBY story

by ed sullivan

The incomparable Al tells the real Jolson story—all about his wife, his operation, his career—and his competitor, that up-and-coming young singer, Bing Crosby

Jolson, now 60, isn't anxious for his own radio show. "What?" he says. "Only work *once* a week?" He prefers guest shots, like the Lux Theater, with Margaret Whiting and Dinah Shore.

Al has already collected $1,100,000 as his share of *The Jolson Story,* and may get as much as $3,500,000. But the big thrill was showing wife Erle Galbraith (above, at the Stork Club) that he's still the great "Mr. Showbusiness."

■ On his last night in New York, Al Jolson had dropped up to my apartment in the Hotel Delmonico to watch a prize-fight. Not, mind you, that the Sullivans were fighting, because I am no chump; Mrs. Sullivan is very fast on her feet. What Jolson and I were watching was a televised battle at Madison Square Garden, the first he'd ever seen televised, because Coast television can't pick up the Garden fights. "Let's listen to the Crosby program," Al suggested, so we sat there and heard Crosby, Groucho Marx, Hank Greenberg and Warren Brown. "That's my boy, that Crosby," said Jolson, approvingly, and when the band played, Jolson sang snatches of songs, without getting down on one knee. Our little French poodle, Bojangles, his head cocked, sat on the floor and listened intently, flapping his ears in rhythm.

"The test of a top-flight performer," pointed out "Jolie," suddenly, "is to come up with the right answers, when the right answer ain't written into the dialogue. Now take that Crosby. In the course of a year, a lot of awfully fast performers go on his program, and that Crosby's gotta be on the beam all night long, because now and then, one of them will drop in a line that ain't set down in the script. I mean, Crosby always is in the position of Joe Louis—he is the defending champ and he can't afford to lose, even once. When you've got a Groucho Marx throwing lines at you, brother, you *better* be fast, because that guy is one of the all-time greats of comedy in Jolie's book. (*Continued on page 85*)

Al's appearances on Bing's ABC show created a major stir in Radio Row. Here, they get some help from John Charles Thomas.

jeepnic*

■ Once a year, in California, the Mojave Desert blooms.

There are a lot of scientific reasons for it (involving clouds and high winds twisting through the mountains and slamming into hot breezes and causing rain) but who cares for scientific reasons?

The beautiful fact remains that the desert blooms.

It is a fact which caused Marshall Thompson to approach Elizabeth Taylor, in the M-G-M commissary, right between the soup and the fish, so to speak.

"Want to drive out to the desert?" he said. "I borrowed a jeep. (*Continued on page 114*)

* **A picnic—that's a pack on the back and a hike for a bite. But a jeepnic—that's a leap in a jeep for something to eat!**

Marshall Thompson was emoting hard for *The Romance of Rosy Ridge* and Elizabeth Taylor was working like crazy on *Cynthia*—but Saturday was their day off, the desert was in bloom, and the jeep was rarin' to go!

Jimmy Stewart says "howdy" to neighbor Hank Fonda, who's now in *The Long Night*. Conversation between the stars of *A Miracle Can Happen* is usually limited to a period of restful silence.

On the *Miracle* set, Stewart enacted his *Magic Town* role, while Hank glared; he wanted to rehearse for *The Fugitive*. "What a bunch of hams!" jeered *Miracle* stars MacMurray and Dot Ford.

When Jimmy left for Princeton to pick up that honorary M.A. degree, he gave orders for no publicity. But news leaked out anyway. Was newcomer Dorothy Ford lonesome till Jimmy returned???

pair of aces

They're a couple of strong, silent hombres—Jim Stewart and Hank Fonda—and they don't talk much. Except about each other . . .

By CARL SCHROEDER

■ I can walk into the United States Mint and stuff my pockets with dollars easier than I can flush out the real story of Jimmy Stewart.

He's a tough one, that boy—tough about gabbing.

And so is his friend, Henry Fonda.

Hank and I finally got together, though. And he made it possible for me to run Jimmy Stewart through my typewriter

the way I've always wanted.

This is the story—

The night was dark, and the wind whipped petulantly around among the brick and steel monuments which pass for living places on West 56th Street, New York City.

A couple of guys were sitting around in their New York hotel apartment. They didn't have very much money, so they'd "eaten in," trying to pretend that their experiment with Swedish meatballs was just as good a deal as they'd have had with Oscar of the Waldorf in the kitchenette.

They were sitting there, thinking about washing the dishes.

The door, which they never locked, opened.

Three granite-faced men, hands plunged into the deep pockets of their blue serge topcoats, walked in.

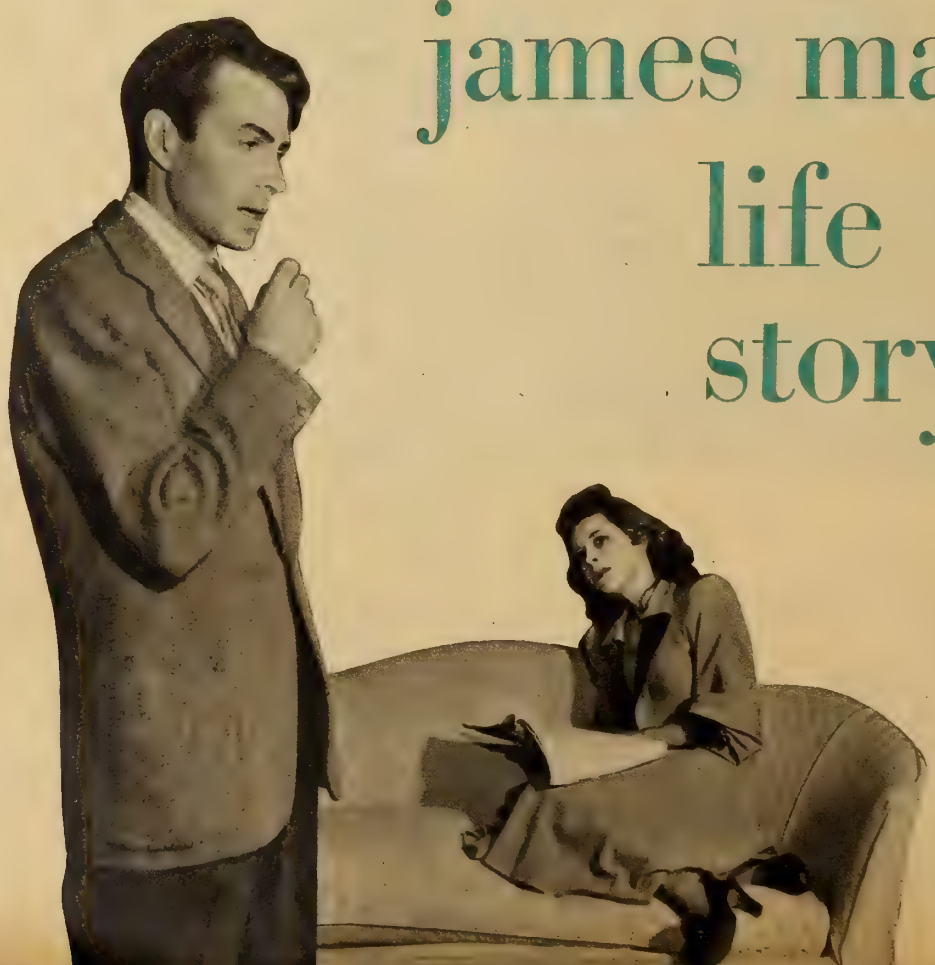
They looked at Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda. They hadn't come around for autographs.

Jimmy and Henry, who were almost but not quite real actors at the time, figured this for a good third act curtain. They didn't need X-ray vision to understand that those (*Continued on page 114*)

james mason life story

What with all that bad-man publicity, Hollywood expected James Mason to roar like a lion. Instead, he turned out to be a lamb—with a preference for strawberry ice-cream sodas.

By VIRGINIA WILSON



■ There's a town in Yorkshire, England, called Huddersfield. Its inhabitants will tell you that it's noted for its fine woolen factories, but any U. S. schoolgirl knows better. What Huddersfield is *really* noted for is James Mason, and let's not have any more of this nonsense about woolens.

Of course, back in 1909, Huddersfield couldn't be expected to be impressed by the arrival of a new baby in the Mason household. There were two Mason sons already—Rex and Colin, who would probably follow in their father's footsteps in the woolen business. No reason to think young James would be any different.

There continued to be no reason to think so for some time. James was an average boy who got into enough mischief to be normal. He didn't smear himself with greasepaint and put on little dramas in the back yard. He saw his first play at the age of seven. It was *Hamlet*, and it left him cold.

When he was three years old, he went to his first party. Not from choice.

At the party, he stood aloofly in one corner, heavy brows drawn together in the Mason manner. Finally a pretty little girl in a blue dress came over to him. She had long, blonde, Alice- (*Continued on page 88*)

Ola Thomas, Larry's cook, who "sweated out" *The Jolson Story* with him, says *Down To Earth* and *The Swordsman* weren't nearly as tough on her mealtime schedule. She's giving Betty cooking lessons now.

Larry was so chagrined when a tree surgeon pruned his orchards, he rushed out to plant nineteen more fruit trees! Below, Betty shows Larry the annual harvest—one lonely, midget-sized apricot!

Strangers peek into his window and the bobby-sockers serenade him nightly. But Larry Parks keeps looking behind him—to see if there's somebody famous standing there.

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ In New York last winter, Larry Parks and his wife, Betty, blinked their way out of a projection room at Columbia's Manhattan offices. They'd just seen *The Jolson Story* for the first time—together. Betty Garrett was starring on Broadway herself then in a hit musical, *Call Me Mister*. Larry thought she ought to know whether *The Jolson Story* was good or bad. Himself, he wasn't sure—he'd been so close to the darned thing, for so long.

"Well, honey," he said, "how'd you like it?"

Betty gave him a distressed look. "Is there some place we can sit down?" she begged. "I'm all weak and wobbly."

Larry didn't know, but he opened a handy door. There was a long, hall-like room and a table big enough to stage a circus, surrounded by empty chairs. Betty sagged down on one, tilted back her hat and let go with a good old-fashioned cry.

It was Larry's turn to get butterflies inside. "What's the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Was I that bad?"

(*Continued on page 109*)

who, me?

MATE ANIMAL

NO MATTER HOW BROKE RORY WAS, HE ALWAYS MANAGED TO HAVE HIS OWN CAR, HIS CALHOUN GRIN—AND SOMEBODY ELSE'S GIRL!

By George Benjamin

Julie London (above) is Rory's gal in *The Red House,* but in real life, Martha O'Driscoll is his heartbeat.

Relaxing after a day's work on *Adventure Island,* Rory learns wood carving from his step-dad, Nat Durgin—who keeps one lesson ahead of his pupil.

■ The middle-aged matron and her fourteen-year-old daughter, obviously first-time visitors to Hollywood, sat quietly in their booth at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, watching the entrance avidly. Presently, a tall young man and a very pretty girl came in.

"*He* looks as if he might be in pictures," the woman said.

Her daughter looked disgusted. "For Pete's sake, mother," she said, "That's Rory Calhoun."

"I can't seem to recall his latest picture, dear. But then people look so different—"

"*The Red House.* He was the woodsman. And he's doing *Adventure Island,* with Rhonda Fleming."

"He seems like such a young man—"

"He's old," the girl said. "He's twenty-four." She sighed. "But gee," she said, "just think what he must have been like when he was really young . . ."

When he was "young," Rory was like this:

He had a 1930 Model A Ford, converted and stripped and with a souped-up motor—all work that he had done during the three-hour afternoon periods in the school machine shop—and it was painted blue, with white V-8 wheels.

He (*Continued on page 101*)

MODERN SCREEN THEATRE

DELACORTE & MALMGREEN ..... Proprietors

presents

A HIT THAT RIVALS ALL!

Thousands Turned Away

THE ORIGINAL AND UNCENSORED VERSION OF

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

OR

LIFE WITH FATHER MORGAN

(notice: pumice stone supplied free in lobby for guests whose hands become calloused from applauding)

WITH THE ORIGINAL (NO SUBSTITUES!) CAST:

DENNIS MORGAN	an indulgent father
STANLEY MORGAN	a 12 year-old boy wonder
KRISTIN MORGAN	a 9 year-old girl wonder
LILLIAN MORGAN	a loving mother
DOG MORGAN	fearless guardians of
GOAT MORGAN	the family silver and honor

AND

HOWARD SHARPE . . . . . the author

Doors open at 8:45 each and every evening

MATINEES SATURDAY AT 2:45

COME ONE! COME ALL!

No Pets Allowed!

Scene: The garden of a five-acre estate in La Canada, California. In the background, an enormous rambling house rather pointedly designed to resemble medieval Italian architecture. In the middle distance, a large swimming pool. A number of bicycles, carts and other childhood appurtenances are scattered about. A Labrador retriever named 'Bruce' putters aimlessly among the shrubbery. A little girl, about nine years old and very pretty, watches him from the edge of the pool, where she sits drying herself in the late afternoon sun.

Your correspondent walks up to her and speaks:

Sharpe: Hello. You're Kristin Morgan, aren't you? I'm Howard Sharpe, and I've come to talk to your dad.

Kris: (Formally) How do you do, Mr. Sharpe. Daddy and mother are out shopping for dresses for me, but if you want to wait for a little they'll be back. And I'll talk to you.

Sharpe: That's awfully sweet of you. (Dropping onto a lawn couch and lighting a cigarette) Tell me—does your dad usually go along with your mother when she shops for you?

Kris: It's the other way around. Daddy buys all my clothes, always—but sometimes mother remembers the measurements better, so he takes her with him. (Sighing) He brings just boxes of things home. But do you know, his shoulder's been hurting him the last few days? He hurt it on a horse.

Sharpe: That's too bad.

Kris: He works too hard, keeping us all like this. (She is a precocious child, and now her eyes flash with resolve) Honestly, I'd rather be dressed in rags!

Sharpe: The sentiment does you credit, darling, but the last time I saw your father he seemed to be having a wonderful time.

Kris: I don't think it's having a wonderful time to have a hurt shoulder.

Sharpe: Well, you've got me there. Does your dad always pick out just the kind of clothes you like to wear?

Kris: Why, yes, of course.

Sharpe: I'll bet the salesladies help him.

Kris: I'll bet they don't. What would a saleslady know about me? Say, do you know what I'm doing?

Sharpe: What?

Kris: Learning to sew buttons. I've sewn all the buttons on Daddy's shirt for two months now.

Sharpe: Commendable, I'm sure. And on Stanley Junior's shirts, too?

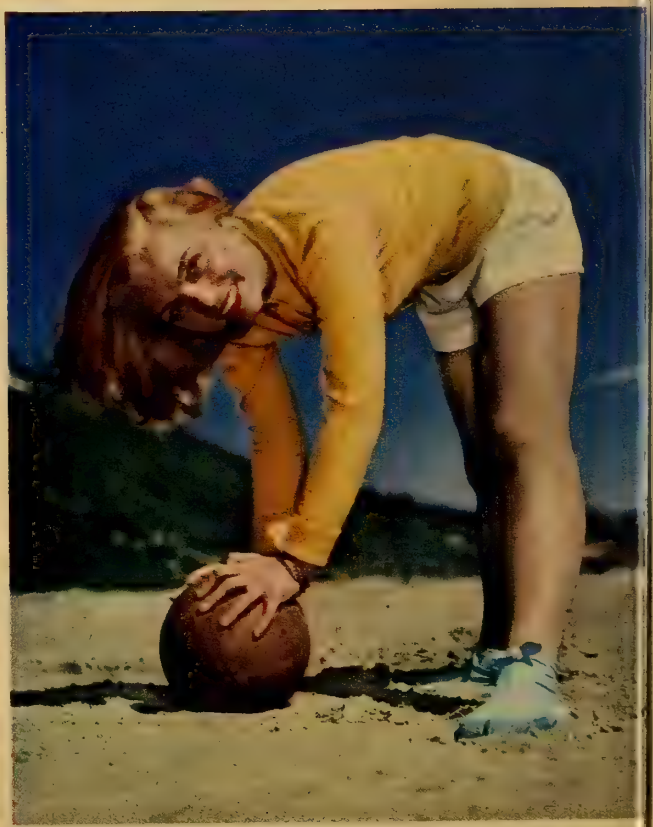
Kris: Well—sometimes. I did one this morning. He's off on a

(Continued on page 96)

Definitely a type to take along on a fishing trip, Lizabeth Scott cheerfully baits her own hook. A real fisherman, even her tiniest catch looked like a whale—to her!

Taking time off from the *I Walk Alone* set, Liz curls up with a kindred spirit: Breck, the Siamese cat. Natural-born "loungers," Lizabeth and Breck can relax and be comfortable anywhere. Only difference, our photographer said, is that Breck purrs louder.

The tame sea lion at Las Flores Inn takes caviar (though he'll settle for mackerel) daintily from your fingers, but Liz didn't trust him. To show her how easy it was, the innkeeper fed him a fish. "Hmmmm," said Liz, "now count your fingers."



Just after Bob Beerman snapped this shot, Lizabeth, inspired by the trained seal, bounced the basketball off her nose. "A nosebleed in a color shot!" she beamed. "What won't I do for art!"

mirage in mink

ONCE SHE ONLY MODELLED MINKS—AND DREAMED OF OWNING ONE. NOW THAT LIZABETH'S GOT HER OWN, SHE WALKS ON IT—BUT SHE TAKES HER SHOES OFF FIRST!

By Irene Greengard

■ She had a date with Burt Lancaster (back before Burt got married) and when he came to call for her, he noticed an extravagantly beautiful mink coat thrown across a chair, and he grinned.

Lizabeth was a kid to whom a mink coat had seemed terribly important, and she'd done a lot of talking about it. She intended to have one, and she intended to buy it herself.

Lancaster was standing there, touching the soft fur, and finally, Lizabeth appeared, pulling on gloves.

"So you made it," Burt said. "You got your mink."

She looked at him for a minute, and then she picked the coat up and spread it on the floor, and walked over it.

"I notice you took your shoes off," he said drily.

"Well, sure," she said. "I don't want to wreck the thing! But seriously, I guess I was just proving something to myself."

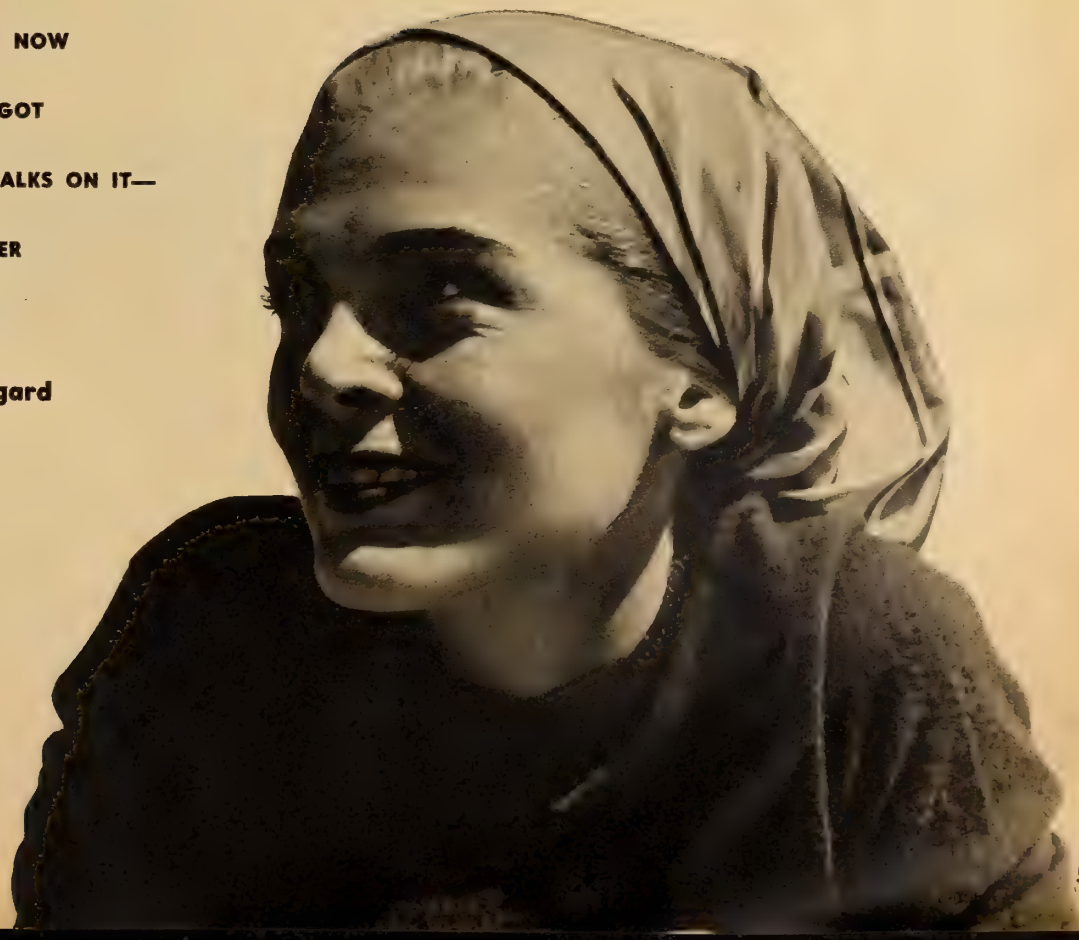
"Like what?"

"Like now that I've got a mink coat, I think it's very pretty, but it doesn't matter much."

Burt sighed. "Scott, I think you're growing up."

Which was about the size of it. For a while, she'd been so sure. She was going to be a career girl, and have money and clothes and people staring at her in the streets—until the day she woke up feeling like a dope.

After that, she was more (*Continued on page 123*)



■ Betty, who loathes disorder, had everything planned. The new baby was due by Caesarean on June 25th. Harry'd be back from his road tour on the 11th. They'd spend a week at the ranch, which would give her the last week in town to tie up loose ends and wait around, just in case . . .

The baby, of course, was going to be a boy, since that was what Harry wanted, and Betty's chief aim in life is to please Harry. As they'd wheeled her from the surgery after Vicki's birth, she'd murmured: "Next time I'll give you a baseball player—" So that was all planned, too—a little son to be named after his father.

"If it's a girl," Harry said one day, "let's call her Jessica." Coming out of a clear blue sky, this startled Betty. "Don't you like it, hon?"

"Yes, but not Jessie. And Jessica sounds like such a long name. It isn't really though. No longer than Dorothy or Margaret—or Clementine. What made you pick it anyway?"

"Goes good with James," he chuckled. "Jessie James—"

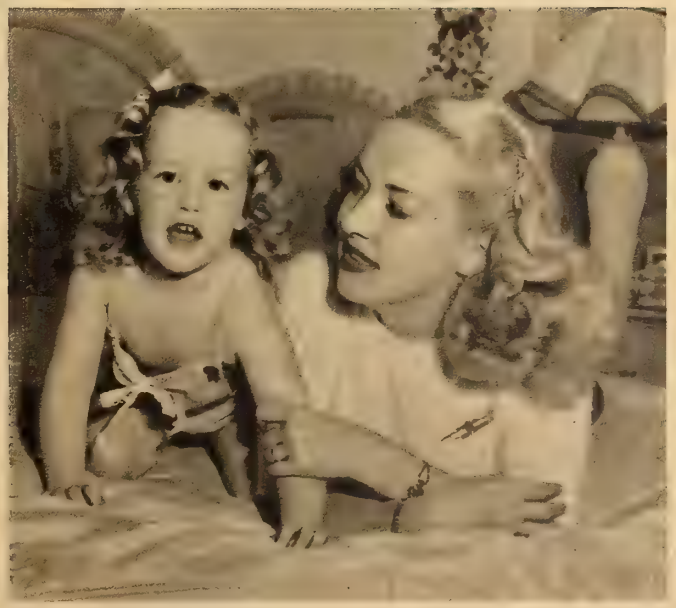
Mother Wore Tights—the best Grable to date, according to those who've seen it—was finished by the end of January. In April, Harry went (*Continued on page 122*)

"Jessie" for short

HER NAME IS JESSICA, ONLY SHE'LL ALWAYS BE JESSIE JAMES TO BETTY AND HARRY. BECAUSE LIKE HER NAMESAKE, SHE'S A BANDIT—STEALING THEIR HEARTS AWAY!

By Ida Zeitlin

Harry, touring the East with his band, was all set to return home in time for the birth of Jessica. But Betty's premature Caesarean operation on May 21 caught him in Atlantic City.



Vicki, the James' first child, was born March 4, 1944. To stop the rumors that Betty's retiring, she's signed a new contract that runs through 1950. Her next picture will be *Mother Wore Tights.*

palm springs

Modern Screen invites you to sun-baked Palm Springs, where there's a swimming pool in every parlor, and the man-in-the-street is apt to be Cornel Wilde!

■ Maybe you've heard of Palm Springs, California. In the beginning, it was just a stretch of desert, with the sun beating on it. Now it's still a stretch of desert, but it's complete with fine hotels, and restaurants, and stores, and night clubs, and people. Most of all, people.

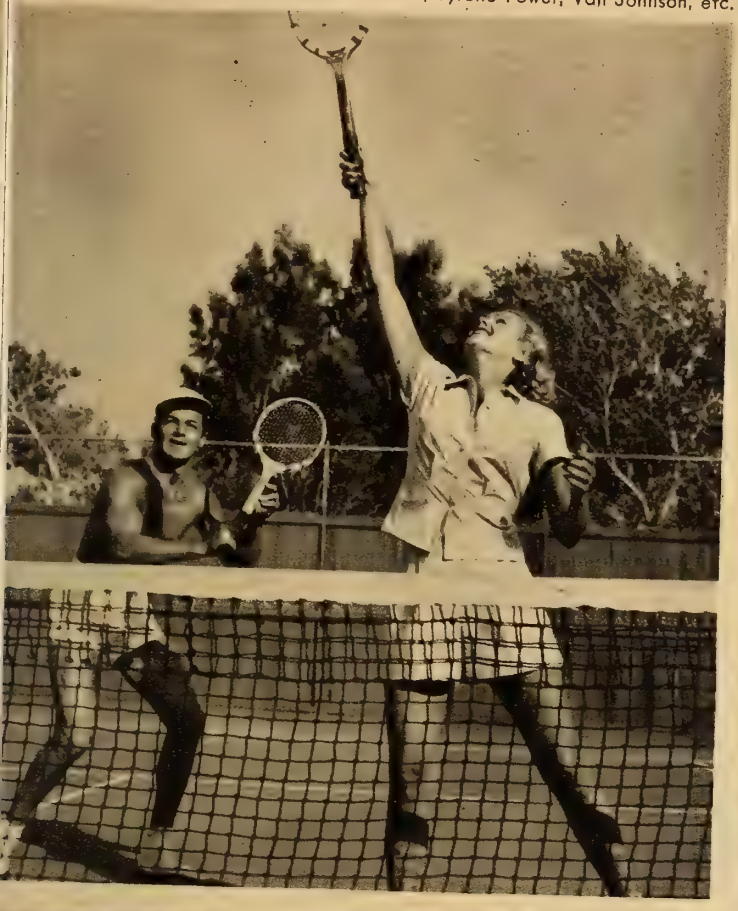
Palm Springs is only a few hours drive from Hollywood, so movie stars are its constant patrons, and best tourist bait.

Next to the sun, of course. Good, hot, healing sun is what really lures the weary.

Pat and Cornel Wilde were going down to Palm Springs, so MODERN SCREEN trekked along and got these pictures, to give you some idea of the fabulous oasis.

Since both Wildes are tennis fans, and fine players, they spent some time at the Racquet Club. The Racquet Club is exclusive; it's owned by Charlie Farrell (silent film star) and it's frequented by celebrities, and citizens who have as much (*Continued on page 59*)

Tennis is serious business at Charlie Farrell's Palm Springs Racquet Club. Cornel and Pat, who are among the many movie star members, can hold their own with such regulars as Paul Lukas, Tyrone Power, Van Johnson, etc.



A mild protest that he's about to be separated from his shoulder gets him nowhere with the masseur. Cornel finished *Forever Amber* before his vacation, and starts *It Had To Be You* on his return.

hotographer Burt Kopperl, who took the pictures on this page and the ext, is a former Army captain, who contracted polio in the war. But ven his wheel-chair didn't keep Kopperl out of the club's shower room.

Lunching beside the swimming pool is one of the luxuries Pat and Cornel enjoy as club members. It's expensive, but dining at restaurants in town is even more so. Their wet companion is Eloise Hardt of *The Pirate*.

Photographs by Kopperl

If you think chess only exercises the mind, try this outdoor version. After 20 minutes, Pat was too tired to lug her chessmen, so Cornel played both sides.

Six or eight sets of tennis, and both Pat and Cornel are ready to relax in the bamboo-shaded lounge, sipping exotic Hawaiian coolers. Playing Harvey, the Rabbit, for the Wildes is Harry Crocker, Los Angeles newspaper columnist—down for the week-end.

At the Doll House, Palm Springs' swankiest night club, Mr. and Mrs. W. go wild for the boogie beat of Felix, the Drummer. Felix is a permanent fixture, having been there for the past six years.

Prices at the Doll House are anything but hush-hush. Since Pat is the economical housewife, Cornel tried to conceal the tab on the filet mignon —$4.50. Vegetables, dessert, coffee (only 15c per cup) are all "extra."

Dancing into the dawn presents no health problem for stay-up-lates. They're convinced that the Palm Springs sun has "special properties" that will bake their tired bones and send them home fit as a fiddle.

palm springs

(*Continued from preceding page*) money as celebrities. Non-citizens who have as much money as celebrities could probably get in, too.

Racquet Club members are serious about their tennis. Paul Lukas lives close by, and he never misses his ten sets a day.

Palm Springs specializes in what are referred to as Dude Ranches (some of them are Smoke Tree, Thunderbird, Deep Well), but the only bona fide ranch touches are the horses. And the dudes.

For thirty dollars a day (which is the average ante) a man comes in and lights the fire in your fireplace in your bedroom every morning—it gets nippy in the desert—and there are waiters with towels, telephones and cocktail shakers standing around the pool, hoping you'll want something, so they can service you.

They may even have those under-water pens.

One of the terrific places to eat, in town, is the Doll House, where Pat and Cornel went on our picture-taking day. At the Doll House, a (*Continued on page 95*)

■ The scene is midnight. Bedroom interior.

Setting—the hilltop house of movie actor, Macdonald Carey.

Betty Carey, his wife, sits erect awakened by Mac's mutterings in his sleep. She listens a moment. Then—

"Mac! Mac! Wake up!"

"Huh? Don't go away, honey. Please!"

"Macdonald Carey, you wake up!"

Mrs. Carey flicks on the night lamp, looking excruciatingly lovely, her auburn hair rumpled, her blue eyes sleepy and provoked.

"What's the matter?" Mac is half awake now, too.

"You were dreaming about that native girl on the South Sea Island again."

"Betty, please." Mac leans over and kisses his wife on her cheek, like is not allowed in British films. "I explained about that before. Every now and then I dream about that island. Actually, there weren't any beautiful girls. Can I help it if a girl shows up in my dreams?"

Mrs. Carey turns off the light, slightly pacified.

She goes to sleep.

So does Mac.

In two minutes he is dreaming again. He is dreaming that he is kissing Paulette Goddard —almost. As he is about to take her in his arms, in storms Betty Hutton. She is indignant.

She shouts, "Macdonald Carey—if you are almost going to kiss anybody, you can almost kiss me."

End of dream.

"I am getting very tired of that dream," Macdonald Carey told me. "It is worse than looking at your own screen test."

Then he explained. It is all Mrs. Carey's fault. She is forever ribbing him because he is the only romantic leading man without a horse who never gets kissed in movies. He never had a clinch on the stage, either. The only time he ever came close was when he worked in radio on the "Stella Dallas" and "John's Other Wife" programs. But even then, the sound man did the kissing and the heroine was six feet away at another microphone.

I saw Mac for the first time in *Lady in the Dark*, the stage version.

Mac was the advertising salesman who cured Gertrude Lawrence of her complexes just before the curtain went down. There has never been a more romantic moment. There was no clinch at all. In fact, Mac pulled up a chair Gerty was expecting to sit in and she almost landed on her bustle (*Continued on page 72*)

The Careys had their wedding invitation plates made into a cigarette box and ash tray, then had them gold-plated. To read the inscription, Betty has to hold it up to a mirror—because it's backwards

When Mac comes home after working on *Dream Girl*, he's too tired for Betty's "knittin' fittin's." So she catches him when he sits down to read—always just when he's finding out "whodunnit."

He's really a perfectly nice husband, insists Mrs. Macdonald Carey. So why won't those mean old screenwriters ever let him kiss the girl?

By ARTHUR L. CHARLES

dream guy

There's no big love in Ava's life right now, so she's playing the field. The "field" includes Peter Lawford (above), who's her favorite escort for gala rumba evenings, and Irving Reis, who, Ava thinks, is a "swell egg," too.

Ava does most of her living at the home of her lawyer, Jerry Rosenthal, and his wife. Daughter Barbi worships her—especially since she's in *The Hucksters*—with Gable!

One-year-old Susan Rosenthal is responsible for getting Ava out of bed on time to report for work in *Singapore*. She gets her best results by pounding on Ava's stomach.

■ The way the story always gets told, she was a sophisticated New York model, who came to Hollywood.

The way the facts actually stand, she was a kid from North Carolina, with an accent so thick it sounded phony, and the only thing she'd ever modeled was shorthand.

She was in New York visiting her sister, Beatrice, whom she hadn't seen in a long time. Beatrice looked her over carefully, eyes narrowed. Little Ava was growing up. Pretty, too.

"I think we'll have my guy take some pictures of you," she said. Her husband was a photographer, and her mind was working very fast.

The pictures were taken, and Beatrice sent them to M-G-M's New York office, while Ava jeered. "Honey, you're jus' plain *crazy!*"

One week later, a letter came from Metro. Could Ava drop in for a screen test?

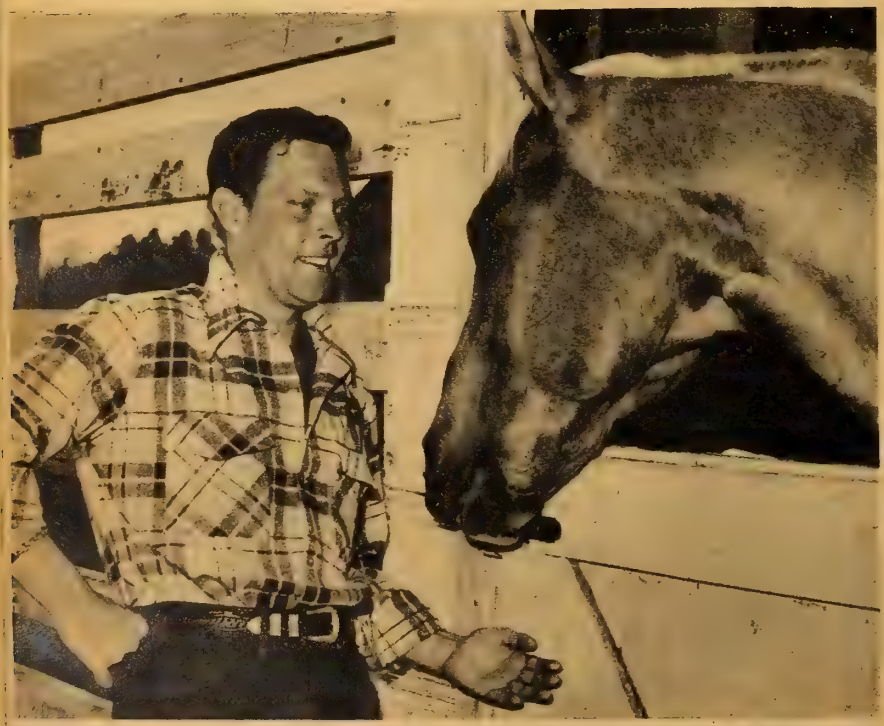
She went, Beatrice at her side, and when she got through talking to the man, (*Continued on page 117*)

honey chile

WITH THAT DIXIE ACCENT, YOU'LL NEED AN INTERPRETER, THEY TOLD AVA GARDNER. BUT HER FACE AND FIGURE NEEDED NO TRANSLATION.

By Rosemary Layng

Joanne "retired" temporarily after finishing *Red River,* to await the arrival of the Haymes' third tot. If a boy, he'll be named for Bill Burton.



Dick's horse, Thunderbolt, has a glamorous movie star wife, too—Flicka. Manager Bill Burton gave the Haymes' Thunderbolt because Dick complained he could only relax in night clubs. Now, he relaxes by riding daily, on one of his *six* thoroughbreds.

Trying to fill her Daddy's shoes is a mighty ambition for 3-year-old Pidgeon. Dick, whose latest is *Carnival in Costa Rica,* wants a non-singing, swashbuckling role next.

Most guys go looking for what Dick Haymes has in his own back yard: a beautiful wife, cute kids, seven horses and a pool. No wonder he'd rather stay home!

BY HOWARD SHARPE

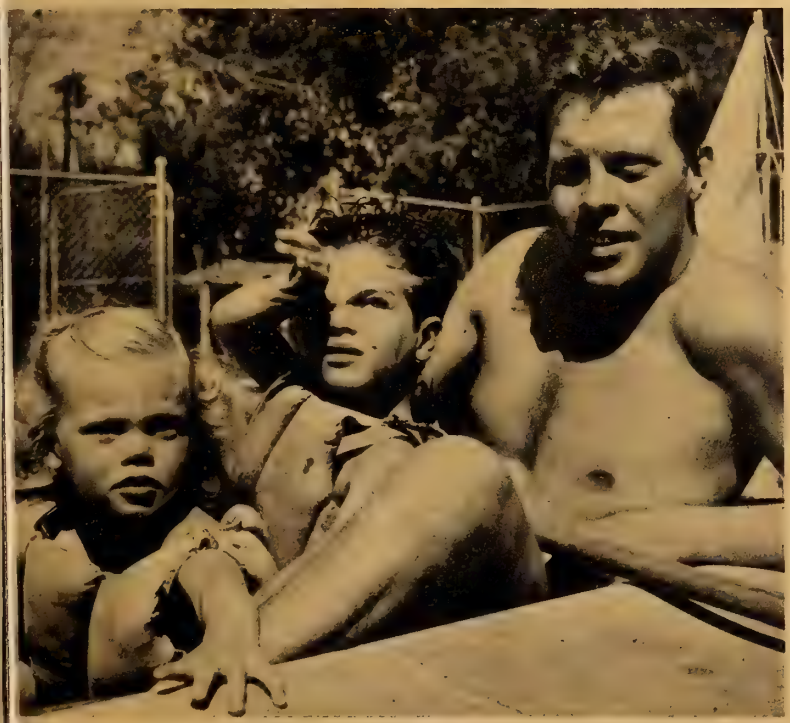
a man's castle

■ Joanne Dru Haymes was pretty exhausted by the time she had piled Skipper and Pidgeon into the convertible, and climbed in after them. It was Noonny's day off (that would be Mrs. Estes, the Haymes' nurse) and Joanne had had the care of the children all day. They are five and three years old, respectively, and a handful.

Furthermore, she'd lived up to a resolution made a few days before when a close family friend, watching the kids chasing each other across the lawn wearing nothing whatever but little pants, had said, "Good gosh, Jo, haven't they any *clothes?*"

Jo's pride as a mother was aroused. Today she'd promised to meet that family friend for sodas at Martha Smith's place in Beverly Hills, after a shopping spree. The children had to come along anyway, and Jo considered the whole thing a God-sent opportunity to show her friend a thing or two.

For a solid hour she'd worked over Skipper and Pidgeon, sloshing them about in the tub, shampooing their hair, and struggling endlessly with underclothes, white shoes and socks, a sharkskin suit and a frilly pink dress reminiscent of a birthday (*Continued on page 84*)



Practicing for his appearance at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City this summer, Ferryman Haymes gives Pidge and Skipper a fast whirl around the swimming pool. Dick will earn about $150,000 for the four-week engagement.

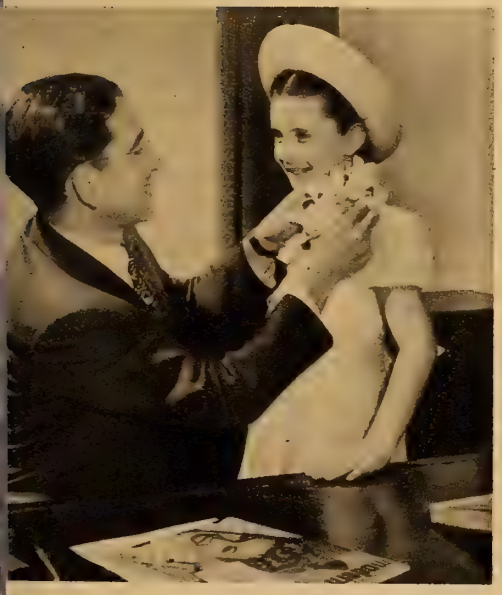
Kit Rafferty, 4, was awed at Maggie's party—but not speechless!

little maggie comes to town

■ Somehow, the word got around that Maggie O'Brien was going to visit MODERN SCREEN's New York office. Now, Maggie had come East to close a deal with the Public Ledger Syndicate (to write a newspaper column six days a week), so the visit might have been a simple professional matter: M. O'Brien, columnist, coming up to chat with A. Delacorte, and H. Malmgreen, editors. Colleagues, y'know.

"Maybe she can give us a couple of tips," Al said hopefully.

"Don't talk about horse races in front of little girls," Henry said, frowning. (*Continued on page 120*)



George Delacorte, Modern Screen's publisher, pinned orchids on Maggie, promised to see her in *Unfinished Dance*.

Mag "sat" for cartoon editor Chuck Saxon, then asked him to direct her to 10th Ave, because she just made a film called, *Tenth Avenue Angel*.

Adele Meyer, whose mom is our vice-president, and her friend Medora Helffrich, kept Margaret busy with autographs.

WHEN MAGGIE O'BRIEN VISITED OUR TOWN,

SHE HAD OUR PUBLISHER ORDERING UP ORCHIDS,

CLOSED A DEAL TO WRITE A COLUMN,

AND FELL IN LOVE—WITH A CIRCUS CLOWN!

By Christopher Kane

Poise, it's wonderful!

Myrna, whose latest films are *Song of the Thin Man* and *Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer,* proves (above) that her role of perfect wife is real as well as reel. She first met husband Gene Markey, producer of *Moss Ross,* 16 years ago.

SHE WAS LATE, SHE WAS JOSTLED, SHE'D KEPT AN ADMIRAL WAITING! BUT MYRNA LOY REMAINED CALM. WHY GET EXCITED JUST BECAUSE IT'S YOUR WEDDING DAY?

By Hank Jeffries

■ "But you don't understand," Myrna said impatiently to the driver of the hired limousine in which she was riding. "We're going to a wedding."

"All right, Miss Loy," the driver said.

"But it's my own! And it started exactly five minutes ago—I mean it was supposed to. But look where I am!" She glanced despairingly at her two companions: her mother and her matron of honor.

"I'm sorry, Miss Loy," the driver said.

"But Admiral Halsey is best man! You don't keep an admiral waiting!"

The driver sighed. "Look, Miss Loy," he said wearily, "what do you want I should do? Squeeze the car *under* that stalled freight train? Or back up, get a running start, and fly *over* it?"

"Don't try to be reasonable. I can't stand it." The flame-haired lady thought distractedly, her lip caught between her teeth.

"Can't you go around it?"

"This is a good car, Miss Loy, but it ain't a jeep or a medium tank."

Myrna was silent for a moment. Then, in a small voice, she said, "Well, you could at least blow your horn!"

The driver did a long, slow burn. Suddenly, he brought his hand up and clamped it on the horn, which began blasting raucously. As if in response, the engine tooted twice, and the long freight screeched into action.

The driver gave Myrna a bewildered look. "You see?" said Myrna, relishing her triumph. As the caboose rattled past the crossing, she added, "Now. The accelerator against the floor and keep it there, please."

Myrna arrived at the Navy chapel bruised from jouncing from one side of the car to the other, her hat awry, a dress seam split; but her face, as usual, was in repose. She did not hurry as she walked toward the entrance. As she calmly entered the chapel on the arm of Captain Jack Ford, who gave her away, the nervousness of everyone disappeared. That is the way it is in the presence of the lady whose name is Loy.

Afterward, as she sat in the car beside her new husband, Commodore Gene Markey, she thought of the first time she had ever seen him, and smiled

a little. He saw the smile, and pressed her hand.

In answer to his unspoken question, she said, "I was thinking of that dinner party sixteen years ago." And then they both remembered . . .

Gene Markey, one of the most urbane gentlemen ever to lend his wit, intelligence and sophisticated talents to Hollywood, had advanced to meet his hostess. It was his third night in Hollywood. He anticipated a pleasant evening. The lady who had invited him to dinner was a Frenchwoman of considerable age, whose figure and teeth were false, but whose diamonds and reputation for giving amusing parties were not.

"I've an enchanting girl for you," she told him, leading the way to the drawing room. "An actress, quite new and very young, but so charming. Be very sweet to her. Her name is Myrna Loy."

Gene raised both eyebrows. "Why the oriental siren for me?"

Madame laughed. "Myrna is no siren. Her real name is Williams. She's a simple American girl just out of high school—why, she even posed for a statue of the American Girl that stands in Venice—California. She's very shy and it would not occur to her that the famous Gene Markey could be anything but bored in her presence."

As it turned out, he was anything but bored . . .

While the car carried Commodore Gene Markey and his lady on their wedding trip, Gene smiled silently as he thought of a more recent evening when he and Myrna Loy sat opposite each other at a table in a very famous, very expensive, very dimly lighted restaurant.

Myrna was wearing an unobtrusively elegant dress and one or two magnificent jewels. Gene was in the uniform of a Commodore in the U. S. Navy. Their conversation had jumped pleasantly from the latest Broadway play to Santayana, whose latest book Myrna had just read, to architecture, as applied to California houses.

"What I want," Gene said, "is a house that will work for me, instead of my having to work for the house. I like to live like a simple human being, with the necessities (*Continued on page 107*)

NEW! COLOR ON A HOLIDAY!

Woodbury Fiesta

...powder, lipstick, rouge!

Color cuts loose... *rides high* in Woodbury Fiesta! Beauty breaks all bounds in this *new* new powder shade. Wait 'til you wear it. Like that!—your skin gets a glow from heady essence-of-roses. In a flash—you're *alive* with Fiesta! And don't overlook Woodbury's lasting *cling... color-freshness...* heavenly *fragrance*. Say yes to Fiesta today!

That enchanting rose-sparkle? ...it's yours—with Woodbury Fiesta!

Donna Reed
appearing in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"GREEN DOLPHIN STREET"

WOODBURY MATCHED MAKE-UP
With Fiesta Film-Finish Powder you also get Fiesta Lipstick and Rouge All 3 in the dollar powder box— ONLY $1.00

Fiesta and 8 other exciting shades come in Matched Make-up $1.00; "Purse" size Powder 25c and 10c. (All prices plus tax)

Woodbury FILM FINISH Powder

Try Fiesta Powder FREE! → MAIL COUPON TODAY! FOR FIESTA FREE SAMPLE

Seeing's believing! See Fiesta's sorcery on *your* skin! Send for free Woodbury Powder Sampler (contains Fiesta, 8 other flattering shades), plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail* to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. 356

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

*Paste on penny postcard, if you wish. (Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)

SHE PLANS A GOOD GAG

LIKE A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE PLANS A STATE DINNER.

BECAUSE TO ROZ RUSSELL NOTHING'S SACRED—

EXCEPT MAYBE HER 55 HATS!

By Cameron Shipp

Husband Fred Brisson surprised Roz with a beautiful platinum ring, in honor of their son Lance's fourth birthday. (See Lance with Roz on opposite page.)

Radio guest shots, like this one for Academy Award Theater with Janet Blair, are fun. Her role in *Mourning Becomes Electra* is the most dramatic of Roz's career—more than *Sister Kenny!*

Sound of Laughter

■ Mr. Frederick Brisson, one of Hollywood's distinguished younger producers, was neither chagrined nor amazed, recently, to find Clark Gable kissing his wife, Rosalind Russell, in his bathroom.

He also discovered William Powell holding Rosalind's hand in his dressing room and James Stewart making love to her in his clothes closet.

It's not quite as bad as it sounds, for the intimate scenes with the Messrs. Gable, Powell, and Stewart were merely photographs, painstakingly pinned up all over the upstairs—by Roz herself.

Mr. Brisson wags his head admiringly.

"It must have taken several hours to dig those old publicity stills out of the basement and the attic, but she did it for laughs.

"We have to have laughs in this house."

I saw Roz shortly after the photograph gag. She had (*Continued on page 82*)

there's magic in the right lipstick

new TRANSFORMING LIPSTICK

Of all aids to beauty, none is so essential as the *right* lipstick . . . for the right lipstick *alone* has the power to instantly "spark" a dull, glamourless face to exciting new beauty. That's why so many women are changing to the new Pearls in Wine lipstick. Pearls in Wine is a true *transforming* lipstick . . . magically enhances natural beauty as no other lipstick has so completely done before. Try it *today*. Ask to see daring #6.

Pearls in Wine
TRANSFORMING LIPSTICK

EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN ONE LIPSTICK

- transforming colors
- improved indelibility
- exquisite smoothness
- non-drying
- enchanting fragrance
- delightful taste

in six wonder-working shades
$1 plus tax

arls in Wine cosmetics are
ailable only at drug stores.
your dealer hasn't yet received
new Pearls in Wine transforming
stick, send $1 plus 20% tax to
HE ARMAND CO., Des Moines 6, Iowa.

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DREAM GUY

(*Continued from page 60*)

every night. But the situation, the way Gerty and Mac played it, was a punch in the heart.

So punchy that Paramount signed Macdonald Carey at a salary of $1,000 a week, which is almost unheard of for an unknown.

Maybe the big real-life romance Mac was carrying on at the moment had something to do with it.

Mac had known Betty Hecksher, a young socialite and promising actress, for only a short time. They met at Benno Schneider's acting class and found out how they felt when they went to a friend's apartment some weeks later to rehearse each other in lines from *Love From a Stranger*.

They just looked at each other for a couple of hours.

Then Mac said, "Are you married?"

Betty said, "No, I'm not."

"Maybe we can do something about that," Mac declared.

Five months later he got around to the actual proposal, which is unique in the annals of romantic history.

"You have to choose between me and the William Morris agency," Mac said. "For I just won't go for your being an actress after we are married."

Betty accepted the proposal then and there, and it wasn't until two days later that she realized that Mac had won the eternal argument between sweethearts in the theater, just by attaching a "rider" to the main proposition.

So Betty and Mac were married.

Twice.

The first time in a big formal wedding in the Church of the Redeemer at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Mac left the theater right after the last curtain on Saturday night, and took the train for Philadelphia. On the way over, the wedding guests helped him put on the gold garter set Gertrude Lawrence had given him for a wedding present.

That was a gag, of course. So was the telephone call right after the ceremony

(*Continued on page 81*)

Jane Greer . . .

RKO actress with two big pictures coming up—*They Won't Believe Me*, with Robert Young, and *Out of The Past*, with Robert Mitchum.

(Aside to RKO. Won't you please put Jane in a comedy? The girl's a natural comedienne. She had us rolling in the aisle when we took our fashion photos.)

Jane opens up our "summer in the city" fashion portfolio with the cutest summer raincoat on record. It's got jaunty shoulder flanges and jutting pockets—and each white button bears a red umbrella.

The fabric is Oxford cotton gabardine, Zelan-treated to ward off the raindrops. Comes in aqua, maize, natural, white. Sizes 9-15. And don't rub your eyes when you see the price—it's really that unbelievable!

By Ann Howe $5.90.

To find out where to buy this raincoat, please turn to page 79.

modern screen
fashions
BUS
STO

spend the day in a short sleeved print

By Connie Bartel, Fashion Editor

Who cares how hot it is when you can look so cool—and so cute! Jane Greer models a minx of a dress with an impudent bustle bow—a scooped neckline—and a black ribbon. It's sheer printed cotton with green, purple and pink squiggles in heavenly shades. Also other colors. Sizes 9 to 15. By Jonathan Logan . . . . . $10.95.

WHERE TO BUY
See page 79

● You'll actually hope
for torrid weather—when it gives
you an excuse for a pretty cooler
like the one Jane Greer models here.
The neckline is sweet and low—(for
your favorite necklace)—the pouch
pockets are cut on a curve.
Printed rayon—gold, blue
or pink on white. Sizes 10-18.
By Hadden Casuals . . . . . $10.95.

date in sophisticated black

● Naturally you know that for sheer man-killing lure there's nothing like sheer black. Jane Greer models a sophisticated date dress with a film of net at the throat, an edging of net on sleeves and rippling apron—and a peplum in back. (Back view in above photo.)

Rayon. In sizes 9-15.

By Donna Hale.....$14.95.

WHERE TO BUY
See page 79

● For ooh-la-la, try the rustle of black moire. Here Jane Greer poses in a wicked widow number with a follow-me bustle, a full, longer skirt, and a low curved neckline in front. Wear it with a huge hat, black stockings, and naked sandals. Then wait for results. Rayon. Sizes 9 to 15.

R. & K. Original . . . . About $14.95.

FOR SUMMER IN THE CITY

black—
with satin

● Did you know that satan satin is fashion's love again? It is—and sirens please take note. Jane Greer models big-city black—very woman of the world. It's two-piece; in crepe with draped satin peplum, satin cuffs, gold buttons and slim gold belt. High neckline. Rayon. Sizes 9-15.
By Junior Accent $19.95.
Helmet by Madcaps, $4.

WHERE TO BUY
See page 79

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

Ann Howe raincoat with umbrella buttons worn by Jane Greer in the full color photograph (Page 73)
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Hi-School Shop, Second Floor

Jonathan Logan printed dress with bustle worn by Jane Greer (Page 74)
St. Louis, Missouri—Famous-Barr & Co., Little New Yorker Shop, Fourth Floor

Hadden Casuals printed dress with pouch pockets worn by Jane Greer (Page 75)
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, Central Bldg., Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Gallivant Shop, Third Floor
Norfolk, Va.—Ames & Brownley, Inc., Sportswear Dept., Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Casual Shop

Donna Hale black rayon dress with net at the throat worn by Jane Greer (Page 76)
Philadelphia, Pa.—Oppenheim Collins
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

R. & K. Original black moire bustle dress worn by Jane Greer (Page 77)
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's, Junior Dept., Second Floor
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Detroit, Michigan—Crowley, Milner Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Junior Dresses, Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers, Junior Dress Dept., Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Young Washingtonian Shop

Junior Accent black crepe dress with satin worn by Jane Greer (Page 78)
Boston, Mass.—Coleman's, Junior Dresses, Second Floor
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's, Miss Marleigh Junior Shop, Second Floor
Kansas City, Mo.—Rothschild's Jr. Dress Dept.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Rothschild's Jr. Dress Dept.
Washington, D. C.—Erlebacher's, Junior Dept., Third Floor

Lingerie on Page 80
Tommiecoat
Durham, N. C.—Baldwin's, Lingerie, Second Floor
Elizabeth, N. J.—R. J. Goerke Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Bowman's, Lingerie Shop, Second Floor
Youngstown, Ohio—Strouss-Hirshberg, Lingerie Dept., Second Floor

Tommies Short-cuts
Durham, N. C.—Baldwin's, Lingerie, Second Floor
Elizabeth, N. J.—R. J. Goerke Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Bowman's, Lingerie Shop, Second Floor
San Antonio, Texas—Frank Brothers, Women's Dept., Second Floor
Youngstown, Ohio—Strouss-Hirshberg, Lingerie Dept., Second Floor

Stardust panties
St. Louis, Missouri—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

Copacabana bra
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Corset & Bra Shop, Second Floor

"Diana" slip by Kayser
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.

Blue Swan nightgown
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co., Knit Undies, Street Floor

If no store in your city is listed, write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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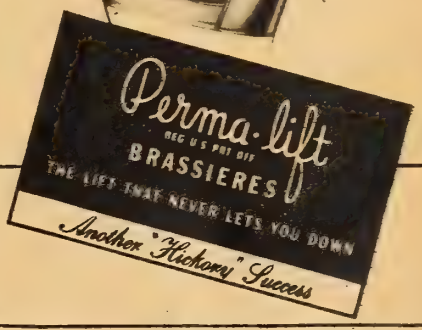

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WHERE TO BUY
See page 79

DREAM GUY

(Continued from page 72)

telling Mac he had to be at a radio studio at eight the next morning for a show.

I guess you'd call it sort of a between-the-acts honeymoon, but it was romantic enough at that, because a friend loaned the couple a beautiful penthouse apartment. And then, of course, there was the second wedding which took place about three weeks later.

This time Mac really proposed with all the right words. They borrowed an automobile and drove to South Orange, New Jersey. In the back seat was Vic Mature.

Monsignor Kelly, an old friend of Mac's, performed the ceremony. Vic was combination best man, godfather to Betty, and also gave the bride away.

After that he went out into the automobile, crawled into the back seat and slept all the way back to Manhattan, completely ignoring the happy bride and groom.

busy day . . .

Things were really happening fast to Macdonald Carey in those days. On a single day—January 15, 1941—he became engaged, received his 1-A draft notice and signed his Paramount contract. He would have gone into the army before he could get around to those two weddings, but the physical exam kept throwing him out on account of a heart murmur.

Later, in Hollywood, he played in several pictures, winding up with *Wake Island*. In that he was a Marine. He liked it so much that he decided to really become one.

The Marines didn't bother about the heart murmur. They tossed him out because he was color blind and near-sighted. This burned Mac up. He went to a specialist and took eye exercises. Meanwhile, he signed to play an Army sergeant.

The Marines must have heard about it. He was sent for and nobody mentioned the eyes or the murmur. The rest added up to a one-line history of Carey in the war—

Boot camp, Bougainville, Espiritu Santo, Mindorow, Mindanao and Manus.

During a lull in the shooting, Mac and several friends visited a small island on which there were supposed to be head-hunters. Mac suggested to the Chief of the tribe that they had some very nice things to trade in exchange for some skulls.

"Cannot trade today," the Chief muttered. "No trade heads on Sunday. Tribe all good Presbyterians."

Mac has the darndest experiences.

When he was assigned the leading role opposite Paulette Goddard in *Suddenly It's Spring*, Producer Claude Binyon wanted him to look older. Night after night Binyon kept Mac up almost until dawn, sitting around with a pint of bourbon, and he still shudders at the memory of one certain saloon.

He and Binyon had been sitting for four hours, when the producer signaled for the waiter.

"Waiter," said Binyon, "bring us a couple of dirty sandwiches."

"Yessir," the waiter replied, not batting an eyelash. "With fingerprints on 'em?"

"Sure—all you can get. And one thing more, waiter. Bring us that shrunken head you have back of the bar."

The waiter brought the sandwiches and the head.

Mac looked a lot older.

As a matter of fact, he's a lot younger than the average romantic actor. He is one of the better tennis players in the colony and can easily trim most of those who have been publicized as experts.

His mom wanted him to be a fine pianist, probably because she was a music teacher, but Mac clung to the idea of medicine.

While prepping at Exeter, the depression came along and swept Mac back nearer home to the University of Wisconsin. From there, as times caused the money wells to begin drying up, he retreated to Morningside College in Iowa. From this vantage point he pictured himself becoming a doctor at about the age of forty.

Writing! Ah, that was it. He chaperoned a car full of hogs to New York, spent all the money he earned on books and then couldn't afford to stay alive. So he bummed his way back home, where he and three buddies joined forces.

The foursome shipped through the Panama Canal on their way to Honolulu. Arriving at San Diego, they missed ship. They rushed to Los Angeles, got to fooling around Hollywood looking for movie stars, and missed ship again. They bought an old Ford and raced frantically for San Francisco, but on the way they stopped to help a couple of people in a wrecked car. They were Helen Gahagan and Melvyn Douglas. Listening to them talk theater, Mac suddenly knew what he wanted. He went home, enrolled at the University of Iowa and kicked around a dramatics course.

He thumbed his way into a road company theatrical troupe and horrified audiences everywhere with his renditions of Shakespearean roles.

When everything did an el foldo in Chicago, he became the First Nighter on that program and the handsome fellow nobody could see in the soap operas.

"I was just as scared then as I am now every time I start to open my mouth," Mac has often said. "It took me several years to understand that's a good sign."

The worst day through which he ever suffered occurred about six months ago when Betty held center stage for the premiere appearance of their first offspring, Baby Lynn.

grandma to the rescue . . .

Betty's mother had arrived for the crisis, which she has faced nervelessly through the birth of something like twenty-seven grandchildren. Mama Hecksher took one look at her son-in-law and knew that he was growing more faint by the minute. When at last they reached the hospital, Mac was limp.

Mama was equal to the occasion. She motioned Mac to a quiet corner and pulled forth a small bottle from her purse. Mac tilted it back and swallowed. His face froze with a look of horror.

"Great Scott," he choked, "what was that?"

"Horse liniment," Mama said, a wicked look in her eyes.

And Mac is not sure yet whether or not she was telling the truth.

"You know, Mac," I said, as we strolled toward the luncheon table, "I hear that you are going to have star billing in your next picture. Maybe now you will get a real smackerino from the leading lady. Maybe now no more dream stuff."

Mac turned a little pink around the ears.

"Guess what the title of his next picture is," Betty said with a slightly malicious smile. "No, don't guess—I'll tell you. Betty Hutton is the co-star and the picture is *Dream Girl*.

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(Continued from page 70)

completed another gruelling night's work in Hollywood's first genuine tragedy, Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra,* and she was glamorously ensconced in a vast pink bed.

The first thing I asked her about was those funny hats of hers.

"I do not wear funny hats," Miss Russell stated solemnly. "I do not. Nor do I have so many hats, either."

"How many, Miss R?"

Her closet disclosed 39. Miss Russell was astonished. She thought perhaps there were a few more around somewhere; maybe she had 55 hats all together.

"But I wear all my clothes at least a year. Nothing extreme, many things alike. Lots of large hats, and always a pink floppy one."

"Every time I express extreme distaste for one of Roz's hats, she begins to wear it constantly and she begins to appear in it between the covers of expensive magazines. I have learned my lesson. Now I say nothing," said her husband.

Since Fred Brisson turned out to be a man who knows how to live happily with a minor force of nature, I asked him what strategies and charms he employed to get her to marry him in the first place.

"I was coming over from England to go into the agency business," Fred said. "And on shipboard I saw Roz in *The Women.* When I arrived, I asked Cary Grant to introduce me. He did, and I began to propose, over coffee cups and at parties.

"I proposed steadily from January, 1940, through October, 1941, and she finally accepted me by telephone one morning at 6:30.

"She was very logical about it. She figured that a man who could ask a girl to marry him at 6:30 A.M. must mean it for keeps."

For almost six years they've lived happily in a perfectly appointed, expertly managed home, between pandemonium and laughter.

When she first came to Hollywood, she used up excess energy bounding around shadowing interesting people.

On one such interesting-people exploration, she fell into conversation with a Marine sergeant in San Diego.

"By golly, you look like Rosalind Russell," he blurted.

"I am," she grinned. He invited her to a dance the next Saturday night, and next Saturday she turned up, driving 120 miles to get there. Roz danced all night and reached her home in Beverly Hills at 4 A.M. She'd had a wonderful time, met interesting people.

In spite of her dramatic gifts, Roz obviously has never learned how to act like a movie star.

On a recent trip to Chicago, she was hurrying through the station surrounded by porters bearing her effects in pasteboard cartoons and brown paper sacks.

"Do you always travel in such style?" queried a sarcastic newspaper reporter.

"Invariably," snapped Miss R. "Only this time I forgot my canary."

After Roz had been in Hollywood many years, an older sister whom she calls "The Duchess," arrived for a visit, and Riz gave a dinner party in her honor.

The Duchess dressed elaborately for it. The guests arrived in riding boots, berets, jodhpurs, slacks and sports jackets. They entered with private keys, hugged Roz, strolled upstairs, put their feet on the sofa, and raided the icebox. Finally, Roz's masquerading boy friends settled down and acted like gentlemen, but not before the Duchess had decided that little sister was a gone goose in Hollywood.

Her flair for comedy overshadows her serious side, but there is a serious side to Roz. It is not well-known, even among her closest friends, for instance, that she fought for five years for the opportunity of risking her career in *Sister Kenny.* This dramatic, controversial film would have a lethal effect at the box office, the experts told her. Roz ignored their mournful predictions, made the picture anyway and was nominated for the Academy Award!

More than that, she became an enthusiastic, hard-working director of the Sister Kenny Foundation and the warm personal friend of Sister Kenny herself.

Fred has a telegram from Sister Kenny, which Roz modestly forgets to mention. It winds up:

"You have done more for humanity than any living woman."

Also, she serves on eleven other committees, among them the Nurses' National Memorial, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower's favorite, with headquarters in Washington. She is on the board of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Scienes.

In addition, her working day is somewhat tougher than a coal miner's. She is up daily at six, uses her lunch hour for business conferences and her 12 committees, works until six, plays with her son until 7:30, reads new plays or studies her lines until 10, and goes to bed.

At the moment, she is engrossed by *Mourning Becomes Electra,* in which she plays the dour part of Lavinia.

"It's the toughest thing I ever did," she confesses. "Every scene is tougher than the hardest scenes in *Kenny.*"

Her next picture, following *Electra,* will be *Lucky Penny,* to be produced by her husband's new company, Independent Artists, and will be her return to comedy.

"We have to submit scripts to her," said Fred, ruefully. "She isn't under contract to us. I have to compete with everybody else to get Russell in a picture!"

Aside from the staggering amount of energy the Brissons expend as part of their routine, they lead reasonably simple lives. Sunday is special. The family spends it together. The early part of every evening belongs to young Lance, possibly the best-mannered young man of 4 in this hemisphere: he likes to bow from the waist and say "sir" to his elders.

that's my mom . . .

Lance only recently discovered that his mother was a movie star. He was rehearsing his worldly knowledge one evening, reciting his full name, his home address, the Brisson telephone number, and his father's full Danish name.

"And you," he said, grinning at his mother, "are Rosalind Russell."

"Who told you?"

"Some nurses in the park."

The night before Lance's advent four years ago, they sat up all night with friends thinking up ridiculous names for new babies, which inspired Rosalind to laugh so hard and so long that they eventually had to hurry to get to the hospital on time. Lance Brisson was literally born in a gale of laughter.

A few months ago Rosalind sat down at her typewriter, which she operates like a whirling dervish, and started to write a play. It was an autobiographical drama, based upon her extra-cinema experiences. She completed one act and took it to a producer.

The producer read the act and looked at Roz solemnly.

"Tear this thing up," he said. "Nobody will believe a word of it. And if they did believe it, they would have you packed off in a strait jacket."

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

CAMERON MITCHELL was born in Dallastown, Pa., on Nov. 4. He is 6' tall, weighs 173 lbs., and has brown eyes and hair. He is married to Joanna Mendel and has one son. Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City, Calif., where his latest pic is High Barbaree *with Van and June.*

WILLIAM PRINCE was born in Nichols, N. Y., on Jan. 26, 1913. He is 5' 11" tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. He is married and has one child Write to him at Actors' Equity Assoc., 45 W. 47th Street, New York.

DREW MILLER was the mechanic in The Farmer's Daughter, *and Gwen Littlefield, 1900 Sherbourne Avenue, Los Angeles, president of the June Allyson Club, organized a club to boost him to stardom. Drew is 28, unmarried, and 6'. 3" tall. Send pul-enty of mail to him at Universal, Universal City, Calif. . . ; join his club, and help build this vet to stardom.*

Al Hine, New York: Here is that quotation from Smashup:

"To lie in bed and sleep not
To wait for one who comes not
To try to please and please not.

* * * *

To wake each day and tear not
To go to sleep, and dream not
To give one's heart, and doubt not."

M. Cort, Ill.: Annette Sterling, 6400 S. Whipple St., Chicago, has the Richard Conte Club; Pat Semenetz, 6351 Cedar Street, Huntington Park, Calif., has the Janis Paige Club, and Betty Gottschalk, 50-11 205 St., Bayside, N. Y., has the Arthur Kennedy Club.

Betty Lou S., Flushing: Keith Andes was Sven; Lex Barker, Olaf, and James Aurness, Peter, Loretta Young's brothers in The Farmer's Daughter. *All at RKO, Hollywood.*

Any questions today or any day? Send them and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

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. . . ADDS THE "finishing touch"

A MAN'S CASTLE—By Jack Wade

(*Continued from page 65*)

cake. They looked like two baby angels.

"Just wait," she thought triumphantly. In Beverly Hills, she parked the car right in front of Martha Smith's shop and got out. "You two sit quietly there for just thirty seconds," she instructed, "while I go in and bring Auntie Linda out. Don't touch anything. Skip, you keep Pidgeon off the horn."

Exactly forty-five seconds later, she emerged from the shop beaming fatuously, her friend in tow.

"There," said Jo. "What do you think?"

"I think," said Linda, "that you might at least put little shirts on them when you take them out in *public*, Jo. After all!"

There sat Jo's two offspring, mother-naked except for their little pants. On the sidewalk beside the car, where they had thrown them, lay their carefully selected wardrobes of the day.

The Haymes children, who in moments of this sort are addressed as Richard and Helen, come by their ebullience, good looks and individualism naturally. Both Dick and Joanne go about the business of living with the energy of determined wildcats. When things are right for the Haymes', things are ecstatically right; when things are wrong, they're all wrong. . .

Dick came home from his week in Palm Springs in a towering bad humor. "Of course I had a good time," he told Jo who had been working and unable to go with him. "But look at this weather. I've got that sinus again. Felt it coming on just about the time I hit San Bernardino. Call the doctor, will you, and ask him to bring the penicillin."

He went to bed early that night, with his headache, and woke the next morning feeling, to put it mildly, peculiar. For one thing, he couldn't open his eyes. He put his hand up to his face and discovered that his head was about the size of a watermelon.

Whereupon, he loosed a tremendous groan and began shouting hoarsely for Jo. She came to him on the double.

"I'm dying," Dick told her.

"But what's the matter with you?"

"It's the plague," he said. "Don't come near. Just take good care of the children and keep my memory fresh."

The doctor, when he arrived, was as astonished as anyone else. "Giant hives," he pronounced. "What've you been eating?"

They figured it out, finally. It had been very hot in Palm Springs, and Dick had chosen gin-and-tonic to sip after the day's tennis. There is quinine in tonic water, and that had done it.

"At least," said Dick, as the swelling slowly spread toward his feet, "I have the biggest damn case of hives in all history."

"That's my man," Jo said.

He was well in three days, and spent the fourth recuperating beside the pool. Jo, in a domestic mood, spent it with him, sprawling in shorts on a lawn couch.

From his deck chair Dick surveyed his home, and his family. There was the house on the curving drive; the separate nursery (called "Liza's House," after Pidgeon's favorite doll); the well, pool and bridge; the guest house, the playhouse and bath house beside the pool and tennis courts; the stables, with the five horses (and two others at pasture); and the half-mile exercise track.

The three thoroughbreds were being trotted around the track at the moment. By the tennis courts, Noonny supervised the roisterous play of Skip and Pidgeon. In Beverly Hills and Westwood and Hollywood and New York, inflexible machinery ground away at his business enterprises: his picture work, his radio show, and his music publishing business.

And at his side demurely sat—or, rather, lounged—the girl with whom he has had only one real misunderstanding.

All was infinitely right with the world.

"D'you think you'll make another picture soon?" he asked lazily.

A year ago he would not have been capable of asking that so casually. Those had been the days when Jo had suddenly developed a passion for going into pictures, and he had just as violently opposed the notion.

Being Jo, she had gone anyway, and, of course, in the end he had come to his senses; had even visited her on the set of her second picture, *Red River*, a couple of weeks before.

The career business had been his own fault, really. He had introduced her to Director Howard Hawks in the first place. He might have known, as beautiful as Jo was, that the outcome must be a movie contract for her.

She answered his question about her next picture. "Not soon," she said. "I like all this too much. I'm afraid I'm really very domestic, after all. Besides, I like

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being around, so that when you have a little free time, we can spend it together."

"Just for saying such a sweet thing I'll tell you a secret. I'm going to get a cabin cruiser for fishing, and I'll take you over to the Catalina Isthmus in it."

"What—and leave me there while you go out after sailfish? No thanks." She thought suddenly of Bill Burton, Dick's manager, and laughed. "Bill will go right through the ceiling when he hears about this."

"Oh, the boat won't cost much. I'm getting it with a couple of other guys and it's a very sharp deal."

Jo laughed again. "Just the same, I know exactly what Bill will say. He was over for lunch yesterday, by the way, and gave me a lecture on economy. He told me the story of his struggle to keep you solvent. Want to hear it?

gift horse . . .

"Well, Bill said that two years ago he was racking his brain for some method of keeping you out of night clubs, but you insisted that you relaxed by going to them and if you couldn't relax, you couldn't work. And then nobody'd have any money at all.

"So it occurred to him that if you had a horse you might relax by riding it about, and not want to go to Ciro's so often. *That's* why he gave you the Palomino for Christmas."

"So *that's* why he gave me that horse. A fine thing, scheming behind my back."

"Not such good scheming," Joanne grinned at him. You forthwith bought two more horses and the board bill was so much, we moved out here to have a place for them, and you know what this place cost.

"And then, of course, you bought four more horses, and had to put up the stables and build a track, and hire a groom, all of which further dented Bill's budget and kept him awake nights.

"And the saddest thing was, you did ride in the afternoons, and then with seemingly inexhaustible energy you went right on relaxing every night at Ciro's and the Mocambo!"

"Poor Bill. But it served him right for being so devious in his methods." Dick chuckled and turned over.

"That's not the end of the story," Jo told him. "His problem still wasn't solved. He read somewhere that people who took photography as a hobby fastened onto it like a vise. So next he gave you that camera.

"You got all excited for a while, and I came home one day to find none of the washing done, and a note from the laundress saying she'd quit. When I looked to see why, I discovered you'd changed the laundry into a dark room."

Dick looked vague. "I wonder what ever become of that camera?"

"Remember? You sold it to Victor Moore. You took pictures of everything and everybody for a time, but usually you forgot to take along your light meter, and you'd come out of your darkroom holding up pictures of someone with no head, or the ocean with the horizon at a cockeyed angle.

"I don't recall that the camera had any effect whatsoever on your night-clubbing. We went out all the time." Jo paused significantly.

"But do you notice we practically never make the rounds any more?"

"I thought we agreed that it was more fun to stay home and run movies."

"Precisely.

"And do you remember who gave you that sound projector?"

"I'll be damned! He succeeded after all, didn't he?"

"That's why he's so good at his job," she said. She stood up suddenly. "Good heavens, I just remembered. Tomorrow's Bill's birthday. What are we going to give him?"

"How about a party? We haven't had a bang-up party for a long time."

"You have lovely ideas, darling," Jo said. "I'll call simply everybody. It's short notice but they'll come—they all love Bill."

Seventy-five people came, bearing assorted gifts. And Carmen Miranda and her trio sang, and everybody else sang or stood on his head or did something, and nobody went home until five in the morning.

good news . . .

Standing in their front door, watching the tail lights of the last car disappear down the drive, the Haymes' felt they had really achieved happiness. And that was when Joanne told Dick that along about fall there would be a third occupant in the nursery.

They stood still in the starlight, and Dick said softly, "What do you do when there are no words?"

"You could kiss a gal," Jo answered.

And he did. Don't all love stories end with a clinch?

JOLSON-CROSBY STORY

(*Continued from page 39*)

But that Groaner never flounders, and he's always got the right answer. I often wonder if the radio public realizes what a job he does, program after program, competing with the top talent of the country. It ain't no cinch, no-how."

I asked Jolson how it had come about, the radio partnership between him and Crosby.

"Bing and I used to say hello," said Al Jolson, "but actually we never knew each other very well, until he asked me to go on his program. It's a funny thing—first time I ever heard him sing, I listened to those deep tones and I told the crowd at the table: 'That's the new Jolson,' never thinking that years later, we'd be working together." Above Jolson's head, in my apartment, was a picture of Crosby, Bob Hope, Jimmy Fidler and me, taken during an exhibition golf match we played in 1938, at the Lakeside Country Club, in Burbank, California. "He's a pretty fair country golfer, isn't he?" asked Jolie, nodding his head toward Crosby. I told him that Bing ranged from 73 to 78. "He's the kind of kid who does anything well," judged Jolson.

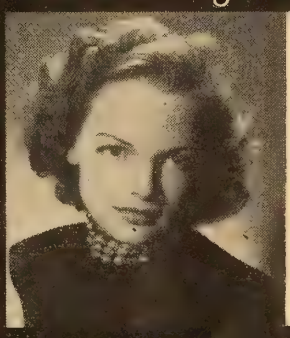
"You know," Jolson said, "I've seen some pretty good performers in my day, but I've never seen anyone as relaxed as this kid Crosby. Scripts mean nothing to him. He drops ad libs any time one occurs to him. On that program we did with Irving Berlin, I figured I'd drop one in on him. So when Bing asked casually: 'Well, what'll we do?' I said, 'You hit the first note and I'll ride along.' So he looked at me, a little surprised, and hit the first note, and I stopped him. I said: 'Wait a minute, lad. We ain't gonna get any place with a note like that.' You know what that guy shot back at me? He says, nice and easy like: 'Take that note down to my bank and they'll discount it.' Yes sir, he's a real solid performer, that Crosby, and smart as a whip."

Do Jolson and Crosby prepare for a program in similar fashion? "You must be kidding," protested Jolson. "Me, I get to

lovelier hair around the clock

ELYSE KNOX (THE ALLIED ARTISTS STAR) is all sweet simplicity here, to fit the early hours.

Dr. Ellis morning



Lovely Elyse pictures mid-day sophistication (she's appearing in the Cinecolor production "BLACK GOLD").

Dr. Ellis noon

Elyse Knox fits the mood to the hour (she's equally charming at any time of day).

Dr. Ellis night

You'll find it so easy—so effortless—to achieve the exact hairdo that is most becoming to your own type of beauty—with the original Dr. Ellis Wave Set. Pick up a bottle tomorrow, at most any 5 & 10 or drugstore.

Dr. Ellis wave set 10¢ plus tax

the studio as soon as the doors open, 1 P.M. From then on, until air-time, or recording-time, I knock my brains out, rehearsing my songs until I've got 'em exactly the way I want 'em. If the control man suggests that a note is not registering, I go over the entire song until he gives me the nod. But take that Crosby. He breezes in, nice and relaxed, about 6 P.M., looking like a California rainbow in those daffy outfits he cooks up. Casually, he runs through his songs and then the bum takes a nap until the audience arrives. If the sound control man suggests he try a phrase in a song over again, Der Bingle grins back at him and says: 'I was just trying it on for size, chum. It'll be tailored to fit when we do the show.' If he's got nerves, he checks them back home."

Jolson had said that Groucho Marx was one of the all-time comedy greats in his book. What other names, I asked, were in the Jolson all-time book?

as al sees 'em . . .

"Well," he said, "in comedy, I'd rate Bobby Clark, Groucho Marx, Ed Wynn and Lew Fields in the very top flight. My all-time ratings would include, in various fields, David Warfield, Irving Berlin, Fred Astaire, Nora Bayes, Gertrude Lawrence, Gracie Fields, and Enrico Caruso." "What about the movies?" "Garbo and Ingrid Bergman," said Jolson. "What male movie stars?" Jolson shook his head: "No standouts."

How would Crosby have compared with the greatest of the older school?

"I was afraid you'd ask that one!" he grinned. "Let me answer it this way. Conditions then and now are a lot different. We didn't have mikes in those days. You had to project your tones to the last rows in the balcony. Bing crowds in on that mike, and purrs into it. Whether or not he could have met the old-time conditions is pure guess-work. But this I do know—in show business, they've always paid off on personalities, and certainly Crosby is one of the most appealing."

With the whole country excited over the Jolson comeback, and with *The Jolson Story* heading for a staggering gross, in this country alone, of $8,000,000, how did Al react to this new lease on professional life?

"I'm getting a terrific belt out of it," he told me. "Not because of the money, and not because of the autograph fans. Look at it this way, Ed. I'm married to a young wife. All she knew about me, as a performer, was what she read in reminiscent columns, or what performers told her. Now all of a sudden, I'm back again as a star. That's the greatest kick for me—I've impressed my bride." He grinned: "Bride, I said. Next March 24th, we will celebrate our third anniversary."

I shut off the radio. "I've never met anyone like her," confided Jolson. "Sure, we have spats, like any other married couple. She storms out of the room, and slams the door on me, and I sit there, burning. Five minutes later, out she comes and says: "Honey, let me see those socks you're wearing. It's cold and wet out, and I don't want you to wear silk socks. Take them off and put these on." Jolson chuckled: "She can't stay mad for more than five minutes, no sulking—nothing like that—and that's why we're heading for our third anniversary."

I asked him to tell me exactly how they'd met—most people understood that she'd been his nurse when he had his chest operation.

"No, she wasn't my nurse. In fact she never was a nurse, but an X-ray technician in an Army hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas," corrected Jolson. "I was playing the hospital circuit, and at Hot Springs, the Army nurses and the technicians sat on the floor, in front of the wounded, so they could keep their eye on any of the kids who might suffer an attack during the auditorium show. I got off on the right foot with the nurses. I looked down at them and I told them that I was glad to see so many nurses, and I could assure them that at no time during my performance would I say anything that would embarrass them. They all applauded. And then I added: 'Of course, girls, it ain't too late for you to escape in time.'"

Jolson paused. "In those days, Ed, you'll remember that it was tough to get gas, and I was making the tour in my car, so right after the show, I made a bee-line to the executive officer and asked if he'd give me some gas tickets. As he was filling them out, suddenly I heard a weak little voice saying, 'May I have your autograph, Mr. Jolson?' I turned around and there she was—I was looking at her as I signed her slip of paper, but nobody introduced us. So I got my gas tickets and away I went.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few years ago, Jeanette MacDonald gave a benefit concert at the Chicago Civic Opera. I was seven years old then, but already interested in a singing career, so I persuaded my mother to take me to hear Miss MacDonald sing. After the planned program, Miss MacDonald offered to sing special requests in return for any substantial contribution to a charitable cause. My mother gave me a dollar bill, which I grasped in my hand, and started to make my way toward the stage. Just then, I heard a man in the balcony ask Miss MacDonald if she'd sing for $3. The reply was "no." Dejectedly, I returned to my seat, but Mother persuaded me to go up to the stage, anyhow. I drew a deep breath and asked very slowly, "Would you sing the 'Italian Street Song' for $1?" She squeezed my hand and addressed the audience: "If someone will add to this dollar, I will sing the 'Italian Street Song'!" From all over the theater now, money poured in. More than a hundred dollars was added to my one—and there I sat listening enraptured to Jeanette MacDonald singing my request for the "Italian Street Song!"

Karla Reynolds
Chicago, Illinois

"The next night, I was in Texas, for another Army hospital show. After the show, I couldn't get to sleep. I kept thinking of that girl's face. About five o'clock, in the morning, I put through a long-distance call to Hot Springs and woke up the Colonel who had given me the gas ration tickets. He must have thought I was completely crazy, but he was very nice. He acted as though a 5 A.M. call from an actor happened every morning. So I asked him if he could remember the girl who had asked for an autograph, while he was giving me the gas stubs. He asked me to hold the phone and he woke up a captain who had been in charge of the nurses that night. Back he came to the phone and told me to copy down the name—Erle Galbraith.

"I wrote to her the very next day," smiled Jolson. "I told her that I was not in love with her, of course; that I was old enough to be her father, but that I believed she had the kind of face that would register in the movies. I explained that I didn't know how much she made a week, as an X-ray technician, but that in the movies she could get a stock contract, while studying, for $100 a week. And I ended the letter by saying that if she came to the Coast, she could live with some married friends of mine who would watch out for her just as carefully as though she were their daughter.

"Weeks later, I was in Hollywood when the doorbell rang. An elderly gentleman introduced himself as a Los Angeles business man, who was a friend of the Galbraith family in Hot Springs. 'Mr. Jolson,' he told me, in a real southern accent, 'I just dropped by to talk to you about this offer you've made to little Erle. As man-to-man, I can tell you that her parents are a little gun-shy of Hollywood. The Galbraiths are one of the oldest families in Arkansas. Naturally, a girl would be attracted by the glamor of the movies, but the family doesn't like it at all. I've come here, to explain these things to you, sir, because it would be MOST unfortunate if everything wasn't exactly as it has been represented.'"

Jolson assured the family friend that the offer was bona-fide, that he wasn't in love with the girl, and had no designs on her, but actually believed that Erle Galbraith had a chance to click in the movies. Al persuaded Columbia to give her a contract, and at long last, "Jolie" received the wire that she was on her way.

"Her train was about 8 hours late," he recalled, "and I spent the last three hours sleeping on a bench in the railroad station, waiting for her. But the worst was yet to come. When she met me, the voice I'd remembered as soft and sweet had the Arkansas rasp of Bob Burns, and for one shuddering moment, I had a mental picture of Harry Cohn's face when he heard her talk! I smoothed that out, that morning, with Cohn, but then disaster really struck. The doctors told me that I'd have to undergo an operation—have a lung removed. So there I was, going into a hospital for a serious operation, and with a protegée on my hands.

just what the doctor ordered . . .

"Yet if it hadn't been for the operation, and for my desperate sickness, I never would have tumbled to the fact that I was in love with her," said Jolson. "Weeks later, while I still had a tube in my back, my nurse told me that a Miss Galbraith was outside, to see me. So I got the doctor to give me a shot of stuff, and they brought her in. And as she walked through the door I knew that I was head over heels in love. I felt like a kid of 16. And every time I saw her from then on, it got worse."

Jolson, convalescing at Palm Springs, sent a letter to Mr. Galbraith, asking for his daughter's hand in marriage.

Back came an airmail, Special Delivery letter that fairly sizzled. "You are old enough to be my daughter's father," blazed Mr. Galbraith. "I have never heard anything so insulting in all my born days." Jolson telephoned Erle, and, crushed, read the letter to her. "Guess I better go home," she told him. "I can twirl Dad around my little finger."

"Greatest part of *The Jolson Story*," said Jolson, "is the fact that she did get her parents to let her marry me. Now we're all the best of friends, and her mother is out of this world. However, we are still fighting the Civil War. When her mother came to New York to visit us, Erle mapped out a sightseeing trip for her. 'Honey,' objected her mother, 'you have written down here, Grant's Tomb.' Erle nodded. 'Honey,' chided her mother, 'inside Grant's Tomb, there is a YANKEE.'"

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JAMES MASON LIFE STORY—By Virginia Wilson

(*Continued from page 44*)

in-Wonderland hair, and she smiled bewitchingly.

James eyed her. She seemed a definite improvement on the other little girls, who were shrieking around in some silly parlor game.

Her name was Pam and if she had only stayed around, the party might have been bearable. But she soon was whisked off, and James returned to bitterness.

When he got home, his mother said, "Did you have a good time?"

James eyed her reproachfully. "Parties are hateful," he said.

The accumulated excitement of the afternoon made the three-year-old burst into tears. But through his sobs came a sort of Greek refrain . . . "Anyway, *Pam* loves me!" It was a family joke for years.

This Pam, whose last name James has forgotten, wasn't the one he eventually married. But Freudians might make out quite a case for her being the reason he didn't marry until he met Pamela Kellino.

James was always rather girl-shy. He went away to school when he was nine, so the only time he saw girls was on his brief vacations, and he didn't think much of them. Of course, later at Cambridge, he danced with them at parties, and sometimes they were fairly bright and he didn't mind too much.

By then, though, his real interest was acting. He'd had parts in a couple of plays at Marlborough, his preparatory school. One of them was written by the French master, and James did so well in it that his marks in French promptly went up, too.

At Cambridge, James acted in *The White Devil* first, then later in a version of *Midsummer Night's Dream* set to music. This was a very elaborate production—too elaborate, as it turned out. James was stage manager, and full of enthusiasm.

"There's a chance for a really spectacular scene when Oberon gives the party in the dream sequence," he told the company. "Let's have a cut-out of gauze with the lights showing through it, for a sort of misty radiance. We could make a gauze drum, too, and lower it over Phoebus, with special lighting inside."

They spent most of their time on the props and setting for that scene. It was designed to knock everyone's eye out.

The great night arrived. The play went beautifully until the moment came when James was to speak the line that cued the scene.

James delivered the line, and the curtain rose slowly on what was to have been a scene of faery beauty. Instead it revealed a wild bustle of activity. Stagehands were doing carpentry work on the bridge, which was threatening to collapse. Electricians were switching lights on and off in a desperate attempt to trace a blown fuse. Phoebus was gazing unhappily up at the gauze drum which was about to descend upon him.

When the actors and stagehands realized the curtain was up, they did the double take of all time. Actors froze into position. The technicians fled, leaving their tools behind them. And the gauze drum engulfed Phoebus crosswise in its cavernous depths without benefit of lighting, while he scrambled madly to get out.

The audience, naturally, roared.

"We were right," James said afterward, grimly. "That scene was the hit of the show. But we'll never live it down."

It was his first and last experience as stage manager. After that he stuck to acting. But Cambridge had other things, too, to offer. Rowing, for instance. There's a story afoot that Mason was one of the great University rowers of history. When people ask about his rowing career, James is apt to say modestly, "Oh, I did a bit of it. Nothing to amount to much." And the story continues to grow.

One day his wife pinned him down on this. "Just what rowing did you do, James?" She always calls him James, never Jim.

"Well, actually, I never rowed in any race. Another chap and I used to row about in a small shell, practicing very hard and hoping that one day they'd do something about us. But they never did."

"James! You never tell people that, and they go on believing that you were a crack oarsman!"

A wicked glint appeared in the Mason eye. "Who am I to go about exploding legends?"

James usually spent his vacations at home, but one year, instead of going to Huddersfield, James took a job as tutor with a family in Germany. He would teach English to the children of the family for six weeks. Then when they paid him off, he would use the money to go to Berlin and really do the town, all by himself.

Unfortunately, he neglected to ask what his salary would be, and after six weeks of coping with small Prussians who hadn't the faintest desire to learn English, he was handed the German equivalent of three dollars! Grimly, he settled for a fourth-class ticket to nearby Oberammergau to see the Passion Play, instead of the trip to Berlin.

When he finished Cambridge, he went to work as a junior draughtsman for three months—long enough to convince him that he definitely did *not* want to be an architect. He found himself thinking more and more about the theater, and—mainly because he had a friend who worked in radio—he decided that that might be an "in."

James went around to see the friend one day. "Do you think you could get me a hearing of some sort with these people you work for?" he asked diffidently.

"I imagine so. Come around on Tuesday morning—they're holding auditions then and I'll slip you in."

the flying yorkshireman . . .

The audition wasn't nearly as frightening as James had expected. He recited some Shakespeare and then did a bit of very broad Yorkshire dialect that seemed to get over pretty well.

They called him the next day to say they had a part for him. "A Yorkshireman?" he queried hesitantly.

"Yorkshireman? Hell, no. It's a French porter!"

But the theater fascinated Mason far more than the radio. He began to make the rounds of the booking offices. The first question that came up was always "What stage experience have you had?" and the answer was always, "None."

The agents would shake their heads and that would be that. Finally, he answered an ad in Stage Magazine, and was hired before he could turn around. No questions at all.

It very soon became apparent that the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. In a couple of weeks they went over the edge, and James was fired. But now he had an answer to the "Experienced?" question. He got a job immediately with another group and promptly lost it because the manager didn't consider him a romantic type!

The next play was *Rasputin*. This company, while not quite as broke as the first one, was still operating on a shoe-string. Toward the end of the tour, they ran out of blank cartridges for the scene where Rasputin is shot. James and several others found themselves in the humiliating position of having to shout "Bang! Bang!" instead of firing guns, like small boys playing cowboy.

The company closed just before Christmas, but thereafter James didn't have much trouble getting jobs, and it wasn't long before he found himself actually making his debut in London. The play was

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called *Gallows Glorious*. After that he was offered a place in the Old Vic company, with Charles Laughton, Roger Livesey and Flora Robson.

James' first role was that of Yasha, the scoundrel valet in *The Cherry Orchard*. He really went to town on the makeup for that part.

But before the first performance, Laughton got hold of him. "Look here, Mason," he said. "Take that stuff off your face. People like Korda will be coming to see this show. You want to sell yourself as an actor, not a makeup artist! Let 'em see what you look like!"

James washed his face, gave a fine performance, and sure enough, Korda was there. He was not only there, but he promptly signed Mason up to play a comedy juvenile in *The Return of Don Juan*, his next picture.

James went around walking on air and buying drinks for all his friends.

Well, he played the comedy juvenile for exactly six days of shooting. Then one of Korda's stooges came around.

"Awfully sorry, Mason, but you're not right for this. We're letting you go."

No use saying it wasn't a blow. It was a bitter one, but providentially he was offered a part with the Gate Theater in Dublin just about then, and he stayed there for a year.

When he came back at last, he went to a cocktail party which was also attended by Fate. Fate wore a pinstripe suit and had a discerning eye. The eye, which belonged to Director Al Parker, lit on James. After a brief chat, Al signed him up to make a picture called *Late Extra*. It was the beginning of a friendship that has lasted all these years, and a business partnership that has lasted as long, without ever a contract being signed.

It was also the beginning of his romance with Pamela Kellino. Her husband was Roy Kellino, who was photographing *Troubled Waters*, the Parker epic then in production.

James and Roy and Pamela became very good friends. The slump that hit the picture business in 1938 found the three of them in Switzerland together. Pamela was taken sick there, and the two men sat around and worried alternately about her and the slump.

brainstorm . . .

One day she sat up in bed with a temperature of 102 and looked at them. "I have an idea," she said. "Let's make a picture. Just we three. Or practically."

James went over and put his hand on her forehead. "Burning," he told Roy. "The girl's delirious."

"I'm nothing of the kind," Pam said indignantly. "It's a perfectly sensible idea. James is an actor, I'm an actress, and Roy's a cameraman. How much money do we have?"

They humored her. They counted up how much the three of them had, tucked away in bank accounts and old socks. All told, it came to around four thousand pounds.

"We couldn't even hire a studio for that," Roy said, "to say nothing about all the other expenses."

"I wonder." James was looking thoughtful now, his dark eyes intent. "Suppose we shot the picture entirely out of doors? Suppose we wrote the story ourselves . . ."

So he and Pam went to work on the story. It was a haunting tale of a young farmer married to a nagging wife. Eventually, she drives him to murder. While he is trying to escape the police, he meets a girl novelist and they fall in love. The ending is tragic, the excitement intense.

All right. They had the story. But what about equipment? James reluctantly traded his car for a station wagon, and they mounted their camera on that for trucking shots. The camera itself was an antique which fell apart every time anyone looked at it twice, but somehow Roy achieved wonders with it.

They had written a scene involving a fox hunt, so they had to find a hunt obliging enough to let them photograph it. Then wait—and wait, for decent weather. The hunt was not the chic type you frequently see on the screen, with languid gentry in pink coats cantering about and meeting for a stirrup cup of champagne.

The master of this fox-hunt was a farmer. "Don't know if you can catch a picture of that fox with your camera-dingus," he said doubtfully. "Goes pretty fast, he does. I've got a good picture of a fox over the mantel back at the house, though. Could you maybe use that some way?"

They thanked him warmly but said they'd take a chance on getting one in the field. As a matter of fact, they got a beauty, one of the best shots in the picture.

Their money, unfortunately, disappeared much faster than they had counted on, as the weeks went by. Time after time they faced each other across a pint of beer at some country pub and read complete discouragement in one another's faces. But crazily, stubbornly, they kept on. By the time they got to the last sequence, they were really broke.

They had to get a shot of a barn burning. They had managed to build one of salvaged lumber, but it would burn awfully fast with no time for a lot of repeats.

"You've got to get it the first time, Roy," James said.

Miraculously, everything went off beautifully. The barn burned with a pure, celestial flame, and Roy's photography couldn't have been better.

When they came to marketing the picture they ran into more trouble. Finally, a small, independent company took it over, with theatrically bad timing, just on the eve of the war with Germany. When war actually was declared, a week later, the whole outfit went tearing off to the United States on the first boat, leaving *I Met A Murderer* to its fate.

Early in 1939, Pamela and Roy Kellino were divorced, and soon after she and James married. They had been in love a long time, but their affection for Roy had made it difficult. However, now everything was all right. They were very happy. Pamela is right for James in every way. There is a quality of sweetness about them both which they spend most of their time trying to hide. In spite of their sophistication, they are, more than anything else, two people deeply in love. It's a good way to be.

Pamela approves of James' hobbies of painting and drawing caricatures. Although he has done skillful caricatures of all his friends, his enemies and himself, he has never, to date, been able to do a satisfactory one of Pam, although he has spent days—and reams of paper—trying.

Only once did his caricatures cause any trouble. He did one of an ambitious and very vain young actress, who was thrown into a complete wing-ding by it. Whenever she gets a few cocktails too many, she falls to weeping on the nearest manly shoulder.

"Why did James have to make that wicked, wicked picture of me?" she wails. "It wouldn't be so bad if it didn't look just like me!"

After their marriage, the Masons acquired a house in the country and several cats. Not in that order, actually—the cats made the house seem advisable.

Then James came back to London and embarked on the series of films which were to make him the most popular actor on the English screen.

bobby-soxers' delight . . .

The Man In Grey was his first big hit, but it was *The Seventh Veil* which really made him the bobby-soxers' idol. It also enabled him to command a very large salary thereafter.

By now he and Pamela had acquired another country house—a charming place just near enough to London so they could get there conveniently, and yet completely secluded. And by now they had also acquired a friend-companion-business associate named Johnny Monoghan, who was living with them. He was a square-jawed, roving-eyed Irish-American, and they had picked him up in a bar. Or rather he had picked them up.

It's quite a story. James and Pamela were touring with a play called *Gaslight* and the troupe stopped at Salisbury, which was swarming with American soldiers.

"Here's the spot to find a character for my book," Pam announced. The only thing that had been holding up her writing was the character of an American officer.

They sat in the hotel bar and watched dozens of American officers come in and go out. Somehow none of them seemed just the type. There was one solidly built young man who stood at the bar consuming enormous quantities of whiskey and leering happily at Pamela, who tried to ignore him. He wore the dirtiest raincoat in the ETO, and wasn't, they thought, an officer at all.

Finally, the whiskey began to catch up with him and he got truculent. He swaggered over. Would they have a drink with him, or wouldn't they? Oh, they wouldn't? Wham! Two glasses of whiskey landed in the fireplace.

"Those were yours. Compliments of J Monoghan," he informed them.

Alarmed at a possible crisis in international relations, the Masons explained that they seldom drank, but they were delighted to see him and wouldn't he sit down and have one on them?

He would and he did. He told them all about himself. He was Captain John Monoghan. He came from Pennsylvania, where he had been a member of the State Police. And some day he was going to be a writer. Why, just the other day, coming up on the train, he'd had a terrific idea for a mystery-thriller. Here's this soldier, see, and he's AWOL and he gets involved in a murder . . .

Something clicked in Pamela's mind. A combination of ideas. And from this seedling eventually emerged the script of *The Upturned Glass* by Pamela Kellino and John Monoghan. You'll be seeing it

(*Continued on page 95*)

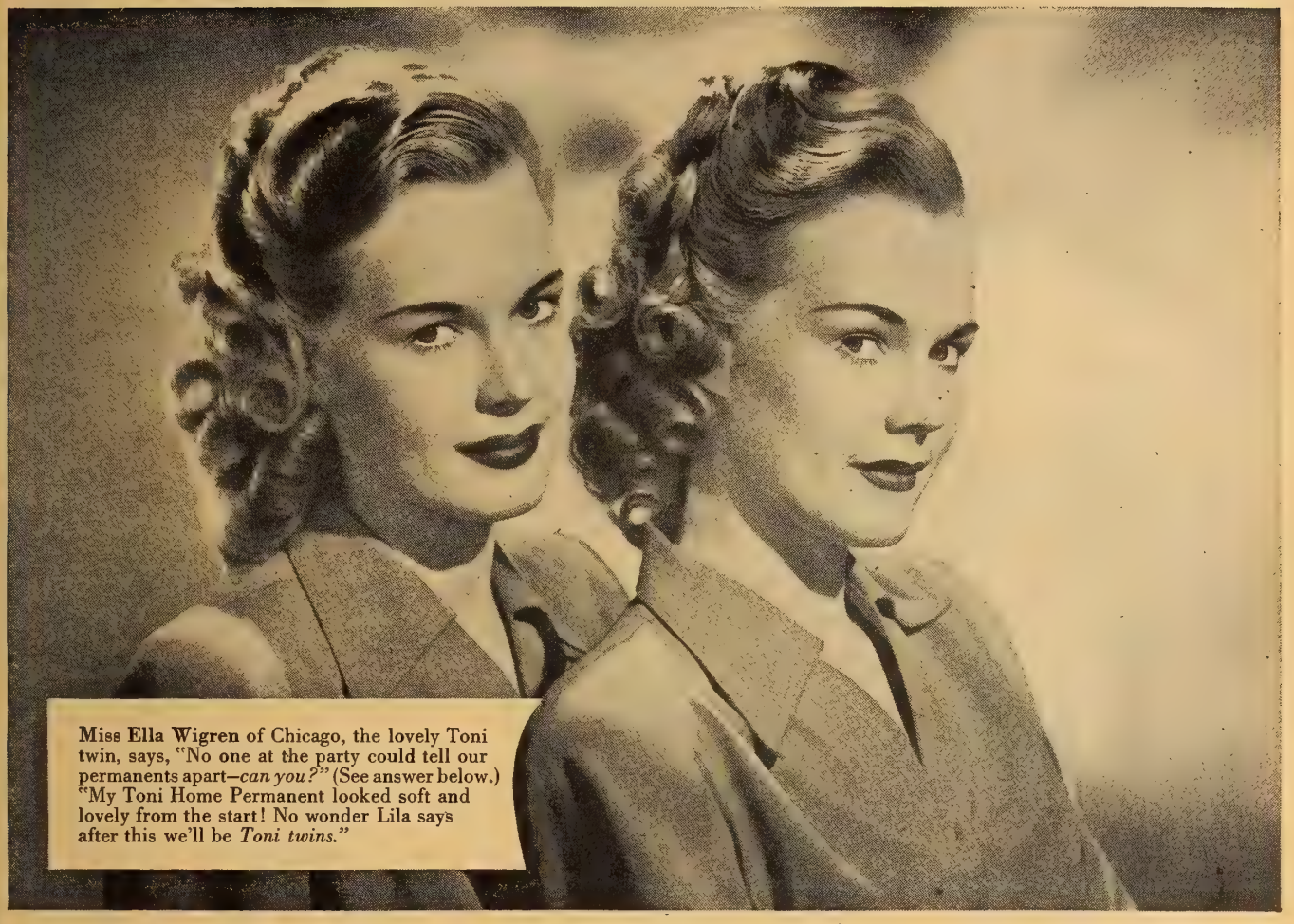
I SAW IT HAPPEN

While waiting on line to make a purchase, my friend and I were discussing screen actors. My friend said, with feeling, "Dana Andrews just about paralyzes me." At that moment, a voice from behind her chimed in: "Well, in that case, you may not be able to move ahead on line, so would you mind if I took your place?" My friend was certainly taken by surprise when she turned around, for it was Dana Andrews in person!

Marie Cermine
New York, N. Y.

Which Twin has the *Toni?*

(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)



Miss Ella Wigren of Chicago, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart—*can you?*" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins.*"

For your date tonight . . . give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent

Easy? You would never dream it could be so easy to give yourself a permanent at home. Just three simple steps:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers (new Toni plastic curlers make it easier than ever). Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.

2. Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like for 2 to 3 hours.

3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Wonderfully simple...and oh, what a beautiful wave! So soft, so smooth, so natural-looking. Exactly the amount of curl to suit yourself. Not too loose... not too tight...but just right. Easy to manage from the start because there's no stubborn frizzy stage with Toni.

Even if your hair is gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine it will take a beautiful wave. For Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Try it today.

All leading drug, notions and cosmetic counters feature and recommend the Toni Home Permanent Kit.

Ella, the twin at the right above, has the Toni. Could you tell?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers — but the wave stays in for months.

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers	Regular Kit with fiber curlers	Refill Kit complete except for curlers
$2.00	$1.25	$1.00

All prices plus tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada

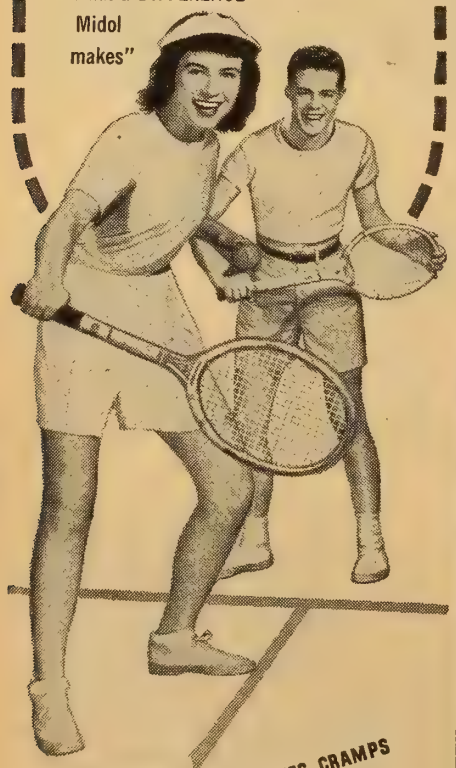
TESTED AND COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

"DREADED" DAYS
CAN BE
ACTIVE DAYS

MIDOL
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a DIFFERENCE Midol makes"



MIDOL
RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

LAST MINUTE FLASH: As we go to press, the judges have just announced the winners in the 5th semi-annual MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association Trophy Cup Contest. The winning clubs are: League One (600 members or over): *Nelson Eddy Music Club*, Rita and Jo Mottola, co-prexies. League Two (200 members or over): *Jack Carson Club*, Loretta Verbin, prexy. League Three (under 200 members): *New Stars Club*, Iris Archambault, prexy. Next month we'll tell you all about the winning clubs, the runners-up, and rules for the 6th Trophy Contest which starts right away.

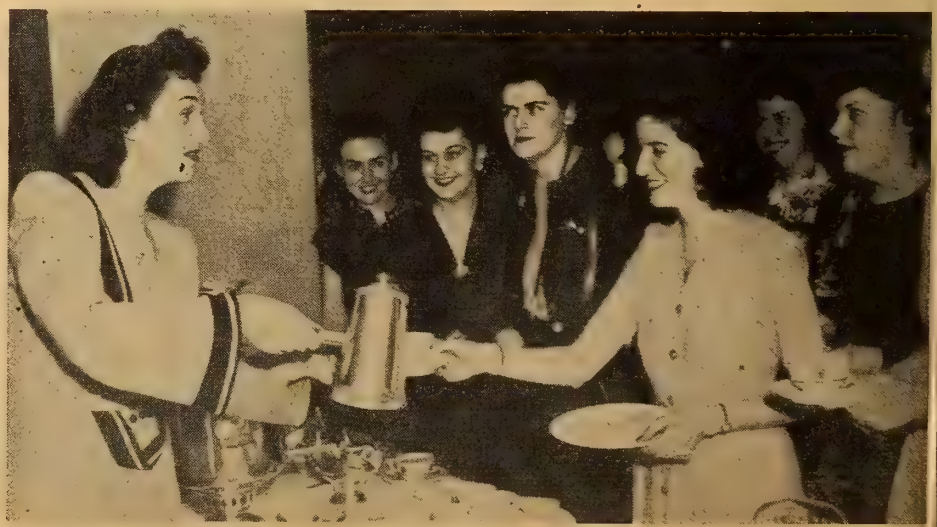
WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES: So many new prexies have asked us for suggestions for a "club project," or worthwhile activity, that we're going to talk about this feature right now. We might even brag a little, if we're not careful, because we're so darned proud of the many important contributions MSFCA clubbers are making to the health and happiness of others. And here's something maybe you've never thought of before. You know, although your star is secretly proud of his club, he's a little embarrassed to talk about it. But just latch on to some good cause, and your club will probably become No. 1 on his conversation list. We've seen it happen!

But let's get down to cases, or in this case, causes (whew!). About the biggest fan club event in recent months was the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund Rally at New York's Palladium Ballroom. With the blessings of Walter Winchell, this rally was sponsored by the Al Lombardy (Jo Rampino, prexy) and Dolores Craeg (Millie Grossi, prexy) Clubs, with valuable assistance from Marybelle Mason's Bob Turner Club, Dolores McMullen's Frank Sinatra Club and Fayreta Sweet's Bob Ryan Rooters. Tickets were $1.00, and a total of $500 was turned over to Mr. Winchell. Many tickets were bought by "sponsors" for disabled veterans! Another Cancer Fund affair was the dance held at American Legion Delaware Post No. 1, in Wilmington. Terry Smith's Skip Homeier Club was behind this one—and at 50c a ticket, it was a huge success!

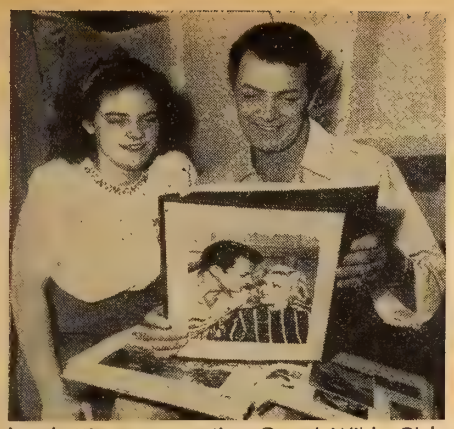
Putting on a dance or a rally takes a lot of work and know-how, for which small or young clubs are not equipped. But there are other ways to do your share. Many clubs turn over a portion of their surplus treasury regularly to some charity drive. Peggy Pearl's Alan Ladd Club, (*Continued on next page*)

TROPHY CONTEST PRIZES

This month's winners: THIS IS MY BEST, 100 pts. (Prize: Gift package FABERGE Perfume and Cologne to gals; FABERGE Men's Cologne to guys): Cathi Calli, "Visit to U. N.," *Glenn's Book* (Vernon; McCarthy); Lorraine Capurro, "Help Destroy Juvenile Delinquency," *June's Jottings* (Lockhart); Russ Gordon, "Cornering DeCamp," *DeCampaigner* (Rosemary); Jerry Rice, "Carsonated," *Carson's Collections* (Jack); Robert Waste, "Oscar and I," same; John Huelbig, "The Clock Struck One," *Skippy* (Homeier). CANDID CAMERA CONTEST (1st Prize: 100 pts., year's subscription to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, SCREEN ALBUM, plus 4 Dell Mysteries): Paul O'Neill, Sinatra (Bush) C. (Others: 50 pts., surprise package 4 Dell Mysteries): Rose Jane Park, Gene Kelly C.; Ethel Center, Larry Brooks C.; Amena Peacock, Vincent Price C.; Dory Gehrke, Nelson Eddy Music C.; Anne Ling, Sinatra C. BEST EDITORS, 250 pts. (Prize: Specially packed assortment of all of POND's Beauty Products) 1. Virginia Haywood, *Haymes Herald* (Dick); 2. Kit Pritchett, *Morgan Memos* (Dennis); 3. Mary Jane Grootenboer, *Notes On Nina* (Foch). BEST ORIGINAL ART WORK, 150 pts. (Prize: TANGEE TRIP KIT, filled with cosmetics, for travel) Verna Boyd, *Rhythm Roundup*. BEST JOURNALS, 500 pts.: 1. *Autry's Aces* (Gene), 2. *Carson's Collections*, 3. *Talent Scout* (New Stars C.) BEST COVERS, 250 pts.: 1 None qualified, in judges' opinion, 2. *Carson's Collections*, 3. *Great Scott* (Lizabeth). MOST WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES, 250 pts.: 1. Dick Haymes Associates, 2. (tied) Bill Boyd C. and Shirley Temple C., 3. (tied) Lon McCalister C., Vincent Price C., Richard Jaekel C. and Skip Homeier (Smith) C. GREATEST PERCENTAGE INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP, 100 pts.: 1. Rex Allen C., 2. Bill Boyd C., 3. Dan Duryea (Maben) C. BEST MSFCA CORRESPONDENTS, 50 pts.: 1. Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy M. C., 2. Betty Sue Dorris, Pee Wee King C., 3. Jean Crocker, Filmland Fan C.



Rise Stevens poured tea for all her club members at a recent party in New York's Essex House. Co-prexies Rita and Jo Mottola assure us—needlessly—that a good time was had by all.



Ann Latting, representing Cornel Wilde Club, visits "their boy," shows him club scrapbook.

Vera Pultro, Bev Bush's and Joel Pacilio's clubs for Frank Sinatra all contributed to the Cancer Fund in this way.

Another favorite club project is adopting a war orphan, whose home is in Europe, and sending used clothing and food parcels, small toys and letters to your club "adoptee" for a year or more. Among our most recent foster parents are the Gene Autry Friendship Club, Roberta Gutierrez' Lon McCallister Club and Amena Peacock's Vincent Price Club. This is a project requiring long-range responsibilities, but if your club is prepared to undertake the job, contact any foreign relief organization.

The Red Cross is the favorite charity of many stars, so naturally, their clubs follow suit. Examples: Richard Jaeckel, John Lund (Cook) and Bobby Beers Clubs.

The Bill Boyd and Sinatra (McMullen) Clubs collected clothing for the Texas City disaster victims . . . Britain's Gene Autry Club turned over $200 to the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital in London . . . Dick Haymes Associates are donating a large collection of first-class best-sellers to the Minneapolis Veterans' Hospital library . . . Shirley Temple clubbers turned over $80 to the Infantile Paralysis Foundation . . . and Glenna Riley's Jeanette MacDonald Club's favorite project is the Children's Village, in New York. They recently contributed $35.

So you see, whether your club is large or small, there's something you can do. CLUB BANTER: Membership drives, still the most popular form of club contest, are going strong in the Bab's Boosters (Barbara Lawrence), Vic Damone, Sinatra (McMullen), New Stars, Cass Daley, Bob Turner, and Charles Korvin Clubs. If you're a member, how about trying for some of those grand prizes? If you're not a member—well, what are you waiting for, huh? . . . Congratulations to the Humphrey Bogart Club, on its tenth anniversary, and to the new prexy, Jean Crocker . . . Dot Reisser of the James Melton Club is looking for snaps of Jimmy . . . Clubs enrolled in the James Mason Federation are Jo Anna Fitzmorris' and Bev Montalbano's of California, Jean Meyer's, Miriam Strausberg's and Leonie Warschauer's . . . About 30 mems of Allan Jones' Club attended Irene Hervey Jones' first Broadway performance in *State Of The Union* . . . Bill Boyd, singing cowboy star of WRR, Dallas, Texas (*not* Hopalong Cassidy) gave his clubbers a rare treat. After his regular show, he threw a party for them, including a screening of his film, *Tumbleweed Trail* . . . Members of Viola Myers' Jay Kirby Club were pleasantly surprised to receive announcements of the birth of Jay's baby . . . Arlene Simons asks us to help her out of a real predicament. The address list of her Sinatra club was destroyed by fire. If you belong to her club, please contact her at 163 W. Montana, Detroit 3, Michigan.

Men love hair with this natural glory!

Men know how irresistibly charming is a woman's hair that gleams with natural highlights and shadows—sparkles with silken softness—delights with clean fragrance. Crown of carefree curls, or smart upsweep—it's your natural hair-*appeal* that captivates men. Women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory . . . quickly . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is a new dainty *cream* that whips instantly into creamy rich lather in hard or soft water . . . swiftly sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new cream that offers shining new appeal and obedience to your hair. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. At cosmetic counters.

The cream shampoo for true hair loveliness

Four ounces, $1.00; Family 1 lb., $3.50; also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes.

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. And see how *tempting* it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill.

(*Advertisement*)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood

by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

YOU ARE BOUND TO "SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT" IF YOU FOLLOW THESE HOLLYWOOD HINTS FOR SPARKLING TEETH

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

your smile insurance

■ Hollywood's a happy place. F'r example, Shirley Temple's animated smile is loved in 48 states. When young newcomers train for stardom they spend hours on acting lessons, diction, make-up—and on smile insurance! Sparkling teeth and fresh breath are "musts!"

BRUSH WORK Cover bristles with paste, powder or liquid dentifrice and s-c-r-u-b! Not a lick and a promise but a thorough, round and round, stimulating motion on each half inch of teeth, upper and lower. Lizabeth Scott likes a workout of at least three minutes. For good measure, put a little of the dentifrice on your finger tips, and massage your gums.

Treat yourself to this workout at least three times a day. Help your brush do a good cleaning job. After every use, rinse it thoroughly in cold water and hang it where the air can get to it.

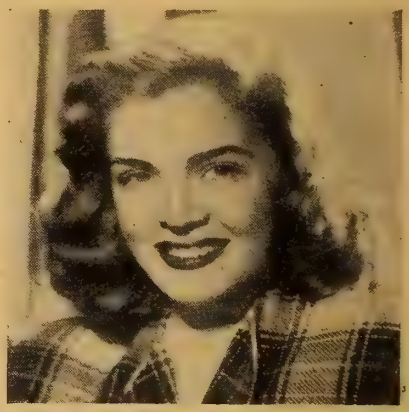
YOUR BEST FRIEND WILL, very often, warn you about unpleasant breath. But she's not always around! So don't take chances . . . use a refreshing mouth wash after every tooth-brushing and, if possible, before every social engagement.

A DATE: Keep one every six months with your dentist. He'll clean any crevices your brush may have missed and he'll put a quick stop to any tiny holes that just might become painful cavities.

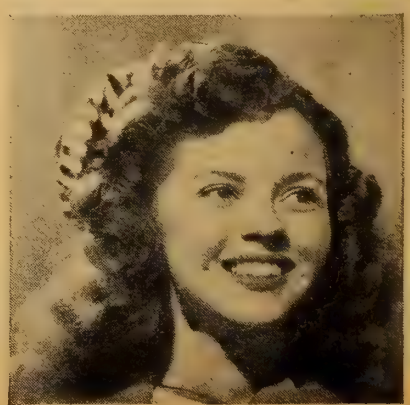
* * *

How'd you like to know all about "Glamour for the Teens?" It's our booklet that tells about makeup, hair, diet and grooming. Send 10c for it to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Martha Vickers of Warners owns a smile that is beautifully bright and sparkling.



Even, handsome teeth are another of Lizabeth (Paramount) Scott's charm-assets.



Doesn't she have a pretty smile? Everyone likes Shirley Temple's dimpled grin!

(Continued from page 90)

soon, with Mason starring, and it's quite a picture.

It was Johnny who suggested that they go on an entertainment tour for the American Red Cross. The American soldiers turned out to be the most inspiring audience they had ever had.

After the war, Johnny Monoghan was released from the Army and came to live with them. He has the greatest loyalty and admiration for James and Pamela. When they made their momentous decision to come to America, he was delighted.

"It will show them at home what you're really like," he said. "All this junk they've been reading about you—it's time they found it just isn't true."

For by now the Mason legend had reached fantastic proportions. He was "impossible to get along with in business deals." He "hated the press." He apparently ate seven fans every day for breakfast. All these stories discouraged the bobby-soxers not at all. They formed dozens of James Mason fan clubs and waited agog for his arrival on these shores.

To everyone's amazement, he turned out to be pleasant, well-mannered and fascinated by all things American. He gave polite interviews to the press, went shopping undisguised, and happily consumed strawberry ice cream sodas. He also, with Pamela, appeared in *Bathsheba.*

It was a beautiful and expensive production, but the Masons admit now that it was a bad choice. (The reviews of *Odd Man Out,* the new Mason picture, however, more than made up for it.) The play ran for about six weeks after bad notices. When it was over, they retreated, in some relief, to a house in Riverdale with their cats, to consider their next plans.

These involve, eventually, *The King's General,* which James is to make in Hollywood for Korda. And James may make a picture in New York, which is fast becoming something of a film center itself.

Meanwhile, they're having fun, and in their quiet way, making more friends and influencing more people than Dale Carnegie himself!

M. S. GOES TO PALM SPRINGS

(Continued from page 59)

steak will set you back $4.50. If you want a vegetable, you pay more. You're paying partly for atmosphere, because the lady at the next table is apt to be Hedy Lamarr.

There are breath-taking private homes in Palm Springs. Raymond Loewy's house has a swimming pool that comes right into the living-room, and his walls are hung with pieces of smooth, windswept sandstone.

There is also plenty of night life in Palm Springs, furnished by places like The Chi-Chi Bar, the Lone Palm, and the Plaza. Tourists who start out wanting to see everything Friday night, end up with a terrible headache Saturday morning.

But in Palm Springs, even a headache doesn't matter too much. Because there's always, and above all, the sun, curer of pains, and baker of tired bones.

You'll be walking along Palm Canyon Drive, staring at the expensive shops, and you'll see a girl in white shorts who looks just like Lana Turner, and she'll turn out to be Lana Turner. Down for the sun.

You'll be lying in the sand, and there'll be a couple a little way up the beach who look just like Cornel Wilde and his wife. And they'll turn out to be Cornel Wilde and his wife. Soaking up sun.

The sun and the stars go together.

TAN the famous one-day way with SUTRA FILTERS SUN SPEEDS TAN

gloriously • safely

No other product lets you tan more quickly yet more safely!

Use SUTRA . . . it blocks out the burn rays . . . lets the tan rays come through . . . permits prolonged exposure without risk of painful sunburn.

Use SUTRA . . . for only SUTRA employs hydroquinone—the wonder sun filter of modern science—to screen out burn rays.

Use SUTRA . . . either SUTRA Lotion or SUTRA Cream, whichever you prefer. Both are highly effective, lightly scented, non-greasy, so easy and pleasant to use.

At your drug or cosmetic counter

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meet

LARRY PARKS
EVELYN KEYES
DANA ANDREWS
GLENN FORD
JUNE ALLYSON
BURT LANCASTER

and many, many more of your favorite stars

in the new FALL issue of

SCREEN ALBUM

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES—By Howard Sharpe

(*Continued from page 51*)

picnic today, you know. His class is giving it. He almost didn't get to go.

Sharpe: Why, did he need punishing?

Kris: Not this time. But when he told Daddy about it last night, Stan said, "Fearless Farnum is going to drive us. We're going in his Blue Beetle." So Daddy just said right out that Stan couldn't go.

Sharpe: You've got to admit, Kris, that it doesn't sound very safe.

Kris: That's what Daddy said. (*Giggling*) He said, "I've been reading about these hot rods and the accidents they get into, and I'm not raising sons to have them scattered all over the highway. The Blue Beetle, indeed!—not to mention Fearless Farnum. I can imagine the way *he* drives." So then Stan had to explain that the Blue Beetle is the kids' name for their school bus, which is a real old model that won't go hardly fast at all, and that they call the driver Fearless Farnum because he's so safe.

Sharpe: Oh?

Kris: Yes. So then Daddy let him go.

Sharpe: You must be awfully proud of your dad.

Kris: Why wouldn't I be?

Sharpe: Oh, I don't mean just because he's handsome and tall and charming. But he's a famous star, a celebrity. Don't you feel very important when you're with him?

Kris: (*She hesitates a moment, regarding her bare toes intently and frowning a little.*) I suppose so.

Sharpe: You don't seem too sure about it.

Kris: All right, then. I don't like it. Just look at the other day. Daddy decided to go into town and I asked if I could go along and he said sure. So when we'd parked the car we started walking up the street, and we stopped to look in a store window at some shoes, and all of a sudden a lady said, "That's Dennis Morgan!" And then two other ladies stopped, and in a minute there were about sixty trillion people standing around and hollering, and we had to go into the store.

Sharpe: Did you get a new pair of shoes out of it?

Kris: No, because it was even worse in the store. We had to go out the back way and sneak through an alley and run like anything to the parking lot. Daddy said we'd better let Mama bring me down some other time. That isn't fair. Other girls get to go places with their daddies.

Sharpe: But then, my dear, you have a lot of things other girls don't have, just because your father is a star. You have the best schools, and this nice house to live in; and this pool, where you can bring your friends. You *can* bring them, can't you?

Kris: Oh, yes. And Stan brings the kids from his school, too.

Sharpe: Well, then. And you live out here in the country instead of in a stuffy city apartment, where you couldn't keep pets or anything.

Kris: Would you like to see the goat?

Sharpe: I'd love to see the goat.

(*Kristin leads the way around the house and points out a spotless, rather large nanny goat tethered under a tree.*)

Isn't this pretty close to the house? I mean, for a goat?

Kris: Nanny goats don't smell bad. Only billy goats. Daddy taught us kids how to milk her. Do you know how to milk a goat?

Sharpe: I'm afraid that's a little out of my line.

Kris: Over here are wild mallards. Every once in a while Daddy gets hungry for wild duck, so he hangs a couple of these up till they drip and cooks them with wine and garlic. Mmmmmmm.

Sharpe: Mmmmmmmmm.

Kris: Well, and there's the horse over there, in that stable, and we've got peacocks, too. See them, standing around on the wall?

Sharpe: Pretty proud of themselves, aren't they?

Kris: Yes. They used to like to strut around the fish ponds. We had three ponds, but Daddy had to fill them up because Jimmy kept falling in.

Sharpe: He's getting to be a big boy now, isn't he? Past four, I seem to recall.

Kris: But he still dawdles over his food. Except when Daddy comes home, of course. When he hears Daddy singing in the front of the house he begins gulping everything, even spinach, because he knows what will happen if he doesn't.

(*At this point, Bruce, the Labrador retriever, stiffens suddenly, listening. Then he dashes off toward the pool.*) Somebody's home. Let's see who, shall we, Mr. Sharpe? (*A moment later a husky, grinning twelve-year-old boy with a butch haircut and a sunburned nose comes trotting from the house, wearing swimming trunks. He dives in one side of the pool, swims across it, and climbs out again, dripping. Introductions are accomplished faultlessly by Kristin.*)

Kris: I may as well tell you now, Stan. Your principal called Daddy this morning.

Stan: (*Paling visibly*) What about? I haven't done anything.

Kris: (*Enjoying the little sensation she is causing.*) Oh, just something he wanted to talk to Daddy about. Something about you and Daddy.

Stan: I don't get it.

Kris: The father-son banquet next Saturday, silly!

Stan: Oh. Oh gosh. Now I'll have to tell them. The other guys.

Sharpe: What do you mean, tell them? What?

Stan: (*Simply*) Who Dad is.

Sharpe: Don't they *know?*

Stan: Just two or three. You see we go to school under our real name—Morner—and most of the kids think Dad's just another guy.

Sharpe: You mean you don't want them to know your father's Dennis Morgan?

Stan: It makes everything different if they think of me as a movie star's son. I just want to be myself. They'll ask me a million questions, and kid me—you know. I forgot all about this banquet deal.

Sharpe: But Kris just told me that you bring your pals from school over here regularly, for swims and so on. Your dad doesn't hide out all the time they're here, does he?

Stan: Gosh, no! He comes out, and bats the ball for us, and swims, himself. But most of them never noticed—he's just a swell guy, you know, like anybody else's father, and he never talks pictures, or acts like a—a—well—you know—

Sharpe: I think Dennis—your dad, that is—once told me you have most of your recitals here at the house.

Kris: Last time there were two hundred people. And when the next one comes up next week I bet there'll be even more. Daddy calls it a clambake, only we don't have any clams.

Sharpe: You have the recitals here every year, hey?

Kris: It's just that we have the biggest house.

Sharpe: Well, my idea was that all the parents who come to the recital must know that Stanley Morner, Sr. is Dennis Morgan, and I should think they'd tell their kids about it.

Stan: Maybe they just think the kids know already. Well, (*He shrugs*) it'll work out.

Sharpe: I'm sure it will.

(*There is a short silence, while everyone contemplates the situation. After a time, your correspondent speaks.*)

Look, you guys, why don't we all put our heads together and figure out what kind of a guy your paw is? That's why I'm here in the

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A couple of years ago, when Barbara Hale had just gotten her first break in Higher and Higher, *with Frank Sinatra, the picture was being previewed in Glendale. For some reason, the studio did not want Barbara to be present at the preview, but she was determined to go. So, in an effort to disguise herself, she bound her hair in a turban, left off her lipstick, and wore horn-rimmed glasses. After the preview, Barb escaped unnoticed from the theater, together with another girl and me. We tried to find transportation back to Hollywood, where we lived, but it was after 12 o'clock and the buses had stopped running. For a long time, we tried to find a cab, but had no success, so Barb suggested the only thing to do was to hitch-hike. She stood on the curb (still in her disguise) and extended a thumb. Finally, a beaten-up jalopy, driven by a high school boy, stopped, and Barbara asked for a lift to Hollywood. The boy looked at her, put the car back in gear, and, as he drove off, said: "Sorry, sister. Maybe if you were better-looking . . ."*

R. Buckley,
Hollywood, Calif.

first place, and you know him better than I do. Or anybody. How about that?

Kris: What do you want us to say? He's —well, just Daddy.

Stan: Yeah.

Sharpe: Kris, if you were all grown up and married, and your dad was the man around the house, would you think he caused you extra work or not?

Kris: (*Looking as matronly as a nine-year-old can manage to look*) Well, he *does* leave his clothes all over, just everywhere. Wherever they drop. And damp bath towels hanging from the backs of chairs. And in the morning he plans everybody's day, including his own —and says what he wants for dinner even before he leaves for the studio. Of course, that's convenient for the cook, I guess.

Sharpe: I guess.

Kris: And when the cook's out, Daddy makes pancakes, and when he comes back from his trips he always cooks the fish he catches, and the game. You know what he likes best if he can't have something he's caught himself? Roast pork with sauerkraut and apples. Mmmmm.

Sharpe: Mmmmmm.

Kris: And he likes toasted English crumpets at breakfast.

Stan: It's funny about Dad. He never pays any attention to money, except our allowances and wasting food. But if I leave a hunk of butter on my plate, he gets sore.

Kris: Well, he doesn't get sore when other people eat up all the food in the house. And there are always people here, and they're always eating.

Stan: Dad says this house is Grand Central Station, only he's always liked Grand Central Station. That's why we've got two guest houses, he says.

Kris: It's something to do with the housing shortage.

Stan: Dad says all his friends keep being kicked out of their apartments and homes and can't get any more, and so they come to visit for a day or so, and then it takes so long to get another house that they have to stay on.

Sharpe: What people? Who?

Stan: *I* don't know. Dad says he doesn't half the time, either. But it's all right. He says they're all congenial people, and that's all that matters. Anyway, he sings for them and they like that, and Dad likes it too.

Kris: There's a car coming up the drive. (*A sleek, shiny, Chrysler station wagon purrs to a stop at the front entrance. Lillian and Dennis Morgan emerge from it, arms piled high with bundles. Dogs bark, ducks quack, the goat does whatever goats do, and children laugh. In the background, looking vague, your correspondent hovers.*)

Dennis: Oh—there you are, Howard. Make it all right?

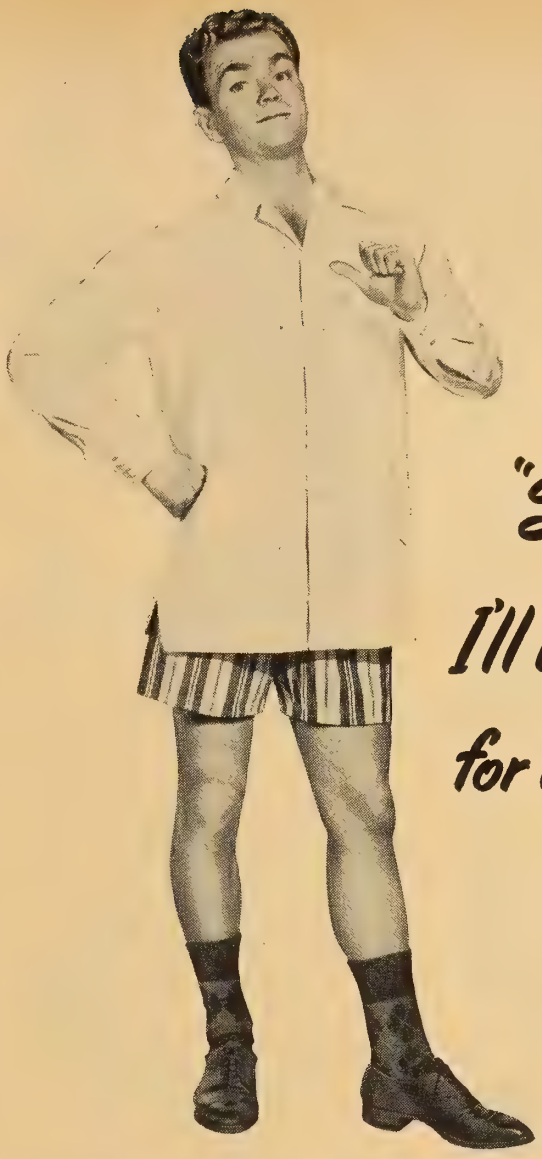
Sharpe: Made it fine.

Dennis: Come on into the playroom. I'll be washed up in a moment, and then we can have a beer and get the story.

Sharpe: I'll take the beer with thanks, but you can relax about the story. I've had it, as we said in the army.

Dennis: What do you mean, you've had it?

Sharpe: The story, that is. Kris and Stan have already written it for me. . .



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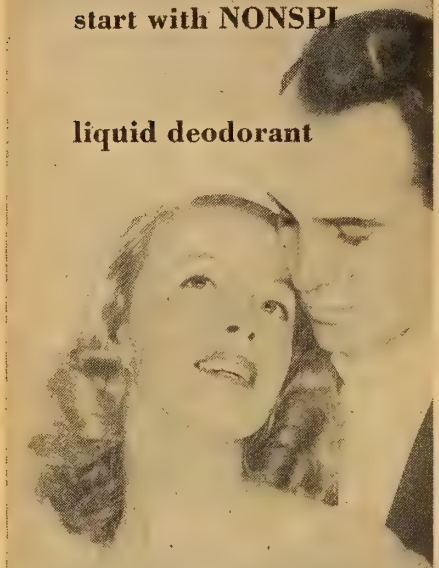

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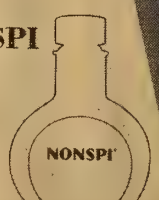

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POPULAR

HOW HIGH THE MOON—**David Rose (M-G-M)
After hearing about 6,789 hot jazz versions of this tune, it's a refreshing contrast to listen to Dave's strictly melodic and lushly stringy treatment. On the back is a very holiday-for-stringsish Rose original, *Gay Spirits.*

I WANT TO BE LOVED—*Benny Goodman (Capitol), *Beryl Davis (Victor), *Savannah Churchill (Manor), Lionel Hampton (Decca), Sy Oliver (M-G-M), Cootie Williams (Majestic)

This tune and the two below are all examples of how an unknown artist on an unknown label can catapult an unknown song into a hit. The above opus was started by Savannah on Manor; despite its odd lyrics and grammar ("Can't you love me just a wee bit little . . ."), it has become a national menace. The Beryl Davis disc introduces this talented lass from London, whom I first heard over there singing with a band when she was about twelve. She's improved.

I WONDER, I WONDER, I WONDER—*Louis Armstrong (Victor), Jack Carroll (National), Eddy Howard (Majestic), The Four Aces (Trilon), The Vagabonds (Trilon), Van Johnson (M-G-M), Ted Straeter (Sonora), *Martha Tilton (Capitol), *Tony Pastor (Columbia), Guy Lombardo (Decca)

This started on the West Coast with the two Trilon versions. Remember another sleeper hit two years ago called *I Wonder?* Well, this one isn't three times as good.

MAHZEL—*Artie Wayne (The Hucksters); Art Mooney (M-G-M); Marshall Young (Rainbow); *Benny Goodman (Capitol); The Ravens (National); Louis Prima (Majestic); Murphy Sisters (Apollo)

Another surprise hit from Hollywood, started by a promising young singer on the shoestring Hucksters label. The Benny Goodman version is recommended mainly because it has no vocal and I can't see the lyrics. . .

YOU DON'T LEARN THAT IN SCHOOL—**King Cole Trio (Capitol); *Louis Armstrong (Victor); *Roberta Lee (Sonora); Rosemary Calvin (Majestic)

Roberta Lee is the comely chick who sang with Les Brown and Raymond Scott and more recently was a hit at Cafe Society.

HOT JAZZ

JIMMY JONES—*New World A-Coming (Wax)

CHUCK MACKEY—*Happy Blues (Jump)

MEL POWELL—**Lover Man (Commodore)

HAZEL SCOTT—*I've Got The World On A String (Signature)
Believe it or not, Hazel plays some fine, Earl Hines-like jazz piano on this, her best record yet.

CHARLIE VENTURA—*Moon Nocturne (National); *Ventura Album (Black & White)
Other albums worth investigating are the Herman Chittison Trio, jazzing classics on MHR; a Bebop album on Savoy, in which Dizzy Gillespie masquerades as Izzy Goldberg; Phil Moore's drawing-room piano album on Black & White.

FROM THE MOVIES

GREAT JOHN L., THE—When You Were Sweet Sixteen: *Perry Como (Victor)

IVY—Title Song: *Dick Haymes (Decca), *Woody Herman (Columbia); Jo Stafford (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE—Beside You: Freddy Martin (Victor)

WELCOME STRANGER—*Album of Song: Bing Crosby (Decca). As Long As I'm Dreaming: *Joe Dosh (Continental); Tex Beneke (Victor)

LOVE AND LEARN—Would You Believe Me: Sammy Kaye (Victor); *Skitch Henderson (Capitol); Eddy Howard (Majestic)

STRANGE WOMAN

(*Continued from page 37*)

her. She went over for the sitting and, typically Crawford, was flattered, grateful, and eager to help. "How would you like me to pose?" she asked.

"Oh," answered the photographer, "just idle around that chair there a minute and you'll strike something natural."

Joan idled around the seat a few seconds, then fell into a position she thought he would like—a bit on the glamor side, maybe, but graceful, and she aimed to please. He took a look, lifted an eyebrow and sniffed. "Ah," he said, "Hollywood."

Joan's temper flared right away. "And what's wrong with Hollywood?" she crackled, clamping her jaw. That was the end of the sitting.

Joan Crawford is proud of being a movie star. "It's my medium," she said happily, "and a darned good one." She doesn't want to go on the stage; she doesn't want to do anything but make better pictures, play better parts right where she started.

Jerry Wald, her good friend and favorite producer, practically pushed her off the set after *Possessed*. "Goodbye now," said Jerry. "Go away, lose yourself. Forget Hollywood. Take a nice long rest."

Joan nodded wearily. She knocked herself out, really, on that toughie. She had thought she would drop time and again. On the set she kept repeating like a record, "When this is over I don't want to see, hear or smell Hollywood. I want to go away and sleep for a month of Sundays. If I could *only have a vacation.*"

"You have it now," repeated Jerry, "Goodbye."

Two days later Jerry's telephone rang. It was Crawford. She had had her vacation—two whole days. The sight of a bed was driving her wild.

work, work, work . . .

"Jerry," she said, "for heaven's sake, get me back to work. What's my next script?"

Maybe one good reason why Joan is the evergreen tree she is, is because she is still convinced, as she was twenty-one years ago, that she is the luckiest girl in the world to be making pictures. She is still the red-headed unreconstructed movie fan in Hollywood. She droops and sighs when she sees Garbo, Hepburn, or Cary Grant, who top her list of film crushes. She has a projection room in her home since she built it fifteen years ago, and it's a wonder the place isn't worn out. Every Crawford dinner guest knows what's coming after the dessert—a double feature, and probably a Mickey Mouse too.

Joan spends half her spare hours signing autographs. She has been chased and badgered all over the United States by breathless admirers, and she loves it almost as much as Van Johnson does. She can't even get too sore when they step out of bounds and insult her.

The other day Joan was browsing in a village dime store, when a little old lady followed her around the counter, cranning and peering into her face. Joan smiled, and the inquisitive Granny poked her finger right alongside Joan's left eye, felt, and then marveled thus,

"Why, your eyelids haven't been cut open to make your eyes bigger at all. There's no scar or anything!"

Joan's only retort was a good common sense one. "Of course they haven't," she explained. "If I did that, you see, my eyeballs would fall out."

The other day Joan visited her daughter Christina at school. When she came in

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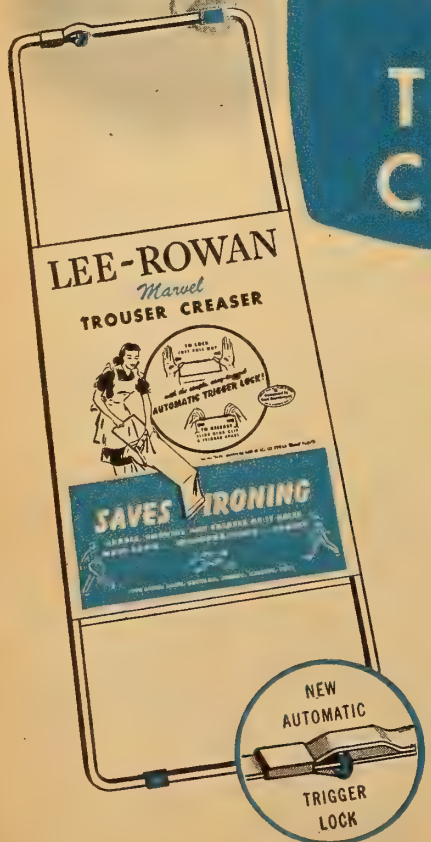

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all the moppets began whispering and squirming in their seats. "There's your Mama, Tina," they said. "It's Joan Crawford. Joan Crawford's your Mama, isn't she?"

That night Tina had to know how come they made such a fuss when she visited classes, when all the other mothers caused practically no stir at all. "And there's a boy at school," continued Tina indignantly, "who always yells 'your mother's a movie star, your mother's a movie star'."

"Does that make you mad?" asked Joan.

"No," said Tina, "but the way he yells it does."

"Bop him," advised Joan.

Joan was secretly relieved that she was ill and couldn't be on hand to collect her Academy Oscar in person last year. She confessed to a close friend "I would have cried all the way up to get it, and all the way back, and made a fool of myself."

But, get her into a picture and she knows what to do. What Crawford does is get lost. She is like her kids that way—movies are real to her. The only movie Christina has seen Joan in is *Dancing Lady*. Though an old one, Joan thought that it was better to show Tina than *Mildred Pierce* or the very adult *Humoresque* and *Possessed*.

Movies are very real to Joan Crawford. When she made *Possessed* she became convinced, until kidded out of it, that she was a neurotic. When she played the crying scene she couldn't stop when she got home, but bawled half the night.

Joan spent three days at the Los Angeles General Hospital getting atmosphere for that part. Those three nights she couldn't sleep a wink. The first day they were inside the psychopathic ward Joan emerged dripping tears like a sprinkler. Jerry Wald climbed into the car with her and they steamed out the gate. Joan was so blinded by her emotional showers that she plowed right through the red light. A cop hailed her down.

"What's the matter," he demanded, "in a hurry?"

"I," sobbed Joan, "have just come out of the psychopathic ward."

"Oh, you have, have you?" said the cop, diving for the wheel.

Jerry hastily explained what it was all about, and Joan got off with a lecture instead of a strait-jacket.

Joan doesn't stop with tossing herself out into every picture role she plays. It's a habit she has carried into her private life too. Her only perennial complaint about life is, "What can I do now?" She keeps three telephones at home ringing like fire alarms, then clamps the receiver to her ear with her shoulder so she can knit furiously with her hands free. She gardens like mad, and even cut down and sawed up sixteen eucalyptus trees that were in her backyard a few months ago.

She takes care of myriad business affairs every day on the side, and checks all the parcels and goings on about Grosvenor House, her twenty-one unit apartment. She would burst if she didn't have something to burn up her energy. When she goes shopping she leaves a trail of wilted dressmakers and salesgirls in her wake. Joan goes all out for everything.

A magazine called Joan up not long ago. They said they would like to snap a few pictures. "Sure," she agreed, "but I have just time for a few." The photographer left with 106!

Whether this lady's "ball of fire" temperament keeps her young, or vice-versa, no one knows—but plenty of women would like to. She can eat cream puffs all day long, although she likes filet, green onions, french fries, salad and ice cream best, and tosses not an airy thought to her figure. It's as trim and firm today as a

(*Continued on page 117*)

MALE ANIMAL

(*Continued from page 48*)

liked that car. He had lowered it, at the expense of the springs, and, properly handled, he could make it spin three or four times on the school lawn.

Then one afternoon he remembered the cinder track on the playing field; if he couldn't spin it at least a half dozen times on that, he didn't know his car. By the time he'd spent an hour practicing on the track, it was a shambles, and an outraged teacher was conducting him to the principal's office.

That gentleman leaned back in his chair and sighed when Rory came in. "My boy," he said, "do you realize you spend more time in my office than you do in class? What are you trying to prove?"

"Nothing," Rory said. "I just like to have a good time."

"Your good times are rather expensive for this school. I thought, by the way, that you were to be in the 200-yard dash and shot-put at the meet day after tomorrow."

"My gosh," Rory said. "I forgot all about it."

"Well, you can refresh your memory and at the same time repair the damage you've done by getting a drag, attaching it to your car, and spending tomorrow dragging the track into its former shape. At your own expense."

"Okay, sir."

"Oh, by the way . . ."

He turned at the door. "Yes, sir?"

"Good luck in the meet!"

That was in Santa Cruz, in Northern California, an idyllic little paradise that might have been designed for an energetic, healthy boy to grow up in. It is on the sea; it has rolling hills, and forests, and a population of tolerant, rather casual people. Nat Durgin, Rory's step-father, operated service stations and, on his comfortable income, provided his family with a nine-room house on three acres of ground. Much of the land had been converted to lawns, which it was Rory's privilege to mow when he might otherwise be occupied in hunting, swimming or riding.

One afternoon when he was seventeen, he stopped the mower beside a shade tree, sat down with his back against the trunk, and surveyed his situation. He was already six-three, as husky as any kid in the neighborhood, and full of beans.

He'd finished three years of high school, and it was simply not to his taste. He was happy only when he was streaking around the country in his jalopy with one of several young ladies who reserved their time for him, or when he was riding on the ranch of a friend, Henry Cowell, or when he was whooping it up with the fellows in town.

the open road . . .

Even then he was only mildly content. What I need, he thought, is to get away, see the country, go where I want and do whatever seems good to do. And as he finished the lawn, his resolve grew stronger.

That night, at dinner, he explained patiently to his parents what he had to do.

"But what'll you use for money?" his mother asked.

"I'll work for it. And I've got fifty bucks in the bank, until I find something."

His parents looked at each other. Nat shrugged. Rory's mother said, finally, "Well . . ." And Rory knew he had won.

It was a year later, and in Amarillo, Texas, that he became the proud owner of a 1939 Ford convertible. He had the

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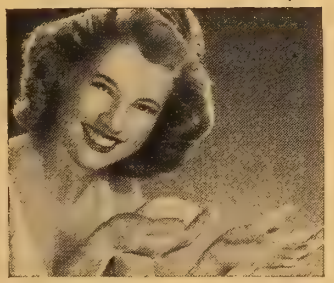

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down payment right there in his pocket.

As he drove his shiny new possession off into the hot Texas streets he reflected that, in twelve months, he had come pretty far.

He had left California by bus and his first stop had been Tombstone, Arizona. He could still smell the dry desert sage as he stood on the lonely road outside Tombstone, hitch-hiking. He remembered how he'd reached a ranch, finally, and remembered the foreman's voice asking, "Know anything about horses?" and his own voice, replying, "I can ride pretty well," and the foreman again: "We'll give you a try, son. The bunkhouse is over thisaway."

Six months of riding herd, patching fences and roisterous pay-day nights in Tombstone had been enough. Now, as he drove through the busy Amarillo traffic, he thought of himself as a young man who had accomplished something.

He had grown up considerably, he had learned a lot about life, as well as ranching and the oil business, and he was having a good time. He had never felt better in his life, in fact; and as this was Saturday, and he had a beautiful new car, he decided it was time to celebrate.

He drove to the best restaurant in Amarillo and ate a top sirloin of gargantuan proportions. Then he set out to find an evening for himself, knowing that no one goes to bed on Saturday night in that country, and that every joint within driving distance would be jumping.

There is, some miles out of Amarillo, a combination barbecue, bar and dancehall, which we will call Mack's Place.

Rory reached Mack's about eleven that Saturday night. He caught the bartender's eye. "Draw one," he shouted, and reached across four shoulders to get his glass of beer. As he turned, someone, a girl, jostled him and about half of the beer jumped out of the glass and splashed on her dress.

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Who said you can't tell a book by its cover? Every month MODERN SCREEN's colorful, exciting cover is your guarantee that there's a feast of beautiful color spreads and fascinating feature stories inside. Watch for our super-special Gene Tierney cover on the September issue—out August 12.

"Oh Lord, I'm *sorry,*" he said. Her eyes were blazing, but as she looked up at the handsome stranger her fury died away and she smiled.

"Why, it's nothing," she said, in a soft Texas drawl. "Just nothing at all. It was partly my fault." She dabbed ineffectually at her dress with the handkerchief he had given her.

Rory looked at this girl. She was very, very blonde. Her clothes were neat, but also gaudy, because she was a gaudy little personality. "Mmmm Mmm," Rory said. And: "Have you time for a dance or do you have to get back right away?"

"Back where?"

"To your guy."

"Oh." She looked him over once more, speculatively this time, "Why I just happen to be alone tonight. Sure, let's dance."

She did that well, too. Afterwards, she told Rory her name. "Sally," she said, and her voice made it sound like a caress.

For the next month or two, Rory seemed to get into more than his usual number of fights, and surprisingly many of them were over Sally. But it seemed to him to be worth it.

Until, on another memorable Saturday night, he stopped in at Mack's on his way to Sally's, bought some cigarettes, and then decided to wash the dust out of his throat with a beer. It was early, and the bar was almost deserted. Two men he had never seen before were sitting together, talking, and after a moment Rory began to listen idly.

"I just got in town," one was saying, "and went right out to see Sally. She said she's got this guy, a guy she likes, and he don't know nothing about me or any of the others, and she wants me to stay out of the way. How do you like that?"

Rory knocked his glass over with a sudden, involuntary movement. He said nothing. He stood up and walked out to his car. He drove to Sally's house. She was waiting for him, dressed to the eyes, which were sparkling in their frames of incredibly long, mascaraed lashes.

"Honey," she started, but he stopped her.

"Look. That first night, when we met, you said you didn't have a date . . . no ties at all. You came to Mack's with a date that night, didn't you? But walked out on him, didn't you?"

"I told you . . ."

"And all the others. They were guys you knew, guys you'd been out with."

"That isn't so. I . . ."

"Sally," he said, "you're a pathological, perpetual liar. You don't care what trouble I get into, so long as you get what you want." He told her what he'd overheard.

"I just wanted you," she said plaintively. "I've never had anything nice, never known a boy like you . . ."

And the palpable phoniness, the cheap

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"The three of us alone at last!"

B movie histrionics of her act, made him feel at once sick and somehow, scornfully amused. On a sudden impulse he reached out, turned her over his knee, and spanked her as he would a child. When he set her back on her feet he said, "I hope that did you some good, but I doubt it."

After that, there were a few more years to go on his odyssey, before he returned to his home. In the Spring of 1940, he went to Oklahoma and got a job in the oil fields there. He stayed until, one morning, he blew his top at a foreman who had learned to box in school, just as Rory had.

This time, the outcome was different. Whereupon Rory left abruptly, and went to Mountain City, Nevada, where there was a working mine and a mining camp.

And he stayed there for awhile, until one day . . .

But the story repeats itself. It repeats itself up to 1943—with one outstanding exception. That was when he ate a dish of coleslaw in a restaurant and discovered, too late, that it had a tack in it. The tack punctured part of his intestine and, after it was extracted, he was told that this would always be a tender spot.

The fact is important primarily because it ruined his chances to get into the service when war broke.

In 1943, just before he turned twenty-one, his family wrote asking him to come home for his birthday. It seemed a reasonable request. He was only three days late, in consequence of being held up by a troop train; and in all fairness, he had to admit that home looked wonderful to him again after the open spaces of Arizona and Texas and Oklahoma and Nevada.

He decided to stay. He knew a ranger, Les Gun, who told him of the benefits he might have if he worked for the Division of Forestry in the Santa Cruz mountains. If Rory could pass the proper tests, he could be a truck foreman with five men under him, make $78 a month, with room and board, and have four days off a month . . . fight fires in hot weather, and live in the manner to which he had accustomed himself during the past four years.

Rory took the job.

a visit to hollywood . . .

But in February of 1944, he had twelve days' leave accumulated, and decided to spend it in Hollywood, visiting his great-grandmother and aunt, who lived in Culver City. And whereas grandmothers and aunts are dear and pleasant to talk to, especially at mealtimes, there are other things to do in Hollywood, too.

One of them is horseback-riding over some of the most beautiful bridal paths in the world. One afternoon Rory did this, and on the path stopped to give assistance to a chap whose horse had picked up a pebble; and the chap turned out to be a representative of the Sue Carol Talent Agency who liked Rory and talked him into taking a crack at the movies.

Soon afterwards Sue Carol and husband Alan Ladd gave a dinner party to which Rory was invited, as was Selznick executive Henry Willson, who had previously discovered Guy Madison.

At the dinner party, Henry could not help noticing that strange young man who stood out in the crowd not only because he towered over everyone else but because all the women present kept drifting in his direction as if drawn by a magnet.

"If this is true in this sophisticated group," Henry mused, "what would happen if the American Girl should see him?" Henry thought he could guess.

So he said to the young man, "Have you ever thought about being an actor?"

"No," said Rory.

"Well, start thinking about it," Henry told him. . .

Obviously, he has!

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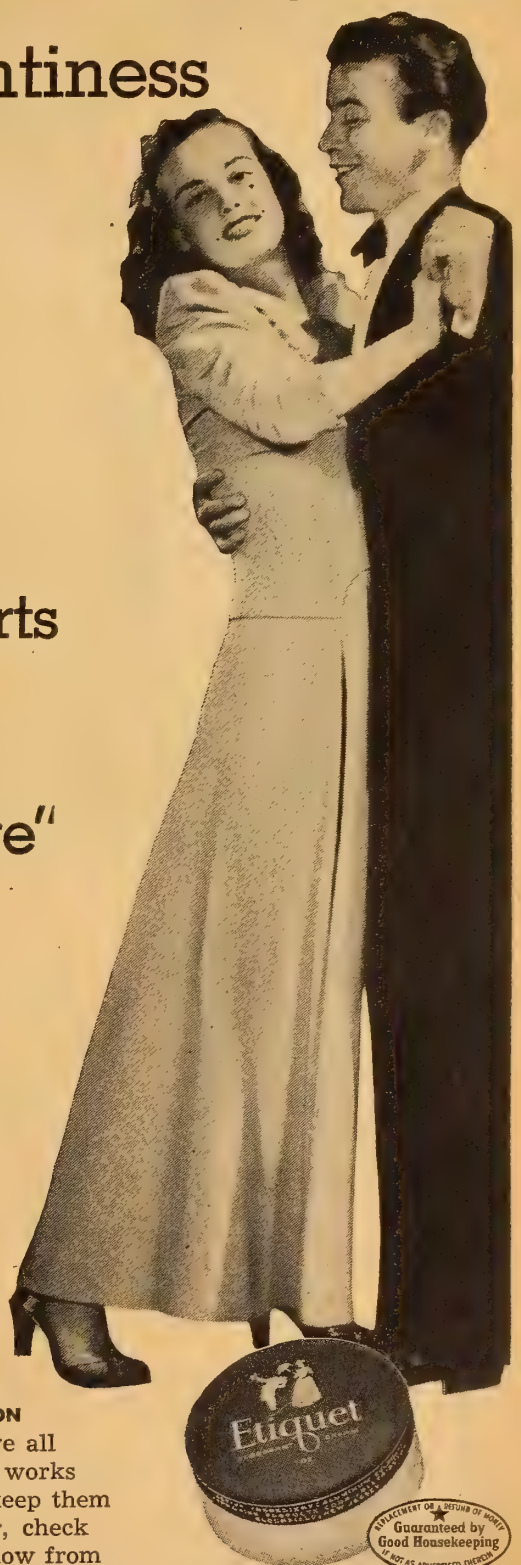

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WELCOME STRANGER

(*Continued from page 35*)

new babies," I said, "I love 'em!"

"Well, come on in and look at her," smiled Bette, with the special proud smile only a brand-new mother can beam. "Isn't she a darling?"

Miss Barbara Sherry certainly is—every dainty, beautiful inch of her. She's healthy and pink and perfectly formed, the right length and the right color with a sweet little round face. "Sherry all over," laughed Bette. "You wouldn't think I'd had a thing to do with her. Look at that widow's peak with a hint of red hair, and those sky-blue eyes." Just then Bill Sherry himself walked in and I saw what she meant. I'd met "Sherry" (as everyone calls him), Bette's handsome husband, before, but in a suit you couldn't possibly guess what a handsome Greek god he is. Now he'd run up fresh from the sea with the water still glistening on his mahogany tanned skin.

"It's absolutely sinful for a man to have a widow's peak and eyes like Sherry's," sighed Bette. "But how a girl can use them!"

"She's a lucky baby," I agreed.

"So are we," grinned Sherry.

"Especially me," said Bette. "You know, Hedda, I've wanted Barbara for so many years I can't tell you. I used to think it was awful I hadn't had her when I was twenty-one. But now I realize how perfect it is to have her at my age. When I was a youngster, I was struggling so hard to get somewhere. Now I've got the time to enjoy her."

I looked at Bette. She was reclining on a big, yellow chaise longue in the small guest house where her doctor put her when she begged to come home.

"You look like a baby yourself," I told her, and I meant it. I had never seen Bette look so well. For the first time that I could remember, she was relaxed and rested. She was in trim black satin slacks and a flowered wool challis blouse that made her look gay and young and pretty and she had on ballet slippers that cut her down to little girl size. She looked incomparably happy, and so did Sherry.

maybe next time . . .

I asked him the question I'd asked Bette before, "Are you glad it's a girl?" Bette'd said, "*I* am. I can't wait to dress her up. She's just what I wanted." Sherry said now, "I wanted a boy, sure, but you can bet I'm head over heels in love with this one." He smiled. He has an even, confident, ingratiating smile, kindly but masculine as a left hook. "Maybe next time there'll be a boy."

"Don't let him fool you," interrupted Bette. "This is my sole production. She's our family." Bette said she wasn't planning on any more children. "Not," she said, "because I had a hard time. I didn't. Right now I feel better than I have for years. But then," she added, "I ought to. It's the first vacation I've had since I was grown up. And for the first time in years, I'm completely happy. It sounds trite, I know, but I'm at peace at last."

I looked at the bronzed man who bent proud looks on his family, and I thought Bette certainly deserves all this: a happy home, a wonderful husband, an adorable child. She's given the screen unsparingly of her talent, ridden it with all her strength and brains. But inside, she's always longed for just this.

"How does it seem, Bette," I asked her, "to have a big handsome man like this around the house?"

She said one word, "Wonderful!"

Bill looked as if he could drop through the floor. "This is where I duck out," he gasped. He fixed the fire before he left, and Bette and I and Barbara, her sister, had a strictly female session, one of the most pleasant and gratifying I'd had in a long time.

Barbara and Bette have always been very close; there's a strong family feeling in the Davis clan and Aunt Barbara is whom Baby B is named for. Barbara said she'd show me around the house later, pinch-hitting for Bette, who wasn't supposed to climb stairs just yet. In fact, grinned Bette, she wasn't even supposed to be home just yet.

"But I simply hate hospitals," she confessed. "It's a complex. I'd barely come out of the ether when I started begging the doctor to come home. He finally said, 'Okay—if you'll do just what you'd do in the hospital.' So on the fifth day, I brought home my nurse and Sherry fixed up this guest house just like the Santa Ana hospital. I haven't even been in the main house yet. I do everything I'm supposed to—only I'm not supposed to see anyone—and here I am talking my head off to you! I feel very wicked. But," she laughed, "frankly, I'm just bursting to talk about that baby of mine. And you're the very first person—outside of the doctor and my family—who's seen Barbara."

"That's an honor I won't forget," I told Bette. "I'm a grandmaw myself, you know," I reminded her, "and I've just got to hear all about it."

I wanted to know a lot of things. For one, why Bette had decided to have her baby in California, instead of at Butternut Hill, her New Hampshire home, as she'd originally planned. The reason for the change in plans, she explained, was that her country place in the East was sixty-five miles over rough country roads to the hospital where she'd planned to go. She decided wisely that it wasn't worth the risk. Something might happen on that all-important, last-minute ride that might have been serious for the baby. Bette hasn't worried a speck about herself from the day she first expected Barbara. "No, I wasn't frightened for a minute,"

she answered my question. "Not even when they took me to the hospital. I knew from the start everything was going to be all right. I'd waited for it so long. It just *had* to be all right. Oh," she sighed, "but I'm so grateful she's sound and healthy! I thank God every night for that."

Bette had another reason for having Barbara in Laguna. That's Sherry's home. She knew, too, that she'd resume her screen career sometime this year in California. So she decided to find herself a new home, furnish and fix it up, to keep herself busy during those dull last months before her baby came. She wanted her house all ready to come home to. "So," she explained, "I could enjoy it and the baby together."

It's a dream house, all right, not big, but one of the loveliest I've ever seen on any seacoast. It's fastened to a rocky cliff overlooking Wood's Cove, and from every window there's a breathtaking view of sea and sky. I knew, before "Aunt Barbara" offered to show me around, that, being Bette Davis' house, it would have comfort and charm and homeyness—all her other houses have. I wasn't disappointed. I'd like to tell you about the place where the Sherry family lives.

There's a sweet entrance hall to the main house, paneled in natural wood with old English prints covering the wall. On the right there's a tiny library, covered from floor to ceiling with bookshelves, packed with books. There's a fireplace and a big club chair, a desk and typewriter. Bette uses that as her office, because motherhood won't stop her from running all her own business affairs, you can be sure. I peeked inside this Davis sanctum and then trotted down a hall to the big living room, bathed from windows in the soft North light that artists love. Even this main room is a work room. It's where Sherry paints, up against the huge pane that brings the blue sea right into the room. The walls are covered with his oils—landscapes, marines, still life—beautiful things revealing really superb talent and craftsmanship. On his easel by the window that day rested an unfinished canvas, a winter scene he'd started at Butternut Hill—a lovely view, snowy New Hampshire hills, huge frosted trees, red barn, a church so real it made me homesick.

design for living . . .

Bette's whole house is painted in a lovely restful green. In her living-room the furniture is designed for comfort. By the window there's a great chaise longue, big enough for two to sit in and look at the sunsets. There's a vast easy chair, some antique rockers, and a low, pine coffee table.

The dining room's upstairs, a small, family one, dressed with an old-fashioned walnut table and chairs and the last antique (she loves 'em) that Bette bought before Baby Barbara came. Wide French doors open out to a porch with a wrought iron table and chairs; another porch sweeps around the whole front of the house, and below that a terrace juts out to make a rocky garden splashed with flowers. There's a barbecue patio there, and where the cliffs drop away to the sea, a shallow pool which fills and empties with each tide, perfect for a baby to splash in. Everywhere you look the view is dazzling.

Bette and Sherry's bedroom is on the top floor as their house climbs up the cliff. It's the plainest room in the house—just a huge four-poster bed with barely room on each side for a chair and a chest, and there's a balcony opening out to the sea. The guest room's topside, too, a cottagey,

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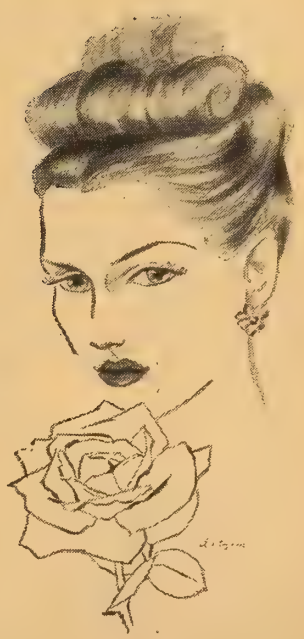

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chintz-draped place with twin beds and comforters of soft beige Chinese chinchilla at their feet. There's no finery, either, in the nursery, a pretty pink one with Sherry's sketches here and there and a beauty of a bassinette where Baby Barbara slumbers when she's not in her mama's lap getting her bottle.

I had a hard time pulling myself away from that nursery, though. Because in an old Spanish chest that Sister Barbara found and bought for Bette, were the baby clothes I knew Bette had the thrill of her life assembling for the great event. I'd asked her if I could see them all—(I get a kick out of baby clothes still)—and Bette said, "Sure you can—but don't look too closely at the ones I made. I do the most appalling things with a needle!" She collected her layette from all over. One prize that took my eye, which came all the way from England, was a short christening robe, with the most delicate lace gathered on the daintiest knitted wool bodice over a lace skirt. A British friend of Bette's sent it, and it's just about the cutest thing I've ever seen. When I told Bette that, she sighed happily. "I can't wait to dress her up in that." Then she laughed, "When my doctor saw all those clothes, he snorted, 'Mrs. Sherry, I hate to disillusion you, but you'll never use them. For the first year all you'll need are diapers and a nightshirt or two.'

"'Don't be too sure about that,' I told him. 'Whether she needs it or not, I'm going to dress her up—just for myself.'" And don't think Bette won't; that's part of the fun of having a doll like Barbara, and Bette's set to enjoy every thrilling experience she's dreamed about for years. But I'll bet a couple of cookies she'll never spoil or pamper that baby, no matter how precious she is to her maw. Her third day home Barbara was right outdoors in the sunshine—at only eight days! One thing Bette Davis has always proved—that she's got good solid sense. With her there's no glamor about this baby, only thankful appreciation. I asked Bette if she'd got any baby-shower loot from the Hollywood glamor girls. She shook her head.

The only shower Bette had was from some of her and Sherry's Laguna Beach friends—not a movie star, incidentally, among them.

something from the boss . . .

But when I asked what Jack Warner, her studio boss, gave her, she hopped up off her chaise longue like a girl athlete, against, I'm sure, doctor's orders. "Just wait till you see," she cried. She opened a dresser drawer, drew out a jewel box and opened it. There on a gold chain were three lovely large pearls, the start of a necklace for Barbara. It was a wonderful gift and showed, I thought, that the people she works with and for think a lot of the gal.

We were on the subject of presents, so I asked Bette, "What did Sherry give you for having the baby?" And I got a typical Davis reply that said just what she felt.

"He gave me the baby," smiled Bette. "I think that's present enough." And so do I!

When the nurse took Barbara away at last for her beauty sleep, I chatted with Bette about her own plans for the future. I'd heard she was to make *African Queen* next with James Mason—and after that, *Ethan Frome*. Bette said both were out any time soon for pretty obvious reasons. She couldn't make *African Queen* because it's an active part which would have her climbing all over a ship and falling into water. *Ethan Frome*, because it's set in deep New England winter, can't be made until there are tons of snow somewhere. But Bette promised me she'd be back on a Hollywood sound stage sometime in August—if someone can come up with the right story. Even if she makes one then, she'll have been away from theaters for almost two years before it's released. Because the picture she had finished just before she stopped for the stork, *Deception*, was quickly released.

"Just think," she considered, "by then I'll almost be a new face on the screen. I wonder," she mused, "if they'll like me? You know, Hedda," said Bette Davis, "I've always wondered what it would be like to start all over again. Maybe I'll find out."

"Don't count on that," I warned her. "There are a lot of people who'll have pretty long memories about Bette Davis."

There are a lot of other things that Bette and Sherry and the new family have plans for, namely some trips in their new trailer —a beautiful deluxe job to whisk them off into the woods and mountains. Sherry's strictly an athlete who loves the outdoor life and Bette is pretty determined to share those pleasures with the man she married. Right now the super-trailer's parked on the Warner lot, but they'll get it moving, soon as they can.

oh, to be in england . . .

They've got definite plans, too, to go to England. Sherry's dying to paint the English countryside and Bette, I know, is dying to make a British picture, for she feels that the British are making Hollywood productions look pretty silly right now. Her conscientious brow clouded, though, at her own hopes.

"Tell me, Hedda," she asked, "when you were over there last year, did you feel like you were taking food out of the mouths of the people?"

"I certainly did," I confessed, "every minute."

"That's how I'd feel, I'm afraid," she fretted. "But maybe by the time I can go things will be different."

I don't think things will be particularly different, though, with Bette Davis, as a Hollywood star, since her happy marriage and motherhood. Bette's still a rugged individualist, canny about her career, but I know that around their home there's just one boss—that's Sherry. And Bette loves it. I don't think, however, that Sherry will ever lift a finger to interfere with Bette's Hollywood decisions. That's a thing apart from her home, a thing Bette can take care of beautifully.

In fact, come to think of it, Bette Davis can take care of almost anything else she sets her mind to—even her baby's birthday. I think one of the most typical Davis sidelights on Barbara's birth is that Bette brought her into the world exactly when she said she would! Two weeks before the stork came, a rumor got around that Bette's baby would arrive the very next day. I checked with a friend of mine and Bette's in Laguna.

"Don't you believe it," she said. "Bette's planned on having a May Day baby and that's when she's going to have it—May first."

"Now wait a minute," I protested, "you just can't call blessed events that way!"

"Well," said our mutual friend. "You know Bette—"

Well, that's when Bette Davis had her daughter, May 1, 1947, as advertised. And sunny and sweet as a May day she is, too, that Baby Barbara. As I waved goodbye to Bette, I remembered the name of a certain picture Bette Davis made once. I'm not much of a one for prophetic omens or things like that—but if any star ever made a title come true for herself, it's Bette Davis. Because that's just what she's got today—what she's deserved for a long, long time— All This and Heaven, Too.

POISE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

(*Continued from page 69*)

and only important luxuries cluttering my existence. How many bedrooms do you need anyhow?"

"One, if single," Myrna said, "one-half if married."

"Married or single, I need a room of my own," Gene told her. Then he turned to her suddenly. "Darling," he said, "what do you say we stop all this nonsense and get married?"

"Well, darling," Myrna said, "I think it's a splendid idea."

Gene looked at his wife-to-be thoughtfully. "Can this be the girl who sixteen years ago felt I was too worldly for her uninvolved tastes and experiences?"

"Not quite the same girl. I've grown up a bit, in your direction. And you have—shall we say 'simplified' in my direction. We are both adult, I think." Her smile was warm, exciting. "And now," she said, her throaty chuckle breaking through, "suppose you tell me more about the house we will have . . ."

During that first year in the tiny Connecticut salt-box he found on the outskirts of the Uplifters' Club in Santa Monica, Gene and Myrna settled easily into the kind of life they had envisioned for themselves.

The house, compact and of classic design, was a focal point of that existence. It had a comfortably large master bedroom, for Myrna, and a smaller room and two baths upstairs; a study, living room, kitchen and service rooms downstairs. Over the garage there were quarters for the two Filipino stewards Gene had brought with him from the Navy.

They furnished the place in comfortable Early American, of course, except Gene's room. "It should have a certain austerity, if you don't mind," he directed. "I'm used to ships' quarters. No frills."

ship-shape . . .

So Myrna put in a boxy single bed that looked like an oversized tailored couch by day, and books from floor to ceiling, and a desk and cabinets for filing papers, and his pet boxing prints. She had brought to him, as a dowry, one of the finest wine cellars in California—although she never drinks herself—and they dug a concrete-lined cave in the hillside behind the herb garden to house it.

It took only a month or so for Gene to discover that the "perfect" wife of the screen was more than that outside the studio.

He discovered that she was a magnificent cook, for one thing, with a library of some 94 cook books and a natural flair for the sort of dishes he liked.

She was never in a hurry, but she was always on time, and while other people spluttered and grew red-faced and irritable she accomplished minor miracles of efficiency calmly and without apparent effort. When, as he often liked to do, he brought home male acquaintances of diversified backgrounds, she always managed to select a menu to their varied tastes.

He found a deep and abiding respect for her as one of the two or three actresses who gave up their careers entirely during the war in order to do a service job. Hers had been a majestic assignment: Assistant to the Director of Military and Navy Welfare, North Atlantic area, for the Red Cross. Her area had covered the entire North Atlantic seaboard.

She told him a little about it, one evening. "I wasn't always as perfectly efficient as I'd have liked to have been," she

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said. "There was one incident that still bothers me. It was in Atlantic City, in that hospital for amputees and the blind, and malaria cases. In 1945, that was, one day when I took time off for a personal visit to the wards.

"There was that one chap on the sun porch. A big fellow, tall and nice looking, with blue eyes and a butch haircut and a wary smile. 'How do you do, Miss Loy?' he said. He had impeccable manners.

"In the face of his poise I was a little disconcerted. My mind wasn't clicking too well, but I was determined not to bring forth the usual clichés. I said, 'Gosh, where did you get that tan?'

"It was a 'tan' derived from South Pacific diseases and atabrine, of course. He answered, without malice, 'Ma'am, you mean *when* did I get that tan.'"

They were sitting together on the rear terrace, watching the changing color of the hills and not speaking, relishing the time of day and their lazy mood and the quiet intimacy of the moment. The cat, coal black from nose to tail, came slowly out of the dusk and walked toward them.

This cat was, or at least had been, in obvious trouble. It had not eaten anything much for some time, nor was it decently groomed. It looked battered by fate, and its eyes said as much.

"Don't get up," Myrna said warningly. "You might frighten him. Let him decide."

They sat waiting, and after a moment the cat came up to the terrace and stood there, a tentative look about its ears, and with melancholy tail.

"Kitty?" asked Myrna.

The cat did not budge.

Gene got up, walked over to the cat, lifted it and cradled it in his arms. He stroked his head. The cat began to purr. "I guess he's going to stay," Gene said. "This chap's had a bad time up in the hills. Look, his left ear's gone. And the scars on his back . . ."

"he's" having kittens . . .

Myrna accepted the scrawny animal from him and held it close. She felt suddenly protective. Then, intrigued.

"We've been calling this cat 'he,'" she said.

"Of course."

Gene looked closely at the cat again. "You women," he said.

"We must make her a warm bed, and feed her up. She's eating for two."

"You mean for five or six," Gene said.

While they were fixing a bed in an orange crate for the new cat, Gene said, "I've learned a few things about you since our marriage. It might amuse you if I told you about them."

"Yes."

"Well I've learned that although you have a superb acquired taste for clothes, you pay no attention to them. Where's your wardrobe?"

"Upstairs, silly."

"And you have a few trinkets, to wear when you dress up."

"Yes."

"To be perfectly honest, you have a superb collection of jewels."

She raised her left eyebrow at him. "What're you getting at?"

"Only that I've never seen you in anything but peasant skirts and blouses. You usually look as if you lived in a Mexican fishing village."

"We very nearly do."

"I see. It's a matter of comfort—silly to wear that wardrobe for this kind of a house." He added hastily, "I like what you wear. Naturally. I was only curious."

She sat staring into space, expressionless.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"You know what's the matter?"

"I don't."

"That trade paper. Listing me as a Communist."

His laughter was composed of relief and derision. "Are you kidding?"

"I won't have it."

"No one will pay any attention to that sort of untrue thing about you."

She stared at him in disbelief. "You've lost your perspective, then. People do believe what they read. I'm a liberal. But I'm not subversive. I'm not a Communist. I couldn't be. Nobody can say that about me."

He looked at her silently for a long moment. Finally he said, "You really are sore!"

"Yes," she said, simply, her superb control straining to hold her anger.

"It's the first I've ever seen you really angry."

"Then this is the first time. I tell you I won't have it. I've already called my attorneys, and I'm going to sue."

"I've always said that the great thing you had was excitement with tranquillity."

She spoke quietly. "You turn a neat phrase, Gene, to quiet me. But this anger is more than excitement. I shall sue these makers of false information. Then I can find tranquillity. I'm glad it pleases you."

When, a few days later, the excitement was over, and retractions printed, and The Great Rage of Myrna Loy had been satisfactorily calmed, Gene told her his plan for their belated honeymoon.

"Originally, I thought of India," he said, "but we couldn't get there before the hot weather sets in. How about Cairo? We'll stop at Shepheards. You've never been there and Egypt is fascinating. We can even take a barge up the Nile, if you like. Do you like the idea?"

"It sounds perfect to me," Myrna said equably. "We'll have a lovely time, and I'll ride a camel."

"You don't sound too excited at the prospect."

"I am excited," she told him, "but to tell the truth, I'm so happy here in this little house, with the cat and dog and the lime trees, that I can't jump up and down over the prospect of leaving. Still, it'll be so nice to come back to."

"We don't want to like home so much that we turn into sticks-in-the-mud."

"Why not?" she asked, with a smile that said more than a thousand words.

After a moment he said, smiling back, "Darling, you have me there."

MODERN SCREEN

WHO, ME?

(*Continued from page 46*)

"H-Heavens no," sobbed Betty. "You were wonderful. I'm crying because I'm —wah-wah—so h-h-happy!"

Larry sighed with relief and looked around the big room. "Say," he exclaimed, "you know where we are? This is the Board of Directors' room! Imagine us," he laughed, "picking this great big place for a family cry!"

Betty dabbed her nose and grinned. "It's a g-good place," she said, "It's a great big occasion."

Since then everything that's happened has proved Betty Garrett right as the rain in her face. It was indeed a great big occasion—for Larry Parks, for Betty and for Columbia Studios, whose inner sanctum that pair pinched for an emotional moment. *The Jolson Story* went right out from there to bust records in every theater it played, to make more money than a Columbia picture has ever made—$7,000,000 so far and they're betting it eventually rivals *Gone With the Wind*—to play first runs on Broadway twice for the first time in history, to revive a whole lost era of songs, make a new career for Al Jolson—and to make Larry Parks a 1947 screen swoon combo of Van Johnson, Guy Madison and Frankie Sinatra, all rolled up into one—the new star-of-the-year, whether he believes it or not.

Not long after, Larry rolled regretfully back to Hollywood from his too brief reunion with his across-the-Continent-wife. Betty Garrett got a call backstage one night before the *Call Me Mister* curtain went up.

"This is the manager of the Radio City Music Hall," a voice explained. "Can you come over tomorrow afternoon? We've got a job for you."

Betty was baffled. "I've already got a job," she protested.

"This one's for your husband," chuckled the Music Hall boss. "And I think you'll like it."

ladder of success . . .

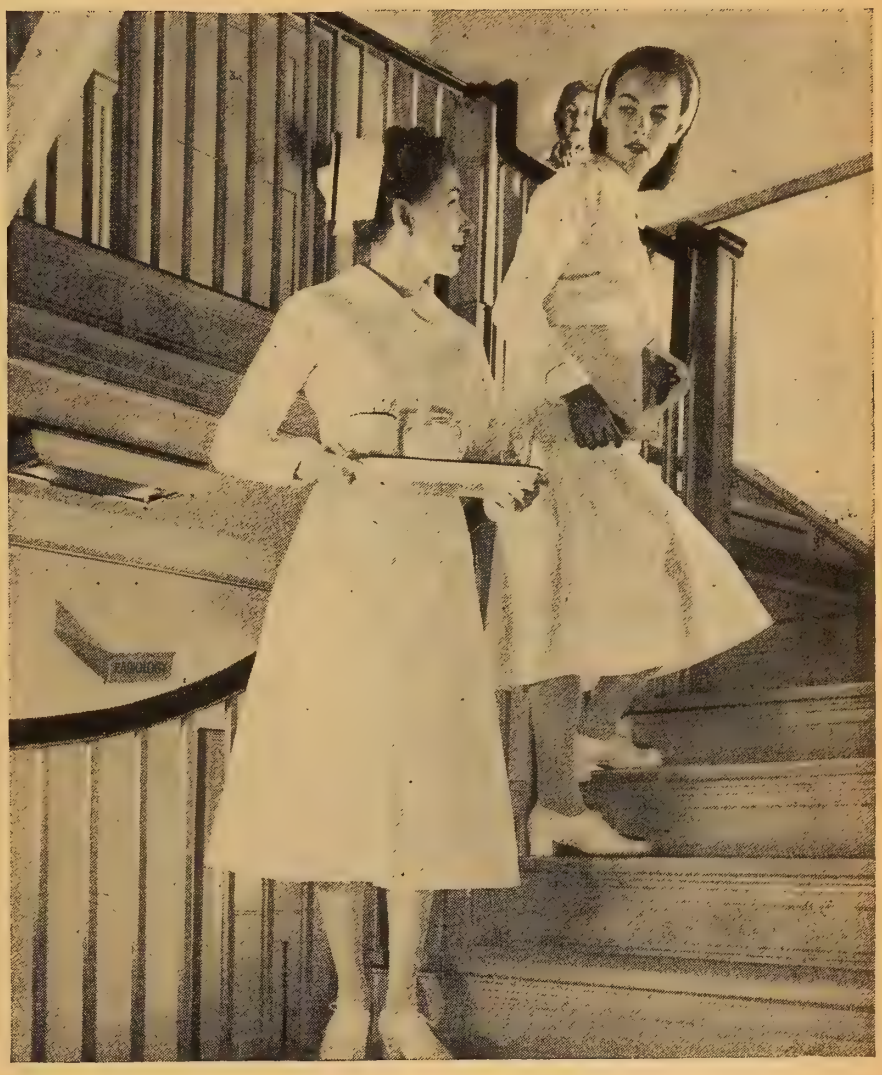
When Betty showed up, they asked her if she'd like to climb a ladder out front and change the letter-lights on the marquee around a little. They read, "*The Jolson Story* with Larry Parks," at that point. "For the first time in the history of this house," said the manager, "we'd like to switch things around and give a star front billing. Think you can change that to 'Larry Parks in *The Jolson Story*'?"

"Watch me," grinned Betty, scooting up the ladder.

One of the swellest things about the long-delayed break and success of this dark, wavy-haired Parks guy is that he's had the girl he loves around to share it. Betty's just about the best builder-upper a sensitive fellow like Larry could have. Larry admits that without her he's the type to slip into deep sulks and take a dim view of this and that. "I'm just a mean and nasty man," he smiles slowly. "Betty's the ray of sunshine." Larry's the type to crease a wrinkle in his brow at the height of his triumph and start worrying about what comes next. Even after *The Jolson Story* proved all his worry warts about it were fakes, Larry couldn't relax. He made *Down to Earth* with Rita Hayworth and then *The Swordsman*, a couple of exhausting Technicolors—bang, bang like that—because he couldn't stop after the grinding job of imitating Al Jolson for eight long, night-and-day months.

Right now he's trying to take it easy—for the first time in six years. Sometimes

Who would know better than the girls in white?



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he's happy; sometimes he's blue. He's a black Irishman that way, with a touch of melancholy Teuton. One minute he's glooming that these last two pictures don't measure up to *The Jolson Story* for him. The next minute, he's full of youthful enthusiasm. "The next," he says, "just has to be better, or they'll say I'm a freak!"

Larry was dead sure he didn't have a chance to get an Academy Oscar at last February's awards. He'd been nominated for Hollywood's highest honor—sure—but so what? He was still a Hollywood nobody, he figured, fresh out of the rut of Westerns, whodunits and the odd quickie jobs he'd been doing for years, where if you dropped dead they kept shooting right over your prostrate body.

Larry had no idea he'd land in the finals until the morning he shuffled out on the front porch in his mules, as usual, and picked up his paper. There he was on the front page, nominated for the best performance of the year. He shuffled back into Betty's kitchen and almost poked the percolator off the stove with the paper. "Hey," he marvelled. "Can you beat this?"

"I'll bet you get it," stated Betty pronto, sparkling sunshine right away.

"Are you crazy?" gasped Larry, shocked at the very idea.

Well, the night of the Award shindig, Larry and Betty, Cornel and Pat Wilde, Glenn Ford and a few close buddies circled a table and everyone was on an expectant edge—except Larry. He felt like a ringer, like a guy in on a pass. All the great star names of Hollywood suffocated the room with glamor and greatness. That had never bothered Larry Parks before, but he'd never been stacked up against it before, either.

They read off the nominations at last and flashed the brief best scenes of each on a screen. All were as short as a wartime shirttail but when Larry's turn came, his scene ran longer than any of the rest. They picked the "Mammy" number and the whole song reeled off. The applause, too, was longer, and louder. For a split second even Larry Parks wondered, against his convictions, if maybe he didn't have a chance. The hearts at his table, especially Betty's, beat like snare drums until the final announcement came, that Fredric March was the lucky winner.

couldn't cut "mammy" short . . .

But on the way out, Betty ran into a Hollywood director who was on the award committee. He grabbed her hand. "Did you see?" he asked. "We left your fellow's scene on longer than anybody else's. Nobody on the committee had the heart to cut that marvelous 'Mammy' number short—it was too good. Frankly," he whispered, "I thought Larry should have won the award."

When Betty told that to Larry he only shook his head. "You must have misunderstood him," he said.

"You're just hopeless!" sighed Betty.

It's taken a flock of potent signs and portents to halfway convince Larry Parks that he's anything extra-special, even after he's seen the evidence piling up: weekly headlines in the trade papers about the whirlwind success of *The Jolson Story*, floods of critical rave clippings that still pour daily into Columbia, the stacks of fan mail that are putting humps on Hollywood postmen's backs, interviewers hot on his trail with pad and pencil, offers for radio jobs that swamp him every week, urgent pleas from other studios all over Hollywood to star him in the biggest productions with the most glamorous lady stars.

All those things seem a little unreal to a steady working veteran of a pot-pourri of 34 pictures before he ever got this break he'd never dreamed of. In all that time the only fuss that had ever been made about Larry Parks was in his home town of Joliet, Illinois. "Joliet's Own Larry Parks" bannered every picture he made that came to that loyal home town, whether it was a shoot-em-up hoss opera or a two-line bit in an A. But in Hollywood nobody looked twice at the little white bungalow where he lived with his mother. The neighbors dismissed it with "A fellow who acts in the movies lives there, Parks his name is, I believe—ever hear of him?" Everybody has neighbors like that in Hollywood. Larry'd come and gone about his business for the last three or four years without any rubbernecking or curiosity about his private life. He'd trotted in and out of the gate at Columbia, too, getting "Hi, Larry" or just "Okay, Bud."

The first indication that changes had been made smacked him the week *The Jolson Story* opened in Hollywood, a smash hit from the start. Larry was making *The Swordsman* then. He breezed in the gate one day as usual. "Good morning, Mister Parks," said the gateman.

Larry stopped. Something sounded funny. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Good morning, Mister Parks."

"Oh," rallied Larry. "Good morning." It sort of embarrassed him. He just wasn't used to that treatment.

And out in Nichols Canyon, where he lives, he was just as slow to comprehend the spotlight that started to beam right away on his front door. The houses along the canyon are just a hop across a concrete ditch conveying a stream runoff from the Hollywood hills. Larry's windows are so close to the street that cars driving by can look right in. But he'd never paid much attention to the cars that whizzed up and down the canyon.

He didn't get it at first when they stopped whizzing, and drove very slowly up and then very slowly down, with people peering at his place excitedly as if it were on fire or something. Sundays it looked like a funeral procession. "What's so funny about this house?" he asked Betty.

"Three guesses," replied Betty. "You."

"Oh," said Larry.

Then there was Norma, the ten-year-old girl next door, and her sudden popularity. Norma had always chased around with the neighborhood kids her age. Suddenly her girl friends seemed awfully old for Norma—fifteen and sixteen. They crowded her front yard. Larry observed naïvely one day, "Betty, why do you suppose Norma

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last July, while passing by the Paramount Theater, I saw a group of people gathered around a very attractive young lady, asking for her autograph. Suddenly, a man staggered up—visibly under the influence of alcohol. He pushed his way through the crowd, pushed a $50 bill in the star's face, and asked her to sign it. As she did so, he asked the crowd, "Who's she, anyway?" The star glibly answered, "Oh, I'm Ginny Simms." He walked away looking very confused—for the autograph on his $50 bill read, "Dinah Shore Montgomery." Dinah handled that situation very well, I think.

Lucille Mayer,
Brooklyn, New York

likes to play with such grown-up girls?" Betty gave him another of those indulgent it's-time-you-were-told looks. "They don't come to see Norma, you silly," she enlightened Larry. "Who lives next door?"

"Well, I'll be darned!" laughed Larry.

What really made him blush, though, and still does, is a troupe of teen-aged fans who, Larry thinks, must have seen *The Jolson Story* at least a hundred times. They roll up in a group of jalopies, park out front and serenade him with scenes from the picture. "Hey, Larry," they yell. "What do you want today—'Mammy' or 'The Anniversary Song'? How's about doing the balcony scene?" And they rip it right off, so good that he can't help getting a kick out of it. What makes Larry blush is the fact that the kids remember the scenes more perfectly than he does!

One reason Larry is slow on the up-take with his new glamor is that at heart Larry Parks is just naturally as cautious as a cat. He's got his feet pretty solidly clamped to *terra firma* and his handsome head's hard to turn. His long years knocking about Hollywood taught him all the answers and made him pretty much proof against the vagaries of movie fortunes. By now, Larry believes it only when he sees it, and even now that he's seeing it, he's not one to go all a-flutter or to sail off into astral spaces. Under his magnetic screen personality, the Parks is the type to shun the spectacular and startling. There's a conservative side to Larry that's almost late George Apley.

Betty's favorite story of her best beau is about the day they went down to the Los Angeles Hall of Records for their marriage license. Betty and Larry's romance was pretty much a case of love at first sight. They'd met long before in New York when they were both kids trying to crack Broadway. But they really got to know and love each other when Larry, producing an Actors' Lab play in Hollywood, cast Betty Garrett for a fill-in part. Betty had just left an Olsen and Johnson show on Broadway for a three months' California vacation, and found herself with time on her hands. So she'd hunted up that select group of Hollywood players who stage plays at the Lab just for the satisfaction of doing something artistic for a change. Larry was a charter member of that gang (who put on some of the finest acting in America these days) and Larry still is. But Betty Garrett took his mind off art the minute he saw her.

caught in the act . . .

Anyway, they both knew what they wanted and right away. So one September morn, almost three years ago now, they dropped into the license bureau to pay their two dollars for that fatal slip. When they signed up, a newspaper reporter sniffed a story in Larry's occupation, "screen actor" and "singer." He started asking questions.

"How long have you and Miss Garrett been engaged?" he wanted to know.

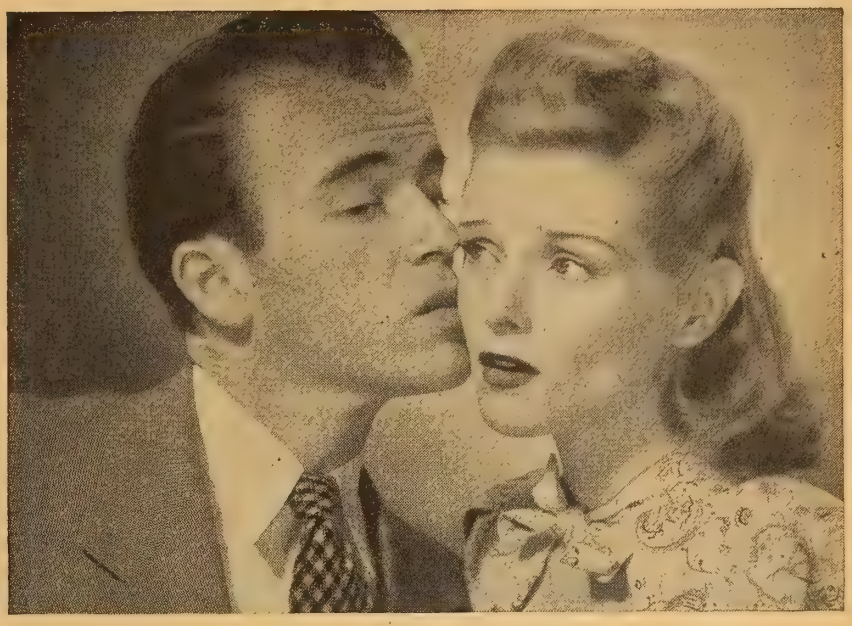
"Five years," replied Larry promptly. Outside, Betty asked Larry why in the world he'd told a fib like that, when they'd really only been engaged one short month.

"Oh," said the proper Mr. Parks, "I didn't want people to think this was a fly-by-night marriage!"

Another good excuse for Larry Parks' calm in the face of Fame's sudden favors is the fact that he bulldogged his break in *The Jolson Story* so tenaciously and thoroughly that he wore himself to an emotional frazzle making it the great performance it was. Now the let-down is overwhelming, and he admits it robs him of some of the high-riding joy he'd have experienced if he hadn't been so wrapped up for so long in his job.

It's hard to believe, but Larry Parks

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



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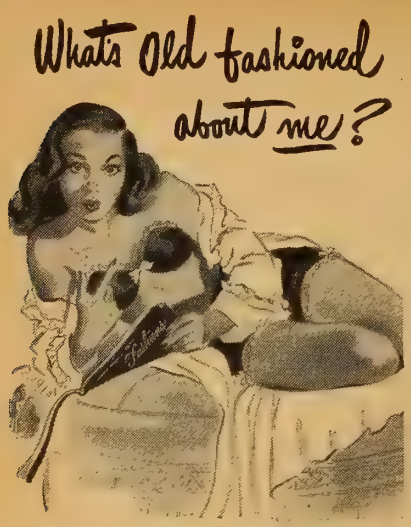

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made his first test for *The Jolson Story* two months after he and Betty Garrett were married. That was two-and-a-half years ago. From that time until the last scene was finished, he thought of practically nothing else. Long months of rehearsals preceded the actual shooting of *Jolson,* months made longer for Larry because Betty was away in New York, following her own musical comedy career. "But it's just as well she wasn't here," Larry believes today, because he wasn't much of a damsel's delight to live with all that time. He was up at six o'clock and often home at midnight, working Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. He was tense as a watch spring, couldn't half eat, sleep or give anyone a decent answer. He lost weight and his brain whirled with ideas. He thinks it's lucky Betty was 3,000 miles away. "Else," he smiles a little ruefully, "she'd probably have divorced me!"

Except for a week snatched here and one there, between shows when Betty could fly out to Hollywood, the new Parks family had no home life in all that time. Larry lived with his mother in the little white cottage in Nichols Canyon. He wonders how she ever put up with him the whole route, he was so lost in never-relenting problems of how to be Al Jolson better than Al himself. Maybe the most solid tributes he's had about his work, incidentally, came from her and their maid, Ola Thomas, the two who sweated it out with him.

a mother's tribute . . .

Larry's mother passed on last winter. But, happily, before she died, Larry had the pleasure of taking her to see the results of his greatest effort and she had the gratification of seeing her son a star. The Parks family, including his mother, had never been convinced that Larry did the right thing when he abandoned his plans for medicine after graduating from college. They were always, he sensed, just a bit disappointed in him. His dad died while he was still running around Broadway, early in his attempts to get started acting. His mother had watched him make a certain modest place in Hollywood, but Larry felt she never believed he had done right to abandon the M.D. degree. After seeing *The Jolson Story,* she told him, "I'm proud of you, Lawrence. You were right to take up acting, because I'm sure you were meant to act." That meant more to Larry Parks than anything the critics or millions of fans could ever say.

As for Ola, who had to put up with Larry's mealtime moods all those frantic months, she saw the picture the first day it opened in Hollywood. "Well, Mister Larry," she sighed that night, "I guess it was all worth it!" Which, in its way, Larry Parks considers a mighty high compliment, too.

The greatest happiness Larry Parks has drawn from his success in *The Jolson Story* is not the fame, because, like I said, he doesn't quite believe that yet, or get impressed; it isn't money, either, because he's still on the same old Columbia contract. His big reward is settling down to some home life with Betty, and having a vacation for the first time he can remember, since he signed a studio contract and went to work.

Larry started *Down to Earth* during his final two weeks on *The Jolson Story,* finished that on a Saturday and started *The Swordsman* the next Tuesday. After that, he flew to New York and brought Betty, her red setter, "Mister," (given her by cast-mates in *Call Me Mister*) and "Pepper," the blue Persian cat, all back to their Hollywood home. Betty's M-G-M screen contract started, luckily, right at that time. She's not booked for any movies right away, though, so they've both had time on their hands for the past six months and a chance to get solidly acquainted at last. They're both finding it fun playing house like a couple of newlyweds.

Larry came through with a beautiful square-cut diamond engagement ring for Betty, to celebrate the reunion, because, as he explained, "After being married two and a half years, I think it's time we got officially engaged." They hadn't had time before they were married to pick one out!

The Parks' are going in heavy for home life right now because—in spite of their double careers—they're both "hearthbound hicks at heart," as Larry puts it. Larry has always been in Heaven when he's had something to build with his hands. When he was hard up around Hollywood years ago, he teamed with two other pals, carpentered a house and sold it for a tidy profit to keep eating. He's relaxed from the strain of those three straight Technicolors by repairing and staining the roof of his Nichols Canyon place, making shutters, painting the chimney, building a doghouse for "Mister," putting in a back lawn and trimming his 20-year-old avocado trees clean as whistles. Betty painted and wallpapered the whole inside, stitched curtains, got her grandmaw's old china unpacked, sewed drapes and, generally, the pair of householders knocked themselves out so that, on top of their acting letdowns, they collapsed for one whole week of sleep—no kidding!

They started one Saturday night by falling in bed at nine o'clock. The next morning they dragged out at eleven, had breakfast and climbed back at noon to sleep all afternoon. That went on, with variations, for a week. Larry gained five pounds which he had to sweat off the next week at Easton's Gymnasium, but he remembers "The Big Sleep" as a stretch of pure unadulterated bliss.

They haven't been playing possum all the time, of course. Betty, for one thing, has been taking a course in cooking from Ola—concentrating on the specialized care and feeding of Larry Parks. For an actress, she's turned into a pretty nifty pot-and-panner, by the way, whipping up Larry's favorite beef-a-la-Stroganoff and steak-and-kidney pie just like his mother used to. The improvement from their first home-cooked meal the day after their marriage is pretty noticeable.

They had one month together back then, as bride and groom, before Betty flew off to Broadway and a new show. The day

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Some while ago, when my sister was a student at the University of California, she got tickets for a school play, called Rain From Heaven. *The play didn't go over very well, but after the last act we went backstage and got the leading man's autograph. Since it was the first stage production I'd ever seen, I went around showing the autograph to everyone, and telling them how wonderful that actor was. Mother, who'd seen the play with us, didn't agree. "That leading man was horrible," was her verdict. But now we both treasure that autograph, because it was Gregory Peck's—and even Mother thinks he's quite good now.*

J. R. Smeeton,
Oxnard, Calif.

after their church wedding, Larry chased off to Columbia to work on *Counter Attack* and Betty rolled up her sleeves to cook THE dinner, their first as Mister and Missus. Well, that night when Larry came home he hopped off his motorcycle like a bee had buzzed under his seat. Smoke billowed from the Nichols Canyon cottage and distressed screams of the Little Woman filled the air. Betty's fried chicken, mashed potatoes and peas were scorched cinders when he arrived to throw open the windows, and Betty was half asphyxiated. She knows better now—lots.

That motorcycle is still the outdoor love of Larry's life. The only way he's blown himself, to celebrate *The Jolson Story* success, was to send to England for a new Sunbeam, with all kinds of fancy foreign gadgets. Betty's inherited the old Velocette and Larry's taught her to be a pretty good motor buster.

Larry and Betty Parks aren't the frivolous, show-off type of Hollywooders at all, which accounts for why you don't see them crouched over smoky tables around at Mocambo, Henri's and places like that. Betty's an athletic Venus who takes body building at the gym right along with Larry—although in the women's class, of course. And both of them match up on the serious side of their art. Larry has his week nights pretty well filled up as committee member of both the Screen Actors' Guild and the Motion Picture Relief Fund; he's still a board member in the Actors' Lab and the Parks family ambition is to put on a full length play there together, and after that, one on Broadway—Lunt-and-Fontanne style. Their night time pals for coffee and conversation are people like Cornel and Pat Wilde, Lloyd Bridges, Joe Bromberg, Lee Cobb, Kirk Douglas, Jeff Donnell, Glenn Ford, Phil Brown, and the whole Lab gang.

still doing their bit . . .

Betty Garrett has lured Larry into another new big interest in his life—the constructive kind he goes for—entertaining at veterans' hospitals. Betty had the reputation, in New York, of playing more GI hospital wards than any other entertainer on Broadway—and better, too. She's just the type a bedfast GI longs to look on—pretty, peppy, bright and breezy as a May day, and she loves to work when it's appreciated. Betty sings and dances like a dream—but Larry, well, all he's been able to do so far is to chauffeur Betty around, since she's transplanted her hospital circuit to the West Coast. That has been burning him to a crisp. Being no entertainer, all he could do was walk in, grin and say, "Hello, guys." After all, he couldn't play a scene by himself.

While M-G-M has been trying to size up how best to debut Betty Garrett, testing her more times than an allergy doc, she's kept her hand in, studying with a vocal coach. The other day she talked Larry into taking voice lessons, too. For one thing, they want to work up a strictly entertainment song-skit for their hospital audiences. And here's another wistful reason behind Larry's yen to learn to croon.

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"Maybe I'm scared," sighs Larry, "that somebody, somewhere, sometime will flash a spotlight on me and ask me to sing 'April Showers.' What would I do then—wire Al Jolson?"

Pity the young wife held back *by false modesty...*

Often a married woman has no one but herself to blame if her husband starts losing interest—

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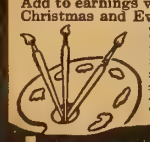

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JEEPNIC

(Continued from page 40)

A jeep is even better than a horse."

"Hmm," Elizabeth said. "A horse is pretty nice. When would we go?"

"Saturday. I'll tote my gun. There are jack rabbits—"

Elizabeth, who is anti-hunting, sniffed. "I'll take my paints—"

And MODERN SCREEN, tipped off a couple of days later, said, "*We'll* take a photographer—"

Saturday came up hot and bright. The sky was blue, lunch was in a basket, and the jeep ate up the miles from Hollywood into the desert.

The kids drove through the giant Joshua trees on the very edge of the desert, and suddenly they stopped, and stared in front of them.

"There must be a thousand acres of poppies," Elizabeth whispered. "Out of that old yellow ground. And look at the hills—all white!"

Marsh nodded. "Those are the Sierra Polonas. Come on, let's unload."

But she was already gone, flying through the fields, and he grinned to himself, and loaded the stuff out of the jeep onto his back, and followed her more slowly.

She'd found a little patch of purple, and she was studying it gravely. "That's lupine, I think—and that yellow, that's wild mustard, and the white stalks on the hills are Yucca."

Marshall flung down the bed roll, and parked. "You must have read a book, small fry."

She parked beside him. "I did," she said with dignity, "and I'm smart, besides." She was pulling off her shoes. "I want to feel the grass with my bare toes."

Five minutes later, she howled with pain.

"You're smart, huh?" said Marshall. "How come you don't know enough not to step on a cactus?"

She put her shoes on, chastened. "I forgot it was desert ground. Can we eat now?"

After lunch. they talked lazily, until Elizabeth pulled a poppy. "I think I'll trim our basket."

Marsh sat bolt upright. "No, no, no! They charge you a million dollars and send you to jail for that. It's against the law!"

"You're kidding," Elizabeth said, plucking another poppy. Then she took a look at his face, and decided he meant what he said.

She pinned the two flowers in her hair, got out some paper, and started to rough in a sketch of the foothills.

Every so often, Marsh would take a drink from the water bag, and slop water all over his chin. Then he'd look amazed.

"You know what, Liz? The air evaporates the water on my chin—it feels like ether."

Liz giggled. "If you poured some on your head, I could call you numbskull."

Sighing, he settled back. "You're a mean child."

It was much later, when the sun was fading, that they strolled to the jeep.

Elizabeth's light laugh spread in the air. "And you didn't kill a single rabbit," she was saying smugly.

PAIR OF ACES

(Continued from page 43)

topcoat bulges indicated three loaded automatics.

The men kept on looking.

One chewed coldly, pensively on a dead cigar. He stared around the room. "Casing the joint," it's called in detective fiction.

Somebody was going to die.

Young Mr. Stewart knew it. So did young Mr. Fonda. Neither one was fond of the idea.

Then the tallest of the gangster trio turned on his heel and walked out. So did the other two heels.

"I think," Jimmy said, "we can start breathing again."

Henry said, "Yeah."

Up from the street roared the nasty bark of an automatic doing business. A machine gun burped harshly.

Henry Fonda found himself staring down into the dimly lit street fourteen floors below. Jimmy was at the other window, which needed washing.

"Those three guys who were just here," Henry mumbled, "have found what they weren't looking for."

Jimmy said, "Yeah."

Three sightless pairs of gangster eyes stared unwinkingly up toward the place to which they weren't going.

That's life in the Big City.

It's also death.

And drama.

Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda have seen a lot of that, before and since. A lot of fun, excitement, romance and some hell around the edges—Stewart in the skies over Europe and Fonda in the South Pacific.

Getting down to cases, Hank Fonda knew he was going to be an actor. He found that out while studying journalism and working around the Community Playhouse in Omaha. He built scenery, ushered, brought the curtain up and down. He understudied the actors, and every time he walked on the stage, he was scared to death.

"They finally began to pay me," Hank remembered. "I guess I earned about $500 in a year, but I figured if I could earn one dollar in the acting business I could do better some day."

He did better, going the stock player route through Washington, Baltimore and East Orange.

This was in 1928. And Hank, who went from high school in Omaha to the University of Minnesota, from which he had been graduated, soon learned that it isn't only Princeton graduates—like Stewart—who can almost starve to death.

Hank didn't know Jimmy then.

Jimmy was still at Princeton, making like an undergraduate.

Hank latched on to the University Players Guild. He did summer stock at Cape Cod. Did it good, according to the local reviewers.

Broadway was warming up a little when Jimmy and Hank finally met.

The famous Princeton Triangle show hit New York for its annual performances at the Metropolitan. Hank was out front with Josh Logan and "Windy" (Bretaigne Windust) a couple of other guys with theater in their corpuscles.

They liked the show.

One young fellow was darned good. He

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fooled around with an accordion and made some jokes.

This was Jimmy Stewart.

"I'd like to have you come along with us to Cape Cod this summer," Logan told Stewart, backstage.

"Ah-awr," Jimmy replied in that unspellable drawl which to this day is his prelude to a decision. "Sure. Sure. I'd like that."

Jimmy shook hands with Hank and said he'd see him at the Cape.

He didn't. Hank had himself a job in a road show, and he was working hard at the acting business, while Stewart, not convinced that he could take himself seriously, turned in a couple of good jobs.

That winter, Josh Logan said, "Four guys could live pretty reasonable if they pooled their money."

Hank Fonda agreed.

When he moved into the apartment and sat down, Jimmy Stewart came in and draped his lanky frame in another chair.

I'm not absolutely sure of it, but, think one or the other of them said, "Hello."

Talking too much is a bad habit Stewart and Fonda have not fallen into.

Both of them hate quotation marks.

Henry broke down into a positive rash of words, though, when I interrupted the brick work he was doing on the front porch of his ranch home on Tiger Tail Road.

"I remember," Hank said, "that Jim would land a small part in a show. He'd have three minutes on the stage, speak four lines and get five laughs. The show would run about ten weeks and fold. Jim would say he guessed he'd go home. We kept trying to talk him out of it.

"I figured the theater would get inside him, and eventually it did. He went into *Divided by Three.* Windy, Josh and I went to see the play on opening night.

Afterwards, we went backstage, and it was Windy, I think, who said:

"Why, you secretive so-and-so! Where have you been hiding that talent? Don't you ever say you can't act."

fonda won't talk . . .

Fonda finished digging out the last brick. We went inside the house and located a couple of davenports to hang our legs over.

"You guys must have had some interesting romances in those early days, what with all the show girls floating around Broadway," I suggested. Hank didn't bite on that. He went on as if I hadn't spoken. "I meant to tell you—Stewart and I were never on the stage together. I figure that was lucky for him. When the role is right I can pound home a pretty good job, but that guy is class all the time." Hank got a faraway look in his eye, and then he said—

"I think it's interesting that Josh Logan, who was doing everything but sweep out the houses learning to be a director has come up this year with three smash hits on Broadway—*Annie Get Your Gun, Happy Birthday,* and *John Loves Mary.* Windy (Bertaigne Windust) has, among other things, done *Finian's Rainbow, Life with Father* and *Arsenic and Old Lace.* Jim and I absorbed a lot of experience and ideas just by associating with these fellows, who later began to contribute so much to the theater. I don't want to sound arty, but you see what I mean.

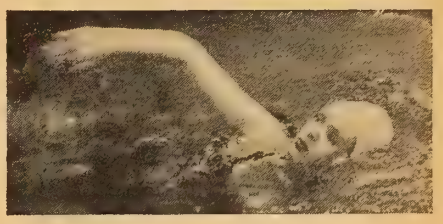
"We finally wound up with the Madison Square Hotel as our last Broadway headquarters. Those were good times. We'd plan a dinner before we took off for the theater. Then we'd fall to and cook it when we got back and polish the whole thing off with a cold bottle of beer."

"Did Stewart do the cooking at the apartment?"

"Seldom. Confidentially, I think he's a lousy cook."

"That's right." Stewart loomed up

Of course you can . .



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through the early American dining room that leads into the Fonda living room. He looked at me with a certain severity.

"Talking about somebody?" he asked.

"Yeah, you. I caught Fonda in a weak moment, after John Ford whipped him through *The Fugitive,* and I'm making him talk."

"*The Fugitive,*" Jimmy volunteered, "is going to be one hell of a good picture. As long as we have to go through with this you'd better tell your editor not to cut out *The Fugitive* credit. I'd like to take direction from John Ford some time."

"And I'd like to work for Frank Capra," Fonda broke in.

"You guys never get together, do you?" I asked.

"Sure," Stewart said, "There's a little thing called *A Miracle Can Happen.* We're in that one together. First time."

Between them, in characteristic short takes, they told me about it. It seems that for years Jim and Hank have been whipping up skits. They've always hankered to do a thing about musicians.

Musicians, it seems, are never shown on the screen quite the way they are. As Fonda explained it, the movie audience looks AT the musicians. They don't sit down in the band and get a load of what these characters are really like.

So along comes a deal for them to do a picture together.

They sat down and mapped out a story, roughly. Then John O'Hara went to work on it. It wound up as the darndest, slapstick comedy that's come down the pike for years.

After the two finished explaining their combined effort, Stewart got up to leave. He tossed a parting shot—

"I always knew that when we got around to doing a picture together, it would be real art."

When Jimmy had gone, I went to work on Hank again.

"Tell me about your Hollywood break," I urged.

"Oh, that! You know how the breaks come when you least expect them. I got a call from my agent in February, 1935. He wanted me to fly right out to Hollywood to meet the producer, Walter Wanger. I wanted to stay in Omaha; but he told me I could go right back.

fine how-do-you-do! . . .

"I went to Hollywood and met Walter Wanger at the Beverly Hills Hotel. He didn't know me, and certainly I didn't know him. To me, he was a perfect stranger; and when he stuck out his hand for the introduction, his first words were: 'I'll give you $1,000 a week.'

"That really floored me. We shook hands on the deal and I went back to New York. June Walker suggested me then for a role in the stage play, *Farmer Takes a Wife.* At the same time, Jim got *Page Miss Glory.* As a result of *Farmer,* I got my first screen offer. It was from Twentieth Century-Fox, and they wanted me to play my lead role in their movie version of *Farmer.*"

Stewart's break came four months later, as the result of Billy Grady's insistence that Metro sign him. Jim got off to a somewhat slower start at $250 on a three months' option deal, but after playing a small part in *Rose Marie,* with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, he kept moving on up steadily.

One day Hank Fonda came home from work to find Stewart sitting in his apartment. Jim hadn't wired him. He never does wire or write, unless it's to his family.

They figured it would be nice to have a house, so they rented a Mexican hacienda from Hal Rosson. $200 a month it cost them, and neither one of them could get over the extravagance. They had a couple for servants and referred to them as "the staff."

As usual, the front door was always open. The old friends from Broadway migrated out one by one—Logan, Johnny Swope and all the rest. It was good living, while it lasted, but a sudden turn of events doomed the bachelors' paradise to short life.

Hank went to England to do a picture. He met the lovely Frances Brokaw and spent some time wondering whether he'd lost his mind or his heart. He settled on the latter and seven days later they were married, with old friend Josh Logan as the best man.

Jimmy was tied up in a picture and didn't get there for the big event, much to his disappointment.

He's more or less a part of the family though. When Colonel Stewart returned from the wars to take up the business of being Jimmy again, his own home in Brentwood had been rented to friends and Jimmy just couldn't turn them out.

One day Hank walked around the swimming pool and into his guest house. Jim Stewart was sitting there. He looked up at his long-time friend and said, "Looks like you've got a boarder for awhile. What time is dinner?"

Jim stayed several months and resumed his vast friendship with Hank's children, Jane, aged 9, and 7-year-old Peter.

"Is Jimmy thinking of getting married?" I asked Hank.

"You know he'd kill me for venturing an answer to that one," Hank said. "I think he'd like to. But he's wary."

That he is. Wary, and sensible. Personally, I think Jimmy Stewart would rather not marry an actress. He's seen too many marriage failures, and he plays his loves and loyalties strictly for the long haul.

One of these days, he's liable to show up at Hank Fonda's front door with a girl who's never been mentioned in any gossip column.

"Hank," he'll say, as that slow grin begins to ease across his face, "I want you to meet Mrs. Jimmy Stewart."

I can't think of a better climax.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

About six years ago, at a dinner-date at the Coronado Hotel, I was going up the steps to the powder-room, when a stunning girl stepped aside to let me pass. Since she wore a half-smile and I have a tendency to forget names, but not faces, I said, "I know we've met, but I just can't think of your name." With a twinkle in her Irish eyes, she replied, "It's Maureen O'Hara." Though her very sweet manner did much to ease my embarrassment, it returned twofold when I returned to my table and noticed that for the greater part of the evening, Miss O'Hara had been sitting at the very next table. She was with another beautiful girl who, for a long time had been carrying on a telephone conversation (over one of those plug-in phones they have in restaurants) with someone they called "Dizzy." The girl who was talking to "Dizzy" was none other than Lucille Ball—and the party on the other end of the phone was, of course, Desi Arnaz! Celebrities at my elbow, and I turn my back!

Mrs. Mercedes Dames,
Village of St. John, Mo.

STRANGE WOMAN—By Eric Bishop

(*Continued from page 100*)

schoolgirl's. She is 125 pounds on her bathroom scale, with everything where it should be. She wears suits, her favorite rig, without any girdling gear, and buys hard-finished suitings at men's tailors. Joan has bi-weekly massages when she works, but not for her figure, just to relax—if that is possible. All in all, everything most gals past thirty wistfully sigh for, Joan has in the physique department because she burns up her talent.

Joan tackles everything with the same whirlwind determination that marks every phase of her life and interests. She always did give the swimming pool in her garden a beating, which doesn't hurt that streamlined figure any—and this year she decided it was high time she played good tennis. Eleanor Tennet, the former champ, is "Teach" to her, and after fourteen lessons, she gave Joan a gold pin of a lady player swinging a racket wildly. "You are one of the club now," said Teach. "You have earned it—but I'm a wreck."

The only casualty she suffers outdoors is persistent freckles (she's a redhead), and her only sporting weakness is her tender heart.

One fall Joan was up in the New Jersey Poconos decked à la Abercrombie & Fitch from head to toe. She had been asked on a pheasant shooting party and sallied forth bravely. But when she flushed a cock ringneck and got a bead, she just stood there. Her host was puzzled.

"You had him," he protested. "Why didn't you pull the trigger?"

"I couldn't," Crawford confessed, "he was so darned pretty."

Like most actresses, Joan Crawford is emotional in unpredictable ways, and as sentimental as a southern belle. She keeps all her old love letters tied up with different colored ribbons. She's like a kid about birthdays, whether around the studio or her own house, and spends half her time consulting a little book of dates.

Joan had a precarious home life as a girl, and that's why her home and the life there hurts her over the heart today. She has lived in the same house for fifteen years, which is staffed today by a cook, a nurse, a gardener, and a cleaning woman, who come by the day. Joan checks on every department pretty thoroughly, but nobody seems to mind.

But the real bosses of Joan Crawford's Brentwood house are her two blond beauties, Christina, 7, and Christopher, 4. Joan has had them since they were ten days old, and her heart is pretty well split in half in their direction.

To get them off to school (Chris is in kindergarten, and Tina goes to Public School), Joan dives out of bed at the terrifying hour (to an actress) of 7:00 a.m. They have breakfast together, and a ride in Joan's Cadillac to school. When she's not acting, Joan brings them home for lunch too, and, unless there's some beau or other coming around, it's a date with the kids for dinner at six, and a walk up the road in the dusk. Sunday, beau or no beau, Joan drives her joys to Sunday School, and then a picnic.

Joan doesn't get around nearly as much in Hollywood's night life as she used to. Sometimes a couple of weeks slip by without her leaving the house at night, but then she'll agree to go out with some superb dancer like Greg Bautzer, and she will have quite a fling, because the early love of her life, dancing, is still tops with Joan for indoor sports. She is as good as ever with one slight exception—where they used to have to usher her out of places like the Grove and the Troc, now a Crawford date knows that at 10:30 the latest, he pays the check.

The other night she made a rare appearance at a large Hollywood cocktail and dinner gala. Joan likes one daiquiri before dinner—and that's all. This affair turned into a prolonged drinking bout, while Joan nursed her lone daiquiri and got hungrier and hungrier. Dinner finally was served around ten, and when it was over Joan promptly rose.

"Excuse me," she said.

She headed toward the Powder Room, but she didn't go there. She went home.

Joan talks dreamily of a farm someday with cows, and chickens and horses and all that—a real one—and she wants it not so much for herself as the kids. She is always planning trips, fishing excursions in Canada, yacht cruises in South America and such. Some of those "vacations" she threatens hypocritically knee-deep in a picture, but knowing Joan Crawford, I would say her luggage will just gather dust, and it will be strictly a map tour as long as there is a picture around the corner to be made; and there is one to be made, *Daisy Kenyon,* that Joan's itching to start.

That's a love story for Joan—a welcome change after so much character drama. But it's coming at a time when there is nothing to match it in her private life. That's sad but true, Joan will tell you, although, as in her screen career, she is not looking one foot backwards for romance, but straight ahead with the same expectant Crawford eagerness. No one can say that Joan Crawford hasn't had enough unhappy endings to her own private love stories, but they haven't nipped her confident faith in romance one particle.

The other night, Joan was dressing to go out and trying to explain at the same time what had happened to a member of the family, one "Pupschen," a dachshund, lately deceased. As usual, her shadows, Christina and Christopher, were kibitzing on the party process, begging to button a button or spray on some of her favorite Zenza perfume. "Pupschen" was Joan's pet for fourteen years, and the kids had known him all their lives. It was a solemn moment. "Pupschen" was blind and old and he had to be put to sleep. Joan explained all this to Christina.

"I am going to bury him," she said.

Four-year old Christopher missed the word.

"*Who* are you going to marry, Mommy?" he demanded.

"Nobody, Chris," replied Joan, "nobody at all."

But she wasn't telling the truth. Some day, Joan hopes, when the right man comes along, she'll marry again.

HONEY CHILE—By Rosemary Layng

(*Continued from page 62*)

he crushed his cigarette, and said, "This is ridiculous! I can't understand one word you're saying; you couldn't possibly do a test, unless you had an interpreter." He kept looking at her.

"But the face," he said. "And the figure—they don't need any translation. We'll do a straight interview test." Which is just what they did.

She was sitting in a chair, dreaming, the day Beatrice came in with the letter. It was from the Coast, and the envelope looked impressive.

Slowly, Ava ripped the envelope, and then she sat up straight.

"A contract, it says here. Three months, fifty dollars a week!"

Already, Beatrice had their suitcases in the middle of the floor. "If you're not too tired, honey," she said, "start packing."

Ava wasn't too tired, for once . . .

For a solid year, in Hollywood, she did mostly extra work, and concentrated on losing her Southern accent.

She married Mickey Rooney and quit work for a year and a half.

A couple of days after the wedding, one of Ava's sisters back home had a baby, so the boy was named Michael.

Michael and his Aunt Ava have never met each other formally, but the family has shown him lots of pictures.

Last time Beatrice was down visiting, Michael approached her with a movie magazine. He pointed to Rita Hayworth. "Is this Ava?"

Beatrice shook her head. "No, dear."

He went on to the next actress. "Is this Ava?"

Another "no" from Beatrice.

Michael frowned. For several minutes, he turned the pages deliberately, and finally returned to Beatrice in triumph. He had a stocking ad in his fist—it was nothing but two legs, and a caption. "This I *know* is Ava," he said proudly.

Ava got to be friends with Peter Lawford when she was married to Mickey. Mickey and Pete were old pals, and Peter'd come over to the house and sit around, and one night, when the radio was going, he asked Ava to dance.

They took about three steps, and he stopped in surprise. "Hey, you're good!"

She laughed. "Hey, you're better."

Neither of them has ever had any reason to revise that first snap judgment.

After Ava split up with Mickey, if you remember, she went back to work.

One more year, and she was in love again. She married Artie Shaw, and stopped working for the second time.

When that marriage broke up, in 1946, she returned to M-G-M, where they were beginning to regard her as a transient guest. Now that she's really going places (she could have been there and back, if she'd tried), the studio's big problem is to keep her from falling in love.

With Ava, love comes in the door, and Ava turns around and goes on out with it. Out of M-G-M, that is.

She's too busy to fall in love right now, she reassures Burnsie, her anxious dramatic coach, and Burnsie just looks wise.

Actually, she is pretty busy. She gets up at six o'clock in the morning, and bitterly resents it. She trots on over to M-G-M, and maybe she does a scene with Clark Gable, for *The Hucksters.* The resentment stops there.

She's also started *Singapore,* at Universal, with Fred MacMurray, and she plays a great lady, which is a little out of her line.

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She's been a gun moll (*The Killers*) and a brassy dame with a heart of gold (*The Hucksters*) but never a cultured, refined creature with table manners, before.

When she's not at the studio, she's usually at her dressmaker's. Every other week, she hauls over her eighteen skirts, and all her suits and all her dresses. Sometimes she wants 'em let out; sometimes she wants 'em taken in.

She loses and gains weight erratically, depending upon whether she's in love, whether she's unhappy (she stops eating altogether, then) or whether the studio says, "Put on a few pounds."

The dressmaker glared at her, the last time she came in. "I'm so sick of looking at these clothes, I could die," she said flatly.

Ava thinks maybe she'd better buy some new stuff.

Though where she'd put it in that thimble-sized apartment—

Every so often, in a burst of optimism, she goes shopping for a house. Just a small house, she wants. She saw a doll of a house, sitting up on a hill. It was cute, but not palatial.

"That's for me," she told herself, forthrightly, and went on up the hill.

The people wanted forty-three thousand dollars for it. "That's not for me after all," she told herself just as forthrightly, and went down the hill again.

Back to her little apartment. The place is so crowded, she has clothes stacked in the corners, and in suitcases, and people come in and do takes. "Where you going, Ava?"

"Nuts," says Ava shortly. "Throw my slacks off the chair, and sit down."

In all fairness to the apartment, it should be noted that one of the reasons there's no room for clothes in the closet is simply that the closet is full of shoes.

She's got a passion for shoes that nothing but shoes can satisfy. If she sees a style she likes, she says, "I think it would be pleasant to have these shoes in many colors," and straightaway has them.

Some day, an enterprising shoe manufacturer is going to set up an Ava Gardner Day.

Incidentally, there already was an Ava Gardner Day in Wilson, North Carolina, where the Gardners live. *The Killers* was premiered there, and every store that advertised in the newspapers ran a little picture of Ava, in the ad.

my day . . .

Mrs. Gardner, who's terribly proud of her daughter, almost split her seams. Mrs. Gardner has definite ideas about what constitutes proper behavior from Ava, and last time Ava was home, she scolded her severely. "You go around the house without makeup, and those filthy saddle shoes," she said. "Suppose someone came to the house?"

"Suppose someone did?"

Mrs. Gardner raised her eyebrows. "Certain things are expected of people in your position."

Later that day, she borrowed her sister's car, and after she'd been driving for a few minutes, stopped for gas.

The man in the gas station looked her over.

"Five gallons, please," she said.

The man took his cap off, and scratched his head. "You know who you remind me of?" he said. "The actress . . . Whatzername—Ava Gardner. Come from right around here, too, she did."

Ava sounded unimpressed. "I don't think she's very attractive."

This was too much for a North Carolina man to take. He told Ava off. About what a great little old actress Miss Gardner was, to say nothing of her having been a local girl, and besides, who did she think *she* was, anyway, talking like that about Ava.

"Ava Gardner," she said sweetly.

That gas station man should have seen her last New Year's Eve, in Hollywood, if he'd wanted to be dazzled.

She was wearing a white satin evening gown, strapless. The top was dotted with green bugle beads, and the skirt was draped, and she carried a green satin bag with big white pearls.

Peter, who came to call for her, grinned, and mopped his brow. "Wow," he said quietly. "Wow."

When she does it up, she does it up right. The green eyes shaded, and the lashes dark and mysterious. The gown smooth, and tight. The perfume heady, the lady star-touched.

Everywhere they went that night, people felt it. As she and Peter took the floor, other couples edged away, and stood there watching for a few minutes, because this girl was really spectacularly lovely, a girl to make you wonder.

On her more down-to-earth, sweater and skirt days, there's a whole gang of kids including Mel Torme and Bob Wells, who go roller-skating, and bowling, and howl at old silent movies.

Weekends, she plays badminton with Jay and Ruth Rosenthal, her lawyer, and his wife. She shows up for work on Monday lame and halt, and winces if anyone mentions muscles.

The thing you've got to understand about this girl is that she isn't easy to understand. You expect her to be a slinky siren, and she turns up talking badminton. It doesn't prove anything, particularly. She can still slink, and if you've ever seen her in the middle of a rhumba, you know. She doesn't remind you of your mother.

She went through a time when she was miserable, and she got too thin, and she stayed out too late, with too many people. That's over now.

She's still young enough so this present healthy, outdoors routine may also be a temporary phase, of course, but from the way Ava tells it, she's become a happy-medium addict.

As far as men are concerned, she likes them. No denying that. She says there's no big mad love in her life at the moment; she's going around with a man named Irving Reis, who's a swell egg. He's intelligent, he's honest, he's fun. Ask her any more, and she gives you a polite grin.

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On the set and in her work, she's cooperative. She takes direction easily, because she feels she needs it, and that's what the man's getting paid for. He's trying to make her look good, and she knows it.

Ava developed a healthy respect for Clark Gable, while they were making *The Hucksters,* too.

For one thing, he's got no temperament. There was this scene, a simple scene—

Ava opened the door and said, "Hello."

Gable was supposed to say, "Hello," and give her a once-over. The old Gable take, long, intimate, and loaded with charm.

They must have shot that thing twenty times, and Ava kept thinking, why doesn't he get mad?

He never said a word.

He used to tease Ava about the way one of her low cut gowns was fastened to her skin with toupé tape, for benefit of the Johnston office.

"They taped my ears back with that stuff, a long time ago," he said, grinning.

Every once in a while, some character will come on the set and go up to Ava with a gleam in his eye. "What's it like to kiss Gable?"

She's toyed with the idea of telling them. It would go something like this: "Well, first you think about the lights. And then you think about whether it's your good side or your bad side. And then the camera starts rolling, and you think about your makeup, and the whole kiss is faked, anyhow."

She never says it, though it's true. She just looks at the questioner, and smiles shyly. "It's very nice to kiss Mr. Gable."

She's quite a kid, this Ava Gardner. In *The Hucksters,* she plays Jean Ogilvie, the singer, who's in love with the hero. She came from the wrong side of the tracks, and she has all the answers, and she's a nice babe who knows she's beaten before she even begins.

There's one place where Gable comes up to Ava in the picture, and asks her where she's singing now.

She tells him the name of the place. "Why don't you drop by, later on?"

Clark shakes his head. "I don't think so."

"Oh, don't be that way," Ava says. "You won't find anything better than me between now and then."

The fadeout comes, at that point, but as Mr. Gable walked off the set, he was heard to remark, "You're so right!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Robert Alda was doing a personal appearance at the N. Y. Strand Theater and my friend and I were very comfortably settled in the front row. Mr. Alda went through his rehearsed routine of singing, telling jokes, etc. Then he announced suddenly: "I will now do an impersonation of Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson." He had gone into the wings to remove his coat, when, from the other side, two men strolled casually to the center of the stage. The screaming and laughing of the audience soon became deafening. For the two men on the stage were actually Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, both of whom were in town and had decided —as a lark—to surprise Bob Alda— and the Strand audience.

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NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

LITTLE MAGGIE COMES TO TOWN

(*Continued from page 67*)

The day of Margaret's visit, what had been a sane and respectable publishing company completely lost its head.

All the editors brought their children to work. All the artists did the same. The President of the company knocked off at four o'clock, and tore out of his eleventh-floor office crying, "Corsage!"

He'd run down two flights before someone pointed out that the elevators both worked. His mind was on an orchid for a lady.

It was like the mad tea party from Alice in Wonderland. It was a place of business turned into a howling, teeming kindergarten. It was, in miniature, what had happened to the entire city of New York. For Margaret set the old town on its ear.

Take the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria. If you dare. The Waldorf-Astoria (where Margaret and her mother and her aunt stayed) was expecting Mexico's President Aleman one afternoon, and officials began methodically to clear the lobby.

They probably swept out any number of Vanderbilts and Astors, but they stopped at Margaret. "You may stay, Miss O'Brien."

Miss O'Brien beamed broadly, showing braces.

One half hour behind schedule, President Aleman arrived, with a dozen nervous F.B.I. men in tow.

He was heading for the elevators, when he caught sight of Maggie, and he veered.

good neighbor policy . . .

For ten minutes, he talked to her in Spanish, and she was so flabbergasted, she couldn't say a single word, even though she knows a few.

Margaret caused more traffic jams than you could shake Mayor O'Dwyer at. Every time she came out of any place, a million kids would fall into a sort of Pied Piper march and follow her.

She saw *Finian's Rainbow,* one day, with M-G-M's Bill McCormick, and after the show, they hailed a cab.

As they drove off, Bill pointed out the back window. "See the kids in that next cab? They're following you."

"Oh, dear," she said, like a little old lady, "I wish they wouldn't waste their nickels on *me.*" And then, not at all like a little old lady: "They could buy *candy* with that money!"

Bill's the man who used to get forty phone calls an hour asking if Margaret would pose, or make a speech, or say she ate spinach. If the request was for charity, he could be pretty sure Margaret would go along.

She's done a lot of work for the New York Infirmary Drive; she did a radio show for Catholic Charities, she appeared for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, and one night when she was walking down a hall in the Waldorf, someone asked her if she'd mind stepping inside for a picture to help a Wayward Boy's fund, and she stepped inside gladly.

But there were actually a few days, back before the news spread, when Margaret roamed around New York unrecognized. It all started with a pair of glasses—

Margaret's a fan of a series of magazine stories concerning a child named Violet. Violet is difficult. She's precocious, and intellectual, and she even goes to a psychiatrist, and drives *him* crazy.

Violet—to get to the point—wears horn rimmed spectacles.

And on this trip, Margaret intended to play Violet. When she got off the train on Saturday, she held her mother firmly by one arm, and her Aunt Marissa firmly by the other.

"Glasses," she said.

They hied them to one of the oldest, finest places in the city, for taking care of such matters, and Margaret spent some time studying frames.

Finally, she settled on the ones she wanted, and the courtly old gentleman who was helping her smiled paternally.

"These are twenty-five dollars," he said.

"In that case—" began Gladys O'Brien, and Margaret hastily searched further. After she'd chosen some compromise horn-rims, the old gentleman said, "And now, your prescription—"

Margaret shook her head. "I haven't any prescription. I just want the rims. You see," she said gently, "I'm being Violet."

At that stage, the old gentleman wouldn't have cared if she was Infra-red. He wrapped up the frames pathetically. The world is in bad shape, when little children come in and—

Sunday, the day after Margaret's arrival, she went to the circus in Madison Square Garden.

She was still Violet, with her glasses on her nose, and a painfully prim expression on her mouth. The circus people had turned the President's box over to her, but nobody in the audience realized who she was, except for one couple sitting directly in back.

They wrote a note: "Are you Margaret O'Brien?" and when she said yes, some surrounding kids caught on, and they bought Margaret some ice-cream.

After that, *she* bought *them* pink circus candy.

Once the circus was over, Aunt Marissa studied her closely. "How do you feel?"

"Fine, thank you."

"You had six pink cotton candy sticks," Aunt Marissa said. "I counted them. And you had a hot dog, and half a soda-pop, and a box of crackerjacks. Your mother's going to throw me into the street."

Margaret closed her eyes dreamily. "I think I love Emmett Kelly."

Emmett Kelly's the great clown, and for him, she took off her glasses.

monkey-shines . . .

She also took off her glasses for the monkey man, but that was to intimidate him. The monkey man comes out in an ape-skin, and climbs up the boxes, scaring the occupants out of their wits.

When Margaret saw him approaching, she grabbed off her disguise. "If he thinks I'm in the movies, maybe he won't pick on me," she said trustingly.

He didn't, either.

Death-defying acts that made other people bury their heads held no terror for Margaret. Since her mother had been a circus performer, she kept up a lively commentary on circuses in general. Every time a new act came on, Margaret would scream. "My mother used to do that!" Her tone implied, "Only better."

The very next day, Margaret—or rather, Violet—was strolling along Fifth Avenue, when she noticed a familiar face. Hysterical, too. When the face composed itself, and approached, she saw it was attached to her good friend, George Murphy.

"Hey, Grandma," he said. "What big eyes you have! And such circles around them!"

"Mr. Murphy," said Margaret, changing the subject in a dignified manner, "don't you just love to ride on those high-top busses?"

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Two blocks further along, she bumped into Harold Lloyd. "Young lady," he thundered, "I like you very much, but you can't use my trademark!"

That was just about the end of Violet. By then, New York knew Margaret was here, and New York was in full pursuit.

The syndicate which is going to publish Margaret's column, "Growing Up," gave a big party at the Waldorf.

It was a lovely party, and Margaret showed off her new portable which unfolds into a typewriter, a tripod to set it on, and a little side table.

One of Maggie's next-door neighbors at the Waldorf was a man named Collett Solberg. He's charming, lives in Rio, and is a director of the Socoma Engineering Company (which built the Natal airport.)

Mr. Solberg, talking to his four children via long distance phone, happened to mention that Maggie was breathing the air of the very same hotel, and got a somewhat frantic reaction.

"If you don't meet her," the children said, "you needn't bother to come home."

So he met her. And he spoke to the kids again, a couple of days afterward. "I met her," he said.

"Buy her a present," chorused the children. "From us and you."

The present he bought looked like a red leather shoulder strap bag, but the bag part is really a radio.

singing with bing . . .

Radios are a big thing with her, lately. She guest-starred on Bing Crosby's program, and suddenly she's a musical devotee. She's given up "Superman" for concertos.

It began when they told her she was supposed to sing on Bing's show. She'd never sung a note in her life—but she's agreeable.

The show was being worked over in a suite at the Waldorf. A lot of people were sitting around; some writers, a couple of musicians. And when Margaret tried to sing, she was pretty terrible.

Her mother thought she might be nervous. "Maybe if everyone would leave me alone with her—"

Fifteen minutes later, Margaret was okay. Now she's interested enough in singing so that she may study voice.

Some of Maggie's New York high-points were getting an autographed baseball from Mel Ott, and going backstage after the Fredric March play, and catching Carmen Miranda at the Copacabana's early show.

Half-way through Carmen's act, Margaret forgot she was enjoying herself, and began to sigh.

"What's the matter?" Gladys asked her.

Margaret sighed again. Dolefully. "She's not wearing her banana hat."

Next day she got an apologetic telegram from Miss Miranda.

This is an exciting year for Margaret. After New York, comes Bermuda, and then, later, England, to do a picture.

It's *The Secret Garden*, with Claude Jarman and Dean Stockwell, and Clarence Brown's going to direct it.

Maggie pesters her mother frequently. "When we're in England, can we go to Ireland? May we go to Ireland, I mean? And see our relatives?"

"Surely," Gladys says tolerantly, wondering if Margaret really wants to see the relatives, or if she's going to investigate the legend about leprechauns. With Margaret, you never know.

There was a man from the London Daily Pictorial who found that out, when he interviewed her at the Waldorf.

"What do you want most to see in England, Miss O'Brien?" he asked.

Without batting an eye, she told him. "The crown jewels and Vivien Leigh. Vivien Leigh first."

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"JESSIE" FOR SHORT

(Continued from page 54)

off on tour. His contracts, made months in advance, couldn't be cancelled except by an act of God. Ordinarily, Betty and Vicki would have gone along. When it comes to parting, the Jameses might still be honeymooners . . .

But since travel was out of the question, Betty consoled herself with plans. Plans to surprise Harry. The ranch house had never been papered. She'd have that done—buy some new furniture—get the old stuff re-upholstered. Make the Beverly Hills place shine. All neat and methodical, everything down on a list where you could check it off. On such a day the cleaners would pick up the drapes. On such a day the rugs would be gone over, and the floors waxed. When all that was finished, she'd buy the baby's outfit, and be ready to welcome Harry without a thing on her mind.

Vicki had been born prematurely. They'd taken Betty off in an ambulance. This time would be different. "This time," she said, "I'm going like a lady—"

mamas always know . . .

For Monday, May 19th, her list read: REPLACE LINENS. She and her mother drove to a Beverly shop and whiled the afternoon away among tablecloths and sheets. Betty felt fine, but Mrs. Grable was taking no chances. Call it a hunch. For a week or so she'd been staying all night at the James house.

The evening passed uneventfully. They listened to *Inner Sanctum* and *The Whistler* while Betty pasted family snapshots into an album she'd bought that afternoon. By 10:30 the household was asleep. Next morning the nurse washed Vicki's hair, Betty rolled it up as usual, and Vicki—as usual—sat herself under her little dryer with a magazine. Just like the other ladies.

Betty'd made an appointment to have her own hair done later. "How do you feel?" Mrs. Grable asked.

"Wonderful."

"Then I think I'll run home and attend to a few things, and I'll see you later."

"No hurry, Mother. It'll be a quiet day. Just the hairdresser, and tonight some of the girls are dropping in for gin rummy."

It was 9:30 when Mrs. Grable left. It was 11 when her housekeeper answered the phone, and came running. "Betty says please hurry. She thinks it's the baby."

Where she'd left peace, Mrs. Grable found turmoil. They'd phoned Dr. Harris. They'd been told to call an ambulance and get Betty right down to Cedars of Lebanon. Meanwhile, she'd been trying to reach Harry, who was staying with a friend near Atlantic City. He'd just left the house. "Please see if you can't find him," Betty was half sobbing into the phone. "Tell him I think the baby's coming—"

The face she turned to her mother was bathed in perspiration. But it wasn't the pain that worried Betty. "Oh, Mother, what'm I going to do? The ranch isn't finished and everything here's in a mess and my hair's so dirty—and my poor *baby!*" Her voice broke on a wail, "He won't even have a *shirt* to come home in."

Pretty soon even the shirt didn't matter. With Vicki, the ambulance had bowled along at 40. This time they hit 70, while the sirens screamed. Up front, Mrs. Grable nearly lost her mind. On top of everything else, they seemed to be hurling motorists right and left. She hid her face in her hands, and the yell of the driver failed to soothe her. "Think nothing of it, Mrs. Grable. One of these days I'll take you on a real joyride—"

At Cedars, only husbands are allowed on the surgery floor, and Betty's mother was obviously no husband. She's a small person and the soul of good humor, but when they tried to stop her, she became a lion . . .

"I never met a good rule that didn't have its exception. Harry's out of town and Betty's all by herself. Somebody's got to be there, and that somebody's me."

She made her point. For three hours, barring a couple of intervals, she stood at the surgery door. Now and then she'd go down to report to Mr. Grable, waiting on the floor below. At 1:15 Harry's frantic call came through, demanding the doctor.

"He's all ready to operate," she told him, trying to keep the quavers out of her own voice. "Said to tell you everything's fine, and it'll be about an hour."

Exactly one hour and five minutes later a nurse appeared with the baby. "It's a girl."

"How's Betty?"

"Okay, but don't expect her out for a while."

Before she could more than peek at her new granddaughter, Harry was on the line again.

"Well, Jessie James is here," Grandma announced.

"No kiddin'!!"

"I haven't seen Betty yet but they tell me she's fine."

An audible gust of relief from Atlantic City. If Harry'd wanted a boy, you'd never have been able to guess it. "When can I talk to my wife?"

"Call back a little later and I'll let you know."

But that final hour before they wheeled Betty out seemed the longest of all. She was conscious, though groggy. "It's a girl, Mother. Did you see her?"

"Yes, and she's beautiful."

"But Harry wanted a boy."

"I've talked to Harry. All he gives a hang about is that you and the baby came through it."

Her lids fluttered with weariness but the blue eyes smiled. "No kiddin'," Betty

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In September of 1945, I was on my way home to Hawaii from a hospital in New York, when I stopped over in Minneapolis, Minn., to pay a short visit to George Grim, popular radio commentator and news columnist. In Mr. Grim's office, we were talking of things in general, when a beautiful girl—charming and sweet—walked into the room. I was flattered to be introduced to Vivian Blaine. Gladly, I joined in the conversation. About 15 minutes later, Miss Blaine said goodbye and gracefully floated out of the room. Then, Mr. Grim asked me, "How did you feel—talking over the radio with an actress?" "You mean—you mean—I was talking over the air *with Vivian Blaine?" I stammered—and nearly passed out!*

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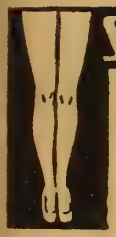

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whispered before she finally fell asleep.

She was still sleeping when Harry called back, so he talked to the doctor. "Shall I fly home?"

"What for? Betty's fine, the baby's fine, Mrs. Grable's looking after things, you'd only have to turn around and fly right back. Finish your job and then come home."

Next time he called, Betty was awake, but still weak enough to shed a couple of tears. "I'm so sorry I didn't have a boy for you, darling."

His answer is off the record, but it brought a lovely radiance to her face. Cradling the phone, she stole a glance at her mother. "I've got news for you, Mrs. G. Your daughter's married to the sweetest guy in the world."

Right off the bat the papers started yelling for pictures, but Twentieth said nothing doing for two weeks. Betty herself wanted pictures of the baby, "Just for Harry, else he'll never know how she looked when she was born."

She's only five days old as this is written. Though she came ahead of time like her sister, she couldn't have been quite so far ahead. Because Vicki was born bald, whereas Jessica's pate was covered with blond fuzz. She weighed the same, too. Her mother grew quite indignant with one of the papers that put her down as 6:04. "They knocked ten ounces off my baby," she protested.

They haven't washed Betty's hair yet, so she wears it braided and looks like a kid herself in the high necked, long sleeved shorties she gets from Juel Park—rose and blue and white with red piping. The room is drowned in flowers. From Tyrone Power came a basket of rose buds, with a little wooden gun sticking out. "To one Jessie James from another Jesse James." All alone on the dresser stand the red roses Harry sends his wife every day. Twice a day he phones. Each night Betty marks off another date on the calendar, bringing her closer to June 11th.

That's how things stood when this was written. By the time you read it, Betty's hair will be shining and her home spotless. Jessica will be snug in the nursery, her trousseau complete, and Vicki moved to what once was the upstairs music room. Even the ranch house may be finished by then.

"By then," Mrs. Grable laughs, "the Jameses will be together again, and the rest won't matter."

MIRAGE IN MINK

(*Continued from page 53*)

or less free. She figures she still has a long way to go before she's a completely well-rounded and delightful human being, but at least she's on the track.

Up until recently, she hadn't time enough to analyze herself anyway, she'd been working so hard.

Here's a vague resume:

She made *You Came Along*, and *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, and then went to London on a publicity jaunt. She flew back from London to New York, hopped a plane in New York for Los Angeles, had a generally horrible trip, and got in seven hours late, at six a.m.

At ten the same morning, she was to report to Columbia for *Dead Reckoning*.

She reported all right, but her mind wasn't with it. Her mind kept formulating ads to be run in the lost and found columns, concerning her stomach.

Like this: "Stomach—Come home. I will treat you right."

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Dead Reckoning turned out to be delightful, however. Partly because it had Bogart. Bogart was good for Lizabeth. He likes people, and he'll dig around to find out what's motivating them. Besides which, he's a fine actor, and a helpful one.

The bad actor on the *Dead Reckoning* set was Lizabeth's wisdom tooth. Every so often, Lizabeth would check in all swollen up, and some wise character'd jeer, "What happened, you walk into a door?"

"No," she'd say sweetly. "Mr. Bogart's been beating me."

The pain used to come and go, and after a while it just came and stayed, and Lizabeth had to take three days off and get the tooth pulled.

She spent the time away from the studio making a present for Bogie. In the picture, his name was Rip, so she got a little tiny coffin, and put the wisdom tooth in it, and printed R. I. P. on the cover. She thought it was rather brilliant of her.

The day she reported back for work, she walked onto the set, and was immediately approached by Bogart, and John Cromwell, the director.

They advanced toward her, brandishing the biggest, ugliest saber tooth she'd ever seen. It took both of them to hold it, almost.

"We got something for you," they said proudly. "We thought you might like to keep your tooth as a souvenir, so we went over to the dentist, and he let us have it."

"*He* let you have it!" Lizabeth said, awe and hysteria mixed in her voice. "*I* ought to let you have it—"

Then, meekly, she held out her little gift. "Have an anti-climax."

Bogart roared.

skin of her tooth . . .

Lizabeth proceeded to get the whole cast and crew's autographs on her saber tooth, and afterwards, she had it shellacked, and she now displays it on her mantel, where it looks simply hideous.

It was a good thing Lizabeth enjoyed *Dead Reckoning,* because she certainly lived with it. At the end of the day, when other actors were going home, she was going off to wardrobe, to have fittings, and test fabrics. At lunchtime, when other actors were eating, she was going off to wardrobe some more.

She'd rationalize, wildly. "Eating makes you fat; sleep is for children." By the end of the picture, she could have enjoyed being fat and childish.

Two days after *Dead Reckoning* wound up, she went into *Desert Fury.*

Desert Fury featured Burt Lancaster and John Hodiak, but while Lizabeth admires them both, she goes around talking mostly about a boy named Wendell Cory, who was a Broadway hit in *Dream Girl.*

It was during *Desert Fury* that Burt Lancaster was married.

Lizabeth talked it over thoughtfully, with a friend, some time later. "In the morning," she said, "he had to make a passionate love scene with me. In the afternoon, he went off and got married."

"Well?" said the friend.

"But it's happened to me before," Lizabeth persisted. "Bob Cummings and I had a passionate love scene in *You Came Along,* one morning, and that afternoon, *he* went off and got married. What is there about me that drives men to other women's arms?"

"Garlic?" The friend said significantly. "In the ads, it's almost always garlic."

Lizabeth was brooding. "Next, I made a movie called *I Walk Alone.* You think it's spite-work?"

When *I Walk Alone* was finished, Lizabeth sat back and talked nastily to herself. "Are you crazy?" she said. "Yes, you're crazy. You need a vacation."

As Groucho Marx once observed, "It's pretty hard to be wrong, when you answer your own questions."

The next thing Lizabeth did was announce to Paramount that she was going to Mexico City.

After which she took off for New York.

She spent ten days in New York, before she broke down and called up the studio, and by that time, she'd had enough of the city.

She'd seen her old friends, who'd married, and had children. Once, they'd all traveled the same casting-office-to-Walgreen's-to-casting-office route together, and now here they were with one kind of life, and here she was with another.

There was the night one of the girls looked at her wistfully. "You're lucky," she said. "You got what we all wanted. What's it like?"

And Lizabeth, trying to be truthful, spoke slowly. "It's nice," she said. "I don't want to kid you, or myself. When you work hard, it's nice to get paid off. But in a way, I envy you. I'd like to be married, and have a family. I get lonely—"

The girls smiled. "You can be lonely for more than people—"

MODERN SCREEN

"I lost my gum."

"But never as much," Lizabeth said.

It was a strange ten days. She walked along Fifth Avenue, and the sleek, bright windows that had haunted her were simply sleek, bright windows now.

The excitement was gone.

She remembered the dramatic school, and the pavement pounding, and the place called Piazza, where you got bread, spaghetti and coffee for twenty-five cents.

If you didn't have the quarter, you smiled at the man, and paid him when you could.

Lizabeth wondered whether the Piazza was still going, but you can't say to people who are taking you to El Morocco, and the Stork, "I know a little place where there's spaghetti."

To be truthful, the whirl was enjoyable. Lizabeth dated Helmut Dantine several times. He'd been in the Tallulah Bankhead play, which had just closed, and they were old friends.

As a matter of fact, last year, some columnist said they were about to be married.

"They'll get one look at us together, and claim we've been married the whole time," Helmut decided.

They were walking down the street, and Lizabeth laughed. "I wouldn't marry *you,* my good man!"

"Nobody asked you," said Helmut. "But why?"

She stopped short, and gestured behind them. There was a whole flock of young girls scampering at Helmut's heels, making adoring noises.

"Too much competition," Lizabeth said. "From your claque."

Lizabeth herself collected a following one afternoon. She was going from the Gotham, where she stayed, to the Sherry Netherlands, for cocktails, and the first thing she knew, she had a howling entourage.

It embarrassed her. She'll sign autographs when she has time, but she can't figure out what possible pleasure anyone gets from studying her name.

And while she doesn't approve of fans trailing actors around the pavements, she thinks fan clubs are wonderful, and that the kids put out fine magazines, and work very hard. She has lunch about once a month with her own fan club in Pasadena, and she says it's thrilling.

In New York, Lizabeth had a reunion with her mother, and her sisters, and they all talked at once, gaily, the way families do, and later, when Lizabeth was alone with her mother, the conversation got more serious.

"Are you happy?" her mother said.

Lizabeth nodded. "Quite happy. And I'm still trying to learn things."

Her mother looked puzzled, and Lizabeth went on. "A long time ago, you told me whatever I learned, I'd have in myself, and that was the only thing I never could lose."

Her mother smiled. "That's strange. I don't even remember."

"I do," said Lizabeth. "Now come see my chartreuse blouse."

That blouse was the only article of clothing she bought in New York.

She had gone to Saks Fifth Avenue in search of a chartreuse blouse, only it had to be a very particular one, and nothing that she saw pleased her.

The saleslady trotted out the handsomest stuff in the place, and Lizabeth shook her head. "No, thank you. I think not."

bargain hunter . . .

And then she caught sight of a rack packed with clothes, and the sleeve of what was surely a captivating chartreuse blouse dangled invitingly from the middle of the rack.

She made a dash.

"But Miss Scott," said the saleslady plaintively. "That's a *reduced* rack!"

"I love bargains," Miss Scott murmured soothingly.

Lizabeth caught a few of the Broadway shows. She saw *Joan of Lorraine,* and the Helen Hayes play, and *Finian's Rainbow,* and she loved them indiscriminately.

Still, toward the end of her visit, she was anxious to go home. A holiday is lovely, but it's no way to live.

At home, when Lizabeth's working, she's up at 5:30 a.m., home by seven p.m., finished eating, and in bed, shortly thereafter. She has a maid who fixes dinner for her three nights a week, and she herself is learning to cook, because she thinks it's important.

It's part of the new personality development course she's set for herself. Along with cooking go French lessons, and ballet lessons, and voice lessons.

She lives in what she calls "half a house," and she wears long cotton skirts instead of slacks, when she's loafing, and she wishes she'd meet a man she really wanted to marry.

Since she always gets what she wants, it shouldn't be long now.

WOMEN! MAKE SPARE-TIME MONEY QUICK this easy way!

Get Your Own Dresses *Without a Penny of Cost* AS AN EXTRA BONUS

Wouldn't you jump at the chance of earning up to $18, $20 and $25 a week in spare time? Well, here it is—the quick, easy way to make this good money in odd hours—in your own neighborhood — and, besides, get this Fall's loveliest dresses for yourself *without a penny of cost!* Just imagine! *You invest no money!* You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS — gorgeous exclusive styles of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably inexpensive—as low as $3.98. For every sale, you get paid in cash *on the spot.* And, to top it off, you get your own smart Fall dresses as a bonus besides your cash earnings!

No Canvassing — No Experience Needed!

Now can we make this wonderful offer? Because more representatives are needed right now to show a marvelous added feature of FASHION FROCKS—sensational new styles personally designed by the lovely screen star, Constance Bennett, "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." Miss Bennett, famous for her unique style sense, now designs *exclusively* for FASHION FROCKS. Her Hollywood-inspired creations will thrill millions of women. Be the one to present these exciting dresses to your friends and neighbors. Remember, they can't be bought in stores, so people must come to *you* if they want to be admired in stunning Constance Bennett originals. FASHION FROCKS carry the famous Good Housekeeping guaranty seal. You can make good profits without previous experience. Our special cooperation plan helps you to exceptional earnings like these:—Marie Patton, Ill., earned an average of $28.84 weekly—Mrs. Claude Burnett, Ala., averaged $27.10 weekly. No wonder so many of our representatives bless the day they mailed the coupon below!

AS YOU LIKE IT
A wearable gabardine classic that goes straight to your heart—and *his!*

Everything Free — But Delay May Be Costly!

Openings have been going fast ever since the first announcement of Constance Bennett's FASHION FROCKS. Don't risk missing out on this astonishing offer. Decide to use your spare hours to pay you a rich reward—in a pleasant, dignified way. Develop a steady group of regular customers, who buy from you season after season. Mail this coupon now to reserve valuable Style Presentation Portfolio sent FREE. No obligation—and nothing to pay. Just paste coupon to postcard and mail it *today.*

Free PORTFOLIO OF LATEST FALL DRESSES as low as **$3.98**

Celebrating Our 40th Birthday This Year!

SOAP 'N WATER FABRIC
that takes you places in traditional style.

Fashion Frocks INC.

Desk 52054 Cincinnati 25, Ohio

"THESE LOVELY FASHION FROCKS WERE INSPIRED BY CREATIONS I DESIGNED FOR MY PERSONAL WARDROBE AT $200 TO $300 EACH. I AM HAPPY TO OFFER THEM AT A TINY FRACTION OF THOSE PRICES!"

Constance Bennett

... Glamorous star of stage, screen and radio, one of the world's 10 best-dressed women, she designs exclusively for FASHION FROCKS.

FIRST NIGHTER
A classic black dress — demurely charming for any occasion.

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD — *mail now!*

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk 52054, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me full information, without obligation.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

*Age*_____ *Dress Size*_____

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

THE WARTIME CIGARETTE SHORTAGE WAS A REAL EXPERIENCE. I LEARNED THAT CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!
Elaine Decker
WELL-KNOWN FENCER

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before

"The shortage taught me the big differences in cigarette quality," says Miss Decker

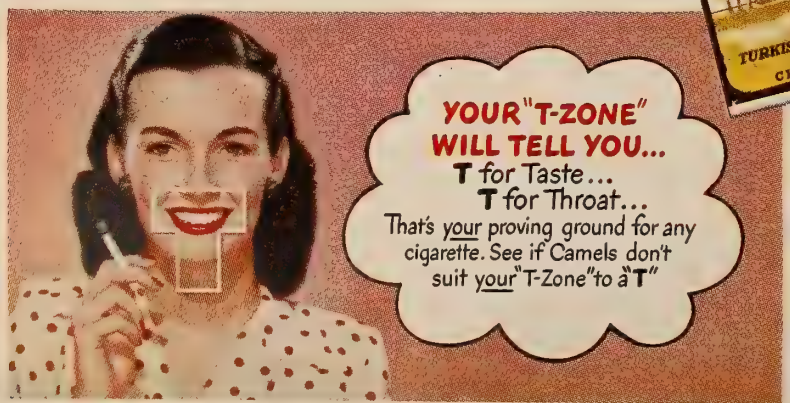
SMOKERS everywhere shared your experience with cigarettes, Miss Decker. They too smoked many different brands . . . and *compared.*

And millions found that experience *is* the best teacher . . . that for smoking pleasure you just can't beat the rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of Camels. That's why today more people are smoking Camels than ever before. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

It wasn't much fun, standing in line, taking any brand you could get. But that's when millions learned what cigarette suited them best — Camels!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T"

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

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modern screen

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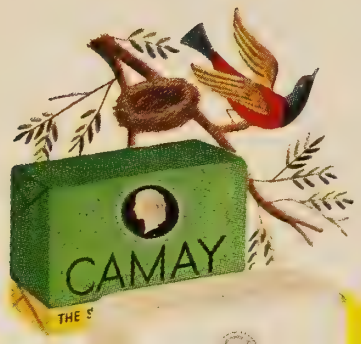

MRS. GERROLD WESTON HART
the former Shirley Humphreys of New York
Bridal portrait painted by Sam Jaffe

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE HART STORY:

Romance began when Gerrold came to tea at the Humphreys' family apartment in New York. No wonder – Shirley's complexion is really something to see!

Just One Cake of Camay brings your Skin a Lovelier Look!

After a June wedding the Harts honeymooned in Oklahoma where they saw the famous Indian dances, and Shirley's "little-girl" loveliness nearly stole the show. P.S. Shirley promises to stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Compliments come to you when your complexion's right. And you can possess a softer, lovelier skin with just *one cake* of Camay! Renounce all careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Follow directions on the wrapper. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation* —can make your skin so much smoother, lovelier!

AUG 13 1947

"What d'you do — Poison those arrows?"

CUPID: Sure! Arsenic, strychnine – take your pick. I aim to please.

GIRL: Verr-ry funny. But you know darn well you're not aiming to please *me!* Huh – and the folder said, "Cupid always gladdening the days at Mountain View Inn"...

CUPID: Now *wait* a minute! You go around looking like the meanest trick of the week, and you expect *me* to—. Look, cookie, try *smiling* at men for a change!

GIRL: It'd be a change for the worse. My smile's the original tattle-tale gray. I brush my teeth, mind you –

CUPID: Don't mind me. Just answer this: Do you see "pink" on your tooth-brush?

GIRL: Well –

CUPID: Well, *that's* a warning to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide what's wrong. Maybe it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise – and if so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: *Please* try to concentrate. We were speaking of my *smile.*

CUPID: First things first, feather-brain. Sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. So, if your dentist suggests massage, then *massage*, Sis! 7 out of 10 dentists *do* recommend gum massage. And get *this* – a nation-wide survey shows that they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.

HOW TO MASSAGE YOUR GUMS. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start – where gentle massage can be so helpful. *Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.*

Ipana

Product of Bristol-Myers

For your Smile of Beauty

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

"The Romance of Rosy Ridge"—a story bristling with action, crackling with thrills—is an authentic piece of Americana.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the accent is on "The Romance" because Van Johnson has found a new and exciting darling to love in blonde, vivacious Janet Leigh (rhymes with Whee!). She's in every sense a girl to watch.

MacKinlay Kantor's Satevepost story, set in the embattled border states, seethes with scores of exciting scenes: night raids by black-hooded marauders; bare-knuckle fights to the death; gunplay; breathless races against the elements; lovers' nights alone on moonlit mountainsides.

★ ★ ★ ★

Van in this new element is an elemental Van, a different Van, a man who's really in the van.

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder that between the fights and the feuds, Van finds time to sing tender love ballads to Janet Leigh—the girl of his heart—and sings as he never has before.

★ ★ ★

Gusto went into the acting of stalwart Thomas Mitchell, Marshall Thompson, Selena Royle, Dean Stockwell. Zest went into the screenplay by Lester Cole. Roy Rowland's direction, the production of Jack Cummings have vigor and taste.

★ ★ ★ ★

All is rosy in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge".

★ ★ ★ ★

Not far over the horizon are two other M-G-M biggies: "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker, which shapes up as one of the greatest love stories of all time; "The Unfinished Dance", in Technicolor, starring Hollywood's biggest little star, Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Entertainment-wise, M-G-M shines bright in the summer skies.

—Leo

SEPTEMBER, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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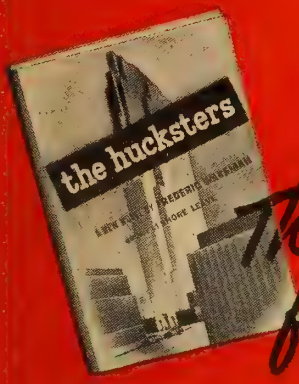


The STORY for Gable

The GIRL for Gable

CLARK
GABLE

The ROLE for Gable

DEBORAH
KERR

SYDNEY
GREENSTREET

ADOLPHE
MENJOU

AVA GARDNER · KEENAN WYNN · EDWARD ARNOLD

The HUCKSTERS

Screen Play by Luther Davis • Adaptation by Edward Chodorov and George Wells • Based on the Novel by Frederic Wakeman

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr. • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Van and Evie Johnson showed up at the Coronet Theater for the opening of *Skin Of Our Teeth,* starring—Keenan Wynn! Evie's wearing her "lay-off" present, bought while Van was laid off the studio payroll.

Two enthusiastic first-nighters were Gene and Betsy Kelly. Gene, now a first v.p. of Screen Actors' Guild, has sold a story of his own to Metro and may direct and star in it.

Southpaw Jane Powell was among the 40-odd celebrities at the party Station KFWB threw for disc jockey Martin Block. The guests put on a 3-hour show for 30 partially paralyzed vets from Birmingham Hospital.

As soon as picture commitments allow, the Cornel Wildes told KFWB party guests, they'll be off to Honolulu—on the trip Cornel earned by posing for steamship line ads.

The Vincente Minnellis (Judy Garland) are excited over the screen debut of daughter Liza, in Judy's next picture, *The Pirate,* which Vincente is directing.

Andy and Della Russell, with an old friend, bandleader Horace Heidt, recalled that it was Martin who gave Dinah Shore her first job on a N.Y. station.

Three divorces hit Hollywood last month—each with its different problem of heartache and bitterness.

June Haver and Jimmy Zito, Annelle and Mark Stevens, and Hedy Lamarr and John Loder have all called it quits in an outbreak of marital aches and pains generally grouped under the head of "incompatibility." Incompatibility? My eye!

Let's look behind the scenes in each case.

If you've heard that the "inside" on the break-up of June Haver and Jimmy Zito is that another girl has been in love with him for years and that she came between them—don't you believe it.

There is no other man or woman in this rift, that came after just three short months of marriage. I know more about the real cause than I am at liberty to print. I can say that June is not the offender in this case and that she has grounds on which to ask an annulment.

But I do blame her, and other girls in and out of Hollywood, for not giving marriage as much consideration and thought as they do their careers.

Why? Well, some of them want to get away from home, they want to have their own lives and apartments without family restrictions. Or they are blinded by infatuation. Or they think "experience" is necessary to being a good actress.

They don't stop to think that marriage is the most important step they can take and that the only basis for a lasting marriage is love, understanding and companionship.

Aiding Frank Sinatra's campaign to bring big-time sports to L.A. were Lana Turner and Ty Power, who thrilled Gilmore Stadium ringsiders. Unfortunately, they quarrelled later, and cancelled plans for a double-vacation trip.

Deserting baseball for the evening, Leo Durocher and Laraine Day gave boxing a boost. Later, Frank Sinatra and Joe Louis confided to the Durochers that they'd like to do a short on tolerance together.

Will Marie MacDonald be Mrs. Harry Karl? Shoe-magnate Karl, a boxing fan, explained the finer points to Marie during the exhibition match between Joe Louis and Harry Wills.

GOOD NEWS

June Haver and Jimmy Zito are of two different worlds. Hers is Hollywood, where she has her home and career. His is the hectic night life of a musician moving from place to place. Yet, after a whirlwind courtship—they eloped to Las Vegas. What makes it more serious for her, they were later married in her faith.

This reckless marriage can ruin her life. Unless she is able to obtain a religious annulment this mistake can mean that she cannot marry again within her church.

What a price to pay for thoughtlessness. I am sorry for June. But surely there is a lesson in her experience for other girls who may be thinking of jumping into marriage without taking time to know their hearts and their men.

* * *

With the Mark Stevenses, it is something else again.

Mark's health, or lack of it, has played a big part in the rows and temperamental scenes they have been staging for the past year and which eventually led to their break.

For a long time, Mark has suffered from a spine trouble that has had him in and out of hospitals for corrective and painful operations.

One of their battles that did not reach the prints was so serious that Mrs. Stevens said, before the birth of their baby, "As soon as the baby is born we will have to part."

In her condition, naturally, she was high strung. So was Mark. For almost a year after the birth of the baby they both adore, they tried to make a go of it.

The final flare-up occurred at a party given by George Jessel, who is producing on the same lot with Mark. George told me, "It was just one of those typical quarrels married people get in now and then at parties. No one thought it was serious and I still think they might get together again."

Heaven knows, their friends are keeping their fingers crossed—hoping. But weeks have gone by and there is still a lot of bitterness on both sides. So, I don't know.

* * *

Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are legally at

In our family, father wore the pants, *but*—

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS

Mother and Dad were in Show Business. No family ever had such a life!

And now all the fun, the love, the music, the laughter of it has been brought to the screen. "Mother Wore Tights" is the first real, true story of Show Business and Show People. And it's all in Technicolor.

You'll love every minute of it!

Betty Grable is Mother.

And everyone is talking about Dan Dailey as Dad. Lovely Mona Freeman is my big sister, Iris—And Connie Marshall is me—

Mother's Loving Daughter

Mikie

20th CENTURY-FOX TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!

Technicolor

starring

BETTY GRABLE

with

DAN DAILEY

and

MONA FREEMAN · CONNIE MARSHALL

Vanessa Brown · Robert Arthur · Sara Allgood · William Frawley · Ruth Nelson

Directed by **WALTER LANG** · Produced by **LAMAR TROTTI**

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti · Based on the Book by Miriam Young

Deborah Kerr's handsome husband, Tony Bartley, visiting her on location, arrived just in time for a picnic lunch. The Bartleys are returning to England for the birth of their baby, and it may be a year before Deborah will make another Hollywood picture.

GOOD NEWS

Shirley Temple will make a film with husband John Agar, at last! But John will work on location—and won't have a single scene with S

it hammer and tongs at this writing.

I feel sorry for Hedy and I feel sorry fo John. There's no doubt but that she has bee in a very neurotic condition for over a year She's all twisted up in her thinking.

One minute she told him she loved him. The next, her lawyer told him she was filing for divorce.

Loder is completely confused and now he i thoroughly angry. He says Hedy reconcile with him just long enough to get him to sig papers agreeing to pay her "room and board" when he wasn't working—if you can ti that! He signed other papers involving com munity property. Whether she divorces hin or not, he has now made up his mind to su to have these papers set aside.

As for Hedy—she needs to get hold of her self and make up her mind what she wants ou of life. The pity of this battle is that there are two children involved and Hedy's littl adopted son.

* * *

Let's get on to more cheerful subjects. Fo instance, Joan Fontaine, who realizes tha great, big parties are never fun parties. Too many different crowds get mixed up. So she gives dinners for twenty or thirty congenia friends—and in this way she has become a extremely successful hostess.

The last party she gave, she served dinne in the new playroom she and her bridegroom Bill Dozier, have added to their beautifu Brentwood home. It's a huge room done i soft shades of green—Joan's favorite color The hostess herself wore—what else?—a charming green gown.

I hadn't seen Maureen O'Hara for some time and I was amazed to see how much weigh she has put on. I suppose by the time this is in print, she will have taken it off. These glamor girls know how to take off weigh and do it quickly when necessary. To add to the illusion of weight, she was wearing a peppermint stick dress, and stripes are neve slenderizing.

Betty Hensel seems to have been accepted by all of Cary Grant's friends—even though she and Cary no longer see each other. She is now devoting herself to a young English man named Foxall—but I wonder if the spark for Cary is completely dimmed.

David Niven came in late. He's working like mad to get through so he can go home to England.

Laraine Day and Leo Durocher made their one and only social appearance at Joan's. This pair, so sensationally publicized, neither smoke nor drink and are the quietest and mos retiring couple I've ever seen at a party!

* * *

You can't get either Van or Evie Johnson to admit it, but they're hoping it will be a girl That's because Evie has two little boys already and Van has a hankering for little girls, anyway. "You can tie bows on them," he kidded—but he's not kidding much. *If* they get their wish and *if* it is a girl, she'll have an old-fashioned name like Mary or Betty.

(*Continued on page* 10)

LADD
and
LAMOUR
are
TERRIFIC!
Meet the screen's new thrill team . . . in a picture that will set your heart pounding!
Paramount presents
ALAN LADD · DOROTHY LAMOUR · ROBERT PRESTON · LLOYD NOLAN
in
"WILD HARVEST"
with
DICK ERDMAN · ALLEN JENKINS
PRODUCED BY ROBERT FELLOWS
Directed By TAY GARNETT
Screen Play by John Monks, Jr.

Why do you act so funny, honey?

JEEPERS, JEANIE! I'M NO BIG DAME HUNTER—I'M THE GUY WHO'S GOING TO BE YOUR HUSBAND. REMEMBER?
I'M NOT SO SURE, TED. I'D RATHER BE SHOT THAN TELL YOU THIS—BUT WON'T YOU PLEASE SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, DEAR?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"**Colgate Dental Cream**'s active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

Like her mother, Tina Crawford, 8, is an accomplished knitter. And it looks as though Otto Preminger, directing Joan in *Daisy Kenyon*, will be gifted with Tina's latest effort. It's a thank-you gesture for the new dachshund Otto gave them, to replace the late "Pupchen."

GOOD NEWS

When I first heard that Joan Crawford and the cowboy star, Don "Red" Barry, were romancing like crazy, I couldn't believe my ears.

Joan always does startling things to make people talk. It's been one of the secrets of her perennial success. I thought, "Having a cowboy actor madly in love with her is probably just another one of those things!"

But, NO! This romance is blazing and several of her close friends are now beginning to believe that she may even marry him.

If lavishing a lady with gifts is the right way to get her to say "Yes," Don is sure doing his stuff. To date he has given her a diamond necklace, a compact that has a sapphire for a "lid" (along with this went a matching ring and earrings) plus a Platina Fox fur coat. These trinkets are only the headliners. Don never enters the Crawford menage without perfume, flowers, hankies, gloves or some other "remembrance" for Joan or the children.

When she was in love with Greg Bautzer, they appeared in public almost every night, dining and dancing. Joan would rather dance than eat, and Greg is a wonderful dancer.

Since "Red" came into her life, they've seldom stepped out anywhere, and I hear tell he isn't much when it comes to traipsing the light fantastic. So it must be looooove!

* * *

If your mind runs to figures, you may be interested in these fancy quotations.

Joan Crawford was Hollywood's highest salaried lady for last year, taking in $400,000.

Closest to her (and not too close at that) was Bob Hope, cashing $275,000 of Paramount's checks. His side kick, Bing Crosby, drew $250,300, with Ray Miland coming up with $234,166 for his chores.

I think this may surprise you—the highest priced male at Warners is one Stanley Morner, better known as Dennis Morgan, who kept the wolf from his door by $261,000 worth.

Need I add that all these fancy figures are before the Income Tax man starts grabbing?

* * *

I still think that Nora Eddington Flynn's retort snappy to Lili Damita was the best crack of the month.

Nora, who is the current Mrs. Errol Flynn, and Lili—who was Mrs. Flynn No. 1—were unfortunately invited to the same party. For such a warm evening, there was plenty of ice floating around.

Finally, Lili said to Nora, "Oh, pretty soon you'll be fat and he'll walk out on you, too."

Nora opened wide her great big eyes, "But Lili," said she, "you were never fat!"

* * *

So many people are traveling in Europe or are away on vacations or are busy making pictures that our social life has been a bit on the slow side. There have been parties—but most of them small ones.

The biggest party of the month was given by the William Goetzes, honoring the English movie biggie, J. Arthur Rank, and his wife.

It was a glamorous night, believe me, with all the stars sparkling inside and out.

(*Continued on page 12*)

THE HOWL IN THE NIGHT IS THE VOICE OF DANGER!

ERROL FLYNN

BARBARA STANWYCK

HIS FIRST MIS-STEP
WILL BE HIS LAST MISTAKE!

IF SHE WEREN'T SO IN LOVE
SHE'D BE SO AFRAID!

WARNER BROS. present

"CRY WOLF"

with that rising young star
GERALDINE BROOKS

Directed by Peter Godfrey

Screen Play by Catherine Turney • From the Novel by Marjorie Carleton • Music by Franz Waxman

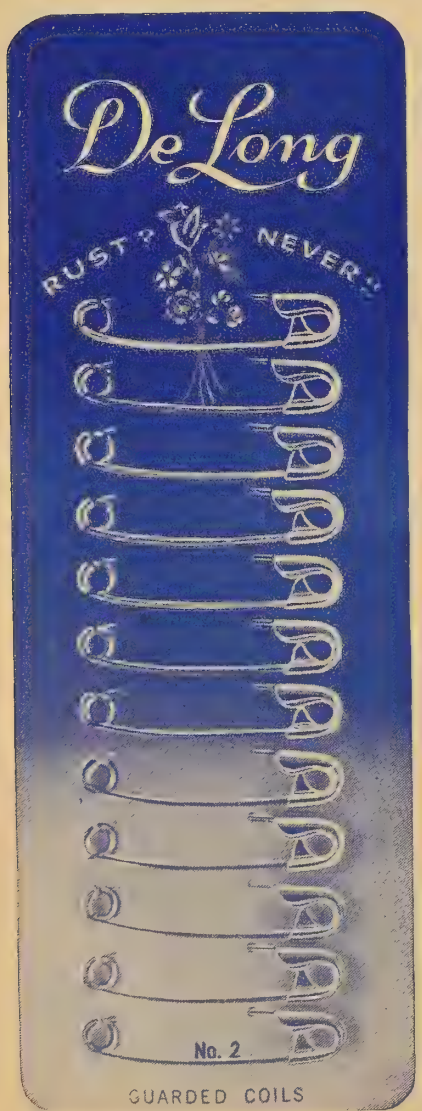
Produced by Henry Blanke

welcome! SOON WARNER BROS. BRING Clarence Day's "LIFE WITH FATHER" in Technicolor TO THE SCREEN!

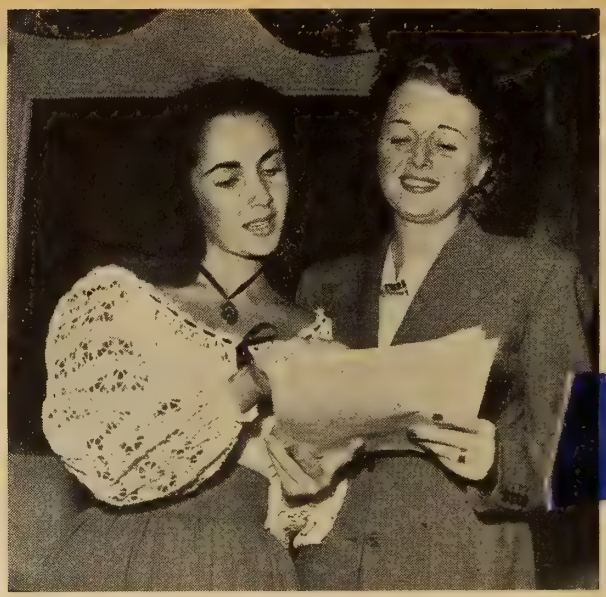
YOUR BABY'S BILL OF RIGHTS

... calls for regular meals ... baths ... plenty of love ... and the *best of everything—including the Safety Pins that anchor his pants.*

That's why smart, conscientious Mothers buy DeLong Safety Pins ... made of sturdy brass wire that won't rust, and with guarded coils that can't get caught in the diaper material



All Brass . . Won't Rust
Guarded Coils . . Won't Catch



GOOD NEWS

Mary Astor and Elizabeth Taylor repeated their mother-daughter roles for the radio broadcast of *Cynthia.* The following week, Liz nearly drowned while swimming, and suffered severe shock!

Greer Garson, who left England before Rank became the power he is today, had a long talk with him. But she spent most of the evening with Louis B. Mayer, her boss—so I don't think Rank made much headway, if he was trying to get her back for English movies.

The Charles Boyers and the Ronald Colmans were together, as usual, and—as usual—talking about their children. Juliet Colman and Michael Boyer are about the same age and Mrs. Boyer said:

"We're announcing right now that they are engaged. We think we ought to keep all this money in the family!"

Henry Fonda and I had a lot to talk about. His wife and my husband had both been patients at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore at the same time. "More than that," I told Hank, "Dr. Martin (my husband) bequeathed your wife his private telephone, the only one in the hospital, when he left."

Joan Bennett, a vision in white lace, looked so much like a debutante herself I couldn't believe it when she told me she was leaving next day to see her daughter, Diana, graduate from finishing school.

Another eyeful was Ava Gardner with David Niven. When she walked in, every masculine eye in the place turned in her direction.

Everyone agreed that Mrs. Ray Milland is the most beautiful non-professional wife of an actor in our town. She is always so gracious and nice.

I wish I could say that for the wife of another big star. I like him very much—but for my money, you can take her or leave her. Sometimes you can forgive people who have accomplished something big on their own, for being a little conceited. But this lady's chief claim to snobbishness seems to be that she married a movie actor.

Deborah Kerr, so attractive and such a darling, was with her equally charming husband, Tony Bartley. Speaking of the non-professional mates of stars—he's certainly a winner.

We almost had the jinxed Hope Diamond in Hollywood—and hanging around the neck of Ginger Rogers! I say "almost," because at the last minute the trustees of Evalyn Walsh McLean's estate, turned down the $20,000 offer from Ginger's producers to use the beautiful but unlucky gem for a scene in *It Had to Be You.*

I heard several women stars say they wouldn't wear the Hope Diamond for a split second—but Ginger told me she isn't superstitious.

* * *

Close-up of Mrs. John Agar: Her other name is Shirley Temple . . . when she knits or reads she wears big gold-rimmed glasses . . . She's never changed her favorite color, which is blue—any shade . . . She loves "dates" with her husband to go nightclubbing or dancing just like "before we were married" . . . She weighs 102 pounds and has grown an inch since her wedding, so she now stands five-feet-two inches . . . A few weeks ago she tried dieting for the first time, didn't like it, and gave it up. She'll take hers off swimming and playing tennis, thank you . . . She's very rich, but she keeps herself on a budget and if it goes quicker than she expected, she just doesn't take her girl friends to lunch that week, that's all . . . Now and then, very rarely in fact, she has a case of the "blues" without knowing why. But if she can turn on the radio or play some records, she snaps out of it . . . She loves engagement parties and showers and any festivity connected with romance . . . Her favorite flowers are tea roses . . . She can't cook very well, and doesn't care . . . Jack Benny slays her . . . She can't stand people who get laughs at the expense of someone's feelings . . . And she doesn't like even mild or cute risqué jokes . . . She will eat corn on the cob in the middle of the night in case there's any around . . . She likes to eat in bed . . . Her private-life clothes are smart, chic and expensive, and she likes gloves very much . . . Her lipsticks are vivid—but she has grown tired of "gaudy" fingernails . . . She is, and always has been, a darling!

MURDER!
MANHUNT!
Raw-nerve realism and terrific excitement thrill... in this high suspense drama of the kind of a killer who makes you mad all over!
DORE SCHARY PRESENTS
ROBERT YOUNG · ROBERT MITCHUM · ROBERT RYAN
in
"Crossfire"
with
GLORIA GRAHAME
PAUL KELLY · SAM LEVENE
RKO RADIO PICTURES
Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT · Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK · Screen Play by JOHN PAXTON

dorothy kilgallen selects "the hucksters"

Clark Gable throws over a $35,000 advertising job (with ulcers!) for lovely Deborah Kerr.

■ At last! Clark Gable's back and a good picture's got him!

He's back in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen version of the controversial best-selling novel, *The Hucksters*, which cost them $300,000 and serves as an intelligent and unusual vehicle for what Gable fans pay to see and hear—the big shoulders, the sardonic smile, the between-the-eyebrows frown, the hot look and the voice that has more "Come on, baby, we're wasting time" in it than any other voice in America.

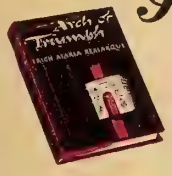
All this is eminently pleasing to the female picture-goer, and should prove equally gratifying to the male, except possibly on the way home.

Since movie audiences are, of course, larger even than the ranks of best-seller buyers, it will be necessary to explain to many flicker fans that the term "hucksters" refers to the advertising business and the gentlemen who for juicy salaries casually referred to as "$20,000 a year" and "$35,000 a year with bonuses" dream up the cheese and soap and cigarette and headache powder commercials that enchant and/or irritate the nation's radio listeners. (*Continued on page 16*)

INGRID BERGMAN
as Joan Madou, a woman of the shadows

CHARLES BOYER
as Ravic, the ghost doctor

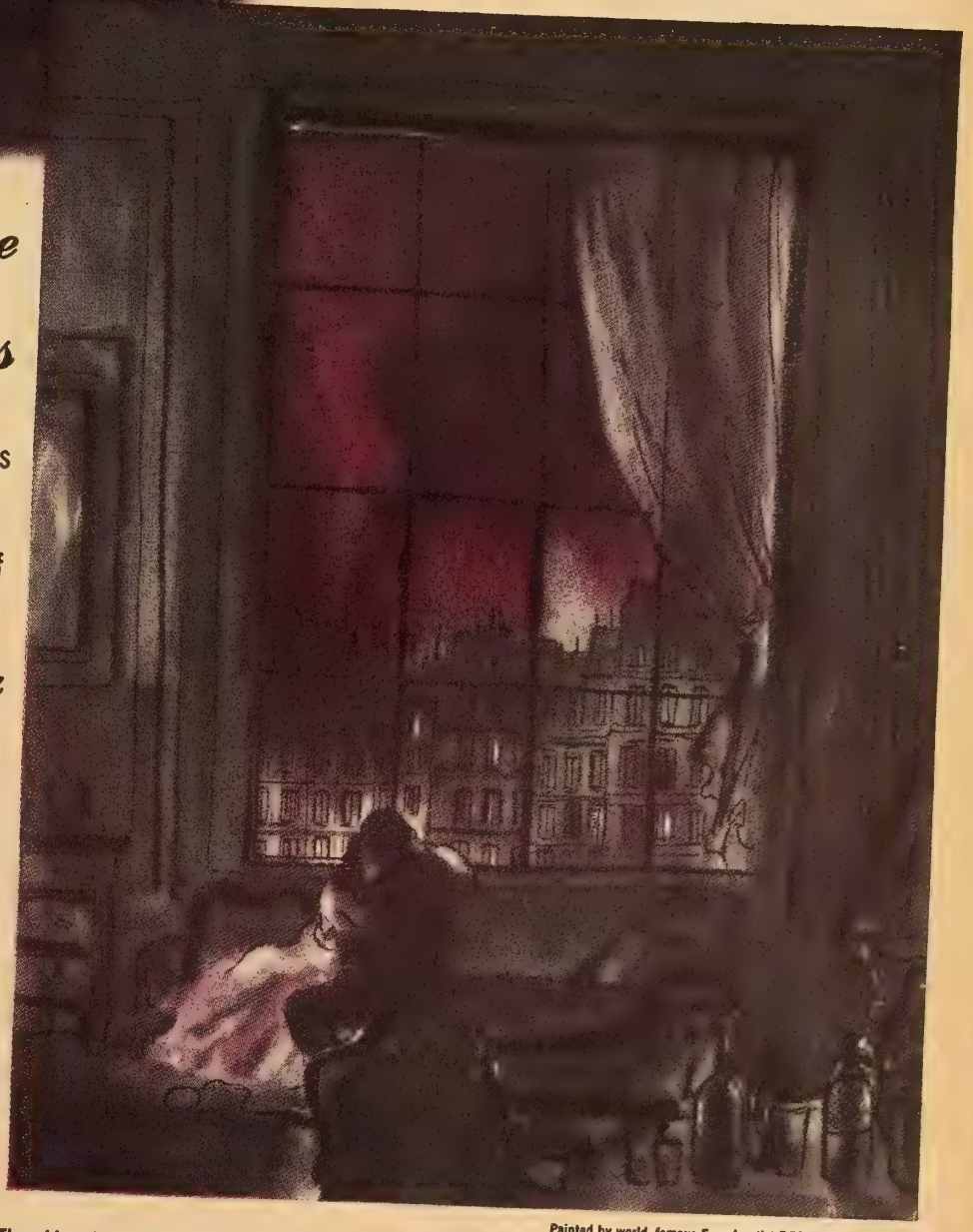
The Enterprise Studios



present this magnificent production of

Erich Maria Remarque's

great novel... the most important screen event in years!



Painted by world-famous French artist BERNARD LAMOTTE

They kissed . . . and the street noises of Paris, the ominous shadows of tomorrow, seemed far away . . .

ARCH OF TRIUMPH

co-starring **CHARLES LAUGHTON**

with **LOUIS CALHERN** • **RUTH WARRICK** • **ROMAN BOHNEN**
RUTH NELSON • **MICHAEL ROMANOFF** • A **LEWIS MILESTONE** Production
Produced by **DAVID LEWIS** • Directed by **LEWIS MILESTONE** • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

TEETH SHOULD SHOW IN YOUR SMILE

NEVER

IN YOUR HAIR-DO

TEETH NEVER SHOW WITH

*Goody**

KANT-SLIP* COMBS

...BECAUSE ONLY KANT-SLIP COMBS HAVE CONCEALED TIGHT-GRIPPING TEETH

Only Goody Kant-Slip combs have this overlapping patented construction making the teeth invisible in your hair.

ONLY 10c

Available in a variety of popular sizes at leading 5 and 10c stores and notion counters.

Made by the makers of famous GOODY barrettes • curlers • wave clips

*REG. TRADEMARK

FOR BETTER HAIR AIDS BETTER REACH FOR GOODY

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE HUCKSTERS"

(Continued from page 14)

As any hep New Yorker can tell you, most of the characters are based on actual inhabitants of the advertising world, and the result is a behind-the-scenes glimpse of everything from the phenomenon known as the story conference to the feudally tyrannical sponsor, in this case played bombastically (and rather lovably, I thought) by the very capable Sidney Greenstreet.

Clark Gable is Vic Norman, the huckster who hawks his wares ever more successfully than most of the well-tailored worriers of his profession, until the hour when he can no longer like his work and himself, and quits the whole business on the crest of his greatest triumph. But all through the story, under the carefully accurate clothes and the "sincere" ties, ripple the Gable muscles, shines the Gable animal vitality, breathes the Gable personality that give vigor and life and excitement to a theme that easily could have run into a groove of trade talk and intellectual debate. Happily, it doesn't. The picture has, indeed, more than its share of romantic interest.

Two—count 'em—beautiful ladies vie for the Gable affections in *The Hucksters*, the more ladylike being Deborah Kerr, M-G-M's answer to any petulance on the part of Greer Garson, and the more beautiful being Ava Gardner, whose services seem to grow increasingly valuable to her studio with each new appearance. Miss Kerr is brunette, elegant and charming; an excellent actress and perfectly suited to the role of the British widow of an American general (oh, yes, the story's been changed some!) and Miss Gardner is direct, sexy and entirely believable as the singer who is frankly and understandably smitten with all the things Clark Gable is. The one who "gets" him in the end should, I think, be a secret until the admission price has been paid, but it can be said without fear of contradiction that any man in the audience would be delighted to take the leftover.

No expense was spared in the cast. Edward Arnold contributes a splendid and sympathetic bit as the head of an "octopus" talent agency. Adolphe Menjou portrays an upper-brackets advertising executive with such high tension you can almost see his ulcers. And Keenan Wynn races through one brilliant scene as Buddy Hare, a broken-down but ebullient comic. Quite a supporting cast!

With all this, however, the essence of *The Hucksters*' appeal is Clark Gable, and that is what they will be buying at the box office windows and that is what they will be grateful for when the final take fades out. He is one of the great "naturals" of the screen, and therein lies his easy force. There is no need for subtitles to translate what he is thinking when he looks at a woman in the back seat of a taxicab, and there is only one thing that a woman could possibly think of when she looks at him. This makes it all very simple and fine.

It makes the whole business of Gable's appearance in *The Hucksters* add up to one word:

Wow!

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We don't like to brag—even about you lovely people—but no one can hold a candle to MODERN SCREEN's readers when it comes to discovering new stars. It seems that every big name you see in M.S. today first saw print (in your own legible writing) on the dotted lines below. We know that many of you regard the M.S. Poll as a delightful monthly ritual—but just to make it more interesting, we're offering 500 three-months FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS to the first 500 of you who send in the Questionnaire below—neatly filled in with the names of your favorite and—if any—unfavorite stars! But please act IMMEDIATELY—or those subscriptions will all be gone!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

If any of the stars below is UNPOPULAR with you, please check the box opposite his or her name. If you like them all, please check the box opposite "No dislikes." CHECK ONLY ONE BOX!

☐ *Betty Grable*	☐ *Cornel Wilde*
☐ *June Allyson*	☐ *Rita Hayworth*
☐ *Judy Garland*	☐ *Guy Madison*
☐ *Van Johnson*	☐ *Lana Turner*
☐ *Jane Wyman*	☐ *Shirley Temple*

☐ *No dislikes*

My name is.....

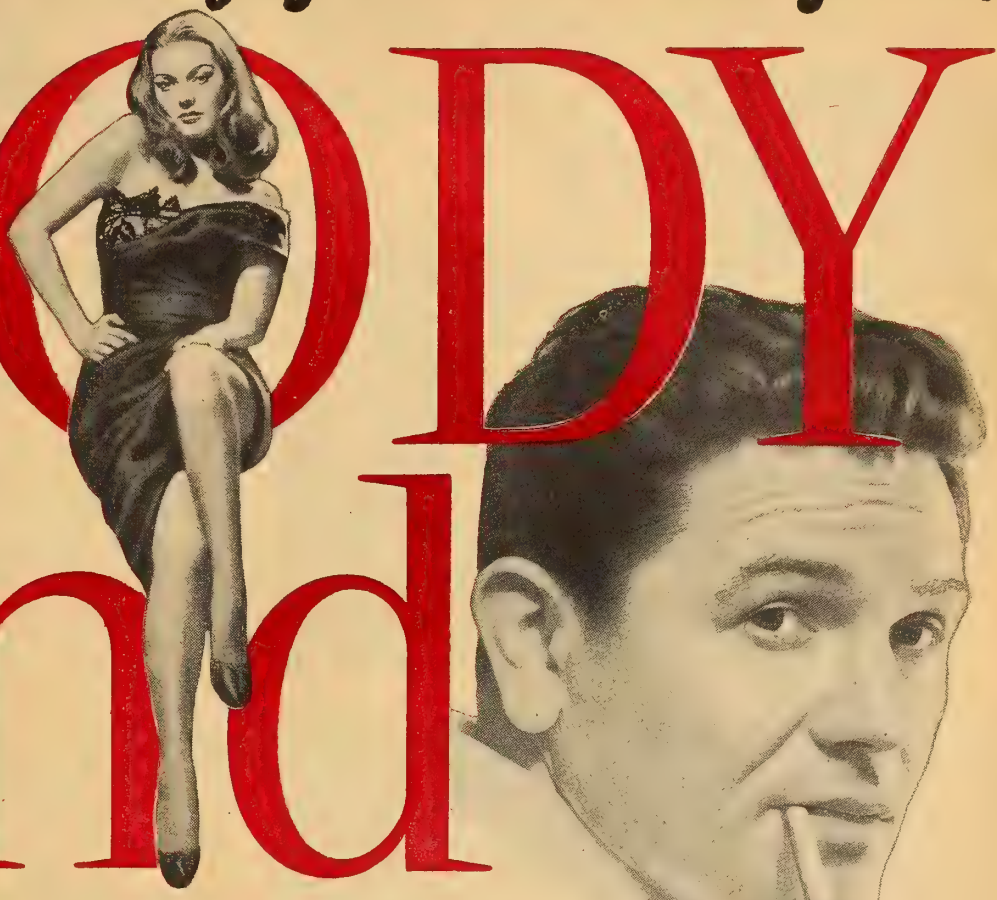
My address is .....

City..... Zone.....State ..... I am..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

The story of a guy that women go for!

BODY and SOUL



JOHN GARFIELD
LILLI PALMER
in 'Body and Soul'

and introducing exciting
HAZEL BROOKS
as ALICE

with
ANNE REVERE

WILLIAM CONRAD • JOSEPH PEVNEY
LLOYD GOFF • CANADA LEE
Original screenplay by ABRAHAM POLONSKY

Directed by
ROBERT ROSSEN
Produced by
BOB ROBERTS

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

A new climax in entertainment from THE ENTERPRISE STUDIOS

Father (William Powell) loves Mother (Irene Dunne) dearly, but he wishes she'd forget this baptizing nonsense.

Clarence, Jr. (Jimmy Lydon) can't woo Mary (Eliz. Taylor) properly—not while he's wearing Father's old suit!

When his precious Vinnie (Irene Dunne) is ill, Father promises her anything if she'll get well—even that he'll be baptized. Grimly, he sets off to keep his "sacred promise," with the whole family along to witness the performance

movie reviews

by Virginia Wilson

LIFE with FATHER

Life With Father is running merrily along in its eighth year on Broadway. Now comes the Technicolor picture version, which is just as funny and human and lovable. William Powell makes a superb "Father," complete with red hair and a red mustache.

Father is an irascible but charming gentleman who, in 1880, rules his household with an iron hand encased in an immaculate chamois glove. He and his wife, Vinnie (Irene Dunne), have four redheaded sons and a house on Madison Avenue. They live very well, but Father is fond of saying that they could live much better if Vinnie were not so bad at accounts.

Vinnie has a very feminine mind, and while her arithmetic seems logical to her, it drives Father crazy. For example, Vinnie buys a china dog at McCreery's and charges it. Father looks at it and says, "Oh, *Gad!*" in anguished tones. He says that to practically everything. Anyway, he tells his wife firmly to take that atrocious creature straight back to McCreery's.

Vinnie, like most very feminine women, can be stubborn. She won't take the dog back. But then the problem of a new suit for Clarence (Jimmy Lydon) arises, and she sees a chance to kill two birds with one dog. Clarence can get a suit at McCreery's for twenty-five dollars. So Vinnie explains carefully to Father that she'll take the dog back, get a suit for Clarence, and the whole transaction won't cost a cent, since the dog was charged anyway. Father says, "Oh, *Gad!*"

The reason Clarence needs a new suit is because he's in love with pretty Mary Skinner (Elizabeth Taylor). She regards him with awe and admiration because he's going to Yale. And Clarence finds himself totally unable to kiss her as long as he's wearing an old suit of Father's. The personality of the former owner imbues it too thoroughly.

So much happens every day in Father's house: the medicine that the two youngest boys sell the neighbors with dire results. The arguments about Father's baptism. Vinnie's getting sick—"Deliberately, to show me how helpless I am without her," Father declares. "Oh, *Gad!*"

I hope you'll enjoy the picture as much as I did.—*War.* (*Continued on page* 20)

Both THESE BOOKS Free!

if you join the Book League of America now

THIS SENSATIONAL 524-PAGE BEST-SELLER!

A Roaring Tale of Flaming Passions in WICKED NEW ORLEANS! 1,000,000 Copies Sold!

DEVIL-MAY-CARE Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans with a ten-dollar gold piece, a pearl stick pin—and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth and power—won the blue-blooded Odalie—then her lovely sister, Aurore—and finally the sultry quadroon with the creamy skin and golden hair, Desiree.

Here are blood and thunder, swashbuckling adventure, ardent romance—in the "wickedest city in the world." "As sheer entertainment, it will take backwater from nothing," says the Chicago *Sun* of this million-copy best-seller.

The FOXES *of* HARROW

-and YOU ALSO GET FREE CHARLES DICKENS' HEARTWARMING STORY GREAT EXPECTATIONS

IN addition to your *free copy* of *The Foxes of Harrow,* you ALSO get—as your second FREE book—the stirring novel by Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations.* Millions have laughed and cried at this moving story of a penniless orphan whose mysterious benefactor made him the richest man in London! Now it has been made into a motion picture that the critics are raving about!

The N. Y. *Times* calls it "Perfect!" The N. Y. *Herald Tribune* says: "Irresistible entertainment." "Superb, brilliant, delightful, enchanting!" raves the N. Y. *News.* You can have *Great Expectations* FREE, as one of your TWO FREE BOOKS on this amazing offer!

Scene from Great Expectations, *starring John Mills and Valerie Hobson. A J. Arthur Rank presentation, released through Universal-International Pictures.*

You Get Both Books FREE—with Membership in the Book League

IT COSTS you nothing to join this Club. And every month (or less often, if you wish) you may receive the current Selection—a best-seller by an author like Ben Ames Williams, John Steinbeck, Somerset Maugham, or Ernest Hemingway—a book selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But you can get it for only $1.49!

You Also Get FREE Bonus Books

IN ADDITION, for every two Selections you accept, you get—FREE—a BONUS BOOK, an immortal masterpiece by Shakespeare, Balzac, Dumas, Zola, etc. These BONUS BOOKS are handsomely and uniformly bound; they grow into an impressive lifetime library.

You Do NOT Have to Take Every Monthly Selection

You do NOT have to accept each monthly Selection; only six of your own choice during the year to fulfill your membership requirement. And each month the Club's "Review" describes a number of *other* popular best-sellers; so that, if you prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, choose it instead. No membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

Mail the coupon without money, and you will receive at once your *free* copies of *The Foxes of Harrow* AND *Great Expectations.* You will ALSO receive, as your first Selection, your choice of any of these 3 best-sellers:

Gentleman's Agreement—Daring novel which became America's No. 1 Best-Seller—*almost overnight!*

This Side of Innocence—Sensational best-seller about the woman who had to choose between marriage without love—or *love without marriage!*

Strange Woman—The astounding story of a "Maine Cleopatra"; now a smash movie hit!

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon Now

Send coupon—without money—now. At once you will receive, FREE, *The Foxes of Harrow* AND *Great Expectations.* You will also receive, as your first Selection, the book you have chosen in the coupon here. Enjoy these three books—two absolutely FREE, the third at an amazing bargain price.

When you realize that you can get popular best-sellers like these month after month at a tremendous saving—and that you ALSO get FREE Bonus Books—you will understand why this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." Mail the coupon—without money—now. **BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MM9, Garden City, N. Y.**

Mail This Coupon To

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. MM9, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me—FREE—*The Foxes of Harrow* AND *Great Expectations.* Also enroll me, free, as a member of the Book League of America, and send me, as my first Selection, the book I have checked below:

☐ GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT
☐ THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE
☐ STRANGE WOMAN

For every two monthly Selections I accept, I will receive, free, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new Selection; only six *of my own choice* during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review," describing a number of *other* best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, I may choose it instead. I am to pay only $1.49 (plus few cents' shipping charges) for each Selection I accept. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please Print Plainly)

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Zone No.
CITY.....if any.....STATE.....
If under 21
Occupation.....age please.....

Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Can

Arthur Murray Girls tell how to keep "dainty while dancing"!

This safe-and-sure deodorant is their secret!

GLAMOUR GIRLS to their toes . . . Arthur Murray's instructresses are experts in more than dancing routines . . . they make sure of their complete personal daintiness through those *hours* of dancing!

THEY SAY that they rely on Etiquet above all other deodorants for safe-and-sure protection. Because Etiquet works so *effectively*, with such *efficiency*, it can be *depended upon* to stop underarm odor, check perspiration during hours of active exercise.

YOU, TOO, can share their secret of personal charm by using Etiquet. And how you'll love Etiquet's fluffy-lightness! The way it stays moist in jar—will not harm delicate fabrics. Get Etiquet at all cosmetic counters—in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.

Etiquet

The safe-and-sure deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Kiss Of Death: Vic Mature, released from Sing Sing, marries Coleen Gray, who has taken care of his motherless children while he was away.

KISS OF DEATH

There are parts of this story which you might have read in a newspaper. A hold-up where a man is shot. A wife's suicide. The murder of an old woman. A gang killing, or what passes for it. Let's try to put these jig-saw pieces together and see what we get.

Piece number one is the hold-up of a jewelry firm. Three men are in on it and two of them get away. The third, Bianco (Victor Mature), isn't so lucky. He's shot in the leg by a guard and the police get him. The assistant D.A., a nice enough guy named D'Angelo, (Brian Donlevy) offers to make a deal if Bianco will talk. But he won't talk, so he goes up the river for a twenty-year stretch.

Twenty years is a long time. Too long for Bianco's wife (Patricia Morison) to wait. She drinks the first year, runs around with Rizzo, one of Bianco's partners in the hold-up, the second year, sticks her head in a gas oven the third. But there's another girl who loves Bianco enough to wait. She's a kid named Nettie (Coleen Gray) and he hardly knows she exists, but she loves him.

When Bianco hears that his wife's dead and his kids have been sent to an orphanage, he remembers D'Angelo's offer to make a deal. There's nothing to hold him back now. His partners didn't take care of his family as they had promised. Let *them* have a taste of prison. Bianco turns stool pigeon. He's useful to D'Angelo, who doesn't let it be known where he's getting the information. Word around the underworld is that it's Rizzo who's "singing". A gunman, Udo (Richard Widmark), who's a wild, hopped-up sadist, kills Rizzo's crippled mother to teach him a lesson.

Bianco, out on parole now and happily married to Nettie, has to testify against Udo in court. Gangsters don't like to have people testify against them. They call it the "kiss of death" and the results are apt to be unhealthy.—*20th-Fox*

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME

Larry Ballantine (Robert Young) is on trial for murder. He says he isn't guilty, but that's what most people say. "They won't

They Won't Believe Me: No jury will believe the strange story Robert Young has to tell about the mysterious death of Susan Hayward.

believe me," he tells his lawyer, "but anyway I'm going to tell them the truth."

The truth doesn't make a very savory story. Larry, married to a rich wife, Greta (Rita Johnson), falls in love with Janice (Jane Greer). He promises her he'll get a divorce right away. But when Greta tells him she has bought him a partnership in a Los Angeles brokerage firm, and has taken a house for them in Beverly Hills, Larry weakens. He leaves Janice without even a goodbye, and is soon being the busy, handsome young executive in Los Angeles.

There's always another girl for men like Larry. The next one is Verna (Susan Hayworth), the secretary of his partner, Trenton (Tom Powers). Verna is a practical minded little trollop. She knows Larry is married, but he can buy her champagne and orchids, so she doesn't care. At least that's the way it starts out.

Greta again tries to get Larry away from temptation by moving. She buys a hunting lodge in the country and takes him there, hoping to salvage what's left of their marriage. But Larry can't forget Verna. He decides to leave Greta, and go to Reno with Verna for a divorce.

It's a sudden move. He walks out of the house, just leaving a note for Greta. On the way to Reno, a truck hits the car he and Verna are in, and she is killed. When Larry comes to, he finds that the police have mistakenly identified Verna as Greta. The body is burned beyond recognition. And an ugly thought forces itself into Larry's mind. If Greta really *was* dead, he would have all the money, plus his freedom. If he could get to the hunting lodge before anyone finds out that Greta is still alive. . . .

Robert Young gives one of his best performances as the weak but charming Larry. —*RKO*

SLAVE GIRL

This glorified Fatima ad has more action and humor than you might expect from the title and general pattern. It's in Technicolor, too, and it begins in Washington in 1830 or thereabouts. A nineteenth century playboy, Matt Claiborne (George Brent) is sent to Tripoli on government business. It's a very

Are you in the know?

To rate, must your date be —

- ☐ *A big-time spender*
- ☐ *A joe with a jalopy*
- ☐ *Just a grand guy*

Would you only date a big wallet deal — or only a character who can chauffeur you around? Too bad to be labelled a snob-sister. Lads like to rate for themselves alone. A really charming girl is sincere. Self-assured, too . . . and when you go dating at certain times, remember those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. What's more, that Kotex Sanitary Belt keeps you oh-so-comfortable. Yes! Because it's all-elastic, adjustable — lets you bend without binding.

Which can help you land the job?

- ☐ *Your grooming*
- ☐ *Your manner*
- ☐ *Your voice*

Pipsqueaks and Timid Tillies don't score with the personnel department. But shyness and a tense voice needn't plague you — if you're sure you look smooth. That's one reason why good grooming is vital. It's a prop for your poise. On trying days, let Kotex help. Kotex coddles you with comfort . . . it's made to *stay soft while you wear it.* And because that special safety center gives *extra* protection, you can take poise for granted with Kotex!

To dramatize your eyes, should you —

- ☐ *Keep 'em rolling*
- ☐ *Bead your lashes*
- ☐ *Dodge dark lipstick*

You needn't go theatrical to get him to notice those glimmers. Come-hither glances may scare him off. (Likewise, "movie" lashes.) A subtler trick is to dodge dark lipstick. Paler shades are right for you . . . tend to add size to your eyes. And speaking of size . . . did you know Kotex (and *only* Kotex) comes in *3 sizes?* So when you choose from Regular, Junior and Super Kotex, you're sure of having a napkin that's exactly right for *you.*

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"I Believe in LOVE"

says Joan Caulfield

JOAN CAULFIELD STAR OF "WELCOME STRANGER", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Shopping on Wilshire, the pretty Star attracts eyes. *"Hearts are more important,"* says Joan. *"And soft feminine hands attract hearts."*

Joan's own hands are heart-snares—soft as soft. *"I use Jergens Lotion,"* she says. Other Stars say the same. The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Your hands, too, even softer, divinely smoother, now. Jergens Lotion is more effective than ever today. Contains two ingredients many a doctor relies on for smooth-softening the skin. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this hand care of the Stars. No oiliness; no stickiness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

FREE!

See for yourself why Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

Mail coupon today for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)
Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.

184

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Please print name, address plainly.....Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)

simple mission or they wouldn't have trusted Matt with it. All he has to do is deliver a trunk loaded with gold to the Pasha, who in turn is to release ten American seamen he has imprisoned.

They send a bodyguard, Chips (Broderick Crawford), with Matt to make sure he stays on the straight and narrow path. But Chips gets side-tracked himself, the first day in Tripoli. He's a Yankee and can't resist a bargain. So when he sees a cute little slave girl being sold for practically nothing, he buys her.

Meanwhile, Matt's ever-wandering eye has been caught by an alluring, veiled and mysterious beauty called Francesca (Yvonne De Carlo). When she makes a date to meet him at a local bistro that night, it doesn't occur to him that it might have something to do with the trunk full of gold. .

The "date" doesn't turn out so well. Matt gets conked on the head and the gold is stolen. The Pasha (Albert Dekker), who's a very nasty piece of work, tosses Matt into the jug for not delivering the gold, as promised. Fortunately Chips and his little slave girl (Lois Collier) manage to rescue not only Matt but the ten seamen. However, the gold is still missing and the Pasha's men are just one quick jump behind them.

Francesca, who is the Pasha's pick for his next wife, has been playing a complicated little game of her own. She's in love with El-Hamid (Carl Esmond) who is starting a revolution against the Pasha, and she stole the gold to finance him. All she gets for her trouble is the brush-off from El-Hamid, so she transfers her affections to Matt, which almost gets them *all* shot.—*Univ.*

THE ROOSEVELT STORY

"We have nothing to fear but fear itself." Those words rang out at a time when the depression had a weary nation clutched tightly in its grasp. They were the words of a great man—a man whose story is inextricably mingled with the lives of all of us.

This picture is made entirely from newsreel excerpts. They go back to the days when he was first married, and show his early political ventures, before the illness which would have put an end to a lesser man's career. After

The Roosevelt Story: Highlights in the life of a great man, who once warned us all: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

Roosevelt becomes President, the milestones in his life are marked by achievements in national progress. Decent living wages for labor, improvements in housing, the development of the country's resources by projects like the TVA. His speeches are quoted, with all their heartfelt sympathy for the "little people," for those whose race or religion has made them the target of oppression.

Roosevelt saw that war was inevitable and made all the preparations for it that were in his power. He was deeply criticized for this by the isolationists and the unthinking, but his wisdom saved thousands of lives. All through the war, the people of Europe as well as America looked to his guidance. One of the most thrilling moments of the picture is when the American troops in Africa look up from drill one bright morning and see their President driving slowly across the field. They can't believe it, but it's so! And you can imagine the cheer that greets that famous smile.

Obviously a picture of this kind can show only the highlights of Roosevelt's career. They are enough to make us realize that his spirit, like that of Washington and Lincoln, will be with us forever.

THE WEB

This is a thriller, but not exactly a mystery. You're never in any doubt as to what is going on, but that doesn't detract from the excitement. There's some fine acting by Edmond O'Brien and Vincent Price, as well as clever dialog to sustain the action.

The plot is fairly simple. A man named Colby (Vincent Price) who's head of several corporations, finds himself in sudden need of a bodyguard. Reason—his ex-partner, Kroner (Fritz Lieber), whom he double-crossed and sent to jail on a million-dollar deal a few years ago, is out again. Kroner was always a gentle soul, but even gentle souls have been known to turn bitter after five years in prison on a phony rap. Also, Kroner has a daughter (Maria Palmer), who isn't gentle at all.

So Colby hires a bodyguard named Regan (Edmond O'Brien). Regan is a lawyer, actually, but lawyers are a dime a dozen around town, and Colby has offered him five thousand dollars to act as bodyguard. Regan

The Web: Edmond O'Brien, bodyguard to a man facing violent death, has found Ella Raines the only pleasant part of his job—until now!

GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS
Trade Mark Registered

Never a Love so True ..... Never a Ring so Cherished

"Oh darling, it's the loveliest ring in the world!" Through six decades the choice of America's loveliest brides . . . a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring is the traditional symbol of love. Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of quality which distinguish every Keepsake Diamond. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and the words "guaranteed AA registered perfect gem" on the tag . . . as illustrated. Let comparison prove that a Keepsake gives you higher quality and greater value than an ordinary ring of the same price. Better jewelers are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices from $100 to $5000.

All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold Rings enlarged to show details Prices include Federal tax

Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring, and require the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration.

A CONRAD Set	154.75	C HEATHER Set	362.50
Engagement Ring	125.00	Engagement Ring	350.00
B HUDSON Set	300.00	Also $100 to 2475 and	
Engagement Ring	225.00	in platinum $300 to 3450	

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
120 E. Washington, Syracuse 2, New York

Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correctness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....

MSC 9-47

Your Shoes are Showing!

Embarrassing, isn't it?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

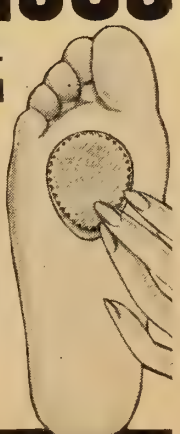
1 Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps keep shoes flexible—and new-looking longer.

2 Shinola is easy to apply and economical to buy. For good grooming and longer wear—KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In Canada it's 2-in-1.

Callouses

Pain, Burning, Tenderness Quickly Relieved

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, tenderness or burning on the bottom of your feet when you use thin, downy-soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Instantly lift pressure on the sensitive spot. Speedily remove callouses when used with the separate *Medications* included. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toiletry Counters. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Crossfire: Detective Robert Young, trying to solve a murder without a motive, quizzes ex-soldiers Robert Mitchum and Robert Ryan, suspects. Later, he finds that anti-Semitism was the real reason behind the victim's death.

accepts, gets a pistol permit from a friendly police detective, Damico (William Bendix), and starts his new job.

One part of the job looks very attractive. That's Colby's secretary, Noel Faraday (Ella Raines). A little unapproachable, maybe, but a guy can keep trying. While Regan's trying, the next night, he hears a cry and a shot from upstairs. He rushes up and finds a strange little man with a gun in his hand threatening Colby. Regan shoots the little man, who of course is Kroner.

Detective Damico takes a dim view of the coincidences involved in this killing. Coincidence number one: Kroner gets out of jail one day and is shot the next. Coincidence two: Regan gets a gun permit for the first time and immediately kills a man. Coincidence three: there's a missing million in bonds involved.

Colby is sorry that Regan found it necessary to shoot Kroner, he tells the police. He is also sorry that Regan and Noel are getting so friendly. He's afraid it may mean trouble for Regan. He's right. It does.—*Univ.*

CROSSFIRE

Once in a while you see a picture which seems completely real and believable, even if the events in it are foreign to your own life. *Crossfire* is such a picture. I don't know how it's managed, but the characters act and talk like real people and the suspense holds you taut in your seat from beginning to end.

The suspense starts when three soldiers, ready to be discharged, drop into a bar. One of them, Mitchell (George Cooper), a neurotic but likeable lad, gets into a conversation with a guy named Samuels (Sam Levene). Later that night, Samuels is found beaten to death and the police begin a hunt for Mitchell.

Detective Finlay (Robert Young) picks up a couple of Mitchell's buddies for questioning. The first one, Montgomery (Robert Ryan), talks readily enough. Sure, they went up to Samuels' apartment. But he left before Mitchell did and he doesn't know what happened.

The other soldier, Keeley (Robert Mitchum), won't tell them anything. Not until he finds out what they have on Mitchell. "Mitch is no killer," he says stubbornly. "He's a tired, worried little guy but he wouldn't hurt anybody."

Keeley finds Mitch before the police do. He gets Mitch's version of the evening, which certainly doesn't include murder. Mitch says he, not Montgomery, was the first to leave Samuels' apartment. Monty, who hated Jews, was getting nasty, and Mitch left to keep out of the argument. He went for a walk. Later he went to the apartment of a taxi dancer (Gloria Grahame) who had promised to cook him some spaghetti. She wasn't there, but Mitch stayed and took a nap. Then he came back and met Keeley. He didn't kill Samuels. Why should he? Samuels was a nice guy.

That's what bothers detective Finlay for a long while—absence of motive. Then there's another murder and this time the motive is as clear as if it was in neon lights. This time the murderer has been too smart. A lot too smart.—*RKO*

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS

Judging by recent pictures, things in the celestial regions are going rapidly to pot. They can't even keep their accounts straight up in heaven any more. Here's Michael (Robert Cummings) who's supposed to be a reliable type of angel, and look what he's done. Forgotten to keep a record on one Duke Byron. As a result, none of the things which were supposed to happen to Duke have materialized. Instead of being a fine upstanding civic leader, he owns a gambling saloon in Glacier, Montana. Instead of being married to a minister's daughter, he is hanging out with dance hall girls.

Michael reluctantly goes down to earth to fix things up. He is at what he considers an unfair disadvantage, since he knows nothing of earth's ways, and had been expressly forbidden to perform any miracles while he's down there. Heaven only knows how he is to get Duke reformed.

(*Continued on page 124*)

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means
cleaner, brighter teeth! **New Pepsodent,**
the only tooth paste containing **Irium,**
removes the film that makes your teeth look dull—
uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!

A Product of Lever Brothers Company

Use Pepsodent twice a day—
see your dentist twice a year

Merle Oberon discovers New Improved DRENE

NEW! DIFFERENT!

The Miracle Shampoo that lets your hair Shine like the Stars!

It's a gloriously new, different Drene! A miracle shampoo adored by shining Hollywood stars like Merle Oberon. A wonderfully improved shampoo that now lets *your* hair shine like the stars!

Merle Oberon tells you: "It's easy to keep your hair shining with new Drene!" For this shampooing marvel now makes *quicker, richer, more active* lather. Brings out ALL the sheen now hidden by dulling soap film. Yes, far more sheen—by actual test—than you get with *any* soap shampoo.

Never dries out your hair! Instead, new improved Drene actually helps guard against "fly-away dryness." Now leaves your hair softer—smoother—far easier to set, curl, and arrange. Start now to use this shampoo of lovely stars in Hollywood. Get new Drene today.

Merle Oberon

Star of the RKO Picture "MEMORY OF LOVE" says:

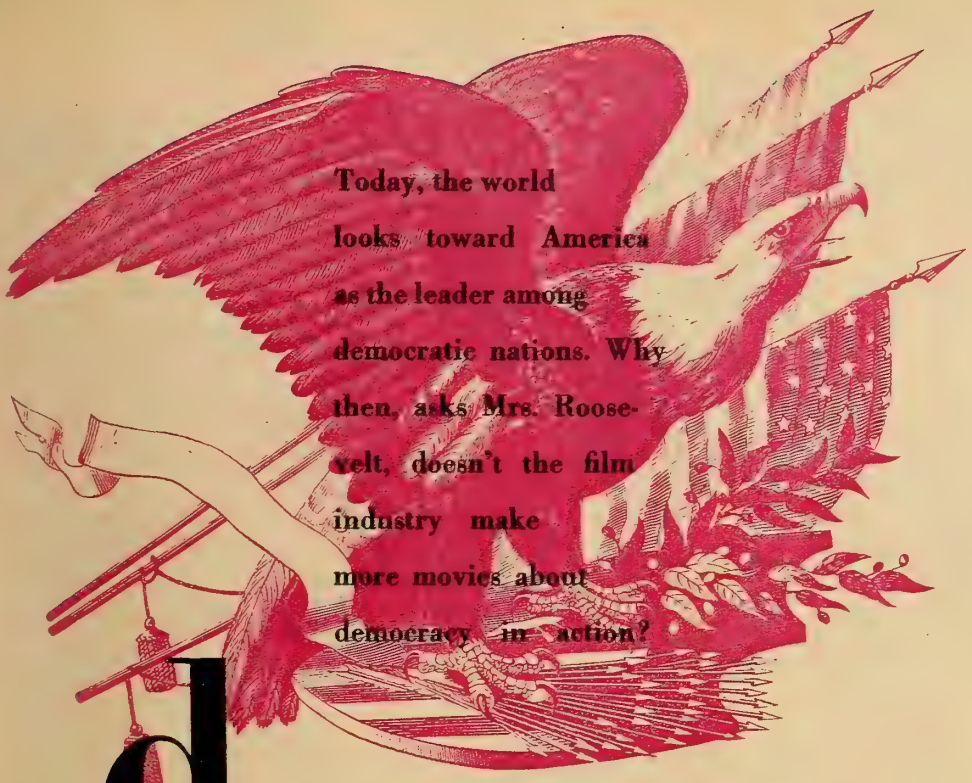
"My hair now has the most glorious sheen thanks to new Drene."

Now! Better for All types of hair!

New improved Drene is at your dealer's now in the familiar blue-and-yellow package.

First Shampoo ever to bring you ALL of these Beauty Miracles!

- ★ Reveals ALL the sheen in your hair
- ★ Never dries out your hair
- ★ Leaves hair far easier to manage
- ★ Marvelous hair conditioning action
- ★ Luxurious instant lather
- ★ Removes unsightly dandruff
- ★ No acid after-rinses needed
- ★ Flower-fresh fragrance



Today, the world looks toward America as the leader among democratic nations. Why then, asks Mrs. Roosevelt, doesn't the film industry make more movies about democracy in action?

democracy on the screen

by Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt

■ There is a very necessary piece of educational work to be done in this country at the present time. Not only here, but in the world at large, the understanding of what the United States means by democracy is very limited. On the whole, it seems to me that our methods of communication are not being used to the full in spreading this knowledge. It can not be understood if only learned professors write about it. It must be told in print, over the air and in pictures. Perhaps the best and most effective medium is the moving picture. Practically everybody in this country, at some time during the week, goes to the movies. This large audience should be told the story of democracy not only by documentary films but by films that are purely fictional. All of the people, young and old, would then begin to understand what the rights and privileges of democracy are, and what obligations have to be (*Continued on page 105*)

He'd coughed over cigarettes, bloodied his nose a dozen times, and generally raised cain. But nothing was worse than that awful moment in the school play . . .

glenn ford life story

by eleanor powell
as told to howard sharpe

■ Glenn's mother, Mrs. Newton Ford, rang me early one Sunday morning shortly after our marriage. "Ellie," she said, "I think it's about time you learned a little more about the Ford family."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Well, since he's so far away (Glenn was with the Marine Corps then), perhaps you'd like to look through some old albums I just dug up. I believe a new bride ought to know a little more about the man she married than his idiosyncrasies on the dance floor and what he likes for breakfast."

I said, "Have you got the usual picture of him in his birthday suit, perched on a pillow?"

"That one seems to be missing. Odd. It's been torn right out of the album. How mysterious!"

A few hours later, we were both comfortably seated on a divan, our laps piled high with a huge collection of family picture albums.

"Now you may not think this picture of the Quebec Theater should be the first in the book," Mrs. Ford said, pointing. "But there's quite a story attached to it. One of the happiest and proudest moments of my life was when my son brought me back here in 1940, for his first personal appearance in our home town. In fact, the house where Glenn grew up is just a block away from here."

"I suppose that's the old homestead, where he was born," I said.

"No, Glenn, or Gwellyn Samuel Newton Ford, as we named him, was born in Quebec Hospital at high noon."

In point of fact, there were so many Fords (Glenn's father had thirteen brothers and sisters) that the town they lived in was named Glenford. Glenn tells me that he loved it. His grandmother spoiled him generally, his aunt Lucy let him play with her sacred stamp collection, and there were two cousins—Betty and Stewart—who were his own age. If I'm to believe what he's told me, Glenn's first seven years were spent almost entirely in the confinement of a happy home environment. When finally the Fords decided to strike out on their own—leaving Canada altogether—he was not prepared for what was to come.

Venice, California, in 1923, was still a fabulous, (*Continued on page 106*)

THEIRS WAS A STORY-BOOK ROMANCE, WITH A TRICK MEETING, A LONG SEPARATION, THEN A SUDDEN ELOPEMENT. ONLY THE LAST PAGES OF THE STORY ARE BLURRED—WITH JUNE HAVER'S TEARS

■ The phone rang. It was Al Delacorte calling from New York. I didn't give him a chance to open his mouth. "Brother, I know what you want," I said. "The Haver divorce story."

Who didn't? This was Tuesday, June 17th. The day before, a small bomb had popped among the biggies on page 1:

> "Screen star June Haver, 21, announced today that she had separated from her husband, Jimmy Zito, 23, and will file suit for divorce in the near future. Her only explanation was that 'things didn't work out.' The couple was married on March 2nd in Las Vegas, Nevada, and re-married in a church ceremony on March 27th in Los Angeles."

Three months and out! Who wouldn't want the story? But Al's reason was special. You'll find it in the June issue of Modern Screen—"Secret Heart," by Abigail Putnam—or, how a girl discovered she was in love. Now, mind you, Junie's elopement came as a shock. All you heard at the time was, "Who's Jimmy Zito? Why Zito?" Well, the Putnam gal answered a lot of those questions. Then boom! with the sound of wedding bells still in your ears, they're busted up . . .

I hauled out the magazine, re-read the details and called Abby Putnam.

"June Haver's divorcing Jimmy Zito," I blurted.

Came a silence so long, I was sure she'd dropped dead. Then: "I don't believe it."

"Okay, Wide-eyes. Read all about it in the papers—when you get 'em."

"But it *can't* be true. Last time I saw that kid, she (*Continued on page 109*)

This is the picture you saw in our June issue, showing June and Jimmy just after they were re-married in St. Timothy's Church. They saw little of each other in their 3-months marriage.

Dr. John Duzik (dancing here with June at the Stork Club) was her constant New York escort. It was he, rather than Jimmy, whom gossips predicted would be June's husband.

Before marriage, June was seen frequently in Hollywood with David Rose, described as a "family friend." Even he was surprised at the Haver-Zito elopement to Las Vegas.

three months and out!

by hedda hopper

the rabbit got away !

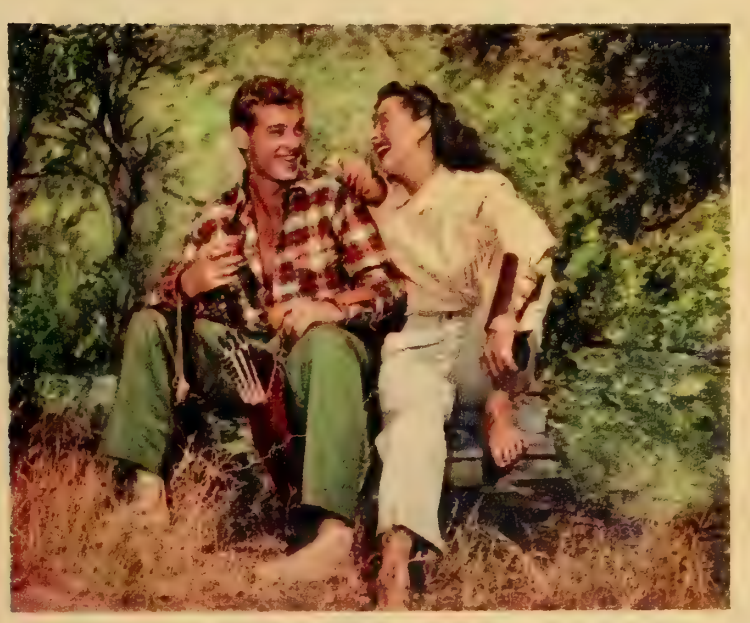
IT'S DOWNRIGHT DANGEROUS TO TAKE GAIL RUSSELL ALONG ON A RABBIT-HUNTING TRIP, SAYS GUY MADISON. WHY, SHE MIGHT GET SHOT, OR SOMETHING—BEING JUST ABOUT AS CUTE AS A BUNNY HERSELF

■ One of the major sports of Southern California is jack-rabbit hunting. It may never take the place of gin rummy, but it has its devotees.

These devotees sometimes lead you to suspect it's a cinch. They say you just need a rabbit (there are thousands of *them*), a car to get the rabbit in (everybody in California has a car), and something to brain the rabbit with after you get there (ditto).

This isn't as heartless as it sounds, because jacks are destructive, and diseased. But it isn't as easy as it sounds, either. Modern Screen went along with Gail Russell and Guy Madison recently, and found that out.

So here's some data for you sports (*Continued on page 87*)



➤Snake-proof boots are removed only during lunch. Gail (in *Variety Girl*) held on to Guy's (in *Honeymoon*) hip pocket while climbing up the slippery grass.

▲Though clambering up mountains is hard going, the view on top makes it worth while. Gail says it's like beating your head against a wall—feels so good when you stop!

Bergman,
he kept telling himself,
was just flesh and blood,
like any other woman.
Only every time
Sam Wanamaker looked
at Ingrid,
he thought he heard
angels singing. . . .

Sonnet to a Lady

by Sam Wanamaker

■ The other day I talked to Ingrid Bergman on the phone.

"Who was it?" asked my wife idly. I told her. She went on with her book, and I picked up the script I'd been reading. Suddenly we looked at each other and started howling. The same thought had struck us both at the same moment. A year ago, if I'd said, "That was Ingrid Bergman on the phone," Charlotte would have drawled, "Just fancy. And I had tea with George the Sixth yesterday, the Queen couldn't come," or some such pleasantry.

Last year Bergman had been a name, to be breathed on bended knee. Between then and now we'd worked together for months as actress and director, as star and leading man. We'd exchanged oceans of words, we'd become friends. Yet I still think of her, and probably always will, as the lady with an aura.

The first time I saw her she was sitting in the middle of the stage, like a beautiful calm island, in a bolero skirt and yellow blouse. The others were off to one side, making light conversation from a distance and trying not to stare. For five days we'd been rehearsing with her understudy and now Miss Bergman was here from California.

I'd been girding myself and tightening my belt for this moment. Behind me were two Broadway shows and two years in the army. After my discharge, I'd appeared in *This Too Shall Pass,* which ran six weeks. Forgive me for saying that my notices were good, otherwise you'll wonder what brought me into the picture at all.

What brought me in first—for a fast two seconds—was my feeling about Bergman. Not only did I admire her talent as an actress; to me she was also the most beautiful woman in the world. I am not by nature the hero-worshipping type, yet I found myself seeing her with a halo round her head. To be in a play with her was something to dream about. I dreamed about it and went on working in radio.

Then the grapevine started buzzing. They couldn't find a leading man for *Joan of Lorraine.* For this reason or that, the actors they wanted weren't available and they were beginning to read unknowns. (*Continued on page 67*)

Harriet Parsons has had her producer's eye on Dana Andrews for years. But she never really cared—until that lovely moment he dared her to stand on her head!

by HARRIET PARSONS

"dana? that's my

Dana invites his boss home to meet his women folk—Cathy, 5, and wife Mary. The "boss" is Harriet Parsons (right), Louella's famous producer-daughter, for whom he's now finishing *Memory of Love*.

■ The gals of the Hollywood Women's Press Club were in a festive mood. It was their annual Christmas party, time to give the Golden Apples to the actor and actress who had been most helpful and cooperative during the year to writers who bring the stars' lives, loves, and scrapes to the pages of MODERN SCREEN and elsewhere. When I stopped writing for magazines and newspapers, the Press Club invited me to stay in the fold, which is how I happened to get in on this clambake.

How I happened to write this story about Dana Andrews is still another yarn. When my quiet mother (you know her as Louella Parsons of GOOD NEWS) was in New York, Al Delacorte asked her to write it. LOP said sure, she'd do it. (She had nothing else to while away her time aside from radio shows, columns, and 9,628 other things.)

She's very handy with the long distance telephone so she called me at RKO Studios, where I hold forth. My secretary, Margaret, told her I was off tending to some studio knitting and couldn't be reached. I called her back later and guess what? She (*Continued on page 121*)

boy!

Louis finds picture-making in Hollywood more complicated than in his native country—especially the care taken in measuring camera distances.

■ It was in Nice, on the Riviera, that he met her. He was tall, and handsome; she was small, and blonde. The story of Louis Jourdan and his wife might have served as the background for a musical comedy, in some other year, at some other time.

In 1940—the month was June—the Germans marched into Paris; they were unsentimental about Paris in the spring. The whole country fell, soon after.

There was what the Germans called an armistice, and France was divided into occupied and unoccupied zones, and the shaking voice of Petain begged the people to cooperate.

The people cooperated, or did not cooperate, according to their natures, and beliefs, and opportunities, and life went on, and the French film industry was told that it might make movies, so long as the movies had no political significance.

Which is how Louis Jourdan, the popular young actor, happened to be in Nice, late in 1940. He was working on a picture.

One Sunday afternoon, some friends stopped by. "Come, Louis," they said. "There is a girl we want you to meet—"

The girl's name was Frederique, and she was incredibly thin, and brown, and blonde.

She was also incredibly unfriendly.

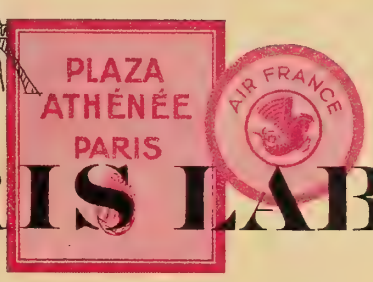
Louis and his friends discussed the matter that evening. "So small a girl," Louis said. "To be so large a snob. Is it because I am an actor?"

"She is always like that with men at first," one of the friends explained. "At first she always answers a man to push him away, if you follow me."

But in such an unlovely time, filled with such an abundance of misery, it was pleasant to have a small blonde girl to think about.

If the Riviera air was soft, and a man was young, there was nothing the Germans could do about that.

Louis saw (*Continued on page 101*)

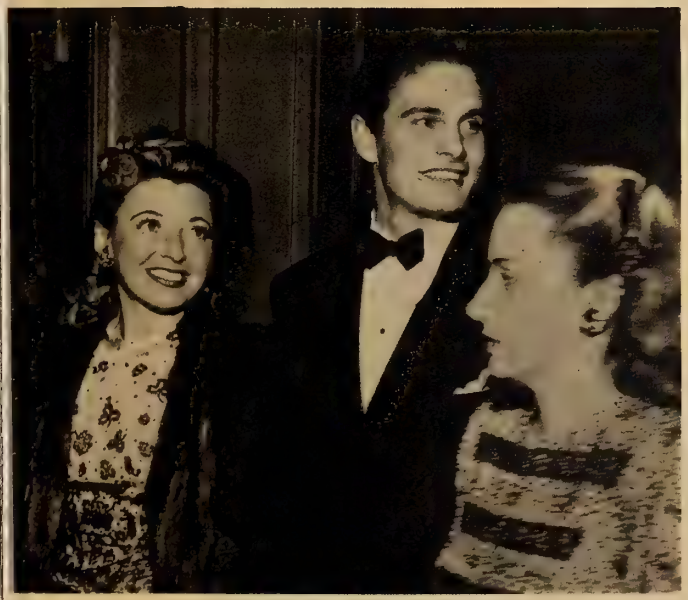


PARIS LABEL

"Imported from France"—as any woman knows, that spells romance. And even if Louis Jourdan's accent fades, he'll always bear a Paris label!

by Christopher Kane

Jean Pierre Aumont volunteered to teach his compatriot English, but Louis was so scandalized by Pierre's "Americanized French," he made him promise to practice up on those difficult French vowel sounds.



Described as a "Tyrone Power type," 26-year-old Louis Jourdan makes his American debut in *The Paradine Case*. Above, French-born Louis and his wife, "Quique" (left), enjoy their first Hollywood premiere.

The course of true

love . . .

"Big Buff" fixes "Little Buff's" corsage just before the wedding. While Buffie's dress is new, the Brussels lace shawl she carried is two hundred years old, and was worn by her mother at her wedding.

Groom Bill Eythe wasn't nervous. Of course, he chain-smoked, nearly lost the rings, and paced a track in the carpet. Something he ate, no doubt—like those words about not marrying till 30! (He's 29.)

For months, Bill Eythe and Buff Cobb fought about silly things—like the color green. Till one day they agreed about the color for blossoms—orange.

BY VIRGINIA WILSON

■ On March 9, 1945, a girl with copper red hair, a pert nose and a neat assortment of curves, was having lunch with her grandmother. The place was the famous Pump Room in Chicago's Ambassador East, and the girl was little Buff Cobb. You called her *little* Buff automatically, not just because she was small but because of something childishly appealing about her.

That something was, at the moment, busy appealing to a handsome, dark-haired young man at the next table. He had been watching her ever since she came in.

"They certainly grow 'em pretty in Chicago," he observed now to the man with him.

The man turned. "I don't think much of her. Looks like a schoolgirl."

"You have no imagination. She's wonderful." Bill wasn't quite sure why she was wonderful. She just was. He had to say it.

Buff, who has phenomenal hearing, was taking in this conversation while she demurely ate a strawberry sundae. Her long lashes covered a side glance or two. Her grandmother, Mrs. Irvin S. Cobb, who never misses a trick, looked at her sharply.

"It's a good thing I'm with you," she said, "or you'd never make that train. Who is this young man you seem to fascinate? He looks familiar."

"His (*Continued on following page*)

Among those watching the bride and groom cut the cake was Major Frank Chapman, Buff's father, who's now married to opera star Gladys Swarthou

name is William Eythe. I've seen him in lots of pictures," Buff said dreamily. She was feeling suddenly warm and sort of happy for the first time in months. Funny—and nice too, because maybe it meant that your life wasn't *really* over at eighteen, even though you were on your way to Las Vegas for a divorce. Maybe it meant that you hadn't really been so terribly in love with Greg Bautzer after all, and that some day you'd meet a man like this one with the sensitive, humorous face and intent dark eyes.

But it was almost train-time now, and daydreams were silly anyway, so off Buff went to Las Vegas. After the divorce came Hollywood, with a chance to get in pictures and no time to think about a luncheon in Chicago.

Then came the day Carl and Luci Schroeder gave the swimming party Buff sat in the dazzling California sun wearing a yellow sarong bathing su that showed off her tan. She wa dabbling scarlet-painted toenails in th pool when she glanced up at two ne arrivals who were saying hello to the hostess. She almost fell into the wate because one (*Continued on page 96*

Little Miss Knight—one of Buff's *very* junior miss friends—shakes hands with Big Mr. Mason. James, whom Bill met while making *Meet Me At Dawn* in England, is Buff's favorite actor.

The Eythes have it! Father and Mother Eythe and sister Ruth came in from Pennsylvania for the wedding. They arrived the day before, spent a hectic two days in New York, then hurried back home to tell Bill's Pa. friends all about the wedding.

"Yes, it's official now," smiles author Virginia Wilson. Before her marriage, Buff roomed with Virginny in N. Y., kept her awake nights talking about "that Bill Eythe."

The course of true love...

DYNAMITE!
In the most unusual story Modern Screen has ever printed, Hedy Lamarr tells why her marriage failed— and John Loder counters with a startling confession!
By FLORABEL MUIR

lady in the dark

Hedy's side:

■ There have been so many conflicting reports about the on-again, off-again marriage of beautiful Hedy Lamarr and handsome John Loder, the English actor, that I decided to get the truth straight from Hedy's lips. I asked her if it were true that she and John had reconciled.

"No," she said wearily. "He isn't living here. He left the show he was with in New York and came back here. We've had many talks but they haven't done any good. I'm very tired. I want a long rest."

Despite the fact that Hedy has become a very successful producer with her last picture, *Strange Woman*, clicking in a big way at the box office, she is as unhappy a girl as I've ever met. When I first saw her in 1941, right after she had married Gene Markey, successful Hollywood producer, she was so radiantly beautiful that she was a triple threat to every other girl in Hollywood. As I watched her one night at the Brown Derby, the thought never occurred to me that one day I would feel sorry for her. But as we talked about her marriage with Loder, I could see that she was very near the breaking point. Hard work, having two babies very close together, and facing an uncertain future in her marital relations has taken a great toll of her body and spirit. She is unhappy about another divorce. She hates the idea of not having been able to make a go of her marriages. There have been three of them and she had been pinning more faith in this last one than the others. But she has suddenly realized that she has three children to look out for—the oldest boy, seven-year-old Jamesie, she adopted while still Mrs. Markey—and deep in her heart she wonders if John will ever assume the obligations a husband and father should. In their talks she has written out certain things she would like to have him consider, but when I visited her, no understanding had been arrived at. Charming, lovable John isn't geared to keeping his nose to the grindstone, I'm afraid, and I think that is what frightens Hedy.

"I want to go away for a long rest," she told me. "I think I'll go to Lake Tahoe. I think I will be able to sleep better there. I'll take Jamesie along; he needs the security of being with me." (*Continued on page 113*)

John's side:

■ Here is John Loder's side of the ever widening breach between him and tempestuous Hedy Lamarr: "God knows I love my wife madly. I'd cut off my right hand if I knew it would make her happy," John told me.

He was obviously under a great strain, after weeks of chit-chatting with his wife in an attempt to iron out their grievances. "But there is nothing I can do," he continued. "She seems to be in the grip of some emotion that is stronger than our love. Mind you, I think she loves me as much as I love her. There isn't any one else in her life or in mine, and I'm hoping that some time we can get together again. I think if she went away for a long rest, away from any Hollywood influence, she would begin to realize that her happiness lies with me and in my arms.

"Ever since she began to take treatments from a psychoanalyst we have been in trouble. Right at the time when it looked as if we could iron things out, she had a dream about her father in which he beat her. This dream was interpreted by her psychoanalyst as fear of me. She told me she realized that she had been afraid of me ever since the children were born. I argued with her, reminding her that she had always told me her father had been wonderful to her and that it was her mother who had been so cruel. She then said recently she has come to realize that it was not her mother but her father who was cruel, and now she thinks that I am assuming the personality of her father in her eyes. You can see how difficult it is to battle with a dream. There isn't any reasoning I can bring to bear on that subject; there isn't any reasoning in it.

"In a talk with her attorney, Ronald Button, she admitted that I loved her; that I never came home drunk; that I never beat her or the children; that I loved them all dearly; that I never went about town making a public show of myself. These are the usual charges a woman makes against a man she wants to divorce. But she couldn't bring herself to charge me with any of them.

"There has been much talk lately of economics, and assertions that I was not holding up my share of the household expenses. For the first three and a half years of our marriage, I con- (*Continued on page 123*)

1. 1929: Jeanette first won screen success with Maurice Chevalier in *The Love Parade,* a gay, Continental comedy, typical of early screen musicals. Curiously, both staged triumphant comebacks this year.

2. 1935: *Naughty Marietta* marked the debut of Nelson Eddy—and the beginning of the most popular romantic singing team in movie history. Even today, fans still clamor for the return of the Eddy-MacDonald duo.

3. 1936: The following year, the Eddy-MacDonald team split up temporarily and Jeanette scored as a dramatic actress in the all-time hit, *San Francisco,* with Clark Gable. She also sang the famous title song.

4: 1937: By 1937, Jeanette had a brand new musical co-star in Allan Jones, whom many preferred to Nelson as Jeanette's leading man. In Rudolph Friml's colorful *Firefly,* they sang "Gianina Mia," "Sympathy."

5. 1941: Jeanette's favorite co-star—husband Gene Raymond—played her mad lover in the musical version of *Smiling Through.* A year later, Gene donned a lieutenant's uniform, and Jeanette retired from pictures.

6. 1947: In her "encore" film, *The Birds and the Bees,* Jeanette has a new screen mate—a pianist instead of a singer: Jose Iturbi. Their screen children are Mary Eleanor Donahue, Ann Todd and Jane Powell.

encore!

Out of sight, out of mind—
that's the oldest Hollywood story. But
Jeanette MacDonald's fans have
written a different ending.
To them, she's never left home.

BY CAMERON SHIPP

■ Jeanette MacDonald's departure from Hollywood in 1944 was in the best tradition of light opera, romance, and red-heads.

Her renown was at concert pitch. Her high C's were liquid-clear and worth stacks of green, any time she cared to record them on sound film. Her pictures, from *Love Parade* to *Naughty Marietta*, to *Rose Marie*, *San Francisco*, and *Cairo*, to name only a tuneful handful, were world-famous.

Now she's back, a top star again at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and you'll see and hear her soon in *The Birds and the Bees*, accompanied by no less a virtuoso than the great Jose Iturbi. Why'd she leave? Where's she been?

She left Hollywood so suddenly that her own husband, Gene Raymond, didn't know her plans. This is how it happened:

The big airliner at the Burbank Airport was filling with passengers for Washington. In the waiting room, brigadier generals, sailors, WACS, WAVES and optimistic civilians jostled toward it.

"This is where we say good-bye, Bunko," said Gene. "Kiss me here. Forget the crowd."

"Oh, I can go farther than this," said Jeanette.

Gene was in uniform, a new uniform he had just donned after months of rigorous training as an intelligence officer. Like (*Continued on page 111*)

7. Gene and Jeanette relax at home in the peace and quiet of their swimming pool. Irregularly shaped, it's an engineering feat, the only one of its kind in Hollywood.

While in New York, Gene Tierney visited the local interior decoration and art galleries. Clever Gene selected cocoa damask draperies for her living room windows, which would beautify the room and also conceal an unattractive view.

Mr. Frederick House, of Saks' Fabric Salon, shows Gene (now in *The Ghost And Mrs. Muir*) material in her favorite color: white.

"It takes an awfully good husband," reads Gene's favorite quotation, "to make up for a life of independence." Which is why Miss Tierney regrets . . . but declines all proposals.

by ELIZABETH FARRINGTON

■ She was a very pretty girl, but her slip showed at least an inch. She wore an old felt hat jammed over her honey-colored hair, and not a bit of makeup. She was walking very fast up Second Avenue, but not fast enough to lose the group of kids behind her.

They were arguing loudly among themselves.

"I tell you it couldn't be her," one of them announced. "Didn't you ever see her in the movies? Gosh, she wears the grooviest clothes of *anybody!* She wouldn't be found dead with her slip showing and no lipstick."

Miss Tierney regrets...

Oleg Cassini, Gene's ex-husband, still designs her clothes. Here, Martha Matzner, dressmaker, studies Oleg's sketch for a new daytime dress.

When she was a little girl, children's clothes designers used to coax Mrs. Tierney to let Gene model. But Gene didn't have the patience she has now about fittings.

At the Parke Bernet Antique Galleries, Gene considered buying a Chinoiserie wall panel, made in France about 1830.

"It is, too, her," a pig-tailed blonde said stubbornly. "Nobody but Gene Tierney could *look* that pretty with her slip showing and no makeup!"

Gene, overhearing, was torn between amusement and annoyance. This little procession behind her was apt to spoil what had seemed like a good scheme.

For weeks now she had been haunting the Second and Third Avenue antique shops. She was decorating her mother's house in the country and an apartment in town for herself and her sister, Pat. It was great fun and she loved it, but there was a catch.

When you walk into an antique shop and are recognized as Gene Tierney of Hollywood, the prices jump like a kangaroo with a hotfoot. So a helpful friend suggested, "Go in disguise, Gene."

It had worked in the first shop she went to. She had gotten some lovely antiques at a reasonable price. Then she had run into the kids as they came out of school and they had immediately begun this "is you is or is you ain't" routine.

Gene stopped suddenly before a dingy window crammed with a mad assortment of what looked to the uninitiated eye like junk. That heavenly brass fender! She couldn't use it in the apartment—no fireplace—but it would be perfect for Mummy's place in the country.

A bald little man in shirt sleeves told her the price was forty dollars.

"I'll take it," Gene said. Then suddenly the old felt hat caught on a lampshade and fell off. From outside the shop came a long whoop of recognition. The kids stormed the door like an armored division going into battle.

"Hey, Gene Tierney, how about an autograph?" (*Continued on page 71*)

SENTIMENTAL Journey

SOMETIMES IT SCARES HIM, TO THINK HOW CLOSE HE CAME TO LOSING HIS "BEST INVESTMENT." BECAUSE NOW JOHN PAYNE KNOWS THAT'S WHAT MARRIAGE WITH GLORIA MEANS . . .

By GEORGE BENJAMIN

■ It was one of those nights. At eleven-thirty, when John and Gloria Payne came out of Ciro's, not even the glow from Los Angeles' 1600 neon-luminous square miles, sprawled glittering and breathtaking below Sunset Boulevard, could dim the moon. It was a full moon, and rain had washed the air clean; there was a breeze from the ocean.

"Where'll we go now?" he asked, after their car was driven up.

"I don't care. Let's just drive for awhile. It's a shame to waste a night like this."

"All right." He headed down wind-

The star of *Miracle On 34 Street* finds the behavior of his daughters another miracle. Kathleen, above, is still manageable, but Julie, 5, likes to invite strangers into the house—for daddy's autograph.

ing Sunset Boulevard, until the sea was on their left and Malibu and Santa Barbara ahead of them. "Feel better?" he asked.

"I've felt fine all day. I just wasn't in a night club mood."

"You seemed depressed. That's why I suggested Ciro's. Aren't things making out as they should at home?"

"So far as I can see, they are. Kathleen has a new expression."

"You mean one you can understand?" He pushed the cigarette lighter on the dash, found it wouldn't work, and used a match while Gloria held the wheel. "I had a fifteen-minute conversation with her last night and she didn't utter an intelligible sound. All nonsense syllables."

"Well, today something displeased her, and she said, 'Oh damn!' just as plain . . ."

John groaned. "That's just dandy. What did you do?"

"What could I do? If I made a fuss she'd think it was cute and keep right on saying it."

"Did she?"

"Well, as a matter of fact she did seem rather pleased with the phrase."

"Tomorrow I'll explain to her that it's pronounced 'darn,'" John decided.

"Will you be home tomorrow?"

"I'll be home for three or four days."

"John—I've an idea. Let's call the house from Malibu and just keep on up the coast. We could stop in Santa Barbara tonight, and make the Lodge at Pebble Beach tomorrow afternoon by cocktail time, and have Saturday night in San Francisco. Yes?"

"We haven't any luggage or clothes with us—not even a toothbrush."

"That's never stopped us before. We can pick up what we need in the morning, in Santa Barbara."

He took a deep breath. "Do you realize how (*Continued on page 114*)

we three

by Paul Brinkman

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A WIFE WHO SITS ON CACTUS, SCOLDS FURNITURE, AND LAUGHS AT BABY BOOK RULES? IF SHE'S JEANNE CRAIN, YOU COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS . . .

■ One sunny day, three years ago, I was paddling in the Pacific Ocean with a certain girl I was pretty crazy about, named Jeanne Crain.

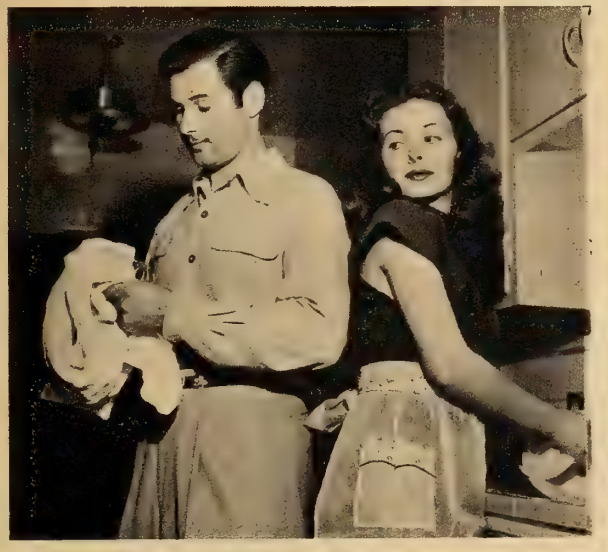
We waded through the waves into deep water, and I liked the touch of Jeanne's hand on my shoulder, swimming along. It was a good sign. Why else would a girl swim with her hand on your shoulder unless she kind of liked you?

Just as I was patting myself on the back, I happened to look up at the sky. There, streaking south in perfect "V" formation, was the prettiest flight of geese I'd seen in a long time. I shot my arm up in the air and pointed excitedly as her hand slipped off. "Look, Jeanne," I yelled. "Wild geese!" I stared a few seconds, then turned around to catch Jeanne's expression.

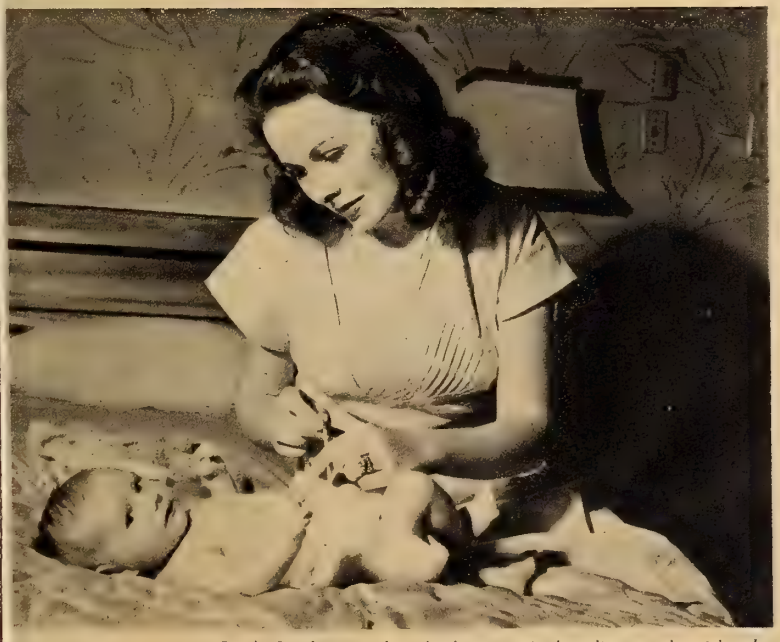
There wasn't any. Jeanne had disappeared—sunk under the waves like a rock. I dived fast and grabbed her. "What happened?" I shouted. She just sputtered. "Can't you *swim*?" I asked, horrified.

"N-no," Jeanne gasped. We were several hundred feet out. I got her to shore all right, a little shaky but safe and sound. I started to teach her to swim that afternoon, you can bet, and a little later on I married the girl. Life with Jeannie has been packed with surprises ever since.

I chased Jeanne through Hollywood traffic—just like in the movies—to get her license number and find out who she was. That didn't work because the motor vehicle bureau wouldn't give me the name. So I had to wait for another coincidence, running across her among the millions in Los Angeles at—of all places—a pie counter at the Farmer's (*Continued on page 117*)



With a new house, new baby, and their respective careers, the day isn't long enough to discuss household affairs—so Paul and Jeanne talk things over during the dinner dishes.



Paul Brinkman, Jr., looks positively disgusted with the photographer. Can't a fellow have some privacy while he's dressing, huh? Ah, this life in a gold fish bowl . . .

▲ Her next film is *The Flapper Age*, but unlike the gals of the roarin' 20's, Jeanne has a talent for motherhood—whether it's bringing up Paul, Jr., or Terry, their wire-haired terrier.

It's the pixie in their souls
that makes Maureen O'Hara play ball
without a ball, and daughter Bronwyn
end her "Hail Mary" with
"had a little lamb . . ."

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

moments of maureen

■ The other pre-dawn, Maureen O'Hara opened her eyes on pandemonium. The room was tipping, and things were crashing to the floor in the dark. She looked over at her husband Will, who was not dropping a stitch of his sleep, and gave him a good shake.

"Will," she told him. "It's an earthquake!" Will Price hopped out of bed to investigate, and a minute later his face was peering at her through the door, and there was a smile on it.

"Sorry to rob you of the thrill, but that was no earthquake," he reported. "We're on a boat, remember? We just slipped anchor, and the boat is rolling up on the beach, or trying to. That crunching is the boat bottom grinding on the sand. The hull acts like a drum and amplifies it."

Maureen sat up in bed and giggled. "For heaven's sake, I'd forgotten about the boat. I thought we were home."

They went up on deck and looked around. They could see the riding lights of at least a dozen other boats anchored in the cove, but there wasn't a human visible. There was nothing to do but yodel for aid, since their Chris-Craft might spring itself open any moment. Between them they managed to wake everybody in the flotilla. The nearest boat came in for them and gave them a tow back to deep water, whereupon Maureen told Will that as the apprentice seaman aboard (after all, Will had been a major in the Marines and outranked her at sea) she would do a little swab duty.

Sunrise saw the job done, and Maureen sat in a chair blissfully re-living the (*Continued on page 115*)

Auburn-haired Maureen O'Hara (now in *Homestretch*) specializes in floppy-brimmed hats to shield her from the sun—even though husband Will Price says he "loves every freckle."

family man— western style

They seldom cry, the Roy Rogers children, even though the Lady of the House is gone. "Because," explains Cheryl gravely, "we don't want Daddy to feel bad."

By JEAN KINKEAD

■ If he were less of a guy he might be very bitter. His house in the Valley might be a quiet place where no child ever sang or laughed. As it is, the ranch house is still a happy spot where two little girls shout and play, and argue and makeup again; where a baby boy grows fat and healthy and grins at the whole world. For Roy Rogers is an extraordinary man. He hugs his sorrow close and burdens no one with it. He fills in the empty spaces his young wife's death has left in his life with hard work and good friends, with skylarking with his two pretty daughters, and of course with his little boy Dusty—after whose birth last fall Arlene died.

People ask Roy about the children. Are they lonesome and miserable? They're lonesome, naturally, but they are less concerned with themselves than with "poor daddy." They'd like to devote their every waking second to keeping him happy.

Evenings when Roy and Whitey (that's his stand-in and best friend) get home from the studio, Cheryl and Linda are on hand, a-quiver with plans.

"Let's go to the horse ranch and see Trigger." This is before the two men are even inside the door.

"I've just *seen* Trigger," (*Continued on page 92*)

He wouldn't take candy from babies, but Roy Rogers swipes their bike! With the star of *Springtime In The Sierras* are Linda, 4, Cheryl, 7, and Roy Jr., 10 months.

■ Lon McCallister swung his legs over the side of the couch and picked up the phone. He dialed and waited and then—"Hey, Coke," he said. (Coke is starlet Colleen Townsend.) "I'm putting the beach house up for sale. How's for painting the old joint red before some stuffed-shirt takes it over?" If you want to paint a place red, Coke's your gal. She's got more pep than a Marx Brother, and what's more she's a gorgeous thing.

It was a wonderful day. They swam and sang and ate clam chowder and talked the beautiful, incoherent and—for Lon—the almost-forgotten language of youth. And after he'd taken her home, Lon thought, "Say

(*Continued on page 64*)

don't get around much any more

No wonder Lon McCallister feels that life is passing him by. His ex-girl friends are raising families—and the current crop calls him "Pops!"

By JACK WADE

Before Lon tacked a "For Sale" sign on his Malibu beach house, he had a "last fling" at surf-and-sand sports. But that's no fun without a pretty mermaid, so Colleen Townsend (with him in *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*) cheerfully obliged

Lon beat Colleen at paddle tennis, so she tried to even the score by testing him at a more delicate skill—tying a draw-string blouse. You'll be seeing Colleen soon in *Green Grass of Wyoming.*

As a gag, they tried a musical duet. "Strictly from hunger," was their frank admission—which reminded Lon about the wonderful food at Tail O' The Cock, on Malibu pier (below). Colleen, on a diet, had only *one* sundae!

For an "old guy," Lon's still a good jitterbug—but luckless at fishing (below). So he sent Colleen into a shop, borrowed a "catch," and pretended he'd caught 'em while she was gone.

JUST IMAGINE! See them all together in one hilarious full-length picture!

There's *Mortimer* (Hayseed) *Snerd* vs. *Donald* (The Temper) *Duck*. Timber-r-r-r!

Edgar Bergen...Charlie McCarthy... Mickey Mouse...Mortimer Snerd... Donald Duck...plus three rollicking new Disney characters...*all together* in one of the funniest feature-length pictures you'll ever hope to see.

There's *Mickey Mouse* in his most hair-raising adventure.

There's *Bongo*, the famous circus bear who wants to get away from it all...

There's radio's favorite blockhead — *Charlie* (I'll mow 'em down) *McCarthy*.

Walt Disney's

FULL-LENGTH MUSICAL CARTOON FEATURE

"Fun and Fancy Free"

FEATURING

EDGAR BERGEN — DINAH SHORE

IN TECHNICOLOR

...and little *Lulubelle*, who causes *Bongo* plenty of heartaches.

There's the *only Goofy*, who is more confused than ever.

There's *Jiminy Cricket*, who's full of fun—and fancy free.

EDGAR BERGEN in the flesh with his radio pals *Charlie McCarthy* and *Mortimer Snerd*.

DINAH SHORE singing and narrating the tuneful story of *Bongo*—the little circus bear.

with

Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Goofy
and introducing 3 lovable new Disney characters
Bongo, Lulubelle, Willie the Giant.

Released through RKO Radio Pictures ©WDP

Parade of hit songs

"Fun and Fancy Free"
"Lazy Countryside"
"Too Good To Be True"
"Say It With a Slap"
and others you'll be humming soon.

Some day Loretta
Young's retiring to Hawaii, where
they call her La-hi
La-hi—"The Delicate One." Only
right now this fragile
flower is busy with her 75th movie!

by KIRTLEY BASKETTE

the Delicate one

Loretta (in *The Bishop's Wife*) and her husband Tom chortle over her success in "unglamorous" *Farmer's Daughter* role. Swedish dialect was taught her by Ruth Roberts, coach who "unlearned" Bergman's!

■ One day, a few weeks ago, the cast and crew of *The Bishop's Wife* at Goldwyn's were busy between takes riffling through a stack of ancient magazines for Loretta Young. Stars of today as they looked years ago were being snipped out by Loretta and her set pals, pasted on cardboards, and numbered.

It was a contest idea Loretta had to pep up a party she was planning. The idea: Whoever identified the stars of the dear, dead days would win.

Suddenly David Niven whooped, "I've got one!" He trotted over to Loretta with a flossy picture, definitely Miss Hollywood, circa 1928.

Loretta took a look and howled. "Wonderful!" she chuckled. "That's the prize, Davey. But, who in the world is it?"

David slipped his finger from the bottom of the clipping. The caption read, "Loretta Young."

You can't exactly blame Loretta Young for not knowing herself when she stared into her own growing girl face. She was 14 then, and Lon Chaney's leading lady in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.* She said she was eighteen, fibbing, as she did all through those underage years. In fact, eighteen got to be such an automatic answer for Loretta that sometimes even today she slips. With the license of an old friend who knew her when, Doug Fairbanks asked her the other day, "Let's see, Loretta, just how old are you?"

"Eighteen," came back Loretta without even thinking.

Loretta Young, young as she is, could look back quite a spell if she wanted to. (*Continued on page 89*)

ah, youth!

She eats lettuce to be slinky, like an actress—and banana splits to be sturdy, like a singer. Otherwise, tiny Bev Tyler might float away, on one of her high notes.

by JANE WILKIE

■ It was one of those hot California days that blister the heels, the kind of weather ignored by the Chamber of Commerce. Beverly Tyler, behind and under numerous packages, struggled through the door of a drugstore, deposited her bundles in a neat ring around the base of the soda fountain stool, and sat down wearily. An acquaintance occupying the neighboring stool was sipping a coke.

"Hi," said the friend.

"'Lo," said Bev.

"What'll you have?" asked the soda jerker.

"A cup of coffee," said Bev. "And a plate of lettuce."

"Waistline?" inquired the friend sympathetically.

"Well, sort of," said Bev. "You see, for movies, I have to keep slim, but for singing, I need some weight. Something to back me up, or I blow myself through a backdrop. So some days I eat banana splits and other days I eat lettuce, depending on whether I'm working at the (*Continued on page 119*)

Bev (of *My Brother Who Talks to Horses*) dances with Duff Whitney (debuting in *Good News*) at Old Vienna Gardens.

"Red Majesty

...PLEASES THAT LAD IN MY LIFE!"... says Mrs. ALAN LADD

...delightful wife of the dashing screen star

If you want your lips to be teasingly pleasing ...to look glamourous and amourous...to have that exciting, inviting glow that brings a warm glow in every man's heart...then do as so many Hollywood beauties do—for your very next lipstick, choose that terrific new Tangee hit-shade...Red Majesty!

CONSTANCE LUFT KUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

To lovely women, Tangee offers a complete line of matched beauty aids.

Red Majesty
NEW HIT SHADE BY
Tangee

GAY-RED RED-RED MEDIUM-RED THEATRICAL-RED NATURAL

DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANY MORE

(*Continued from page 58*)

maybe I'm not an old man after all. . ."

It was a nice thought, but a fleeting one. Ever since Lon came back from the war he's felt lost, and at least two million years old. His old gals are raising families now, and the new gals-about-town are strictly j.g. It puts a guy on the spot being an uncle to everyone. He wants to get back on the beam, have fun—but it's rugged.

Take the other night. Lon was lying around his apartment with his specs on, poring over a philosophy book, when Peggy Ann Garner called.

"How about coming over to my house tonight?" she invited. "I'm having some kids in for fun. That is, if you aren't doing anything."

Lon wasn't doing anything.

"I don't know, Peggy," he balked from force of habit. "I've got some reading I ought to do. I—"

"Come on, Pops!" razzed Peggy Ann. "Stir your stumps."

"Okay," laughed Lon. After all, it might be more fun than the serious reading he'd been wrapping himself up in of nights, listening alone to symphonies.

Lon stirred his stumps, with vague misgivings, and the minute he stepped inside, he knew it was a mistake.

Peggy Ann's party guests were Beverly Hills High School kids. They hopped around, chased and raced, jumped and jived. Lon sat like a bump on a log, trying to enter in and not doing so well! A couple of kids called him "Sir." He knew for sure they thought he was Old Man Mose, a square from Delaware, strictly passé and out of date. Pretty soon he sighed and gave up. He spent the rest of the evening talking to Peggy Ann's mother.

Since then Lon, who's just twenty-four, has had moments when he's dashed to the mirror to see if he's sprouted a long, gray beard. One such happened the other day when he called up his old sweetie-pal, Jeanne Crain. Jeanne and June Haver and Lon all started out together at Twentieth as stars-to-be in *Home in Indiana*. Lon's packed a soft spot in his heart for them both ever since. He took Jeanne around Hollywood a bit before he went off to war and she went off to matrimony. Lon got a whiff of nostalgia not long ago and gave her a ring. "Hi, Jeanne," he said, "It's Lon. Nothing special," he confessed. "Just thought I'd call up and talk about old times. How's everything?"

"Wonderful!" came back Jeannie. "Lon, you've just got to come out and see him sometime soon. Such a darling! The cutest thing! Listen to what he did the other morning. . ."

For a half-hour Lon listened, and Jeanne rattled on the whole time about her baby. When Lon hung up at last, his long, gray beard had sprouted another foot.

June Haver handed him more of the same mood right after that. June was making *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay* with Lon and they were on location just 15 miles over the hills from Lon's Malibu beach house. One day a flock of Lon's old high school gang, whom he still sees all the time, came to visit him and his stand-in pal, Ray Sperry, on location. "Say, June," suggested Lon, "some of the old gang's here and we're going over to the beach to whip up a supper and play some records. How about coming along?"

"It's a deal!" agreed June. So they drove over to Malibu, grilled steaks, danced and sang and had a gay time, with six guys busily beauing Junie. It was swell, until suddenly June looked at her wrist watch. "Gosh!" she said, "I told Jimmy I'd meet him at eleven. Gotta break it up." (This was before she and her husband, Jimmy Zito, separated.) Lon and the crew escorted June to the Trianon Ballroom where Jimmy was playing, and then they went on home dismally by themselves, leaving June with husband Jim. Lon aged a couple more years.

The other day, he got to counting on his fingers the girls he'd handed their first screen kisses—Jeanne Crain, June Haver, Peggy Ann Garner, Julie London, Allene Roberts, Marjorie Riordan—he stopped and dabbed a spot of cold sweat from his brow. Why, it sounded like Errol Flynn, or some such venerable screen lover.

He gets a touch of the lonesome bachelor blues, too, when something happens such as the other week when Sol Lesser's studio called Lon at home. "How'd you like to fly to Las Vegas tonight for some fun and glamor?" they asked. "The new Flamingo Club's opening and if you'll make an appearance, it's all free; there's no fee." That "fly" did it with Lon. Anywhere he can snag an air-ride, he's interested.

Well, who should show up at the airport but cute Allene Roberts, a Sol Lesser starlet. Allene played with Lon at Lesser's in *The Red House* and, he remembered, he'd practically discovered her after making twenty-odd tests with this and that girl.

Anyway, Lon and Allene flew up to the Nevada play-spot for the gala Flamingo opening. When Allene tripped inside on his arm, she squealed, "Oh—a night club! What do we do?" Lon grinned wanly. He could see Allene was thrilled to pieces and when he finally dragged her, still bright eyed and full of beans, out of the place, he was yawning like a ribbon clerk on his unaccustomed night out.

Lon realizes he's dropped a lot of his boyish interests since he's been back from the Air Corps, and replaced them with serious things like housing projects.

He realized after he came home that the Malibu beach house was too far for himself, working 35 miles away, and also too isolated for his mother and grandparents. And when he shut it up and moved into town he felt guilty because it stood vacant with so many people without a roof. So he got his dad, who's a real estate man, to find him a Hollywood apartment house, in the old, unfashionable, but handy part of Hollywood. That's where Lon lives today with his folks. He owns it and he's planning on taking the tiniest suite in the place and fixing it up for himself. Meanwhile, he's staying up nights drawing plans for a housing layout he wants to promote when his bank account grows up again. Lon's designing the houses himself—all small, modern ones with lots of glass and the latest efficiency gadgets.

well-dressed man . . .

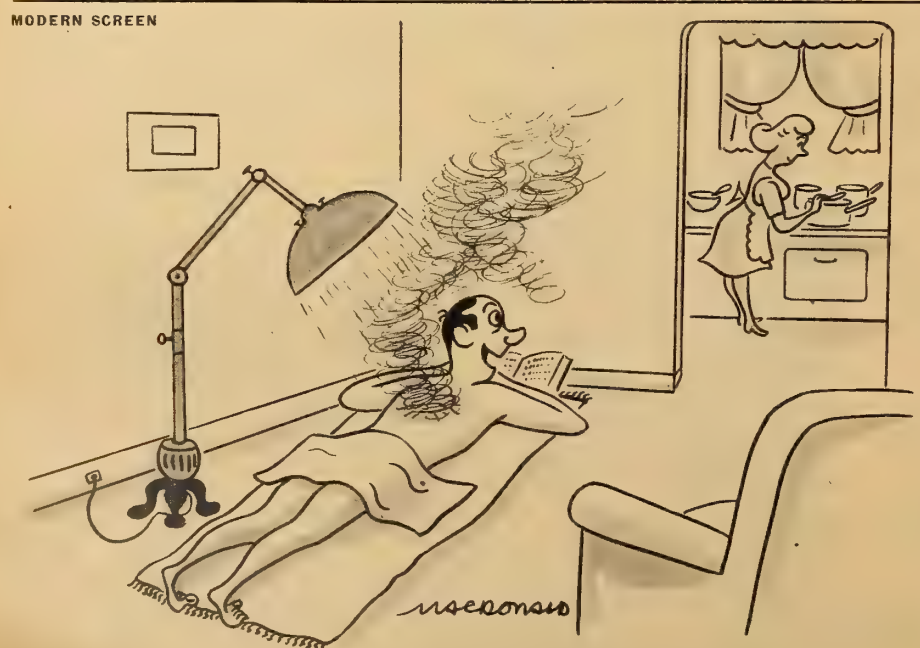
Lon even traded in his sporty looking coupé for a plain gray Ford sedan. He's bought all of two new suits in the two years he's been out of uniform. Hasn't any use for more—although his skimpy wardrobe lodged him into an embarrassing jam last fall in New York!

While he was in the Big Town, Darryl Zanuck premiered *The Razor's Edge* and Lon gathered that he was expected to show up. That put him on the spot: he deliberately didn't have a dinner jacket with him and it was strictly formal. He told the studio arrangers his self-imposed sad plight.

"We'll rent you one," they assured him, and they did.

Lon borrowed studs and cufflinks from a bellboy at the Gotham, where he was staying, and slipped into the tux—only to discover that it was a good two sizes too roomy. He covered up the best he could with his overcoat.

In front of a television mike at the entrance, Ben Grauer, the announcer whispered, "Take off your overcoat." Ben took one look at the fit of his tux and hissed quickly, "Good gosh, put the coat back on!" This on-again-off-again routine threw Lon off his stride and he wasn't exactly Mr. Television, 1947.



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The moths would just get fat, Lon suspects, if he kept any party rags around the house these days, the way he's dropped out of circulation. It's really not because he's old and cold and covered with mold, though. He's just got a lot of things now he likes to do better.

Lon's taking piano lessons, for instance, and studying voice. And if his next picture comes through at Lesser's with Ray Bolger, as it seems it will, he'll be taking dancing.

In New York City last winter, Lon and Ray looked up Don Taylor and his wife Phil, Ray Middleton and a lot of the gang he toured with in *Winged Victory,* and they had a terrific time doing the sights. And a very special sight for Lon McCallister was a girl named Eeta Linden.

She's a young New York actress he met when he was in Alaska during the war, and he hadn't seen her since she left the Deep Freeze. Eeta was on a U.S.O. tour in those days, doing something for the boys in rugged outposts. Lon was detailed to guide her troupe around Alaska. She's a small blonde girl with the sparkle of a dozen diamonds and loaded with talent, Lon believes. In fact, she's the first girl to qualify for the offer Katherine Cornell made Lon 'way back when they made *Stage Door Canteen* together. Then the incomparable Kit told him, "If you ever meet anyone who seems really talented and ambitious to you, let me know." After his Manhattan reunion with Eeta, Lon wrote Miss Cornell about her. When she returns from her road show, she promised, she'll look Eeta over, too. Meanwhile one of the top girls in Lon McCallister's date book is heading for Hollywood this summer on her vacation. Lon hopes the studios will see how good she is and that she won't go back. He says it's not love or anything like that—she's just a swell friend. But where have you heard that before?

no woman hater . . .

Of course, Lon buddies with all the girls he works with or runs around the country with, on those p.a. tours of his. Cathy Downs, Peggy Ann Garner and Allene Roberts. And both Lon and Ray Sperry had a ton of fun beauing cute Colleen Townsend, the new Twentieth Century-Fox starlet in *Scudda Hoo.*

But (says Lon) there really isn't any serious Hollywood heart interest for him. He still sees his old high school chums. They meet around at everybody's house, mostly Lon's beach place—it isn't sold yet—or his new apartment for bridge, poker and just plain old bull sessions. It's strictly stag except when they trail out to see the lone married member of the crew, Harvey Dack, and his wife, Jean Anne. There Lon gets a cozy picture of domestic bliss, because Harvey and Jean Anne are building a log cabin on a country plot in the San Fernando Valley. They put Lon and the bachelors to work burying electric wires and sanding floors while Jean ties on an apron and cooks up a feed for the bunch. So Lon knows what fun's in store for him, if and when he dicards that bachelor tag.

When you pin Lon down on that delicate subject, he grins frankly and says, "You're darned right I want to get married—some day. But I've got a lot of hard work to do first—and then—well, I'm not in love yet." When that happens, he's already got his dream trip picked out. He wants to fly back to Alaska, and revisit all the places he touched during the war—Fairbanks, Nome, Anchorage, Juneau, and White Horse in the Yukon. He wants first to look at the scenery next time, maybe catch up on fishing and loafing.

There's no doubt about it—that could certainly make a swell honeymoon tour for a guy who doesn't get around much any more.

SONNET TO A LADY

(*Continued from page 34*)

I called Victor Samrock, business manager of the Playwrights' Company. Was there any part for me? "No, Sam, I'm sorry. There's only one part and you're much too young to play it—"

Several weeks later came a phone call from Toni Ward of the William Morris Agency. In my book her name's written in capitals—gold ones. She literally shoved me into the part. I argued against wasting everyone's time and making an ass of myself. She said, "As a favor to me—"

Skipping a lot of detail, I finally took my fate in my hands and went down to read—not merely as a favor to Toni, don't kid yourself. As I came in, Maxwell Anderson, the author—a huge, bearlike man—was standing by the door. "What's *he* doing here?" he rumbled.

"Reading for the Jimmy Masters role."

"Jimmy Masters?!! Jimmy Masters is a 45-year-old character, and I've got a luncheon date." And off he went.

I read for the director. What arguments she used on Anderson I don't know, but the following Monday I was called down to read for him. When I got through, he pushed back his chair and walked out. A few minutes later he returned with Bob Sherwood and asked me to read again.

"But what about this age business?" Anderson asked.

Sherwood got up. "Put a moustache on him. That'll age him."

So the unbelievable happened. I got the part. Understand, it was just a two-week contract, subject to Miss Bergman's approval.

Which brings me to the day when I walked into the theater, rubber-legged, to meet the goddess of my fate.

The stage manager introduced us and left us together. We said howdyado, she looked at me in that pleasant way she has, and I tried to be nonchalant—a lousy performance.

stage-fright—offstage . . .

For one solid week I couldn't talk to the girl. Never in my life have I read so badly. Any day I expected to be canned. The director came over. "What's the matter with you, Sam?"

"The girl frightens me."

At the end of the week I realized that I'd have to do something drastic, or fade out. We were gathering for rehearsal. Without giving myself time to think, I pulled a chair up to hers and sat down. "I'm going to talk to you," I said. "I don't know what about, but I'm going to talk to you if it kills me."

She threw back her head and laughed. She said, "You have a little girl, too, don't you? Mine's eight. How old is yours?" Five, I told her. We talked about our children, then hopped to that child of another age, Joan of Arc. When she talks about Joan a light goes up inside. From the day she reached Hollywood, it's been her one great longing to play the part. As we talked, her cheeks flushed a deep rose and her blue eyes kindled; the contrast was startlingly beautiful. Later, I saw it happen many times: when she was especially happy or excited, when she'd had two glasses of champagne instead of one. But this was the first time, and I drew her on—from Joan to the play and its problems, acting in general, to the stage versus movies. By the time rehearsal was called, I knew I'd have no more trouble talking to Bergman. There was too much to talk about.

This thing I call an aura because I can't

Which Twin has the *Toni?*

(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop? See answer below.)

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find a better word—this universal tendency to put her on a pedestal—is tough to analyze. Certainly she does nothing to produce or encourage it, being the most natural person in the world. I think it's partly her beauty, partly a spiritual quality, partly her dignity and reserve.

Considering my own shakes when I first approached her, what happened later had its comical side. During the Washington run and before our Broadway opening, I was asked to take over the direction of the play. While I directed, the aura blanked itself out. Nothing mattered but to get the effect across. I treated her as I would any other player—"I don't believe you, Ingrid. It doesn't ring true—" The first time that happened, I was aware of a disapproving stir among the others.

"Look," I said to her later, "maybe I shouldn't correct you in front of the company. Maybe I should take you aside and tell you in private—"

"But that's crazy," laughed Ingrid. "We'd never get anywhere. And besides, what for? You're the director. Whatever you have to say, I want to be told. Right out loud, in front of everyone else."

On opening night she sent me a very kind wire, paraphrasing one of her speeches in the play. But the end was a small wail. "Oh tell me, please, what can I do about stage fright?"

When my makeup was on, I went down to her dressing room. There were flowers all over the place. Her husband, who'd come on for the occasion, was already out front . . .

"Nervous, Ingrid?" I asked.

"Oh no, not really. Are you?"

"Not a bit."

She looked up at me. "Oh Sam, what awful liars we are." But through the smile, her voice was shaking.

Before curtain time two things happened that broke the tension a little. One gave us a laugh. The other gave me a thrill. For the first scene, everyone's assembled on stage. Word had got around of this and that big name in the audience. When Ingrid appeared, seemingly calm except for the flame in her eyes, she gasped: "All those movie stars!" for all the world as if she weren't among the most dazzling herself. "Show me the hole in the curtain so I can see them!"

Then came that fearful, wonderful moment when the house lights dimmed and the curtain was about to rise. "Wait a minute," said Ingrid, startling everyone. "Hold the curtain a minute," and ran over and kissed me on the cheek. For luck.

reaction . . .

No one who's been part of a first night can possibly describe it, and I'm not going to try. When it was all over, the Andersons gave a party at the Dorset. Ingrid, a person of great self-control, told me later how she'd felt so strange and lonely at first that she slipped out to a little side room and broke into tears. It was a natural reaction to the climax of all the weeks of strain behind her, but you'd never have suspected that little interlude from her radiance as she danced in the arms of her husband. Dr. Lindstrom's what the British call a fine figger of a man, over six feet, and strikingly handsome. They look wonderful together and they love dancing together, especially the waltz.

Which reminds me of the time I saw Ingrid jitterbug. That was at the party she herself gave after the Washington opening. I don't remember who it was she stepped out with, but she gave it plenty of bounce, like a Swedish folk dance. You'd look at her feet and then up at her face, and they just didn't match. She seemed to be having the time of her life. . . .

Once we were settled in the play, she

gave herself up to enjoying New York. She loved its stimulating quality, the speed and tempo most people complain about, *and* the cold. "Snow and the changing seasons," she told me once, "that's what I miss most in California." Like a kid, she couldn't wait for the snow to start—went out and bought herself fur coats which she didn't get to wear more than two or three times, we had so little snow. A hat she never wore. When it turned really cold, she'd pull on a hood—pull it on, pull it off, and her hair would fly and she'd look more enchanting than ever.

She thought the stage was a cinch. Of course with Bergman, her work is such a passion that she still sometimes catches her breath over the wonder of being *allowed* to act. "They *pay* me," she once said, "for doing something that I would pay them to *let* me do. If I had the money." She concedes, however, that ten hours a day at the studio is work. "But not this. Here you come to the theater for three hours and the rest of the time you have to yourself."

She took advantage of every minute. Concerts and art galleries and the ballet. Benefit performances of plays and matinees that didn't clash with our own. Motion pictures she couldn't get enough of. I'd come in and tell her about some foreign movie I'd seen, and next day she'd be there. One of her delights was to track down out-of-the-way restaurants for lunch —Chinese, Russian, Armenian. Before the show, she never ate very much, but when it was over she wanted a big steak. Once in a while she'd be in the mood for a nightclub, but not often.

walk like the wind . . .

But ask me what she liked best, and I think it was walking. Walking alone and getting the feel of the town. It's hard to say why, but people didn't gang up on her. My own theory is that she walked too fast for people to recognize her. Or else they were struck motionless for a moment and, before they recovered, Ingrid was out of sight. Her legs are not only prettier than most, but they're longer.

But the kids with the albums, even she couldn't escape. Every night she'd walk from 59th Street, where she lived at the Hampshire House, to the theater at 52nd. Every night the kids would be waiting at the door. No matter how often and patiently she told them, "I never sign autographs on the street. Write me a letter," they'd pop up anyway, mostly the same ones. She was always touched by the people who made no demands but went to endless trouble to do things they thought would please her—sending her portraits they'd painted of her, or tremendous scrapbooks on herself. "They don't even *know* me," she'd marvel. "What makes them so kind?" There'd be flowers and candy, which she'd bring out on stage and share with the company. But orchids —well, Ingrid's the rare woman who doesn't care for them particularly.

At Christmas time Pia came to spend the holidays with her mother. Twice she was allowed to watch the first act from the stage; then the nurse took her home. Ingrid didn't want her to see the second act. She felt the child wasn't old enough to accept her mother in that tragic, shattering situation without being more or less shattered herself. Pia wasn't overcome by the backstage glamor either. Interested, yes, but her eyes didn't pop. Remember that to her, Ingrid Bergman isn't some faraway princess or the face that launched a thousand ships, or even Ingrid Bergman —she's Mother. In which connection, I made a faux pas there's no excuse for—especially since I'm the husband of an actress myself.

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I was showing Pia round the theater and took her downstairs, where the electricians had just finished fixing up some rows of bulbs that spelled out BERGMAN, to be used above the marquee. "There's your name," I told her.

She took a look, then lifted grave eyes to mine. "That's not my name. My name's Lindstrom—Pia Lindstrom." I felt properly reprimanded.

That Ingrid adores her daughter goes without saying, but she's not the kind to fuss or be over-demonstrative. She has definite ideas on bringing up youngsters, rooted in the conviction that they're humans and that you can rear them without trampling on their personalities. She believes in sending them to school at an early age, and in teaching them the value of money in the bank.

Coming from California, Ingrid had a little trouble adjusting to New York traffic regulations, broke a small one, and got a ticket. Pia's eyes went wide, but she sat very quiet till they drove on again. Then: "What *was* it, Mother?"

"I made a mistake, though I didn't mean to. It'll cost me five dollars."

"Five *dollars!* Oh *my!* Where will you get *five dollars?!*"

The final week of any good run is a sad one. You've lived with the play and with each other, and now you're breaking up. For Ingrid it held a special sadness, since in a special way she'd be parting with Joan. Each night as the house darkened and the curtain started up, she'd look out at the audience and murmur: "Just think. After this week I'll never do it again."

What took the edge off her blues was the knowledge that the screen version still lay ahead of her. Maxwell Anderson had been signed to write it. It was to be the straight story of Joan—not a play within a play, as on the stage. A day before *Joan of Lorraine* closed, I signed with Milton Sperling to make *Ever the Beginning*.

Ingrid was delighted for me—promised to give me pointers on Hollywood. But in the last-minute rush, we hadn't time to say much more than "Goodbye, see you in California." The following Monday found me at LaGuardia Airport with Charlotte and my daughter, Abby, who'd come to see me off and who were to join me within a couple of weeks. As we stood there talking, Charlotte broke off in the middle of a sentence. "Look!—Nobody walks like that but Ingrid—"

It was Ingrid, all right. Her plane left fifteen minutes ahead of mine. We waved goodbye to her. "I'm not superstitious," said my wife firmly. "But there's no law that says I can't call it a good omen—"

that ingrid aura . . .

There's one more story I think belongs here. During the run of the play, Abby'd seen pictures of me with Bergman in magazines. They interested her. She was rather vague about what I did for a living, but she liked the pictures.

One day Charlotte brought her to the theater and, hearing she was there, Ingrid asked to meet her. We took her down.

"You know who this is don't you, Abby?"

"Yes, it's Miss Bergman. I always see her picture in the magazine."

Suddenly she dried up. Now my daughter's no bashful Bertha! She's not given to sticking her finger in her mouth or hanging her head. But so help me, that's exactly what she did. Ingrid, who knows how to talk to children, was charming with her. By all the rules, Abby should have chattered like a magpie. But Abby squirmed, shot adoring glances from downcast eyes, and couldn't utter a sound.

I suppose you're two jumps ahead of me on the pay-off. Yes, even my five-year-old daughter felt the aura.

MISS TIERNEY REGRETS

(Continued from page 49)

The bald little man stared at her and muttered to himself. By the time the kids had been disposed of, the price of the fender had gone up to $140.

"That's what I said all along," he insisted. And Gene, who doesn't like being robbed any more than the rest of us, walked indignantly out of the shop.

She never tried the disguise again, but she was fairly lucky after that in getting things for the apartment. A set of delicate blue Wedgwood. An inlaid Hepplewhite table. A pair of charming old lamps for the bedroom she is to share with Pat.

This sharing a bedroom doesn't always work too well with sisters as popular as Gene and Pat, who are usually dressing for their dates at the same time. But Gene has eliminated this hazard quite simply. The dressing table is seven feet long, with mirror to match, and two benches, one at either end. Plenty of drawer space, too.

prettily practical . . .

One reason Gene is such a good decorator is because she does have this combination of practicality and taste. Little Daria, Gene's four-year-old, has a bedroom that's a delightful Alice-in-Wonderland place of ruffled organdy and flowered wallpaper. It is also carefully situated where the child won't be disturbed if her mother and aunt entertain at home.

"Mother" and "aunt" seem strange words to use in describing Gene and Pat, who both look like schoolgirls. Gene has a quiet little air of dignity, of course, when she's in the public eye, but relaxing at home in the sweater and slacks she adores, she might be sixteen.

Not that she would want to be. She loves being twenty-five, with her newly acquired knowledge of the world and people. Some of this knowledge has come through tears and heart-ache, but you won't find Gene complaining about that.

"I had a happy marriage," she says soberly. "A *really* happy one. Not everyone has that. I'm sorry mine had to end, but I'm glad for what it taught me. I don't regret any of it. And it has given me Daria."

Daria is a small beauty who will one day be as lovely as her mother. The upper half of her face is like Gene's in its bone structure, the lower half like Oleg's.

Gene is a doting parent, but never to the point where it would be bad for Daria. She's happy that Daria can be in Connecticut now with Gene's brother's family. They have a little girl, Michele, who's almost the same age, and the two children

WE'VE A HANDFUL OF $5 BILLS

Yes, and we've got butterfingers, too. With a little persuasion, we could easily drop one of those bills in an envelope bearing your name. The way to persuade us, of course, is to mail us your "I Saw It Happen" anecdote. An anecdote—that's a short, interesting and TRUE story—about the time you bumped into a movie star in person. If we publish your tale (read the "Happen" boxes in this issue to get a clear idea of what we're looking for), we'll see that one of our $5 checks slips into your pocket. Mail all entries to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York City, 16.*

play, battle and giggle merrily together by the hours.

Soon she will be old enough to do some of the things that Gene remembers from her own childhood in Connecticut. Picnics on the beach with the wind in your hair, the sun baking you Indian brown, and Mummy saying "Well, maybe *one* more hardboiled egg won't hurt you." Simple things, like Gene's simple tastes.

Actually, Gene's only expensive taste is clothes. She doesn't drink, so champagne leaves her cold. She dislikes orchid corsages—would much rather have flowers for her apartment. Particularly white flowers.

But she does like really elegant clothes. Elegant in the old-fashioned sense of the word, I mean. She buys good clothes—very good ones. Oleg Cassini still designs most of them.

clothes counsellor . . .

The whole family goes to Gene for advice on clothes and kindred matters. Pat, particularly, is influenced by her. Pat had been living with her mother in New York until last year, when Mrs. Tierney decided to send her out to Gene on the Coast. Pat needed to reduce, but all suggestions to that effect had been greeted with "Oh, mother, don't nag."

Just before Christmas, Pat arrived in Hollywood. The first evening, Gene looked at her sister and said,

"You know what I'm going to give you for Christmas? A reducing course at the smartest place in town. It will make all the difference in the world in the way you look and feel."

Pat took the reducing course and lost eighteen pounds. She emerged with a willowy figure which she wouldn't trade for all the diamond earrings in the world.

Gene and Pat get along well together, although they're quite different. Gene is romantic and a bit temperamental, like most good actresses. Pat is a solid, "feet-on-the-ground" type.

The girls double-date occasionally, but not often. The five years' difference in their ages shows up in the men they go around with more than in any other way. Pat's male friends seem a bit on the juvenile side to Gene.

One night they all went to an amusement park together. Ate popcorn, rode the ferris wheel, giggled through the "Fun House." They came at last to the roller coaster.

"Come on, Gene," one of the boys coaxed. "Ride with me on the coaster."

"Look." Gene spoke firmly. "When I was sixteen I *had* to go on a roller coaster to show I wasn't afraid. Now I've proved it and I don't ever have to go again. And I don't intend to."

Gene went to a debutante party with the younger set in Connecticut this summer, and was definitely a belle. She wasn't quite sure before she went whether it was a good idea or not.

"I hope they won't expect me to look all slinky and movie-star-ish," she told her mother worriedly. "Because I just don't." She was wearing pale blue chiffon and looked about the right age to be a debutante herself. Gene danced herself into tatters that night, and the younger set adored her.

One of the happiest times Gene has had since her divorce was when she went to Bermuda with Pat and an old school friend and her husband. The friend is Mary Louise Bromson, who lives in Denmark. She and Gene were in school together in Switzerland, and hadn't seen each other since. But the minute they got together again it was as if they had never been apart.

The Bromsons had rather a bad time during the war. They were working with the Danish Underground movement, and finally had to escape to Sweden in a small boat, just one jump ahead of the Nazis.

They went to stay with some friends in Sweden, and the third day they were there, something funny happened. The woman they were visiting was telling about an American movie she had seen.

"You must go, Mary Louise. It's very good. The name of it is *Heaven Can Wait* and there is a girl in it I think you will like. Her name is Gene Tierney."

"It never occurred to me that it might be you, though," she told Gene, that first night in New York. "We went to see the picture a few days later. Got there after it had begun and when we went in, you were on the screen. I've never been so excited!"

Gene hadn't been on a bicycle in years, but the day after their arrival in Bermuda, Mary Louise said, "Let's go bicycling. They tell me there's a beautiful path along the shore."

At first, Gene was skeptical about her inexperience.

As it turned out—and it's a tribute to the condition she keeps herself in—Gene had nothing worse than a few aching leg-muscles to show for the trip.

Gene loved the fishing, and had much better luck with it than Pat did. Pat would reel in her line and at the end of it would be a graceful thing of gold, striped in dark green, with fins like delicate green tissue paper.

"Pat, throw that beautiful fish back in the water this instant," Gene would command. "That's to be admired—not eaten."

the one that got away . . .

Reluctantly, Pat would let her prize swim away. And in a minute Gene would hook a nice, plump, utilitarian fish in a subdued shade of gray, strictly for eating—which they did!

One day on the ship going back to New York, Gene and Mary Louise were sitting on deck, talking about life and love and all the things girls do talk about when they are "best friends."

"Mary Louise, you're always so calm and happy," Gene said impulsively. "You've been that way ever since I've known you. Don't you lose your temper sometimes or get depressed?"

"No, I don't think I do. But I deserve no credit for it—it is the way I was born. I go along on a smooth, even plane. You, Gene, hit the depths occasionally but you also hit the heights."

It's true that Gene does get depressed sometimes. It was true during her marriage, and it has been true since her divorce. It still seems strange now and then to be single again. But it does have its advantages. There's a quotation that she found not long ago which she cut out of a magazine and stuck in the mirror over her dressing table. Something about "It takes an awfully good husband to make up for a life of independence."

That doesn't mean that she won't marry again—far from it. But it does mean that for now she's heart-whole (or as near it as one can be after the break-up of a happy marriage) and fancy-free, and saying "no" gently but firmly about marriage.

Right now she's concerned with her career and her daughter and her home, which is enough to keep even Gene busy. She was a victim for a long while of an absolute jinx in the maid problem.

Then one day she was lunching with Faye and Elliott Roosevelt at "21." They were all having a fine time, but the minute lunch was over, Gene prepared regretfully to leave.

"I've got to go home and do some plain and fancy vacuum cleaning," she apologized. "I'm maidless again."

"Gene, I'll help you get a good maid," Faye offered. And she went to work on it.

Gene was hardly back at her apartment when the telephone rang.

"Miss Tierney?" a brisk voice said. "This is Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary speaking. I understand you are looking for a maid. We'll send you one early on Thursday."

It wasn't a dream, either. The maid actually arrived and took over the household with brisk confidence. And Gene couldn't be more grateful.

Come fall, she'll be back on the Coast, of course, working on another picture to follow the very successful *Ghost and Mrs. Muir*. She'll leave Daria either with Howard's family, or with her mother, and the nurse. Pat works as Gene's secretary now, so she will go along.

Gene has bought a five-room cottage, practically in the back yard of the studio. It's a charming little place and much better suited to her needs than a large house would be. There's plenty of room for her and Pat and Butch.

Butch is a police dog the approximate size of a horse, and Gene has had him for years. George Jean Nathan gave him to her originally, and he was owned before that by Sidney Kingsley, the playwright.

Since she has had him, friends and relatives have occasionally ventured to suggest that perhaps Butch might not be one hundred percent thoroughbred police dog. Gene has always denied this indignantly.

But when she came East with Butch this time, she confided in her mother. "His father was a police dog, all right—a real champion, Mummy. But it's true—his mother was just an old dog that sort of hung around the stables. I don't even know *what* she was."

Mrs. Tierney laughed. "You've certainly stuck to your story for a long while."

"I was a snob," Gene said sadly. "But I've decided that a little proletarian blood mixed in with the thoroughbred makes dogs—and people too—a lot nicer to know."

All of which is a minor, but interesting, indication that Gene makes up her own mind these days, and it's strictly on the basis of common sense. She'll do all right!

Bambi Linn . . .

the golden-haired darling who danced in *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel* and who is currently wowing New York audiences as "Alice" in *Alice in Wonderland*.

In this issue, Bambi poses especially for you Modern Screen readers who are getting ready to go back to school. On the following pages she models the clothes we think you're most likely to succeed in next semester, at prices most likely to go easy on your budget.

For example—the fireman-red corduroy jumper and jacket opposite. We won't waste words on how they look—you can see for yourself—but we will hint that there's no end to the blouses and sweaters you can wear with the jumper—and we predict the jacket will rarely be off your back.

Jumper and jacket come in red, kelly, dark brown, dark green, wine, grey or black. In sizes 10-18. (A plaid shirt to match coat lining is also available.)

Jumper ..... About $7.95
Jacket ..... About $14.95

By Korday.

Pleated bosom rayon blouse, in many colors. Sizes 32-38.

Blouse by Adelaar $5.95

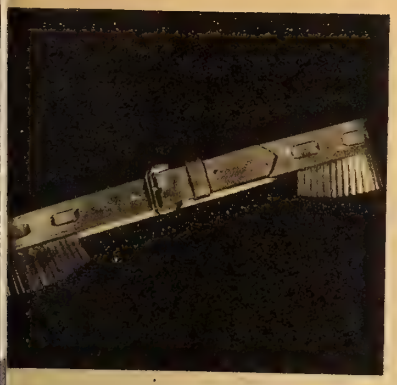
To find out where to buy these school fashions, turn to page 86.

modern screen fashions

OR WHERE TO BUY
urn to page 86

By Connie Bartel,
Fashion Editor

Middy sweater—with a collar just like a sailor's. 100% zephyr wool—in every color you love. Sweater by Ladyarn . . . about $6. All around pleated skirt, in Pacific wool crepe. Black, brown, green or grey. Sizes 12-18. Skirt by Leemor . . about $5.95.



Cowhide belt with braid and fringe trim. Red, green, and other colors. Cute with plaids! By Vogue, $2.

A large pure silk scarf that is shaded from beige to brown. Lots of other wonderful colors too. $3.

The fraternity pin dress—with a stripe meant just for your jewelry. Two piece wool jersey—with a nice swingy skirt which boasts two pockets. Luggage top with black skirt; black with red; beige with brown; royal with black. Comes in sizes 12-18. By Mayline . . . about $14.95. Both pages: Macy's, New York The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

Bambi Linn shows off a long-torso sweater - a long-torso dress

(for school, needless to say!)

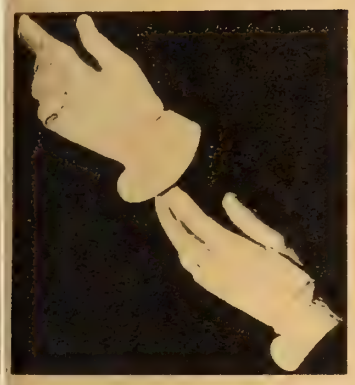
FOR WHERE TO BUY
Turn to page 86

Gold-finished chain and authentic-looking crested medal. By Coro. Chain $1, medallion $2, plus tax.

Side-pleated plaid skirt with a leather belt and a scarf to tie at the throat or around your head. All wool, with your choice of green, red or white background. Sizes 10-18.

By Sporteens . . . . about $7.95.

Featherknits wool sweater . . $3.98.



Washable shortie fabric gloves with flared hand-stitched cuffs. Black, brown, grey, chamois yellow. $3.

A gold-finished link bracelet with a dangling disc that tells your fortune. By Coro, $1, plus tax.

Two-piece wool plaid. Jumper top with new cuffed edge. Slightly flared skirt. Brown and blue; red and green; green, blue and black. Sizes 10 to 18. By Jack Schnittman. . . about $15.
Rayon crepe blouse, quilted Peter Pan collar and cuffs. Pastel and dark colors. 32-38. Adelaar blouse. . about $5.95.
Both pages: Macy's, New York
The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

Bambi Linn poses in plaid with scarf-plaid with tunic

(for school, as if you didn't know!)

a typical Carole King girl

"DATED UP"... Who else but you, when you wear this ever-so-slim Carole King Original in wool-and-rayon! Junior sizes 9 to 15. Under $15.00.

Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

Carole King

DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

FOR WHERE TO
Turn to page 86

Bambi Linn wears a medallion-print blouse

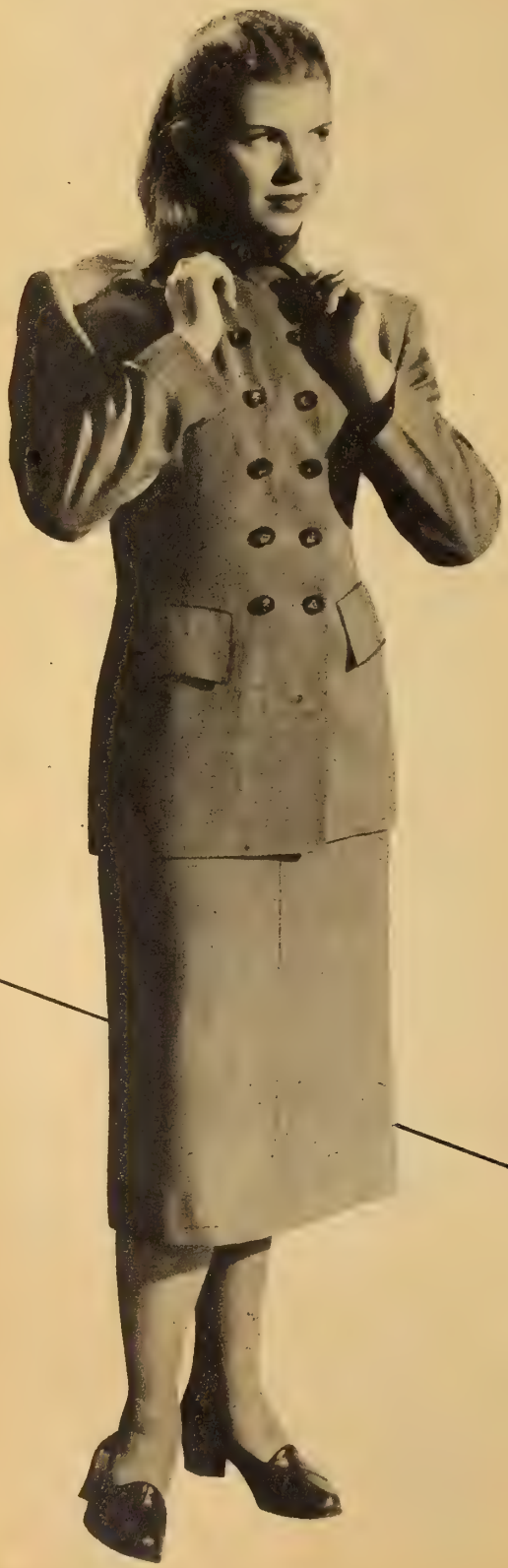
(bound to have the whole class talking!)

Strictly ooh and ah—a grey rayon challis blouse printed with bright colored medallions. Also on white ground. Sizes 32-38. Blouse by Adelaar . . about $5. Patch pocket corduroy skirt, bright or dark colors. Sizes 12-20. Skirt by Ann Marie . . about $5.98. Macy's, New York The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

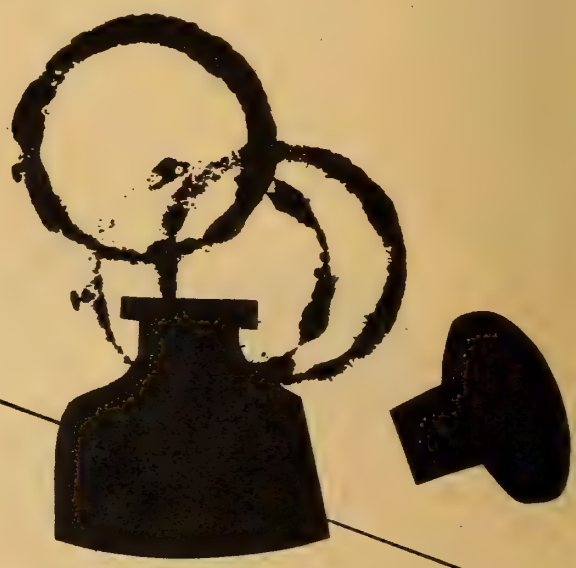
R WHERE TO BUY
rn to page 86

Bambi Linn models a suit that's cute

(a girl's best friend in the classroom.)



Such a young suit—
such a slick fit. The
double-breasted jacket
has this year's longer
look. Grey or tan rayon
worsted. In sizes 10-18.
By Joselli. . . . about $25.
Macy's, New York
The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.



Modern Screen shops for you

BY MAXINE FIRESTONE

This is just the trickiest hair comb ever! The gold-finished rhinestone bow-knot pin looks darling in your hair—and you can take it off the comb to wear on your dress. Gold or silver. By Ben Hur. About $3, plus tax. Bloomingdale's.

The perfect belt to wear to classes. It has a separate slide change purse to hold your knick-knacks. Made of plastic suede, comes in almost every color. By Etra Products—and guess what? It's yours for only $1. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

Gold-plated "Clinch" pin to keep shoulder bags from slipping. It's such a smooth looking pin that you won't want to take it off—bag or no. By Carol Barnes. About $3, plus tax. The monogramming is extra. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

DD

Look what DORIS DODSON did . . . ran rings around VARSITY... her newest-length "two-piecer" that broadens your shoulders, belittles your middle, accents the fluid swing of your skirt. Beloved rayon gabardine in green, banded in red and natural; black, with blue and white; or brown, with luggage and gold.
9 to 15. About $13.00

ELLIOT CLARKE

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Write for the name of your local shop...Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri

The sox you'll be wearing this season!
New styles, new colors at your favorite shops now!
35¢ to $1
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For nearest store, write:
Trimfit EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

YOUR HAIR
romantic as the harvest moon

Cared-for hair is always the loveliest, the most lustrous—and the most alluring. Re-condition summer dried or faded hair with: RECONDITIONING OIL • LANOLIN CREME SHAMPOO • CREAM HAIR PACK • CREME SET.

At drug, dept. stores

Ogilvie Sisters
HAIR PREPARATIONS

Joan Leslie has such a fine complexion! She uses powder correctly.

no puffing!

Face powder must be applied correctly. It's so very important to glamor! Learn how Hollywood stars use face powder

By CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR

■ Breathless puffing from a long stair climb isn't too important. But puffing powder on your nose every five minutes displeases your beau and that's very important! So let's check. Joan Leslie, Lauren Bacall and Lana Turner have petal-soft complexions, but their makeup is never a public performance. Correct application does away with unglamorous patchwork.

Powder should not absorb the oil of a makeup base—powder should simply rest in it lightly. So spare the foundation! Colored or colorless, it should be the barest overcoating for your skin, a light but firm foothold for powder.

Now literally saturate your puff with powder. Close your eyes and fluff it all over from hairline to base of throat. Never mind if you look like a circus clown. You can look forward to owning a complexion like Joan Leslie's.

With the puff free of powder, next *pat* firmly over your face (don't forget the nostril area). Rubbing the puff disturbs the even distribution of foundation, causes makeup to look splotchy.

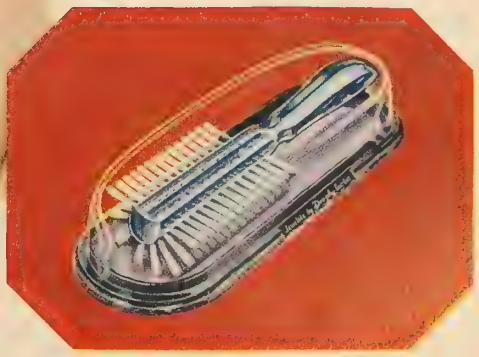
Finally, use the puff or a soft complexion brush to whisk off any excess powder. Clean brows and lashes. Such a good powdering job lasts a long time, calls for no repairs or public puffing . . . and looks simply beautiful!

A Wonderful New Brush by Pro-phy-lac-tic . . .

Jewelite INVIGORATOR

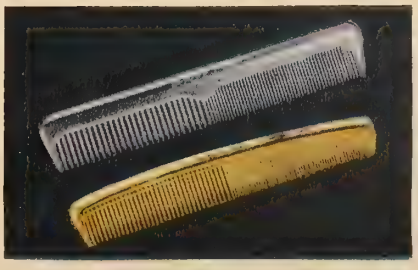
It's the newest creation of America's foremost maker of fine brushes! The unique Jewelite Invigorator provides extra-wide bristle area—a scientifically arranged half-circle of long, resilient Prolon bristles, to stimulate your scalp and bring shining new beauty to your hair. Jewelite Brushes, Combs and complete Dresser Sets are available at good brush departments in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, or in diamond-clear crystal. Jewelite, styled in the loveliest of plastics, is made by the makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Look for the name Jewelite on the box.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
Florence, Mass.



The new Jewelite Invigorator Brush has more than 1000 individual Prolon bristles set in a wide-flaring pattern to provide maximum brushing efficiency. And it's *easy* to keep clean. Each Jewelite Invigorator comes packaged in its own miniature "showcase" with the new transparent dome top. $4.00.

Jewelite for men, too! This handsomely streamlined club brush and comb set is a new addition to the Jewelite line. Available in garnet or crystal. $4.50.



Jewelite Combs and other lovely Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Combs are designed for perfect combing. Available in a wide choice of styles and colors. 15¢ to 50¢.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

Can you tell which is which?

TEACHER can't tell them apart—twin or dress! For though one little frock cost $6.95 and the other over *twice* as much, both were laundered with LINIT* Starch. That means they are equally crisp, fresh and dainty.

LINIT is an easy, wonderful way to make everything washable look its best. It gives a smooth, soil-resisting finish that busy mothers appreciate. No white streaks on colored fabrics. No white spots. Easy directions are on the package.

The pink dress cost $14.95

*LINIT IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. ©C. P. R. CO., 1947

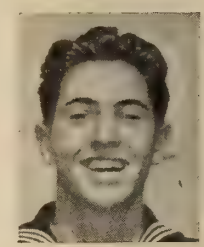
...ADDS THE *"finishing touch"*

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

DICK WALSH, who was Teddy in Humoresque, *and the young interne in* Possessed, *was born in Brooklyn, New York, 25 years ago. He is 6' 2" tall, has blue eyes, blond hair and is unmarried. Dick has no fan club, but would love one. Any would-be presidents or fans can write him at Warner's, Burbank, Calif.*

JOAN LORRING was born in China, on April 17, 1926. Joan's 5' 3" tall, weighs 109 lbs., has reddish hair, hazel eyes and is unmarried. Next film is The Lost Moment. *Sally Hubbell, 28 W. 54, Indianapolis, Indiana, has her fan club. Joan welcomes fan mail at Universal, Universal City, California.*



Welcome back Farley Granger whose first post-war pic is Your Red Wagon, *by writing to him at RKO, Hollywood. Farley was born in San Jose, Calif., on July 1, 1925. He's 6' tall, with brown hair and eyes, and is unmarried.*

Mrs. Susan Sill, N. Y. C. Edna Skinner, this column's discovery, will soon be seen with Sinatra in The Kissing Bandit. *Tommy Wonder, versatile actor-dancer, just completed* This Time for Keeps, *and* Saramba. *Both would love mail sent to them at M-G-M, Culver City. Handsome, blond, Michael Steele is still with RKO, no film set yet, but write him there for a photo.*

Charles Lampert, B'klyn: La Feria de Las Flores, La China Mexicana, Jarabe Tapatio, Las Mananitas, Borrachito, El Zopolite, El Mosco, La Salida del Toro, La Diana, Cielo Andaluz, Chiclanera, Novillero, and Aaron Copland's composition, El Salon de Mexico, arranged for the picture as Fantasia Mexicana, were the musical pieces in Fiesta.

Ginnie Martin: Gladys Hanson, 212 N. W. 4th, Chisolm, Minn., has Lauren Bacall's Club; Betty Rowland, 4407 So. Peoria, Tulsa, Okla., has Jennifer Jones'; Cecelia Olsen, 142 Java, Brooklyn, N. Y., has Tommy Wonder's.

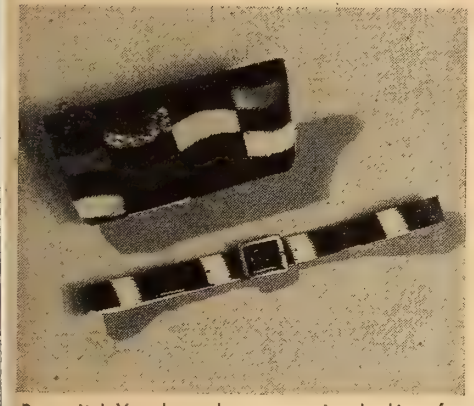
My request? QUESTIONS! My address? Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. Don't forget the self-addressed, stamped envelopes.

SPECIAL OFFER

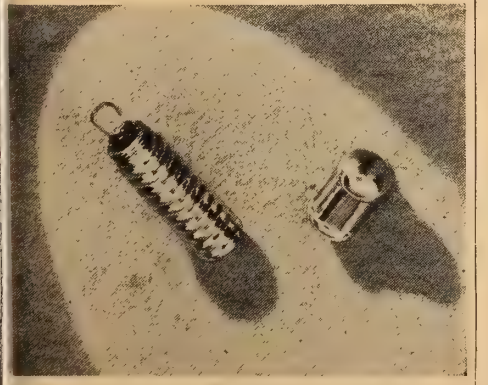
SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART—1946-'47 (10c)—A new edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of fascinating data on all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

modern screen shops for you

There's date interest in this gold-finished link bracelet. Seven charms (for each day) to jot down dates or reminders. At week's end just wash 'em to start off with a clean slate. By Omar. About $2, plus tax. Saks 34th St., N.Y.



Pure ritz! You know how expensive looking *fur* is. You know the swank of *suede*. Imagine the wealthy look and feel of both together! Pony-skin and suede; black or brown. Elf Accessories Belt about $3; Bag, about $5. Mary Lewis, N.N.Y.



A perfume flask in lipstick size. Glass lined and leak proof. Comes with tiny funnel for easy filling. Nothing like a whiff of sweet smelling stuff for a pick-up! Gold, only $1, postpaid. Gift Clues, 302 E. 45th St., N. Y.

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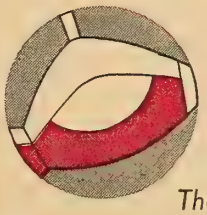

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WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout the country.)

Korday red corduroy jumper and matching plaid lined jacket worn by Bambi Linn in the full color photograph
(page 73)

New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Providence, R. I.—Gladding's, Inc., Sportswear, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Adelaar blouse shown in the full color photograph
(page 73)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Providence, R. I.—Gladding's, Inc., Sportswear, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Ladyarn middy sweater with sailor collar
(page 74)

Detroit, Mich.—Ernst Kern Co., Sports Shop, Sixth Floor
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr Co. Little New Yorker Shop, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Leemor all around pleated skirt
(page 74)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's, Fashions, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Mayline two piece fraternity pin dress
(page 75)

Boston, Mass.—Neal's, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Sporteens plaid skirt with matching scarf
(page 76)

Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse-Martens, Sportswear Dept., First Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
St. Paul, Minn.—The Emporium, Sports Shop, Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Featherknit wool sweater
(page 76)

Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Jack Schnittman plaid middy tunic top and skirt
(page 77)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's, Fashions, Second Floor
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew, Sportswear Dept., Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Adelaar blouse with quilted collar and cuffs
(page 77)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Ann Marie corduroy patch pocket skirt
(page 79)

Baltimore, Md.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Adelaar shield print blouse
(page 79)

New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Joselli double breasted suit
(page 80)

Easton, Pa.—Bon Ton Dept. Store Ready-to-Wear, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Company

Accessories shown on Pages 74 and 7

Coro medallion necklace and fortune telling bracelet

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros. Co., Jewelry Dept., First Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Handstitched cotton gloves

New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche, Stree Floor

Vogue cowhide belt

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon Co., Accessories, Street Floor
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Pure silk scarf

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros. Co., Fashion Accessory Shop, First Floor
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothro

If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

THE RABBIT GOT AWAY

(*Continued from page 33*)

addicts. Proper equipment is essential.

Guy and Gail use bows and arrows themselves, but even if you prefer guns, you need the same clothing.

Heavy boots are important; there are snakes in the brushy, mountainous, rabbit country. Rough clothes, too, of course.

If you prefer to leave mountains alone, and admit you're middle-aged, you can hunt exclusively from the top of a car. The creeping car will flush the rabbits before it, and you can wham away.

Incidentally, lady archers who want to protect their delicate hands often wear finger guards.

Gail has some that Guy made her. A little leather sheath goes over each finger, and then each sheath is attached to the wrist by a rawhide thong. Turkey claws are set into the leather, too. They sound ugly, but they're awfully strong.

Guy also makes his own arrows, feathers them himself, and constructs the points. The arrows are cedar, the feathers are goose, and the points are dural.

But whether you use a dural-pointed, goose-feathered, cedar arrow, or an old 20-gauge shot-gun, a jack-rabbit will give you plenty of argument. They travel so fast they're only blurs, and a fifteen-foot broad jump is nothing more than a step in the right direction, to a rabbit.

The direction away from you, that is.

When you go off for the day on one of these hunting trips, you usually pack a lunch (there aren't any drive-ins in them thar hills) and you usually discover yourself eating it on bare rocks.

Gail's picnic lunches are like in the movies—fried chicken and cool drinks—and Guy pretends it's the only reason he takes her. "If I go by myself, I pack a chocolate bar. What's the percentage?"

In all fairness, we ought to report that the day Modern Screen went along, Madison was gallantry itself. He helped Gail up hills, through brush, and over rock. And now and then, when a lovely big ugly rabbit showed, he even let her shoot first. Which is why all the rabbits got away.

she's called "the threat"

lizabeth scott and **modern screen** has captured her challenging, exciting beauty for our october cover **on sale september 12**

Merry-Go-Round encircles your bust with glamour—transforms a small bust into alluring, feminine curves—gives a full bosom youthful, firm contours. Circles of stitching support the bust—patented Circular Bias molds the bust. The secret's in the circle!

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You'll love the heel-hugging fit and ankle-flattering smoothness of KICKERINOS. You will like KICKERINOS because they are arched to fit your feet and made in soft, comforting, luxurious leathers.

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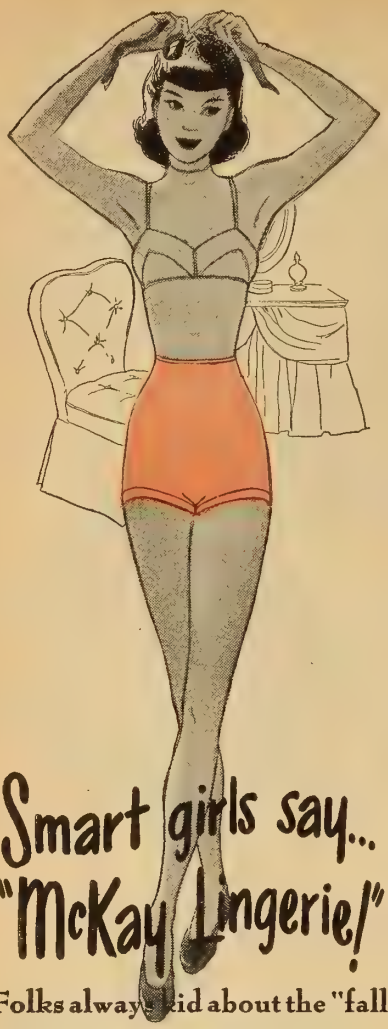

Smart girls say... "McKay Lingerie!"

Folks always kid about the "fall guy". How about the *fall gal?* More and more girls in the know are falling for McKay Lingerie . . . winter, spring, summer *and* fall!

So many lovely styles . . . so free to wear . . . so easy to wash.

Truly — the lingerie with the perfect fit — at the perfect budget price!

To be found at S. S. Kresge Co. and S. H. Kress & Co.

Next time say, "McKay Lingerie"!

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Empire State Bldg. New York

modern screen shops for you

A cardigan sweater called Stop and Go. The large squares are red and green, the back solid color. Bet that policemen's whistles aren't the only ones you get! All wool. By Featherknits. About $4. At Macy's, N. Y.

Another sweater that we're in love with. Long sleeves, long torso (*the* latest thing), ribbed waistband makes your waist look ridiculously small. Comes in heavenly color combinations. By Glamour Knit. About $3. Macy's.

A gal's best friend is a sweater. Narrow striped all wool honey to go with anything. See the new long torso, elbow length sleeves, and crew neck. Comes in wonderful colors. By Tish-U-Knit. About $5, Saks-34th St., N.Y.

Don't reach for that cookie but do reach for a Real-form Girdle or Panty Girdle! Raschel-Knitted of fashioned to fit Lastex with removable crotch. Can't run! $5.00.

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MOVIE STAR SLIPS • 159 MADISON AVE., N.Y.

THE DELICATE ONE

(*Continued from page 61*)

Just about as long as she can remember, she's been making movies. It was almost a matter of necessity back in her baby days, when her spunky mother, left with five kids to raise, had to make every nickel count. Loretta's uncle was business manager for George Melford, a silent era producer, and Loretta, Polly, Sally and all the younger Youngs showed up for a quick check every time a kiddie bit came along. A lot of her own early Hollywood memories are lost in the mists of childhood. She didn't even know how she got her name, "Loretta," until recently when Colleen Moore, one of Hollywood's great silent stars, told her.

They had needed a child for a bit part in one of Colleen's movies. "There's a little beauty over there," Colleen told director Mervyn LeRoy, "who could grow up and be a star some day. How about her?"

Mervyn took a look and agreed. He slipped the moppet into the part and asked her name. "Gretchen." That jarred, he thought. She'd need a smoother tag. That's when Colleen came up with the name of her favorite doll, named after a fairy princess, "Loreta." "Too foreign sounding," objected Mervyn. "Add a 't' and make it 'Loretta'," suggested Colleen. That's what happened, as Loretta learned only a few months ago.

Loretta's still "Gretch" to her family and old friends, but it's significant, maybe, that every name she's collected since her christening has been a tribute to Loretta's flower-petal loveliness. Last year Loretta and her husband, Tom Lewis, took a trip to Honolulu. Right away the Hawaiians christened her as they saw her, "La-hi La-hi," which means "The Delicate One."

perennial pet . . .

Her beauty isn't the main reason, by a long shot, that Loretta Young is playing today to a second generation audience, every bit as smitten with her as the jazz-age boys and girls when her fresh beauty first flashed on the silent screen in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.*

As a star, Loretta's still Young, to pull a pun, because she's strictly professional. She knows her stuff as few Hollywood stars do. She's stayed "Gretch" Young as a person and Loretta Young as a movie star—and she's done all right in both departments.

Six years ago, Loretta became Mrs. Tom Lewis. Tom's a big, good looking radio executive, who, as an army Colonel, organized and bossed the Armed Forces Radio Services during the war. They met when Tom had Loretta on his Screen Guild air show. He called her. "This is Tom Lewis, Miss Young. I'd like you to be down at the studio at eleven o'clock Sunday for rehearsal."

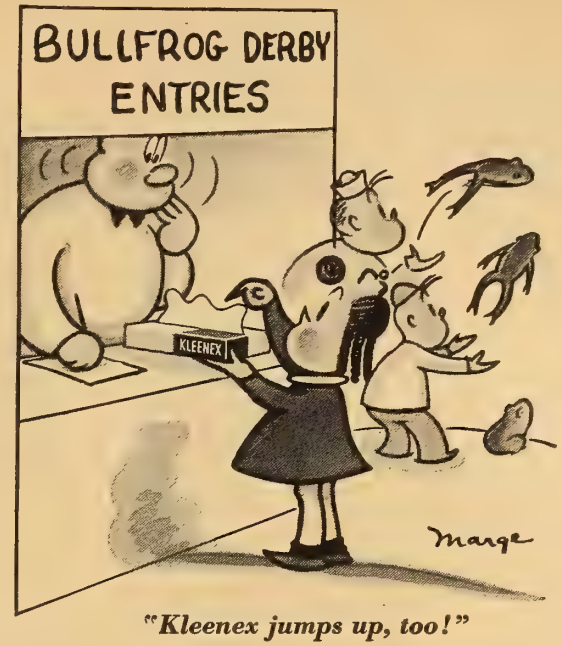
"I go to church at eleven on Sundays, Mr. Lewis," came back Loretta. "May I go to church with you?" he asked. He's been going to church with her ever since.

With both sides of the house active in show business careers, Loretta made a canny vow the minute she married to "hoard our private life." She's kept it, too, which isn't easy in Hollywood.

Loretta doesn't play hard-to-get as a screen star. She's easy to see; no closed sets, no acts, no poses. She isn't temperamental or headstrong, but she usually gets her way by being frank.

Henry Koster, directing *The Bishop's Wife,* said recently that Loretta's scenes were the easiest job he'd ever had. They're the result of a twenty-minute study each morning as Loretta's maid, Beatrice, drives

LITTLE LULU



"Kleenex jumps up, too!"

Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

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You're his lovely . . . if you keep your hair shining-neat with plastic Du Pont Combs. Scalp-kind, curl-careful . . . yet strong, strong, strong! Gay colors, so many styles you'll want a complete comb wardrobe. Du Pont quality. 10-50¢ . . . At all good stores.
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her to work in the car. The point is—she knows her stuff, and she's not afraid to strut it in public when the occasion demands. On display, Loretta's level head tells her, a movie star owes it to the world to be glamorous.

Last year Loretta was invited to a cocktail party in New York. She understood it was definitely a dress-up affair. "Okay," she told herself. "I'll *really* dress." She dolled up tip to toe in her newest glamor rags and swept into the place. She heard a woman whisper, "My God—leave it to Hollywood!" That didn't bother Loretta.

Loretta's favorite dress for "Gretch" is a plain white sharkskin she bought to go to Mexico on her honeymoon. She's worn it constantly since. Oddly enough, this strictly "Gretch" dress betrayed her as Loretta Young the only time she attempted to fool her public!

She wore it one day on her honeymoon, in Chapultepec, Mexico, where Loretta and Tom were taking in Cortez' old palace with some Mexican friends. They warned her. "Don't admit you're Loretta Young. You might get caught in a mob."

So when the first little girl asked her, "Are you not Señorita Young?" she denied all. "No, no, I'm not." But the girl came back with the same question, and each time with more people. Pretty soon the mob Loretta was ducking hemmed her in. She couldn't understand it until Tom rescued her.

"Look at your dress," he suggested.

On each lapel, big as life, embroidered "L.Y.'s" gave her away all the time.

Loretta and Tom's children are a section of her life Loretta keeps securely sealed off from her life as a celebrity. She and Tom won't have pictures of their brood taken for publication, and neither Loretta's children nor their friends consider her anything extraordinary. In fact, Loretta pretty well proved to them she wasn't—around her home town, at least, in a slight embarrassment she had a while back.

The occasion was daughter Judy's 11th birthday. Tom and Loretta collected a swarm of neighborhood moppets and carted them off to the Westwood Village. After the show, Tom drove away with his load, and Loretta started to drive hers out of the parking lot when she realized she didn't happen to have any money with her.

She explained to the glowering attendant she was temporarily embarrassed for funds but that she'd be back and pay. "I'm Loretta Young," she said. The name meant nothing. "I don't care who you are, lady," he said, "I want my two-bits."

Loretta sighed, excused herself from the kids, and explained her predicament to the manager. He didn't glimmer a spark of recognition either. "Well," he said grudgingly, like someone granting coffee money to a panhandler, "I guess if you need a quarter, like you say, I can let you have it."

Loretta works overtime at being a good mother. Instead of giving her housekeeper and nurse one day off a week, she picks once a month, and dismisses them for five or six days in a row. That's her time to take over everything for the kids—even cooking, which she's admittedly pretty sad at. You can't be a good mother by remote control, she believes, movie star or not. Not a mother like her maternal ideal, her own mother, Mrs. Belser, who even today keeps her independence with a business of her own, a separate home and a personality that even her famous daughters can't shadow. The Youngs have always been a close clan all their lives, and Loretta reserves a special place in her heart for the three girls and the brother she grew up with. The happiest birthday party Loretta remembers was one right in her room at home. She came home, after working late one night, to find a tiny cake, candles and silver service set on a little table. A note read, "Dear Gretch. I waited up as long as I could. Wake me up when you get in. Happy Birthday!" She woke up sister Sally and they had a party at midnight. Loretta denies it but she's really sentimental as all get out. Last Christmas, Tom was called East on business. At the Lewis's, they ignored the calendar and saved Christmas, gifts and everything, until Tom got back—in February!

The Lewis's live in a white brick Normandy house. Loretta has packed it with antiques she's brought over from Europe, remodeled the downstairs for a view and fussed around generally—one domestic weakness she can't resist. Once Loretta dropped by to see an old friend of hers in Hollywood. "Make yourself at home," said the friend, running upstairs. "I'll be down in a minute." When she came down, Loretta had moved all the front room furniture around!

Loretta loves her own home and its life, particularly since she has a husband and family. Before she got married, she loved going out, the oftener the better, had a new dress and a spectacular hat every time she had a day off to shop. But her most glamorous outfits now are swap jobs.

Loretta and a good friend of hers showed up at a dinner party a few years ago in brand new gowns. "What a lovely dress!" marvelled the friend. "I think *yours* is gorgeous!" came back Loretta. The mutual admiration act went on until Loretta cracked, "I'll swap you even."

"Okay," laughed her friend.

Loretta Young has changed in a lot more ways than cutting down her clothes bill since she became Mrs. Tom Lewis—but in a lot of other ways she's still about as she was when she first faced a camera.

Loretta still wants a good nine hours sleep every night and usually dozes off in the twenty minutes it takes for Beatrice to drive her home from a day on the set.

oversized heart . . .

Loretta still packs an oversized heart, especially for her old pals. One of the gang who hung around the pretty Young girls, Billy Bakewell, now a victim of the housing panic, lives in Loretta's guest house today. Another, who dated all the daughters and ate Mrs. Belser's cooking, (which came in handy at the time, since he was a struggling young actor) is David Niven, who's starring with Loretta and Cary Grant right now in *The Bishop's Wife*. When the Texas City explosion disaster broke recently, a drive was made in Hollywood for star souvenirs to auction at benefits. Loretta brought in her newest evening gown, a Howard Greer number that set her back Heaven knows how many hundreds. A girl friend fell ill a few months ago, was homeless and needed help. Loretta brought her to her house where she stayed until she was completely recovered. That's her style.

Privately, Loretta Young has changed most with the changes a happy and successful marriage bring. Her home, her husband and her children are her life now. For fun, she likes evenings at home instead of stepping around, small dinner parties with her good friends, Irene Dunne and Frank Griffin, Claudette Colbert and Joel Pressman, the William Goetzes, Roz Russell and Freddie Brisson, Jennifer Holt and Bill Bakewell, David Niven, Lew Ayres, Josie Wayne (John Wayne's former wife) and members of her own family and in-laws.

Professionally, Loretta's changed, coincidentally, in the same solid way. Since *The Farmer's Daughter* particularly, Loretta's insisted on something to say and a character to play. "That's why I'm free-lancing from now on," she explained. If she doesn't like a part she says "No"—and that's that.

Sometimes Loretta and Tom Lewis talk of getting away from it all one day to their favorite spot, Hawaii but they both know they're just clicking their teeth—especially Loretta.

She was raised before a camera. Hollywood's deep in her blood and vice versa, and she loves everything about it. Loretta's a sucker particularly for all the new faces who bob up to rival established stars like herself. She admits she's simply nuts about Van Johnson and Pete Lawford, swoons for Lana Turner's beauty, and ever since she saw Jane Greer in *Out of the Past*, she's simply become a bit boring to her friends, press-agenting Jane's talents. "What pictures simply have to have all the time," she points out, "is young blood."

After all, Loretta's only thirty-three. And in spite of the twenty-odd service stripes on her dressing gown, she's still part of that young blood herself. It's the heart that counts.

"Leaving early today, aren't you, Miss Jones?"

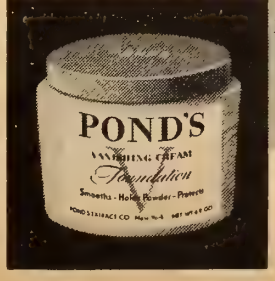
Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney attends a members' reception at the Metropolitan Museum

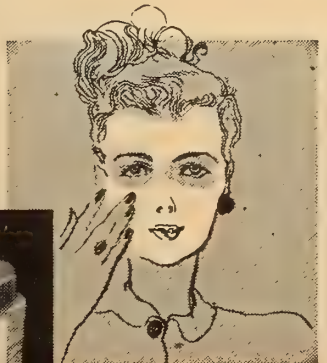
"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

In white mink, and snowy lace, Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney has the fragile beauty of a Dresden figurine. Framed by its soft halo of golden hair, Mrs. Whitney's complexion glows with a smooth, translucent loveliness. "Before I go out, I always have a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," says this charming Long Island society favorite.

"In just one minute—by the clock—the 1-Minute Mask gives my skin a new, fresher, smoother look—with clearer color, and a perfect finish for make-up!"

It's a lovely foundation cream, too





Every time you want to look your best, re-style your complexion with Mrs. Whitney's beloved beauty treatment—the 1-Minute Mask!

See how easy it is to make your evenings more glamorous

1. Give your tired "end of the day" complexion a quick beauty re-styling! Smooth a cool white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face, except eyes.

2. Right away—"keratolytic" action of the Cream starts to loosen and dissolve off little roughnesses that make skin look coarser, duller. After one minute, tissue off *clean!*

3. You're lovelier—all in one minute! Your complexion has a lighter, clearer, more wide-awake look—a so much *smoother* feel! You're ready for a wonderful evening—looking your very prettiest!

FAMILY MAN—WESTERN STYLE

(Continued from page 57)

Roy will explain patiently, loosening his tie.

"Well, then," Cheryl will proceed, "We'll entertain you at home." One time the entertainment consisted of bubble gum. Whitey, Roy and Linda Lou sat on the couch and watched Cheryl blow.

"A man could put up with a lot all day if he knew he was coming home to a fascinating gal like that at night," Whitey said —a grin in his voice and his eyes where Cheryl couldn't see.

"Darn right," said Roy, and he wasn't kidding. He's a gone duck where his kids are concerned.

Another night, the entertainment was ballet. Cheryl's just started taking lessons, and she's not bad. Roy watched her, transfigured. For his dough, Pavlova could now move over. Whitey was more casual about it. He tossed popcorn into his mouth and said,

"He-ey, the kid's gonna have Legs!"

Whitey's good for Roy. A fellow bringing up three youngsters alone could get sort of panicky, but not with Whitey around. He's their second father, and he shares all Roy's joys and worries.

"What do you do about discipline, Roy?" a fellow at Republic Studios asked him one day.

jest whop 'em . . .

Roy replied in words of one syllable. "We spank."

"We?" the man pursued.

"Sure—we. Whitey and I." "We" is a comfortable word.

The most recent spanking was over pills. Cheryl is a little bit anemic, and the doctor prescribed pills. They were very small. They were even candy-coated. But Cheryl could *not* swallow them. She said.

Roy wheedled. "Come on now, honey."

Whitey looked fierce. "Don't you want to get *blood?*"

Nothing cut any ice until Roy spanked. He didn't do it in anger. It was just a cool, well-placed smack, and Cheryl now eats pills without a murmur.

In spite of his methods, Roy's kids adore him, and they'd sooner see one of his movies than eat. Roy has a 16 mm. camera and prints of two of his old pictures, *Navajo Trail* and *Don't Fence Me In*—which the kids would like to see every night in the week. However, the present arrangement—far from satisfactory to the insatiable pair—is to show *Navajo Trail* on Tuesday and *Don't Fence Me In* on Thursday. Week in and week out. Says Whitey, who spells Roy at the projector, "I'm so sick of that Roy Rogers I could yell."

"*You're* sick of him," Roy shouts. "How'd you like to *be* the guy?"

The Roy Rogers comics are something else again. Roy took a bunch of them away from Cheryl one day when she was supposed to be doing some work for school. He happened to glance over them absentmindedly and actually found himself caring what happened next. He's been quite a fan ever since.

Both kids brag about pop unmercifully to the local small fry, and when the youngsters at Sherman Oaks—where Cheryl goes to school—didn't believe she was Roy Rogers' little girl, she insisted on wearing her cowboy suit, which is identical to one of Roy's, to school. To absolutely cinch things, she also distributed dozens of his pictures. As a result she couldn't be more popular, and Roy—who doesn't know about the pictures—is pleased as Punch. And Cheryl's too smart to tell.

"Got a way with the boys already," he gloated one night at dinner.

Whitey's attractive mom, Marian, who keeps house for them all, smiled gently. "She certainly has."

For her part, Cheryl only has eyes for Whitey. She's simply mad for him. Not long ago, Whitey began bringing Jane Frazee around quite a lot. (She's co-starring in Roy's latest picture.) For weeks, Cheryl ignored her, thinking that if she simply paid no attention, Janie might go away. The last time Jane was at the house, just before Whitey and Roy left for the East, Cheryl's jealousy got out of control. She sat between them on the ride to the horse ranch and stuck to them like glue in the interval before dinner. At the dinner-table, Whitey did manage to get in a word with Janie, whereupon Cheryl, tears in her voice, moaned, "Oh, Whitey, talk to *me-ee.*"

Later on, Roy—sort of embarrassed over his daughter's overt affection, tried to talk to Whitey about it. "What the heck are you doing in this hornets' nest, slugger? A nice young guy trying to get along—"

Whitey looked at him as if he were nuts. "Darn it," he muttered. "I like it here."

In three and a half years of friendship, these two have never had a fight. They're two of a kind. Easy-going, straight-shooting, honest almost to a fault. Roy and his honesty are a press agent's nightmare. And aside from his honesty, he's devoid of vanity.

He and Republic's publicity representative, Evelyn Koleman, were having lunch with an interviewer one day, and Evelyn remarked as an icebreaker, "Roy just spent $6,000 for a new saddle for Trigger."

"4,800, Evelyn," Roy said dourly. Things went along pleasantly enough for a while, and then Evelyn said, "A youngster I know is so crazy about Roy that she wears her Roy Rogers cowboy suit to bed." Roy put down his fork and looked at Evelyn hard.

"Is that a true story?" he inquired. Fortunately, it was. That lad's a human lie-detector. As the interview was ending, Evelyn trotted out some pictures of Roy and Trigger. Roy shuffled through them and handed the interviewer a couple.

"What about these others?" Evelyn said. "You're a thousand times better-looking in the smiling ones."

"Maybe," Roy drawled. "But Trigger's got his eyes closed in these other ones."

The entire Rogers family, from Trigger to Dusty, gets fan mail. The studio handles most of it—including the 80,000 letters that come in for Roy in a month—but lately seven-year-old Cheryl wants to dictate her own replies. "That's all we need," Roy told her. "A mob of gals working on letters at the studio, Evelyn handling a bunch of them at the New York office, Marian doing the ones that come here—and now you want to get into the act." Cheryl hummed a small non-committal tune and studied her fingernails. Roy recently discovered that she's acquired a big box of "Cheryl Rogers" stationery, and is replying voluminously to her own admirers.

The most restful member of the group at this point is eight-months-old Dusty, who minds his own business and says nothing and has exquisite taste in ties For Father's Day, Linda and Cheryl went down town with Donna, Dusty's nurse, and selected ties for Roy. Linda's choice was loud and horsey. So was Cheryl's. Donna looked over the entire rack thoughtfully.

"I think Dusty would choose this one," she said. It was a soft wool plaid job. Very nice.

Roy was in New York on Father's Day for the Roy Rogers Thrill Circus, and he found the box of ties in his suitcase. "Look at these," he said to Whitey. Whitey slipped on his sun glasses.

"Lucky you," he said.

Then Roy opened Dusty's box, read the silly little card and beamed. "Say," he said softly, "It takes a man to pick one every time."

a kid's dream . . .

The Roy Rogers Thrill Circus opened that day at the Polo Grounds, and that opening was one of the top moments of Roy's life. As a little kid he'd always wanted to be in the circus, and here he was not only in one, he owned the thing. And this circus is really something. Everything under the sun goes on. A gal is shot out of a cannon, a guy rides a bicycle on a tight rope miles above the ground, another fellow sits on a chair a-top a swaying 180-foot pole. It's the sort of thing that has mom close to swooning, but that the kiddies adore. When Roy isn't doing his spectacular riding—on Trigger, of course—he's watching the show, as thrilled as any nine-year-old. Only bad feature of the deal is that for the five weeks that the circus is on tour, Roy won't see the kids. It's his own fault, actually. "We could be in it," Linda Lou had suggested wistfully. "I could ride Nip and Cheryl could ride Tuck." Each child has a pony, and Cheryl's a pretty good rider, but little Linda can just about stay on.

Roy, remembering his early dreams, had said, "Not this year, honey. Maybe when you're bigger . . ."

So now he's lonesome for the noise and the bubble gum and Alice-in-Wonderland interminably on the victrola. He misses braiding the kids' hair and burping Dusty and having his breakfast brought up to him at 6 a.m. by his two maddening, well-meaning daughters. Whitey looked at him moping in his hotel room the other day. "Smile, chum," he said. "You're the guy who always wanted to be in the circus."

"Shucks," Roy told him, "I guess I want everything."

He's such a darn nice guy, we kinda hope he gets it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While Esther Williams was down here making Fiesta, *with her husband, Ben Gage, I saw her at the races. I asked her for her autograph and then, since I seemed to her to know a lot about the horses, she asked me who was going to win the next race. I said, "Number Seven." She thanked me and went to place her bet. Later, when Number Seven won, she called me over and said, "Thanks, honey. I told Ben I would win this race and he would lose—and that's just what happened."*

Beverly Crump
Mexico City, Mexico

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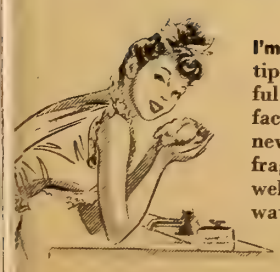

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

SURPRISE FINISH: We've often referred to our MODERN SCREEN Trophy Cup Contest as a race, and after the surprise finish in the contest just completed, we're convinced that it's so. It *was* a race—and with a real movie ending, too! For just as League Three's disappointed runner-up club was about to tear up its ticket (figuratively speaking, natch)—whoosh! Down came the flag of the previously-announced winner (disqualified by mutual agreement) and up went the flag of the final and true winner in League Three: the Richard Jaeckel Club. The Fifth Semi-Annual M. S. Trophy Cup Competition is now officially over—and the staff is exceedingly happy with the results.

the toppers . . .

Now, of course, you want to know something about the winning clubs, so let's take 'em up individually:

The Nelson Eddy Music Club, co-prexied by Rita and Jo Mottola of Hempstead, L. I., won the League One Trophy with a total of 1450 points. They've recently celebrated their 12th Anniversary, and they're the proud sponsors of an adopted war orphan *and* the Nelson Eddy Music Club Scholarship, presented to the Juilliard Institute of Musical Art in Nelson's honor. They're also members of the Metropolitan Opera Guild and the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York. Their journal is noted for its forums on serious music and the fascinating monthly questionnaire which Nelson fills out in his own hand. At present, the club ambition is to see its honorary starred in a screen biography of Chaliapin.

Loretta Verbin, president of the Jack Carson Club (winner of the League Two Cup) recently graduated from high school in San Francisco. Her graduation present was a visit with Jack in Hollywood. Her club is just over two years old, and its journal, *Carson's Collections,* is distinguished for the same bright humor that is characteristic of its honorary. The Carson Club chalked up 1500 points.

The Richard Jaeckel Club, League Three winner, is another two-year baby, piloted by Louise Warnes of Hamilton, N. Y. Its hectographed journals are neat as a pin, but the club is saving patiently for that mark of fan club success—a mimeograph machine. For most of the club's existence, Jake was in the Merchant Marine, but members did a great job of plugging for their boy. The club has just turned over $30 to the Red Cross, and its immediate ambition is to have Jake get the role of Robert in *Miracle of the Bells.* Every year the Jaeckel Club awards the title, Miss Jaeckel Times, to its prettiest member and this year the coveted title belongs to Marie Vranicar.

Runners-up, and all highly-recommended clubs: League One: Gene Autry F. C., Dick Haymes Associates, June (Allyson) Bugs, Ernest Tubb C., Binggang, Rex Allen C. and Bob Mitchum C. League Two: Dennis Morgan C. (where there's Carson, can Morgan be far behind?), Bob Crosby Bob-cats, Intern. Shirley Temple C., Ginger Rogers C., Charles Korvin C., Gene Kelly C., and (Rosemary) De-Campaigners. League Three: Sinatra C. (Wolfenstein), Vincent Price C., Bill Williams C. (Demers), Basil Rathbone C., Carole Landis C., Sinatra C. (Beattie), Joe Cotten C., and Sinatra C. (Chiappari).

starting line . . .

Sixth Semi-Annual Trophy Club Contest: This month marks the beginning of a completely new contest—and that means every club has a chance to win, even if it's never scored a point before. So that every club member will understand exactly how he or she can help his or her club to the top, we're going to explain in detail how our Contest works:

Once every six months, MODERN SCREEN awards one Trophy Cup to the best fan club in each of our Three Leagues. If your club has under 200 members, it belongs in League Three; if it has 200 to 499 members, it's in League Two and if it boasts 500 members or more, it's in League One. (Note that we've changed the minimum membership in League One to 500, in order to bring more real competition to that League.)

Your club competes for its League Cup on the basis of points awarded by MODERN SCREEN's editors in our series of monthly contests. In many cases, not only will you win points for your club, but if our editorial judges select your work, you'll also win a personal gift prize worth having. We're talking about lush stuff like POND's wonderful cosmetics, specially packaged for us; the handsome TANGEE Trip-Kit, fitted with Tangee preparations and perfect for travel; FABERGE's exciting Perfume and Cologne Combination Sets and FABERGE's Men's Cologne; subscriptions to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, SCREEN ALBUM, and a variety of hair-raising DELL Mystery books. All yours—if you give it a fair try! Now here's a list of the monthly contests and the points awarded each winner:

"This Is My Best" Contest. Every month our editors select the six best articles and/or poems printed in your journals, 100 pts. each.

Candid Camera Contest. Every MSFCA member is eligible to submit amateur snap shots to our Candid Camera Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16. They need not be pics of movie stars; any interesting snap is eligible. Write your name, address and club on back of each photo. First prize, 100 pts. Five others, 50 pts. each.

Best Journal of the Month: One journal selected from each League, 500 pts. each.

Best Editors of the Month: One editor selected from each League, 250 pts. each.

Best Covers of the Month: One cover selected from each League, 250 pts. each.

Best Original Piece of Art Work: One award each month, 150 pts.

Most Worthwhile Activities of the Month: One selection from each League, 250 pts. each.

Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership Each Month: One (*Continued on page 100*)

—that Always-Fresh look...

"My skin sparkles fresh, smooth . . . after this clean, clean cleansing with Woodbury Cold Cream!" says *Ann Blyth*

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FOUR RICH OILS IN WOODBURY COLD CREAM

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Ann's beauty-glow cleansing...with Woodbury Cold Cream

Looks luscious—that fresh-awake glow of Ann's skin! "Morning starts with my dewy cream-cleansing . . . *always* with Woodbury Cold Cream," says Ann. "This silken cream really freshens . . . leaves skin satiny!" Start *your* day with Woodbury!

Date with glamour! "But first, my 'pretty-making' date with Woodbury Cold Cream!" Ann tells you . . . "So rich—it smooths away that studio-tired look . . . leaves skin fresh-lovely!" Easy, girls, to keep your glamour a-glow . . . with Woodbury Cold Cream.

That "Always-Fresh" look

Clear-clean, silken-soft skin . . . for you! Woodbury Cold Cream is different . . . made with four rich oils that cleanse deep to pore-openings, whisk off make-up, grime . . . *rich softening oils* that soften dryness. See the velvet-fresh look Woodbury Cold Cream gives *your* skin!

No finer cream than Woodbury is made — at any price!

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Ann's Woodbury Beauty Nightcap! "Couldn't miss my bedtime Woodbury cleansing," confides Ann. "Then, a mist of this rich cream to *soften* all night through." By morning, skin's dewy! For that "Always-Fresh" look...it's Woodbury Cold Cream!

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THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

(*Continued from page 42*)

was her Chicago dream man, looking handsomer than ever.

Fate, that's what it was, Buff decided immediately, and she would make the most of it. So she pulled herself together, assumed a gracefully unconscious pose, and was gazing off into space when Lucia said, "Buff, I want you to meet Bill Eythe and Charley Russell."

Buff smiled sweetly, murmured, "How do you do?" and then ruined the effect by breaking into laughter at the expression on Bill's face.

"Say, could you possibly have been in the Pump Room in Chicago last March?" he demanded.

"I could. In fact, I was, between trains."

"Well, hello, Miss Prim! Charley, I practically threw crackers at this girl all through lunch one day and she never even looked at me."

The swimming party was a success for them from that moment, naturally. Bill and Charley took Buff on to dinner at the Players' and then drove her home.

A few days later Bill called and asked her to have lunch with him at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio. Buff accepted and it was fun. Afterwards, they went over to the Beverly Hills Tropics and sat around for hours, absorbed in a very involved discussion about philosophy and education. They found that their minds worked the same way even when they disagreed violently. It was, somehow, a very exciting discovery.

Their next date was for the gala premiere of *Captain Eddie*. Buff spent the entire day getting ready for it. Hours at the hair-dresser acquiring a lacquered, upswept hair-do. More hours of bubble bath, sophisticated makeup and donning a dramatic, bottle-green evening gown, very decollette. She might be only eighteen, but she wasn't going to let anyone guess it tonight!

Unfortunately, when Bill arrived his reaction to all this grandeur wasn't quite what she had expected. He smiled politely, and escorted her out to the car without a word of comment on her appearance.

"How do you like my dress?" Buff inquired at last, trying to goad him into a compliment.

build-up to a let-down . . .

"I *hate* green," Bill said, unexpectedly and fiercely.

"Oh." Buff's tone was subdued.

"And I like your hair down, like a kid's," Bill added. "You don't look like yourself at all, this way."

After that evening they didn't see each other for a while. When Bill didn't call, Buff told herself firmly that she didn't care. That he was stuffy and opinionated and who did he think he was anyway? She started wearing her hair up all the while and going out with a different date every night and making all the columns.

In October, Buffie's grandmother gave a birthday party for her. Practically all of Hollywood was there—including William Eythe.

As Buff was blowing out the candles on her birthday cake, the pink tulle hat she was wearing suddenly caught fire. It flared up crazily, and everyone screamed. Everyone but Buff and Bill. Bill grabbed the hat off and stamped out the flame and Buff calmly said, "Thank you," and began to cut the cake.

"I guess," said Mr. Eythe to himself, "I may have had this girl wrong. She seems to have guts."

He never left her side the rest of the evening. Eventually, they went out into the patio and sat and held hands in the moonlight. Instead of talking like mad the way they usually did, they didn't say anything at all. Just smiled at each other and sat there, happy as clams.

From that day on, things were different. Bill was moving into a new house over in the Valley. Buff helped him get settled. This was a completely new Buff and Bill watched her in amazement. She scrubbed floors, painted shelves, cut out paper for drawers and generally made like a little housewife.

Someone came to interview him for a magazine in the midst of this welter of activity. Buff came down the stairs during the interview, carrying four of Bill's dirty shirts and a box of soap powder. She wore no makeup, dungarees rolled to the knees, a white sweater patterned in crimson paint, and her hair in pigtails.

miss pigtails of 1947 . . .

Bill looked at the interviewer with a wicked gleam in his eyes. "Do you know the glamorous Buff Cobb?" he inquired politely. He still claims the interviewer fainted dead away.

Bill was making *Centennial Summer* now, and Buff was working in *Anna and the King of Siam*. They lunched together on the lot every day and people automatically asked them to parties together.

By now they both knew they were in love. And it scared them almost to death. Bill had done a lot of thinking about marriage since he had been in Hollywood, and he was sure he wanted no part of it, at least as long as he was in pictures. Because when Bill got married, he wanted it to be for keeps. But Buff was such a kid in so many ways. Always riding off in seventeen different directions. She just wasn't grown-up.

Buff, too, after one unhappy experience with matrimony, had her doubts on the subject. Of course, she had been only seventeen then, and she and Greg hadn't known each other very long when they were married, and maybe this would be entirely different. Or maybe it wouldn't. How could you tell?

That spring Johnny Coy and Dorothy Babbs got married. They and Buff and Bill had been a frequent foursome for months. As you remember, Bill took charge of all the wedding arrangements. He and Buff came to New York with them, and fixed it for the kids to be married in the Little Church Around The Corner.

While Bill was in New York, he met Buff's family, and they clicked right from the start. Of course he had known her charming grandmother in California. Now he met "big Buff," who isn't any bigger than a minute but is "little Buff's" chic, brilliant mother. And Cobby, her half-brother. And Frank Chapman, her father, who is now married to Gladys Swarthout, the famous opera singer.

It was a wonderful two weeks, and then Bill had to sail for England to make a picture. He put Buff on a plane for the Coast before he left.

"Be a good girl and learn your job so you'll be a fine actress. And try to find out what the hell you want to make of your life." He kept his tone carefully casual.

Buff just couldn't. "Will you miss me, Willy?" She called him that sometimes when she loved him specially much.

"I'll miss you all right," he said and now

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At the first blush of Womanhood

by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

his voice wasn't casual any more. He seized her and gave her a hard, quick kiss, and then she was on the plane and there wasn't anything ahead but loneliness.

Those were long months. Buff did stock at Laguna all summer, working hard and learning all she could. In the fall she was called East for a part in a play with Tallulah Bankhead. But Miss Bankhead decided not to do the play after all, so Buffie was out of luck. She thought she'd stay in New York anyway, and something else might turn up. She wanted a tiny apartment, and through her family she heard that I was going to rent part of mine. So she came to live with me, and we had a wonderful time talking pictures and people. Especially people named Bill.

It was November before he got back. But a cable finally came that said, "Have your brightest Monday morning smile on. The Elizabeth docks at eight."

The next week was a mad scramble of theater and "21" and dinner clothes every night and hearing Bill's marvelous stories about England. Then things gradually settled down a little. They spent Christmas with his family in Pennsylvania and the Eythes accepted Buff immediately as one of the family. She loved them all. His mother and father, and Dutch—his brother who used to be All-American, and Ruth, his sister, and her husband, Charles. It was a good Christmas, in the friendly, happy, small-town tradition.

When they got back to New York, things suddenly started happening to them both, professionally. Bill's agent called him to come back to the Coast on business. And Buff was offered a good part in a play called *Darling, Darling, Darling.*

Meanwhile, James Mason and his wife had arrived in New York and wanted to see Bill, whom they had met and liked in England. They also wanted to meet Buffie. So the night before Bill left for Hollywood, they all had dinner together.

"Buff was your number one fan in Hollywood," Bill told James. "She saw *Hotel Reserve* and went around telling everyone that you were going to make cinema history. Then she saw *Man in Grey.*"

"And changed her mind," James suggested, with his sardonic smile.

"On the contrary. She called me up when she came out and said, 'Darling, you can drop dead. I'm in love with Mason.'"

lovers' spat . . .

It was a gay evening and couldn't have been more fun. But when Bill was taking Buff home later, they had one of the silly, violent quarrels that come sometimes when you love each other very much. It started because Bill thought Buff had been in one of her "Hollywood states," as he calls them. Talking and laughing and screaming all over the place and making like an actress. *You* know.

Buff's feelings were hurt and she came home and stormed around, hating Eythe in seven different languages. Until he called her on the phone and things straightened out a little.

But the situation was still tense when Bill left the next day. Buff plunged into rehearsals for her play and didn't have time to think, talk or breathe.

The show opened, and closed in five days, without ever getting to Broadway. Buff's notices were good but it was a terrific disappointment not to have made Broadway. She took it quietly and well.

If anyone asked me my guess on the major factor in Bill's deciding marriage was for him in spite of all his previous doubts, I'd say it was the way Buff worked on that play and the way she took the disappointment. She wasn't a child any more. She was grown-up and definitely wife material.

On the evening of March 9, 1947, exactly two years to the day since that lunch at the Pump Room in Chicago, Buff came home and found a message in her box. Hollywood had been trying to call her. It was, of course, Bill.

"What I wanted to ask you," he said all in a rush, "was do you think maybe it would be nice if we got married? Or not."

This time Buff ignored the trailer. "I think it would be wonderful, Willy," she said. "Are you sure you want to?"

"*I'm* sure. Are you sure *you* want to?"

Buff gave a sudden, wild giggle. "This could go on for hours, Bill," she said, "I'm sure. But right now I'm sort of stunned. I love you, Willy."

"I love you, too. And *I'm* sort of stunned. Good-night, darling."

sweet cataclysm . . .

Buff sat on the bed a minute, hardly able to think. Then she came and knocked on my door. It was one a.m. but I hadn't gone to bed yet.

"Come on in," I said. Then I took another look.

"Buffie," I said, "are you sick?"

She stared at me like a sleepwalker. "Sick?" she whispered in a dazed voice. "No. I'm *engaged!*"

Well, you can imagine what the next couple of months were like. Bill was stuck out on the Coast for considerably longer than he had expected. As fast as they would make plans for the wedding, they would have to change them.

All of a sudden, after Bill arrived in New York, everything fell in place quite neatly. Ruth Ford agreed to rent them her apartment. They decided to be married right in New York by a judge who was a friend of Buff's father. There would be a big reception later that day.

So they had blood tests and they got the license, with Buff getting lost when they changed trains on the subway. Bill went on down to City Hall thinking she'd show up there, and she went on to the next station thinking he'd show up *there.*

"Lost, one about-to-be-bride," Bill said resignedly. By the time they got together again they just made it as the license bureau was closing. But now they were all set. Monday, June 2, was the day.

It was a beautiful day, with sunshine to bring luck to the bride. The ceremony was at two o'clock in the judge's chambers. You never saw two such calm people as Bill and Buff—on the surface.

Bill wasn't nervous. Certainly not! The fact that he went off and left the shower running so it flooded the room was nothing but a coincidence. He was doing fine. He had the rings with him, didn't he? Well, if he had them, where were they? He went through his pockets frantically.

Then he said with dreadful calm, "We can't get married. No rings."

Buff laughed. "Willy, you're wonderful. You gave them to me to keep so you wouldn't forget them. Here they are."

There was just the family at the wedding. Bill's and Buff's. However, *everyone* was at the reception. Society names, theatrical names, picture names. It was from five to seven, in the beautiful Fifth Avenue apartment of Herschel Williams, who wrote *Janie.* There was punch made from an old Cobb family recipe, and fifty kinds of sandwiches, and a wedding cake.

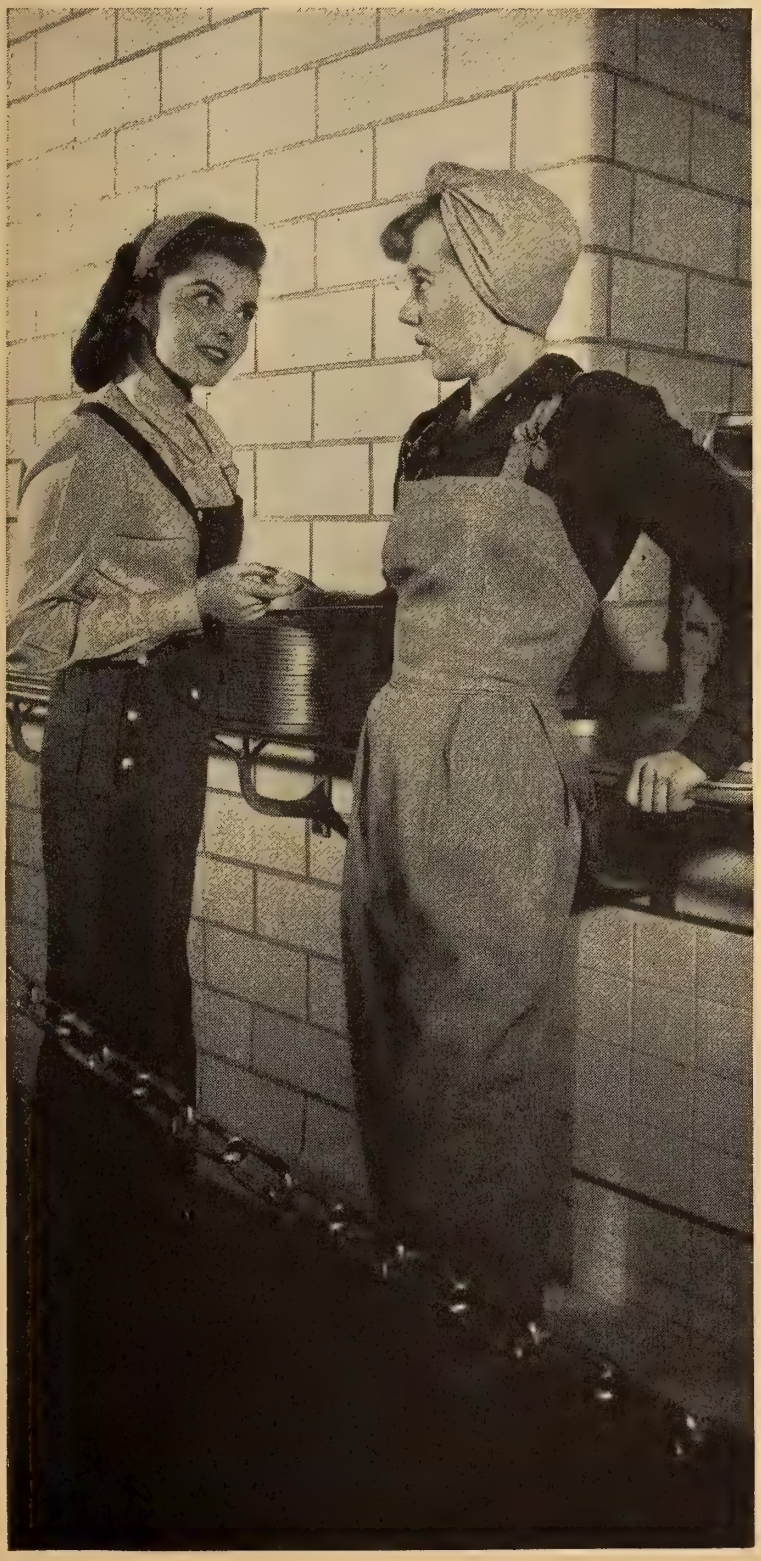
Just as Buff was about to cut the cake, some friends of Bill's whom she had never met, arrived. He greeted them happily.

"Come on over," he said. "I want to introduce you. This is Miss Cobb—"

Somebody giggled. It was Buff. "That was this morning," she said. "This evening I'm Mrs. Eythe."

I have a feeling she's going to *stay* Mrs. Eythe. And I couldn't be gladder for both!

The "Slacks Brigade" deals in facts—not fancies



Girls test new napkin—
84 out of 95 report no chafing
with Free-Stride Modess!

Girls in the great, humming industrial plants of the land—girls to whom comfort is a "must"—recently found it pays to investigate.

Young women who had been annoyed by chafing with their regular napkin agreed to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

No girl was told its name or brand. She was simply asked to try this new napkin . . . to see if it gave her freedom from chafe.

The verdict? 84 out of 95 girls who help make industry's wheels turn reported *no chafing* with *Free-Stride* Modess!

The secret of the chafe-free comfort that so many women found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess' triple safety shield guards you against embarrassment—keeps you so carefree! And there are no telltale outlines with *Free-Stride* Modess—it's *silhouette-proof!*

Try it now—this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.

Product of Personal Products Corporation.

Walk with comfort! Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

How to set a perfect table

Begin with these

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

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you DO NOT need to buy EXPENSIVE SHOES to safeguard your Toddler's feet

Why?

No shoes at any price are better than sensibly-priced WEE WALKERS for a toddler's normal feet. Cost less because they are made by America's largest exclusive baby shoe manufacturer, and sold through mass distribution stores. The best safeguard is to not let baby grow *into* and *out of* shoes. Buy the correct size NOW and change to a larger size IN TIME.

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Stops pressure on nerves, muscles, blood vessels caused by sewed-on tongue, still used on some shoes selling at top prices.

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WEE WALKER Shoes
FOR Wee WALKERS

THE FANS

(Continued from page 94)

selection from each League, 100 pts. each.

Best MSFCA Correspondents of the Month: One selection from each League, 50 pts. each.

For each regular issue of journal, club receives 100 pts.

(Note: The editors reserve right to make no award when, in their considered judgment, no club or individual has qualified.)

And that's all there is to it! Study the rules carefully; write us if you have any questions—and then start working on that Trophy Cup. Remember, it takes the ACTIVE support of every member to win a Cup!

Club News: As this is written, the Hollywood Fan Club Convention is a few days off. Final program: Monday: Introductory Luncheon, Knickerbocker Hotel Lido Room. Tuesday: Business meeting for prexies and official reps only. Wednesday: Tour of city and studios via hired buses. Thursday: Breakfast at Tom Brenneman's (including broadcast). Lunch at Mona Lisa Restaurant, featuring Journalism Forum. Speakers: Tom Carlile, MODERN SCREEN's West Coast Editor: Erskine Johnson, syndicated columnist and radio commentator, and Eileen Mosely, U.P. correspondent. Evening: Buffet Supper, followed by dance and late supper at Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove. Friday, All-day Outing, Laguna Beach. Saturday: Tea at Cocoanut Grove. Awarding of MODERN SCREEN Trophy Cups. Sunday: Lunch at Lido Room, Knickerbocker Hotel. Fashion show and raffle drawings. Awarding of raffle proceeds to Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. Evening: Theater party, *Skin Of Our Teeth*. In addition, tickets to top radio shows will be available to delegates all week.

Aside to MPPDA: With Walter Winchell's blessings, a check for $1,000 is being turned over to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund by the Hollywood Fan Club Convention. Gene Autry Friendship Club, the biggest contributor ($475) will receive a special cup. Runners-up are June Allyson Club ($325) and the Joan Crawford Club.

new york rodeo . . .

Gene Autry Club, incidentally, will have an Eastern Convention in New York, September 25-28, during Gene's Rodeo at the Garden . . . Sinatra Guild now has thirty clubs. Frank, who's long wanted his clubs to get together, is very happy . . . Joan Caulfield Club will turn entire proceeds of its Charity Raffle over to Braille Institute and Cancer Fund. Tickets are 25c, and prizes have been donated by Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Fredric March, Bette Davis and Joan, herself . . . Judy Spinner's Johnnie Johnston Club and Betty Petrie's Club Friendship are working on the Stamps For the Wounded Drive. All kinds of foreign stamps and stamp collectors' equipment are needed . . . Agnes Moorehead Club offering 150 free memberships. Write us for club address . . . Dan Duryea sends personal letter of welcome to new mems of Pat Maben's club . . . Louise Erickson Club sponsoring an essay contest, on "How to combat juvenile delinquency in our community" . . . Arthur Kennedy first journal solicited raves from our staff. Ditto: King James' (Mason) Court and Burt Lancaster News, also "firsts."

Sam Edwards Clubbers are still thrilling over their visit to the Edwards home. Sam played his records for the gang and the whole family joined in entertaining them. . . Prexy Lee Garber met her honorary, Mel Torme, at last—when he came East for a night club appearance. Disc jockey Freddy Robbins introduced them, and Lee was Mel's guest at his radio guest shots. . . . those partying Baritony Clubbers did it again—this time at the Broadway Hof-Brau. Two of the club's three honcraries, Jerry Cooper and Jimmy Farrell were on hand. Too bad Ray Heatherton couldn't make it! . . . Bill Vaughn, of 1723 N. Chestnut Street, Ottawa, Ill., has a novel idea in clubs. It's a "Scrap Club" and the idea is to exchange pics and clips you don't want for others that you do . . . closing night for Johnnie Johnston's show at the Capitol, N. Y., was a big event for Johnnie's Gay Notes. Backstage, afterwards, they presented a corsage to Johnnie's girl, Kathy Grayson . . . the Famous Kitchen, N. Y., Charles Korvin's favorite eaterie, was the scene of the recent Korvin Club soiree . . . Dolores Johnson's Jay Norris Clubbers are really going "social"—four meetings, a party, and a roller-skating shindig!

TROPHY CONTEST WINNERS for July (1st lap, Sixth Semi-Annual Competition): **"This Is My Best"** winners: Shirley Thayer, "Our New Lost Generation," *Richard Jaeckel Times;* Pat Harris, "Jimmy Durante, I Love You," Soliloquy (Sinatra, Ling); Gladys Hagblom, "Chat Chat," (Betty) *Grable's Fables;* Phil Markovich, "Nosey Nonsense," *Larry Douglas Journal;* Florence Kelley, "Let's Gossip with Greg Peck," *Burt Lancaster News;* Dorothy Whitman, "Fan Clubs," *En-Gage-ingly Yours* (Donald Gage). **Candid Camera Contest Winners:** 1st Prize, Ena Svedise, Joseph Calleia C. Others: Lois Carnahan, Barbara Hale C.; Lenore Larson, Danny Scholl C.; Narda Eyssen, Errol Flynn C., Jeanne Saltsman, Danny Kaye C.; Eileen Sinnott, Johnny Desmond C. **Best Journals:** 1. *June's Journal* (Allyson). 2. (Joan) *Crawford News.* 3. *Arthur's Echoes* (Kennedy). **Best Editors:** 1. Margaret and Joy Nicholin, *Nelson Eddy Golden Notes* (International C.). 2. Marilyn Boinski, *Larry Douglas Journal.* 3. Pat Maben, *Merchant of Menace* (Dan Duryea). **Best Covers:** 1. *Shirley's Scoops* (Temple). 2. *Musical Notes* (Jeanette MacDonald, Riley). 3. (tie) *Soliloquy* (Sinatra, Ling) and *Voice Inquirer* (Sinatra, Bush). **Best Original Art Work:** Jacki Jaacks, (Betty) *Grable's Fables.* **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 1. International Shirley Temple C. (Collected over 2,000 stamps for Veterans; also many records and books for Mountain Home Vets' Hospital). 2. Jeanette MacDonald C. (Farrington) (Contributed $55 for Non-denominational War Vets' Comm., on Jeanette's birthday). 3. Alan Ladd C. (Pearl) (Contributed 95 books, 300 mags to Jefferson Barrack's Vets' Hospital). **Greatest Percentage Increases:** 1. Intern. Shirley Temple C. 2. Bill Boyd C. 3. Dan Duryea C. (Grant). **Best Correspondents:** 1. Kit Pritchett, Dennis Morgan C. 2. Rita and Jo Mottola, Rise Stevens C. 3. Violet Theisen, Jimmy Morgan C. (Space prohibits listing all clubs credited with 100 pts. for journal. See rules above for other point awards, prizes.)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was the night that the 20th Century-Fox offices here in Panama gave a very gay party for Cesar Romero and Tyrone Power, who arrived in their plane, "Saludos, Amigos," for a three-day holiday. A group of Panamanian senoritas were performing the "Tamborito," our national dance. They were whirling away in their beautiful costumes to the tune of the gay music, when suddenly one of the girls invited Cesar Romero to join them. He certainly stole the show when he danced graciously and sang our music. Cesar Romero is the perfect "Good Will Ambassador."

Judith Parada Arias,
Panama, Rep. of Panama

PARIS LABEL

(*Continued from page 38*)

Frederique often, and she grew progressively more amiable.

He began to call her Quique—it was a pet name—and since he'd always had a passion for American songs, he could make up puns. "I Get a *Keek* Out of You," he would bellow, strolling home after their visits, and people in his path would retreat, sure that he was mad.

In 1941, Louis joined the Work For Youth Army, in Unoccupied France. It was simply military training, without guns.

While he was gone, Quique sent him cigarettes and candies.

Late in 1942, Louis was released, and went straight to his family, in Cannes.

Quique was with them, and after the greetings, Louis' mother took his hand. "I am troubled. They are sending all the young men to Germany to work—"

He kissed her. "Don't worry. There are methods—"

There was a method. It was with a theatrical troupe, going to Africa. The troupe was a pretense, but a good way to get young men out of the country.

They gave him his ticket. "November tenth" was printed on it.

The morning of November eighth—it was nine a.m., and Louis never expects to forget it—the radio, which had been playing, stopped.

He came out of his room to see what had happened, and his father was bent over the dial. "I have tried all the stations," he said. "They are all cut off."

"What can it be?" Louis said. "What can it be?"

dawn of hope . . .

His father straightened. "I think the Americans or the English have landed in Africa." The words were soft, but they seemed to fill the room.

He was right, and Louis swung his mother around the room wildly, while his two young brothers grinned.

It was a brief and lovely hysteria which ended quickly.

By January, 1943, the Nazis had occupied all France. Louis' father was arrested by the Gestapo, and the rest of the family fled to a town called Pierre De Bresse, taking Quique with them.

Quique has nightmares, even now. She wakes up moaning, and Louis is frightened. "What is it? You're shaking—"

"The Germans are coming back," she says wildly, and he has to pull her to a window, and point. "The moon, see? The stars. Nothing else; just quiet streets. This is another world—"

Sometimes Quique tries to tell an American about France in 1943. "On the walls of the prisons in Paris, there was writing in blood," she will say. And the American thinks she's using a flowery figure of speech, when all she means is that prisoners literally wrote defiant messages on the walls with their own blood.

Pierre De Bresse was quiet, after Paris. A little, sleepy place.

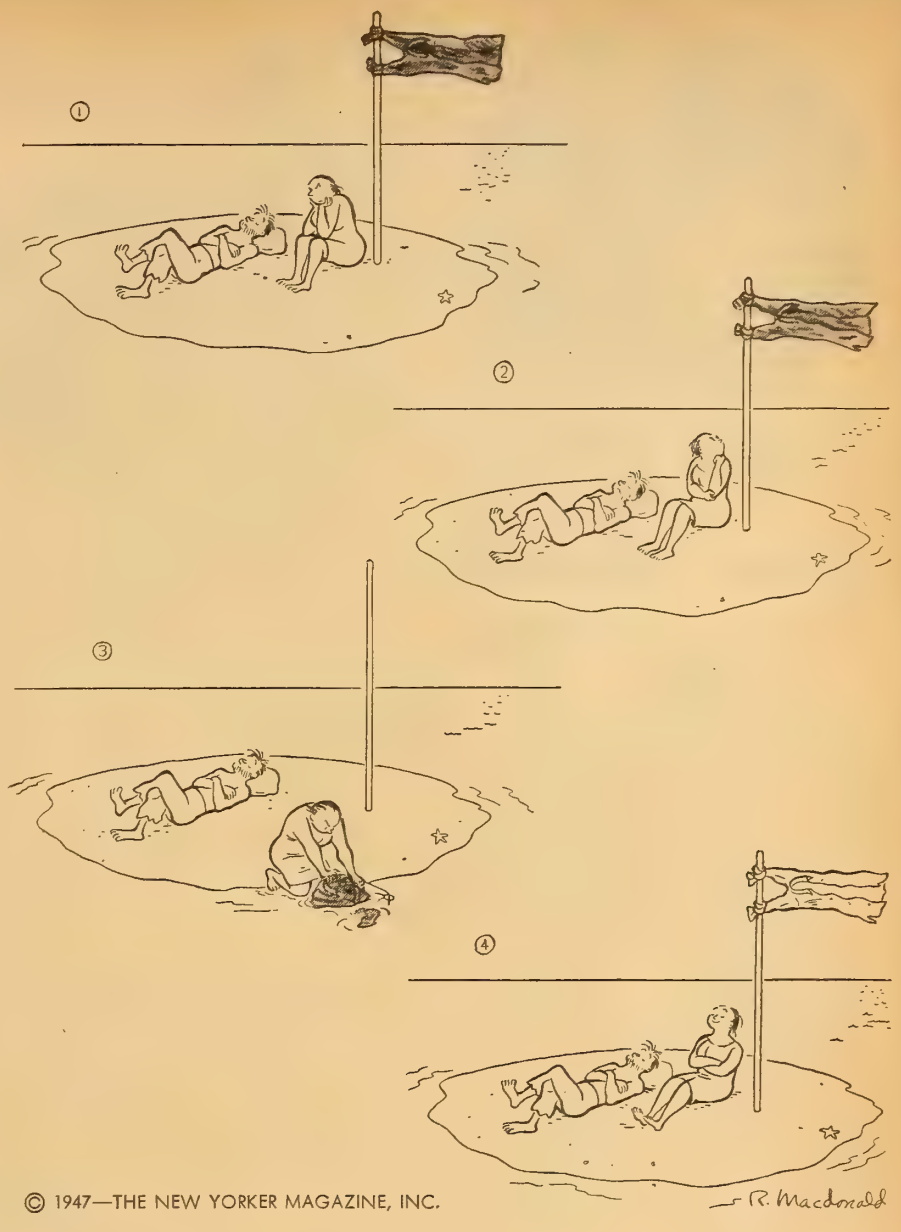
Louis worked for an underground newspaper, and waited hopefully for news of his father's release, and in March, he and Quique were married.

It was a very simple ceremony.

Quique had picked a few flowers from the garden for the table; she had a grey dress, and in one of her suitcases, she found a hat with a bird of Paradise.

Louis almost stumbled over her, sitting on the floor, stroking the long, bright feathers.

"I did not even (*Continued on page 103*)



—but where did she get the Fels-Naptha Soap?

When *you* are 'sunk' with washing work—try Fels-Naptha Soap. It's a real "Washday Life Saver."

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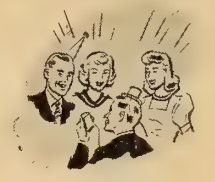

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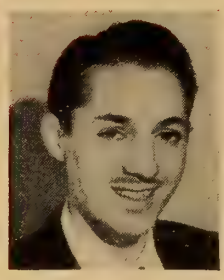

By LEONARD FEATHER

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

POPULAR

JUST AN OLD LOVE OF MINE—*Billy Eckstine (MGM)

A promising M-G-M debut for one of the better baritones, singing the newest Peggy Lee-Dave Barbour song hit, with fine orchestral help from Sonny Burke, who led the band on Van Johnson's records.

LAZY MOOD—*Matt Dennis (Capitol), *Jimmy Dorsey (MGM), Frankie Carle (Columbia)

Written and played by saxman Eddie Miller in the old Bob Crosby band, this tune now has Johnny Mercer lyrics and a new lease on life.

PASSING BY (Vous Qui Passez Sans Me Voir)—*Jean Sablon (Victor); Jo Stafford (Capitol); Tony Martin (Victor)

PEG O' MY HEART—Harmonicats (Vitacoustic); Three Suns (Victor); Buddy Clark (Columbia); Glenn Miller (Decca); Clark Dennis (Capitol); Danny O'Neil (Majestic); Art Lund (M-G-M); etc.

If you aren't sick and tired of this one, listen to the Glenn Miller version for curiosity. It was made by a pick-up group a decade ago, before Glenn really had his own band. The Harmonicats' version, cut in Chicago as a private recording and released as an experiment, makes some very odd sounds, for better or for worse.

THAT'S LIFE, I GUESS—*Tommy Dorsey's Clambake Seven (Victor)

You'll be surprised by this side, featuring Hannah Williams, ex-Mrs. Jack Dempsey and musical comedy star, whose youthful, rhythmic voice has none of the Broadway affectations you might expect. Dorsey's accompaniment includes Charlie Shavers, Teddy Wilson and Billy Bauer.

HOT JAZZ

MERCER ELLINGTON—*You Name It (Sunrise)

A new label, a new band led by Duke's son, and a catchy bebop tune by pianist Luther Henderson.

ELLA FITZGERALD—**Lady Be Good, **Flying Home (Decca)

Ella's riff-singing in bebop style on this pairing is just amazing. Don't miss it!

ERROLL GARNER—*Gaslight; *Yesterdays (Signature)

DIZZY GILLESPIE ALBUM—*Eight Tunes (Musicraft)

Other albums: Louis Armstrong, Paris, 1934; Charlie Christian Memorial; Alec Wilder Octet, all on Vox; Piano Score of Four on Jewel.

HARRY JAMES—*Moten Swing, Parts I & II (Columbia)

Showing The Horn can still play good jazz; not to mention Willie Smith, Corky Corcoran and some swell Arnold Ross piano.

FROM THE MOVIES

COPACABANA—Je Vous Aime: Wayne King (Victor); Eddy Duchin (Columbia)

FABULOUS DORSEYS—Dorsey Concerto: *Tommy & Jimmy Dorsey with Louis Forbes Symphony Orch. (Victor)

An interesting work, though not at all in the jazz idiom that made the Dorseys fabulous.

FIESTA—Fantasia Mexicana: *Macklin Marrow & MGM Orchestra (MGM)

Johnny Green adapted this for piano and orchestra from Aaron Copland's *El Salon de Mexico,* and the scene in which it's played is the second best thing in the picture (yes, I'm an Esther Williams fan).

LOVE AND LEARN—Would You Believe Me: *Tony Martin (Mercury)

PERILS OF PAULINE—I Wish I Didn't Love You So: Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

VARIETY GIRL —Tallahassee: Woody Herman & Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Johnny Mercer & Pied Pipers (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Bing Crosby-Andrews Sisters (Decca)

(*Continued from page 101*) know I had it with me," she said. "My beautiful bird. Now it will be a splendid wedding."

They were married; Louis' father was released by the Gestapo, finally; and the days moved slowly toward the Liberation.

Word came at last, spreading through the countryside. Men were needed in Paris.

Louis and Quique made their way back by night, walking and hitch-hiking, and once in the city, Louis contacted his guild, to find out what his job would be.

It was an easy enough job—guarding a certain door—and the actual reasons for it are no longer important.

One morning Louis went off to his guard duty, and didn't come back.

As usual, he'd gone out with his gun in one inside coat pocket; his FFI ribbon in another. After he and a friend had stood guard for the required time, their relief took over. And that's when they were picked up by Germans.

The Germans never bothered to explain things much, but it wasn't hard to figure out that they were being taken to Headquarters for questioning. Three other young men were gathered en route.

At home, meanwhile, Quique waited. She waited a painfully long time and then, troubled, she made her way through the street mobs to the building.

She waved to the man on guard at Louis' station. "Where is Louis?"

He shrugged, his eyes warning.

"It's so hot." She tried again. "He was wearing his coat?"

The man shook his head.

"Then—would you give me his coat?"

her heart stood still . . .

When she walked away, the coat, with the FFI ribbons still in the pocket, hanging casually over her arm, she thought her chest would break with thumping.

Nazi Headquarters were in the Grand Hotel. It was there the police had taken Louis and his four companions, to be questioned and searched. In the end, the men with FFI ribbons were held; Louis was freed.

He got home, how he can't even remember, and there was Quique, trembling and he took her in his arms.

At 2 a.m., the radio reported briskly that the Americans had arrived.

It was an end, and a beginning.

The war over, Louis went back to picture-making, and Jenia Reissar, David Selznick's talent-scout-on-the-continent, sent word of him to Mr. Selznick. What was more concrete, she sent scenes.

Mr. Jourdan was thereafter sold, signed, and delivered.

"Maybe I'll be in a Hitchcock movie someday," he said to Quique. He'd seen three Hitchcock dramas, and was a devotee.

Quique held out a newspaper. "Look."

There was a paragraph which read: "Louis Jourdan is leaving for the United States to make *The Paradine Case*. It will be directed by Alfred Hitchcock." He couldn't believe it.

Twelve days later, he was in New York, and Mr. Selznick told him it was true.

He didn't start the picture for six months, and Quique didn't get to the United States for two months. There was some mix-up about her papers, and when she finally arrived, she went out and bought twelve pairs of shoes. She'd worn wooden ones for so long, the sight of plentiful, delicate leathers left her slightly demented.

"Wooden shoes, you know," she said to Louis, trotting away from the store—"it knocks in your head, wooden shoes."

Both the Jourdans speak English, but Louis is particularly magnificent, for which he credits popular songs. He always owned lots of American records, and even though he'd had only three or four years of school English as a boy, he could sing Crosby

23 Terrific Tunes!

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Erskine Hawkins leads his famous band in eight great recordings. Every one is a famous Hawkins arrangement. Every one is an important collector's item. You'll hear *Tuxedo Junction; Don't Cry, Baby; Tippin' In; I've Got a Right to Cry; After Hours; Cherry; Sweet Georgia Brown; Song of the Wanderer.* RCA Victor Album P-181, $3.15.

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Al Goodman conducts his orchestra in immortal melodies from the gay "Student Prince." The lilting lyrics are sung by Earl Wrightson, Frances Greer, Donald Dame, Mary Martha Briney and The Guild Choristers. They bring you the *Overture; Just We Two; Golden Days; Serenade; Drinking Song; Deep in My Heart, Dear* and the *Students' March Song.* RCA Victor Album P-180, $3.75.

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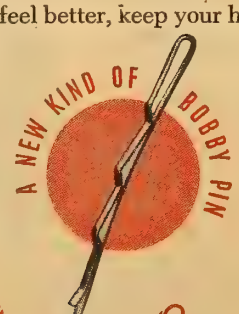

Gayla SUPERGRIP

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numbers with the faintest accent.

Quique has never had a regular English lesson in her life, but she hates to be corrected when she talks. It enrages her. "Leave me my foolish English," she cries. "I'm not afraid if people are laughing."

She remembers once when people were glaring at her though.

It was her first Hollywood dinner party, and she was seated next to a gentleman who attempted to be charming. He started off with the weather, and continued with the state of the world, dwelt briefly on Truman, summed up Dewey, talked about his wife, and discussed capital punishment.

Quique hadn't the faintest idea how to answer him, so she never said one word through the whole dinner, and by the time it was over, the man was in pitiful shape.

The days passed, however, and Quique learned. First off, she learned "yes."

"You can say 'yes' with a hundred inflections, even sometimes it means 'no,'" she observed to Louis, profoundly, when a few weeks had passed.

"People will think you are completely silly," Louis said sternly. "More than 'yes' is needed."

Eight months after the original dinner party fiasco, another dinner party came up. The Jourdans were invited, and so was the pitiful gentleman.

"You," the hostess said to that long-suffering soul, "will sit next to Mrs. Jourdan."

He blanched, and marched grimly to the table, muttering savagely, "Mrs. Jourdan! Jourdan must keep her on the mantelpiece. Good for nothing else. Silent butler sort of woman!"

miss gabbo! . . .

He got more than he expected. Quique gabbed all through the meal.

When they were finished, he looked at her wonderingly. "Excuse me, Mrs. Jourdan—but has there been a change in me?"

She smiled at him, enchantingly. "I understood every word you said at the last dinner, but I didn't know how to answer."

When Quique enchants 'em, they stay enchanted. The poor man was saying "a thousand pardons, beautiful lady" in French, when they dragged him away.

A person who intrigues the Jourdans is Keenan Wynn, who can talk what sounds like beautiful French for five minutes straight without ever really saying one French word.

But Keenan is only one of the marvels of America to the Jourdans. There's their suite in the Miramar Hotel, at Santa Monica —the sea from your window, the beach at your fingertips. . .

There was the trip to New York, and *Finian's Rainbow*, and afterward, standing under the marquee for two hours in the pouring rain, while the reflections from the lights shivered in the puddles, and mink-coated women stepped into big cars.

Hollywood's pleasing, too. *The Paradine Case* (the first thing in which American fans will see Louis) is all wrapped up, and Mr. Selznick's anxiously awaiting audience reaction.

Louis plays a romantic menace (he's not the hero; Gregory Peck is) and he and Mr. Selznick brooded over twenty different outfits, trying to find some clothes that would be unattractive, and yet picturesque.

Friends who met Louis on the street would ask him where he'd been keeping himself lately, and he'd say, "Oh, in the costume company down on Melrose Avenue," with a perfectly straight face.

The studio's bought *Rupert of Hentzau*—the sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*—for Louis and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been steeping him in Fairbanks tradition.

"And living in the costume company again," Louis says philosophically. "I wonder if they ever serve hot meals."

DEMOCRACY ON THE SCREEN

(*Continued from page 27*)

carried by citizens who enjoy those rights and privileges. It is important for us at home to get a complete understanding of the great experiment which has been carried on here in the United States because today the world looks upon us as the leader among democratic nations.

Because of some of our failures, there is a question in many minds as to whether throughout our country we really understand our own democratic way of life. Democracy is based on the Christian religion, and so we must believe in the brotherhood of man. Discrimination, therefore, should not exist. Nevertheless it does!

Our form of government is a representative republican form of government; but it allows, we think, the maximum control to remain in the hands of the people.

If the screen could show the inception and growth of our government processes and the obligations that now lie upon us when our nation is at the peak of its power, the people would learn their lesson.

To retain our high standard of living, we must also recognize our obligation to other men in other parts of the world. Probably one of the most difficult tasks today outside of our own country, is to sell America as America really is. Certain types of movies have been shown in other countries which show us as a nation of bronco-busters, gangsters, movie stars and luxurious ladies and gentlemen of leisure.

The democracy of the farm, the mill, the industries, the thousands and thousands of people who are the backbone of this country, are little known to the millions who build up *their* countries in much the same way.

The qualities of mind and character which are needed to be good citizens are the same everywhere, but nowhere except in a democracy does a citizen have to concern himself so much with his duties as a citizen. This could be shown on the screen better than in any other way. For that reason I wish that a revolution could take place in Hollywood and that they would begin to educate our own people so that democracy became a living thing in our daily lives. Then the films which will soon be going to the European countries might give true pictures of the development of this country and of its present life. They might tell the *real* story of the great mass of our people who make us a strong and vital force in the world of today.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Dick Haymes was appearing in person at the Roxy Theater in New York when I saw a number of fans gathering at the stage door to see him. After a while, he came out and signed autographs. During the signing, a taxicab passed by. The tall, handsome blond fellow who was its passenger stuck his head out of the window and cried out in a mocking voice, "Oh, Dickie!" The fans turned around with murder in their collective eye to see who the "wise guy" was. To their surprise, it was Johnnie Johnston!

Estelle Angrist
Bronx, N. Y.

with this "oh-so-refreshing" talcum powder

KEEP FRESHER! After your bath, powder your body, bountifully, with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Its cooling caress makes you feel fresh as a flower at dawn.

FEEL SMOOTHER! You'll love Cashmere Bouquet Talc for the satiny sheath it imparts to your skin — a protection against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! To preserve bath-tub freshness use Cashmere Bouquet Talc *often* during the day. It points up your feminine appeal with the *fragrance men love.*

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Cashmere Bouquet Talc

with the fragrance men love

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Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets

Do everyday tasks exhaust your energy and leave you fatigued and irritable? Do you look older than your years? Is your color poor? These signs often come from a blood condition. You may have a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

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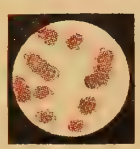
Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS

GLENN FORD

(*Continued from page 29*)

gaudy nightmare, a real estate promoter's dream that had no doubt occurred after he had viewed Turner's glowing canvas of the Grand Canal and had eaten spaghetti Tettrazini at midnight. As originally planned, California's Venice had canals instead of streets, and even more gondolas. Since health conditions were pretty lax, the canals became germ breeders, and had to go. But not until Glenn, who was seven when the family moved there, had rowed on them and even, on warm nights, gone swimming in them.

Glenn's father had always wanted to live in Southern California and he had always wanted to give up railroading for the building trade. Los Angeles, during those post-war years, was enjoying a period of boom, so it looked as if they were exchanging the deep still peace of Glenford for the hurly burly of a bonanza.

This was not quite the case. The Fords took a house on Park Avenue, which sounds grand enough—but actually, Park Avenue was situated in the toughest of Venice neighborhoods. They lived there three years, until Mr. Ford got on his feet. He was not too happy about the environment until he learned that Glenn would go to the Martha Washington Grammar School. (How could a school thus named be anything but a beneficial influence for his son?) The rest of the time Gwellyn could grow up under his mother's careful eye at home.

dangerous journey . . .

However, Newton Ford did not take into consideration the interval of space and time that existed between the school playground and the Ford front door. Glenn darned well took it into consideration on the first afternoon when he set out for home from school.

The little chap who was standing on the corner was wearing a sweater with holes in the elbows, overalls and a remarkable skull cap cut from the crown of a man's felt hat and adorned with vari-colored buttons. The boy's lower lip protruded, his brow was contorted into a scowl, and even the freckles on his snub nose looked belligerent.

Glenn walked past him. The boy stuck out a grimy bare foot.

When Glenn picked himself up, he faced the boy in astonishment. He said, somewhat inadequately, "Hey!"

"Wanna fight?" the boy said.

This, at least, made sense, as it would to any real boy of seven. Glenn made two fists and put 'em up. "Sure," he said.

The black eye Glenn brought home was the beginning of his adjustment to the rowdy environment of the neighborhood.

He was briefly, during this Venice interlude, enamored of the stage. The Martha Washington School, it appears, held a carnival every year in which the pupils performed. Glenn, who within a month of his arrival had discovered and fallen violently in love with a devastating blonde of nine years named Elaine Shaeffer, learned that she was to play Mae Murray in a little skit. Opposite her, some lucky lad would don a suit of tails and represent John Gilbert.

"That," Glenn promised himself, "is going to be me." He tried for the part, got it, and had prepared his parents and all his friends for the spectacle of his debut when it turned out that the main thing Gilbert and Murray did in the show was dance.

Glenn couldn't dance. So they gave his part to Vernon McGuire his rival for the

fair Elaine's affections, who could, and as consolation made Glenn a clown. He was too young to know who Pagliacci was, but that was how he felt. His day dreams after that followed a familiar pattern; he was a knight at kind King Arthur's court, and with the regularity of clockwork he vanquished Vernon McGuire in the jousts, while Elaine looked on approvingly.

Santa Monica, where they moved three years later, was better. It had never tried to be anything but a simple California town on the edge of the sea, and as such it had a kind of municipal integrity; it evolved, unplanned, clean and casual and dedicated to the good living of its population rather than to the whim of an itinerant tourist trade. The Fords found a comfortable, unpretentious cottage on a winding road near the beach; they gave the front of the house an occasional coat of paint, and Glenn regularly mowed and watered the front lawn.

The Ford house was always clean and quiet; but in the Ford backyard there was life, albeit a secret life. Behind the garage a structure had risen, bit by bit, stone by brick by board, by such casual stages that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ford were actually aware of its existence. It was of such a bizarre construction that if anyone other than its member occupants had ever been curious or determined enough to try to enter it, he would have been astounded at its impregnability. Here, in this club house, Glenn had his headquarters during his important adolescent, formative years.

Observe, if you will, an afternoon in the middle Twenties, with Glenn but half an hour home from school. He has had a peanut butter sandwich, and a glass of milk. He has, at his mother's urgent bequest, donned a sweater against the coming chill of the evening. He walks toward his shack, a lean, serious youngster with heavy dark eyebrows over knowing eyes and a chin that is strong and aggressive and stubborn.

through the keyhole . . .

He maneuvers sundry locks and mechanisms, and lets himself in. Two minutes later a complicated code is tapped on the door and he admits his two pals: Dave Beston and Herman Bloom.

Dave has a loosened tooth and his nose is swollen. It's been bleeding recently, too.

"Buster?" Glenn asks, certain of the reply.

"Yeah, Buster. Herman stopped in the drugstore to buy a Popsicle and Buster came along."

"We'll get him yet."

"Tomorrow. After school, by the hot dog stand."

"That's three on one."

"You can take care of him. We'll just watch. How about a smoke?"

"Your folks here?"

"No, they're in L.A." Glenn digs out a cigar box filled with bulky, newspaper wrapped objects; the fillers are cornsilk. Lingering illness, and death, lurk here—but these are astonishing kids, invulnerable. They light up.

After a moment Glenn coughs and looks green. "What's the matter?" Herman asks.

"I guess it's the tack."

"Tack?"

"I was chewing on a pen the other day and there was a tack in the end and I swallowed it. They sent me home from school and I've been eating practically nothing but bread ever since. Then last night I made some stuff with the chemical set and got a lot of sulphur fumes up my nose and I was pretty sick."

"Maybe you better not smoke any more of that cornsilk."

"Maybe."

His early years were like that, you see. A modern Tom Sawyer transplanted to California: a Penrod in the machine age.

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IT'S A NEW KIND OF HAIR BEAUTY

FROM A WORLD-FAMOUS COSMETIC HOUSE.

Try it! Then look for "LOVELIGHTS" in your hair

NOW COMES A SHAMPOO that *really* restores life and "lovelighted" radiance—even to dull, unmanageable, sun-split hair.

ENRICHED WITH REAL EGG! A luxurious shampoo and reconditioning treatment in one. Contains rich egg, nature's own aid in overcoming hair damage and lack of lustre.

YOU'LL THRILL at how quickly and thoroughly this new shampoo works. The creamy, egg-enriched liquid bathes your hair so luxuriously, even in the hardest water. Then rinses out instantly, thoroughly. Your hair "squeaks" clean.

NOT A SOAP. Not a drying, chemical shampoo. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo is truly different in so many delightful ways!

P.S.

Introductory offer! A trial kit of the new 4-way Hair Beauty Ritual for only $1.00 (plus tax). Contains generous-size bottles of Egg Creme Shampoo, Creme Rinse, Dandruff Treatment and Creme Hair Dressing.

At your drug or department store, $1.00 for the big family size.

Don't miss Jean Sablon . . . every Sunday afternoon over Columbia Broadcasting System.

He had his first real fight when he was twelve, at the Madison Grammar School. He and a fellow named Mark were mixing it up during gym period, so the instructor put gloves on them, made the other boys form a ring, and got out a stopwatch. Glenn was slender for his age, but fast; Mark was big and not very light on his feet. The contest was a draw, but he and Mark emerged from it fast friends.

And there were the girls he knew. If you think I am one of those noble wives who say, "I don't want to know anything about your past, just so long as it's over," you're mistaken. I would not have wanted to marry a man who had never had any success with women before he met me.

Glenn's approach to girl friends was conditioned by the fact that he seldom had his father's car, and almost never had too much money. Glenn had a small allowance but when he needed a few dollars, he went down to the amusement pier and drove the little electric shuttle cars along the sidewalk from Santa Monica to Ocean Park and back. It paid 40c an hour, during the summers, but it had its drawbacks.

For one thing, the gangs from surrounding towns—even from as far as Boyle Heights—used to come to the beach and see how many free rides they could hook on Glenn's tram.

What I'm getting at is that he was in no position to get himself one steady girl, and fall in love with her, and date her regularly. This didn't trouble him. There were the fellows to run around with, and girls didn't seem important enough to cause an emotional crisis in his young life.

But those years were not without glamor and a kind of beauty. There were the long warm evenings on the beach, with the gang gathered around a fire and Castle Rock looming up against the Palisades behind them. There was a girl now and then who would put her head on his shoulder. In the firelight, it was easy to get in a romantic mood.

He had his books, averaging about forty a month, and he had his new interest, which was the stage. Way back when he was twelve he had been invited to play a part in the Christian Church production of *Tom Thumb's Wedding*. He hadn't much to do. With seven other boys he walked on stage at cue, sat down on a bench—he was third from the left—and was handed a dish of ice cream. He was required to eat this, and then get up and walk off again.

Something told him that he had found his calling. Later, in Lincoln Junior High, they gave him the role of Ben Gunn in *Treasure Island*. It was an important part because the whole play worked toward one magnificent moment when the gold was discovered: and it was Ben Gunn who walked on the stage carrying a sack of it.

On the night the play opened, Glenn stood in the wings waiting for his cue. When it came, he reached for his gunny sack of gold. It was not there. Wildly he looked about him. There was literally nothing in sight that even resembled a sack, or even a box. On stage, there was a waiting silence.

Out he strode, empty handed. From the other wings the drama teacher said three shocking words and prayed silently.

Then, in a moment of sheer genius, Glenn knew what to do. In the center of the stage loomed an enormous papier mache rock, put there for atmosphere. Glenn walked behind it.

Then he announced, in tones of delighted surprise, "Here's your gold!"

The entire cast played the rest of the scene behind the rock. It was not until a year later that the drama teacher would speak to Glenn; then, one afternoon she stopped him on the street and said, "I've had time enough to think about what you did that night, Gwellyn, and I do want to tell you that it was a brilliant bit of impromptu. Do you know, I believe you could be a really fine actor."

"Do you know, Mrs. Davies," Glenn said, "That's what I'd like to be. Anyway, I'm going to try."

(To be continued next month.)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was the last day of Danny Kaye's appearance at the Chicago Theater and he had already upset the schedule by stretching the thirty-minute stage show into an hour. Suddenly, he stopped right in the middle of a song and walked off the stage into the audience, leaving the bewildered band and bandleader staring after him. He sat down in a seat at the back of the theater and said, "I just wanted to see what it looks like from back here. Look at all the people! I've been up there for two weeks. Now, you entertain me!" We were very astonished to hear the band strike up a waltz and to see the very sedate bandleader, Lou Breeze, go into a tap dance. Danny applauded happily and went back to the stage, where he continued to work himself into a state of exhaustion.

Anita Hirsch,
Chicago, Illinois

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"I'll get the Pepsi — that will keep the boys around."

THREE MONTHS AND OUT

(*Continued from page 30*)

was in the clouds. It must be a gag."

"Look, they don't pay me to argue. Just thought you might give me a lead on what went on."

"Oh go away. I hate Hollywood," she moaned, and we both hung up.

Abby's the sensitive type. I'm tough. But with all my toughness, I knew exactly how she felt and, to a degree, felt the same way myself.

You can't know June Haver without warming up to her. First time I saw her was on the set of *Home in Indiana,* where she and Jeanne Crain were getting their first big break. They were both sweet kids, totally different in temperament—one shy and reserved, the other friendly as a kitten. It was June I fell for, and said so in the column next day.

Months later I threw a party for MODERN SCREEN's finds of the year. June didn't have to come, she'd been picked the year before, but one of the new boys asked her as his date and to give him moral support. Well, she sparked the evening for all of us. She was just so gay and co-operative, so ready to laugh and fall into the spirit of the silly games we played, that any constraint the others may have felt melted away like ice in a spring thaw.

"You're not Hollywood," I remember saying. "You might be the little girl next door."

I can still see her blue eyes crinkle as she answered, "I'm Rock Island, Illinois, Hedda, and I've been going to parties like this one all my life."

After that I'd bump into her here and there—Romanoff's, Adrian's, the Mocambo. She was always the same, always with the smile, with the "Hi, Hedda!"—always straight and aboveboard, never a thing to hide. Always ready to come to the phone, too, I recalled, as I pulled it over and got her number.

the lady will talk . . .

Mrs. Haver answered. I told her about my talk with Al, said I'd like to see June. She asked me to wait and was back in a minute or so. June wasn't going out, but if I'd come up to the house, she'd be glad to talk to me. Hmph, I thought, *glad!* Polite people, these Havers. . .

I found June alone in the little sitting-room where I'd seen her, a glowing bride, after her marriage. It wasn't the same girl. She looked like the wan little ghost of herself, pounds thinner, all the sparkle gone. Through the whole time I was there, she never once smiled. A stone would have ached for her. It was one of those rare occasions when I cursed my profession and its probing fingers. . .

But if she was crushed, she was also controlled. No dramatics, no self-pity. She talked quietly. Only once, when I pressed her for something, the tears sprang to her eyes, and I felt like a brute. But she wouldn't have it. "Don't apologize, Hedda, I'm terribly sorry for *you.* This is a tough assignment you've got on your hands." Well, what are you going to do with a girl like that?

Now if you expect to read anything here about "Jimmy played his trumpet too loud" or "I didn't know how to cook his favorite dishes"—just save your eyes and go on to the next story. Beyond her explanation that "things didn't work out," June's not elaborating. The decision to separate came by mutual agreement and they will try to have their marriage dissolved.

One columnist wrote: "It must have been a case of marry in haste, repent in haste." Which gives the wrong impression. June's

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Patented Rinsing Agent contained right in this shampoo eliminates need for special after rinses. No dull film remains on your hair. At drug counters or have professional applications at beauty shops.

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and many, many more of your favorite stars

in the new FALL issue of

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an idealist. She'd seen lots of marriages hit the rocks. Each time she'd say, "That just won't happen to me. With me it's going to be once and for always."

Now ask me the $64 question. How could two people who'd known one another six years make such a mistake? Well, let's take the six years apart. At 15 and 17 respectively, they'd spent a summer with Ted FioRito's band. After that a few letters and phone calls, a few dates here and there between long stretches of silence. That was all till last winter.

Following her Rock Island trip last winter, she went to New York and saw Jimmy there. Rock Island had left her with memories—not only of the beautiful time they'd given her, but of the boys and girls she'd gone to school with. Many were married, some already had children. June had her work, which she loved. June had everything to make life rich and happy—except what the kids in small towns have—a husband and babies. She left Rock Island feeling a little wistful.

In New York, she saw Jimmy. They'd always had fun together. Music was a passion with both. They could listen and talk about it for hours on end. He seemed part of her old life, familiar and good. When he came to Hollywood in January to organize his own band, they started dating. He'd never made any secret of his love for her. Through the years, she'd felt a special affection for him. Now she found herself falling in love. There are those who'll say she was in the mood for love—that she went looking for it instead of waiting till it came to her.

Before two months had passed, she knew it was all wrong. They were making each other wretched.

June knew what a happy marriage ought to be like. Like her sister Dot's to Bill Flynn. Everything peaceful and wonderful, complete understanding, no clash of temperaments, so many things in common. (All she and Jimmy seemed to have in common was music.) Or like Evvie's. A month after June's wedding, Evvie married Jim McNamara, a student at USC. They were blissful as puppies, laughing, ribbing each other, having fun together—good pals as well as husband and wife.

from bad to worse . . .

As a last resort, June and her husband went down to Santa Ynez, thinking a week there alone might straighten them out. Instead, matters went from bad to worse. Soon after their return, Jimmy left to go on tour. June's original plan had been to join him in Salt Lake City when *Scudda-hoo* was finished. She knew now that she wouldn't join him. They'd discussed separation. But their marriage had been so recent, the dream had crumbled so fast, she could hardly believe it herself. What she needed more than anything else was quiet, to be alone, to give herself time to think.

At the studio June put up a brave front. But when you work with people every day, it's hard to fool them.

She just isn't the type to keep a secret very long. When the picture was finished, Lon McCallister came over to say goodbye. "You going to Salt Lake City, June?"

It took her by surprise. "No, I don't think so."

For a moment Lon was a very startled boy. Then he gave her hand an awkward little pat. "Well, I'm with you anyway."

What brought on the climax was her birthday party. Queer time for a party? Well, given the choice, Mrs. Haver wouldn't have picked it. But 21 years before on June 10, her second daughter had been born, and come fire or brimstone, the occasion was going to be celebrated. She took over the ballroom of the California Country Club, had it hung with gay bunting, hired an orchestra, ordered supper and a big ice-cream birthday cake, and invited June's friends. All things considered, it was a good party—even though at one point her mother found June in a hallway, crying like mad. She took the shaking bundle into her arms. "Pick up your chin, honey. You're only 21 once."

"Oh Mother, all the trouble you went to!"

"Because I love you, June. So do all the others out there."

For a heavy heart, love's the best medicine on the market. Besides, June hadn't worked for nothing for Georgie Jessel, the old-timer with his slogan of "The show must go on." She went back and smiled. At supper, John Payne made the toasting speech. When he said: "June's a girl with plenty of ideals. Whatever happens in life, she'll always carry them high," the tears came again.

the time is now . . .

Next day June had it out with herself. Where was the sense of sidling into this thing, letting people guess, waiting till the rumors caught up with you? That kind of stuff went against the grain with her. Her way had always been, when she made a mistake, to correct it as soon as she could. Well, she made a beaut. What was she waiting for?

"It's going to be awful," she admitted to herself steadily, "but I'd rather face it now and be done with it than have it glooming over me."

She called Jimmy in Salt Lake City, and they agreed on a statement to be made. That Sunday she couldn't eat or sleep.

Words of friendship and encouragement poured in. Evvie and Jim kept phoning from Catalina every hour. "You all right June?" "I'm fine."

At two a.m. the phone on her bed table rang. It was Dot. "I'm feeding the baby. Just thought I'd call so you wouldn't feel lonesome." Her beautiful family. She never let on that for the first time in days she'd been sleeping like a baby.

Once in the course of our talk, her blue eyes flashed with the spirit, if not with the gaiety, of the old June. How did she feel, I asked, about that Hollywood chestnut—"Though parting we're still the best of friends."

"If you're friends," she said, "you can stay married. We're not going to throw knives at each other, but I doubt if we'll get into each other's way. Where I come from girls don't go mingling around with their ex-husbands."

Right now June's staying within her own four walls, but not to brood. She reads, plays her beloved music, sees her intimates. She needs a lot of rest and to get more flesh on her bones before going off to Chicago and Detroit for personal appearances. It's a commitment 20th Century-Fox made long ago, timed for the opening of *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.*

"Entertainment's my business. Maybe a month ago I couldn't have done it. When the laughter's gone from inside, maybe you can't make other people laugh, though I'd certainly have tried. Now it will be that much easier."

All around town they're saying, "Poor June Haver." Pardon me if I'm different. The past is past. She's 21, with a long future ahead. She's beautiful, talented, launched on a dazzling career. Ah, yes, but she's gone through this dreadful experience.

I think that's too bad, but her courage and dignity in facing it don't call for pity. I think they call for a round of cheer myself. So here's Hopper yipping it up for you, honey, putting her dough on that pretty little nose of yours for a new and very happy beginning.

ENCORE!

(*Continued from page 47*)

most young lieutenants, he was conscious of regulations.

They went through the gate.

At the plane, Gene tried again.

"Honestly—" he said.

"I think I'll get in," said Jeanette.

She got in.

"Good-*bye*," said Lieutenant Raymond.

"Not at all," said Jeanette. "I've changed my mind. I'm going with you!"

Jeanette was air-sick all the way to Washington. Airplanes always make her ill. But that was how she left Hollywood in 1942, not to return for four years.

Actually, Jeanette's exit-laughing to spend five days in Washington with her husband, before he took off for overseas, was not precisely the whimsical, romantic gesture it appears. Ever since she could remember, the concert stage was her musical goal. Between pictures, she had already begun a series of limited tours. This was her first real chance since she was a small girl, aged 9, living at 5123 Arch Street, Philadelphia, where her father was a contractor. In those days, she used to make $10 every Sunday night singing at spiritualistic seances. She and her vocal teacher, at the piano, collaborated to help the medium get in touch with the spooks.

"Some day," Jeanette told her mother then, "I will be an opera and concert singer. You'll see!"

"And what will you do then?"

"I'll buy you a big gold bed," the child promised.

She never forgot that promise.

From Washington, after a romantic interlude, Jeanette covered the country, singing for fighting men. She sang in camps, in halls, out-of-doors, in impromptu theaters, scattering high notes and smiles and getting ovations.

When the war was over, she was the first American artist to appear on the concert stage in England. All the time, during this trans-continental and trans-atlantic song-fest, she hurried from place to place in jitterbug time, driving a number of helpful persons to the point of anxiety complexes.

the macdonald system . . .

She never prepares for a concert without experiencing pangs of remorse, unreasoning terror, attacks of self-consciousness, and temptations to flee to the hills. Jeanette, who is prey to more terrors than most singers, has a system. It is known as the Last-Minute-System, and consists, simply, of being in such a hurry just before a concert that she hasn't time to be frightened quite to the point of collapse. She is delighted, for instance, if her hair-do goes awry at the last minute.

In addition to excitement, she has contrived some routine devices as antidotes for fright. A walk in a local cemetery, she discovered, is very soothing to the vocal chords. This is followed by a nap, and then by the last-minute scramble to the theater. In Grand Rapids, she had explored the tombstones satisfactorily, and was napping comfortably with a "Do Not Disturb" sign on her door when she was awakened by a tremendous thumping.

"Miss MacDonald! Miss MacDonald!" cried a cracked voice.

Jeanette flung the door open. She was confronted by a tall youth whose voice was changing. In his hand was the "Do Not Disturb" sign.

"Would you autograph this for me?" he croaked.

Once when Jeanette was talking to

when movies bring tears, avoid make-up smears . . .

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Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

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Jascha Heifetz, the celebrated violinist, she came up with this observation: "I don't know why we put up with it," she said. "Concert tours mean bad, dirty hotels, bad food, bad hours, and they scare you to death. Why do we do it?"

Heifetz grinned at her.

"I know why," he said. "The house is sold out, isn't it?"

Jeanette grinned back at him.

In Chicago, she took 19 curtain calls. Jeanette's fan clubs were in the front row for that one, and wouldn't be satisfied.

Jeanette took her curtain calls for four years. Then one day she received a cablegram from Gene, now wearing the oak leaves of a major. He was on his way home.

Jeanette departed immediately for the stores. These were her chief purchases: milk, eggs, oranges, and nightgowns.

"If I ever leave you," Gene had said, "it will be for a cow."

Jeanette hurried to the hairdresser, humming the aria from *One Hour with You.* The dressmaker caught snatches of *Naughty Marietta.* The milkman enjoyed *Love Me Tonight,* and the guy at the fruitstand recognized "The Merry Widow Waltz."

This went on for a week. No further word from Gene. Evidently a snafu somewhere along the line. Orders changed, perhaps. "Arriving any minute," Jeanette muttered, pouring sour milk down the drain, tossing out wrinkled oranges, tucking back an auburn lock expensively hairdressed.

On the seventh day she rested, got up late, let her hair dangle, flung on a wrapper, and sat down to sip tasteless coffee and dry toast. That is when the doorbell rang. She flung it open, sleepy-eyed. There was Major Gene Raymond, sleek as a wash and polish job on a 1948 convertible.

Neither one remembers what was said. Gene is only sure of one thing. Her mouth was full of toast.

ain't gonna roam no more . . .

Now that the Gene Raymonds are back in Hollywood, comfortably ensconced in their Bel Air place, and with another big picture of Jeanette's due for release soon, they are probably the least travel-minded citizens of this peripatetic republic.

During the settling down period, following Gene's European adventure and Jeanette's concert tour, they experienced itchy feet one time only.

"Let's go somewhere," said Jeanette. "Let's go East."

So they headed for Arizona. In Hollywood, anything the other side of San Luis Obispo is firmly considered as "East."

They arrived by train at Flagstaff, which is 10,000 feet up, and was at that time under six inches of snow.

"Let's not buy this, Bunko," said Gene.

"Let's go down," said Bunko, shivering.

They went down to 3,500 feet, discovered they were still in red flannel territory, and more and worse than that, that there were a lot of horses about. Jeanette has an allergy to horses. She admires them, she thinks a horse is a fine, intelligent animal, excellent for transportation, but they give her sinus trouble. Escape was necessary.

" 'Tain't no way outen here 'cept by bus. Gitcha down to Phoenix," said the character who ran the horse place. They took the bus home.

"And that," concludes Gene, "is why we built the swimming pool.

"I said: 'Let's put in a pool and play in it, and stay home in our house and never go anywhere again.' " It suited Jeanette.

The swimming pool, the first irregular-shaped pool in town, was an engineering feat comparable to the erection of Boulder Dam. The Raymonds' house sits on tamped-down flat ground. The rest is a descent, plunging down like the set-backs of the Empire State Building. But Gene and Jeanette shored up a ravine, built retaining walls, and had themselves one of the prettiest pools outside of the ones Miss Esther Williams always swims in in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures.

Mr. Raymond's nerve and confidence were explicitly demonstrated when he first ventured into marriage and housekeeping, just ten years ago, June 18, 1937.

That astonishing man actually bought a house and furnished it completely *without saying a word to his bride.* On their wedding night, he let her look at it for the first time. He did that to a bride with red hair. It takes men like this to win wars.

However—there have been some changes made. Changes go on constantly—usually while Jeanette is away on a tour—comprising such adjustments as turning an upstairs bedroom into a sitting room, turning a downstairs entrance into a bar, re-doing the living room, and converting the stables into an office.

This summer, Gene himself attacked the outdoor furniture. Jeanette had misgivings but said nothing. It required several weeks and exacted innumerable blisters and backaches, but in the end the chairs and tables were sanded, painted and polished. Between bouts with the furniture and between pictures, Gene writes music.

Three of his songs have been published, and several of them, notably "Let Me Always Sing" and "Release," have been used by Jeanette on concert tours.

Occasionally, they run over one of Gene's pieces at the piano.

"Faster," says Jeanette.

"No, it goes slower," says Gene.

"It should be faster," says Jeanette.

"It should not be faster," says Gene. "Dear—I *wrote* this song."

"Faster," says Jeanette.

Gene regards these disagreements philosophically. After all, he points out, he is not and isn't supposed to be the musician his wife is.

Along the terraced walks of the Raymond-MacDonald place grow possibly every kind of fruit and flower that thrives in Southern California. Everything grows there save roses.

"We spent a little fortune on the non-growingest rose garden in the world," says

"Three quarts of milk, one sweet cream, and please put the morning paper back down where you found it. Thank you."

Gene. "There they are."—pointing to his bare rose bushes—"Then I discovered that you could buy roses for three dollars a dozen."

Jeanette works out three times a week with a voice coach, warming up on scales, then proceeding to new songs. She insists on that, holding that even a repertoire of three or four hundred well-learned songs isn't enough for audiences who pay their money.

She likes to quote Jose Iturbi, with whom she works in *The Birds and the Bees,* on the subject of the relentless toil professional musicians must endure.

"If I don't practice for just one day," he told Jeanette, "I notice it. If I don't practice for two days, the critics notice it. If I don't practice for three days, everybody notices it."

And like all singers, Jeanette lives in dread of catching cold. At the slightest sniffle, she pops into bed, eats lightly, and drinks citrus juice until the danger is past.

"It isn't that you can't sing over a cold," she explains. "Actually, a cold sometimes adds timbre to the voice. But you feel awful. So it's bed for singers with colds in the head. Still, I've never missed a concert, cold or no cold."

Jeanette is immensely pleased with her part in her return engagement, *The Birds and the Bees,* the first of her one-a-year deal which brings her back to Metro. She sings some well-remembered favorites: "Sweethearts," the waltz from *Rosenkavalier,* and "Spring Song." A number of these are done with J. Iturbi as accompanist—and no complaints about his being too slow.

Nelson Eddy, with whom Jeanette starred in so many of the celebrated films, remains a close friend. During their heyday together, there were constant rumors that they disputed on the set. They did. But the rest of the story was seldom included: Jeanette and Nelson almost invariably walked off to dinner together after arguing all day about who'd take the high note and who'd take the low note. Other old friends have also been faithful: in one of the most remarkable evidences of affection the fans have ever bestowed on a star, more than 3,000 admirers a month continued to write to Jeanette during the time she was off the screen.

Now she's back, apparently to stay, renewing the Hollywood concert as if she'd just stepped out for intermission.

"I had the fling," she says. "That was the 'big gold bed.' It's good to be home, and we feel as if we never want to leave it again. Still . . ."

Gene grinned.

"I'll remodel while you're away, Bunko," he said.

LADY IN THE DARK—(HEDY'S SIDE)

(*Continued from page 45*)

Through all her conversation runs the word "security." She is very much preoccupied with security.

"I want my children to have security," she told me. "That's something I missed in my childhood. I never had security. I haven't got it now. I can't relax. I have so many people dependent on me. It frightens me. What if I should get sick and couldn't work?"

Her romance with Loder started auspiciously on Christmas Day in 1942 at the Hollywood Canteen, where Hedy put in so many hours during the war. It ran into the first snag when she learned, four months after they were married, that John's ex-wife, Micheline Cheirel, had just obtained her final divorce decree. This put Hedy's marriage to the actor in a doubtful class. It seems it was all a misunderstanding. Judge Charles Griffin, of Beverly Hills, who had represented Miss Cheirel, explained it this way:

"Mr. Loder was so anxious to marry Miss Lamarr that he asked my client to get a divorce in Mexico, although she had already obtained her divorce in California, which wouldn't be final for a year. She did go to Juarez and got a divorce, but she wanted the property settlement clarified, so she asked me to get the second decree here, too. I'm sure they all acted in good faith."

Trouble like that at the beginning of a marriage is so much worse than when a couple have become adjusted. But Hedy and John were in love and everything was smoothed over at that time. However, the irresponsibility which got him involved in a marriage before he was legally divorced, is the thing that is now giving Hedy the heebie jeebies. There seems to be still another factor which pulls them apart.

"You know, one of the reasons, I think, for my failure to be happy is that I've always married men so much older than myself," Hedy explained. "I would like to be in love with someone my own age. I might have fun. Sometimes I wish I could do that before it is too late."

She dismisses her marriage to Markey as something that hardly happened. "First his mother and father died and then he had pneumonia," she said. "Our home life was so constantly interrupted with my work and his and outside happenings that the first thing we knew it was all over. I didn't understand much about Hollywood then. It's difficult to find kindness and friendship here. People act as if they get great pleasure in hurting others."

Hedy showed a lot of courage when she took the leap that ended her contract with M-G-M and launched herself as an independent producer with Hunt Stromberg. She explained:

"I wanted to be something more than a girl with a beautiful face. I wanted to be an actress. I want that more than anything else right now. I would like to play character roles just to prove to myself that I could do them."

Although Hedy seems—to those who know her—to be a lady very much in the dark these days, I think she'll think her way out of all her troubles. I believe her love for her children and her overwhelming urge to give them a good home and security will ultimately save her from despair, even though she and John have decided to go their separate ways.

There is one room in the house which is like nothing else I have seen in Hollywood. It is a large, sunny room where she and the children eat together, but it is also a playroom with gaily decorated walls and cabinets for toys. It is a place where the kids can feel happy and secure—as Hedy never has. Recently, Loder had a slight operation for the removal of a piece of metal imbedded in his flesh from a duelling sequence in a picture. The Hollywood press reported that Hedy had gone to the hospital to see him and taken him home. "That isn't true," she told me. "He isn't living here. We have had talks and I have written out some terms but he hasn't done anything about it yet. There must be a thorough understanding of each other's rights for a reconciliation. Now I doubt if we ever will. I'm afraid it's too late for anything but a divorce."

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SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

(Continued from page 51)

little I've seen of my own home in the last few months? I kind of thought . . ." Then he saw the look of disappointment in her eyes, the dying of her sudden, exuberant excitement at the idea of an impromptu trip. "All right," he said. "A trip'll be fun. Nina can take care of everything until we get back."

His reward was the radiance that returned to her face. He said, "I've been working so hard lately I haven't given much thought to how dull it must be for you, just hanging around the house coping with domestic problems."

"I'll have to admit I've not yet turned into the house-mouse type," she told him. "I'm not *used* to it, darling."

And this, he understood, was true. From the eminence of his thirty-two years he looked sideways and down—figuratively as well as literally—at the girl he had married: a golden girl, whose laughter when he met her was fresh, eighteen-year-old laughter; whose knowledge of the world, such as it was, had been conditioned and shaped by the sheltered life she had led.

So far as Gloria knew, disappointment was a seldom thing, tragedy a word applied to certain plays of Shakespeare's, and boredom the wait between phone calls or the delay before a favored swain rescued her from someone else on the dance floor. Until she married John, glamor had meant her cinderella ride to sudden stardom, via the Metro route—and all that went with it.

She had exchanged all this, gladly, for marriage because she had fallen overwhelmingly in love; and she had had his child, and taken over the responsibilities of his home. She could accomplish these things because she was a grown woman and intelligent.

it takes two . . .

But she could not be Mrs. John Payne happily and successfully, he had realized from the beginning, without his help. It was not as if she had married a simple, uninvolved personality of her own age. She had married an extremely complicated, sensitive adult who had lived a couple of ordinary lifetimes during the eleven years that separated them.

Now, as he guided the softly purring car along the almost deserted Coast highway, he allowed himself a few moments of introspection, of honest self-analysis. He considered the person he was today—possessed of a restless, nervous vitality that would long since have shaken him to pieces except that it was housed in an immensely healthy, rugged body . . . Moody, too aware of his environment and the people who inhabited it . . .

He was, heaven knew, a maze of contradictions. On the one side he was shrewd, disenchanted; a practical man who continued acting in pictures because it was the best way he knew to make a lot of money.

Yet this same man would spend hours with architect Lou Gould planning the perfect house to build on that Ranch above Malibu, when he should be considering its re-sale. He would knock himself out making a strange, unconventional fairy tale called *Miracle on 34th Street,* not because he could divine that it would be a hit, but because the story charmed and fascinated him.

He would shut himself away for hours, emerging at last with a four line bit of verse which brewed in his mind until it had forced its way out and onto paper.

He would sit all night long at the piano, improvising on a haunting little theme that had occurred to him in the midst of a business conference the day before. What did he want of marriage, and what was his share in it? He recalled suddenly the definition he had given a friend weeks before—a definition which in its very form was an expression, a kind of portrait of his own character.

"Marriage," he said, "should be an emotionally profitable business, and it should be run like a business. Two people have joined in a partnership, supposedly with equal investments of love and faith. To reap mutual benefits each partner has to continue to work, make the business pay off."

And he thought now, Gloria's given all of her time to just the one business, while I've had two. It's high time I protected this investment of mine.

"A penny," Gloria said.

"I was just thinking what a very lucky guy I am," he told her, his voice deep with his sincerity.

They were sitting, the next afternoon, in the patio of the Pine Inn at Carmel, sipping Vermouth Cassis and watching the townfolk and the Pebble Beach crowd and the people from nearby Monterey celebrate the mystic hour of five o'clock. Gloria was enchanted.

"That chap there," she whispered, "with the goatee and the beret and the flowing tie. An artist, d'you think, or would he be playing around with the local little theatah?"

"Probably sells nuts and bolts in the hardware store," John decided. "How about that lassie in the green sandals. How *about* that?"

"If you're going to keep staring at her—and I notice it isn't at the sandals, either—we'd better take a ride." She was teasing him, but he stood up and caught her hand.

Half an hour later he pulled the car up to a curb and gestured around him. "Look," he commanded.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My 15-year-old daughter was critically ill and had been confined to her bed for six weeks. Her only pleasure during those weeks was listening to Andy Russell sing on records and radio. When Mr. Russell came to New York on a personal appearance tour, she was very morose because she would not be able to see him on the stage. I called Andy and told him about our problem and without hesitating, he offered to come up and see her. He came to our house the next day and sang to her for a full hour. My daughter recovered completely soon afterwards, and my doctor says seeing Andy did more for her than a cabinetful of medicine. The thing that warmed my heart most about this unselfish gesture is that Andy never tried to capitalize on it with cheap publicity. For, if you use this story, it will be the first time that it has been made public.

Mrs. Betty Shaktman,
Brooklyn, New York

Gloria was busy getting out a handkerchief to hold over her nose. "Phew! What's that awful smell?"

"Never mind the smell. What do you see?"

"I see a very beat-up Chinese grocery store, and a vacant lot, and a big shack made of corrugated tin, and—I think that's a Mexican asleep in the lot."

"Look across the street."

"'Biological Laboratory,'" she read slowly. Her eyes suddenly sparkled with recognition and delight. "Why, it's Steinbeck!" she laughed. "Of course. Just as he described it."

"This could be the last block in Cannery Row," John said.

He pointed to a large, ramshackle house on the long back porch of which six or seven pink silk slips fluttered in the breeze from a drying line.

"Now we'll do Tortilla Flat, and then the harbor." It was almost sundown by the time they reached the pier. In the small, natural harbor, the Monterey fishing fleet lay at anchor, its masts a hundred wooden fingers pointing to the sky; clouds of seagulls wheeled and fought and screeched over scraps of fish; housewives walked out along the pier and returned with crabs and fish and prawns wrapped in newspaper.

Gloria's arm was around John's waist, and she allowed her head to rest for a moment on his shoulder. "I don't know why this should do it," she said, "but I don't feel restless or depressed or cross any more. This is the life. Maybe instead of a plane we should have a little cruiser. We could spend days anchored in places like this."

"There isn't another Monterey," John said, "and besides, it would pall."

"Never! Not like Las Vegas, anyway. You said yourself, this is the real thing—it's here because it grew this way, it evolved because the harbor was here and there were fish out there and men wanted to catch the fish. That's a good elemental reason for being. But last fall when we were in Las Vegas, I had a feeling that any day someone would blow a whistle and a bunch of propmen would troupe in and take it all away in little pieces."

"I do believe you're moralizing," John said, amused. "Las Vegas, just like any other town, has its reason for being, you know. People like to have fun."

"You mean they like to get quick divorces."

John started to say something, and changed his mind. Instead, he took his wife in his arms and kissed her. A little later, when they were about to go, he said, "Take a good look, sweet, and I will, too. We should keep a picture of this harbor in our minds, to bring out and remember when we need it. Like a talisman, a charm. . ."

"Maybe we won't ever need it again," Gloria said.

With their new light heartedness, the magic of San Francisco next day was unalloyed delight. They had never laughed so much, nor so easily; they watched the city from the Top o' the Mark, and dined at John's Rendezvous, and saw a floor show in a cabaret. And the next day they drove back to Hollywood to find that Kathleen had learned, in their absence, the first three ballet positions from her nurse's daughter, who was studying dancing.

And there was news from another source. To promote an anti-tuberculosis campaign they were to fly down to Mexico together as the guests of the President. "Do you want to go?" John asked, and her answer wasn't really necessary because she looked like a very little girl who had just had a personal visit from Santa Claus himself.

"Are there any fishing harbors in Mexico?" she asked.

"Thousands," he said. . .

MOMENTS OF MAUREEN

(Continued from page 55)

preceding day. It had been the Prices' first vacation from home and studio and Bronwyn, their white-haired three-year-old (whom Maureen, with old world apprehension already refers to as "our youngest unmarried daughter") in a very long time. And it had been heaven. They'd cruised over to Catalina—Will at the wheel, Maureen under the special "anti-freckling" awning that Will had put up for her. They'd lunched. They'd fished. They'd dined that night ashore, to the tune of seventeen nickels that Will had thrown into the juke box. After which they'd cruised in the moonlight, and then anchored in Fisherman's Cove. The "earthquake" had followed, and even that had been fun in a frantic sort of way. And now this lovely quiet time. Maureen looked at the water and saw that it had quieted down and mirrored over. She wasn't sleepy at all, so she sat a while longer watching the richening sky.

That was a nice moment.

She remembered several tearful ones not long before. For instance, when she was leaving for her vacation in Ireland, to visit her mother and father for the first time in seven years, and Will drove her and Bronwyn and Eleanor to the airport. She had cried when she kissed Will goodbye, knowing she wouldn't see him for two months. Bronwyn hadn't cried. Bronwyn had waited until the plane took off and she realized that her daddy wasn't coming along. Then she had let loose.

To distract her, Maureen and Eleanor started to play an old game with Bronwyn —"Make believe" ball. They tossed a ball that wasn't there, back and forth, and everything went well until Bronwyn decided that she had dropped the ball and it had rolled under the chair of a dignified elderly passenger across the way. Maureen dropped to her knees and peered under the man's legs. He leaned over.

"Dropped the little girl's ball?" he asked. "Permit me to help you."

"Oh, please don't bother," she told him. "It really isn't here anyway."

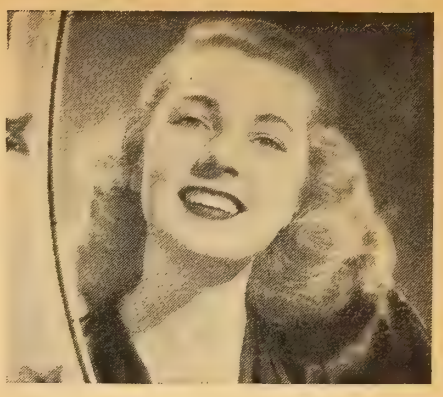
She realized how queer that must have sounded when his eyebrows shot up.

A second later Maureen "found" the ball and tossed it back into the game. She saw the old gentleman sneak a look at them out of the corner of his eyes. When he saw nothing flying back and forth between them, he turned back suddenly and sat rigid. For the rest of the flight Maureen wavered between explaining, and letting things go as they were. Just before they landed in New York she started to talk to him but realized it was a mistake. He just closed his eyes tightly until she was through.

That was an odd moment.

It *was* to have been a two months' vacation in Ireland, but the studio started chopping off time. After she had been there a bare few weeks, the wires got hot with urgent summonses to come back and the tail end of the vacation was snipped off. And *that* was an unspeakable moment.

It was necessary for her to break away from her folks before there was a good time to renew family relationships prop-



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erly and before she could look up all the old girl friends she had grown up with in Dublin. Even Bronwyn had to cut short an Irish romance with the little boy who lived just down the road from Maureen's old home. His name was Dermit and he had called every morning at nine, promptly, to play with Bronwyn. Bronwyn pronounced his name "Doormat," but he didn't seem to mind.

It was in Ireland, too, that Bronwyn had first learned to say her prayers; at her grandmother's knee. And there had been trouble at first because Bronwyn had taken to innocent ad libbing.

"Hail Mary," began her grandmother, and Bronwyn, who was to repeat word for word, had dutifully begun, "Hail Mary"—and then added, ". . . had a little lamb."

There were some mad moments in the scramble to get ready for the plane back to New York. Because of the shortage of finished products in Ireland, Maureen had decided to leave every bit of clothing she had brought from Hollywood and return only with what she had on her back.

When she showed up at Shannon airport, she wasn't carrying any bags or suitcases, but she did have an armful of Irish tweed and linens, plus two bottles of 25-year-old Irish whiskey, this last a present from her father to Will.

The American Airlines representative weighed the stuff and told Maureen that she would have to pay for excess weight.

"Oh, no, there can't possibly be an extra charge," she assured him. "I'm already paying full fare for my little girl who weighs hardly thirty pounds, while an adult passenger averages a hundred and fifty pounds. Wouldn't that be giving me a credit of about 120 pounds?"

"That's a technicality," the man returned, and figured he had Maureen there. But he was wrong again.

customer's always right . . .

"The hundred and twenty pounds of extra mail you are going to carry on the trip because my little girl only weighs thirty pounds isn't a technicality," Maureen replied. The man stared at her as if he wondered how she had ever found out about that. He found *he* had to clear his throat to gain time here. In the end, American Airlines bowed to Maureen—but without prejudice to its own stand—and permitted her to climb aboard the plane with her overload.

"There!" exclaimed Maureen as she and Eleanor and Bronwyn took their seats.

"But by the time you pay duty on all that stuff in America, won't you be the loser?" asked Eleanor.

With pencil and paper Maureen proved to Eleanor that even after paying import duty, her linens and tweed would be a bargain in California.

"How about the whiskey?" asked Eleanor.

"I'll just tell them it's a sentimental gift," replied Maureen. "I'm sure they will understand."

Which they didn't—but it was still sentimental, for all of that.

When they landed in New York Maureen learned that she was to do a picture in New York immediately, and that two others were all set to go when she got back to Hollywood.

Will flew in to New York to bring Bronwyn home because now Maureen had no moments left for anything—but work. Waiting for her in California was her sister Margot, now married to Major Harry Edwards of the U. S. Marines and stationed in San Diego. Maureen brought news about their two brothers, Charles and Jimmy. But Margot had news herself. When it was all incorporated into one story, it ran like this: all five of the O'Haras were likely to be in pictures soon—the beginning of a new family dynasty of the stage, perhaps!

That was a startling moment!

Florence, now married to Lee Clark, Canadian lumberman, had been a dancing teacher in Dublin and later made pictures in London (including one with James Mason). Now she was having contracts dangled at her by both RKO and 20th Century-Fox.

Margot, who had made a number of pictures for Rank in England, and whose last picture, starring Ann Todd, *I Know Where I'm Going,* was even then playing in Hollywood, was wanted by Mary Pickford for one of her productions, now in the writing stage, but scheduled to start production soon.

Charles, practicing law in Dublin, where he graduated from Dublin University at 19—the youngest grad in its history—and had to wait two years before he was admitted to the bar, had been tested by Warner Brothers. And when they tested Charles in Dublin, they also tested the youngest brother, Jimmy. Right after the tests were made, producers representing the Rank interests in England suddenly decided *they* wanted both boys for picture work!

It was just about at this point that Maureen had an inspirational moment—and she went right into action, in typical O'Hara fashion.

When she came to Hollywood seven years ago, she had been the first of her parents' children to leave home—excluding the oldest sister, Margaret Ann, who had entered a convent in Dublin. Now, the thought of her father and mother alone in the big house where they had all been raised, weighed heavily on her and she wanted to do something about it.

She wrote both of them that this was the time to come to California. She already has had a reply.

Her father wrote that the matter was entirely up to her mother. Her mother said it was up to him. Maureen knew the truth behind this evasion. Her father has his business in Dublin—he heads a chain of sports stores—and has no intention of retiring. Her mother also has a flourishing dress business. They both have someone very close to them who is never going to leave Dublin—their daughter, Margaret Ann.

That was an understanding—and poignant—moment.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Meeting and serving with Jimmy Stewart was perhaps one of my greatest experiences in the Air Force. I saw Jimmy first when he joined our Bomb Group in the States, and I was in the same outfit with him practically all during our stay in England. I can safely say he was the best liked and most admired officer on the field. One day, when three bombers from his squadron were missing, he came into the locker room to sweat it out. I served him a cup of coffee. He sat there very silently; didn't speak to anyone. His face was lined with sorrow. Yes, Stewart was that kind of guy—his men always came first. Hollywood can well be proud of him.

Joe Scaletta, Jr.
San Jose, Calif.

WE THREE

(*Continued from page 53*)

Market! Maybe the boldest venture of that campaign was walking up to Jeanne with that old tired line, "I know I've met you somewhere" (wish I really had, by the way) and asking, "May I have your telephone number?" But it worked. I got the number.

Our idea of fun may seem rather bizarre sometimes to other people, but that's just the way we are, and we like it that way. We took a lot of kidding, for instance, when we picked Death Valley for our wedding trip. "What a place for a honeymoon!" our friends razzed us. "The name's bad enough," they went on. "But of all the God-forsaken barren, empty stretches of nothing—" Maybe so—but Jeanne and I happened to be crazy about the place. We thought the desert scenery, the colors, the sun and shadows, the whole magnificent setting was wonderful. Nobody around for a hundred miles—just scenery, and us. We had the time of our lives, exploring old mine shafts, climbing mountains and watching sunsets. Okay, we're crazy.

looks are deceiving . . .

I had the first of those revelations about the new Mrs. Brinkman at Death Valley, incidentally. Before I married Jeanne, I pictured her as strictly the sweet type (and I still do), as fresh and fragile as the breath of spring. I've always been pretty much of an outdoor guy myself. I like hunting, fishing and hiking and all that. Well—we climbed up to Dante's View one day.

That's a mountain top over a mile straight up from Death Valley's floor. The floor's two hundred feet below sea level and hot enough to curl your hair. At Dante's it's over 6,000 feet and cold enough to freeze it. Jeanne wasn't even breathing hard with the climb or the quick temperature change. But what made me gasp was when she trotted right up to a cliff which dropped away a sheer six thousand feet—straight down—and looked nonchalantly over, just as if she were inspecting her shoelace!

We went quail-hunting another time during those honeymoon weeks. We hunted a rugged canyon that slashes up the mountains—a place where it's good to be a goat if you can arrange it—not a pretty girl like Jeanne. Shotguns are heavy and Jeanne wore new hunting boots, which is always a mistake in country like that. But although we hoisted our gear half way up San Jacinto Mountains, she didn't hang behind—except just once.

"Something keeps sticking me," complained Jeanne. I looked. Hanging to the seat of her hunting cords was a man sized *cholla* cactus. Just then she sat down for a rest. She got up again fast. We called time out while I picked out the needles. But even playing pincushion didn't stop Jeanne for long—although if you've ever sat on a cactus you'll know it wasn't fun.

Jeanne Crain's sweet-girl-graduate look is deceptive, believe me. She has a mind of her own as well as courage and a taste for obeying that impulse which sometimes makes people who don't know her as I do fall into a slight swoon. A case in point was that time out near Reno, Nevada, where Jeanne made her first picture after we were married, *Margie*. I just had to see the little woman in action so I played hookey from my manufacturing plant one week, and rode up. "How wonderful, darling," said Jeanne, giving me one of those irresistible hugs, "now we can go skiing and get some pictures for the book."

Maybe I'd better explain about the book. Jeanne's as sentimental as that gentleman from Georgia. We've had an anniversary every month since we've been married. She keeps everything—all her school report cards, dance programs, kodak snaps since the time she was in diapers, old hair ribbons, theater bills. When we were married, she started a photograph album. She pasted in the honeymoon pictures, the hotel bill with that brand new "Mr. and Mrs. Brinkman," our place cards, match covers, everything at the table. This was a chance for some snaps of our first vacation together.

I hadn't skiied for several years. Jeanne hadn't ever had a pair on. That didn't bother her. She bought a complete snow outfit and we headed for Mount Rose. There's one of those tricky ski lifts there stringing scarily up the mountainside, a balanced platform with a bar to hang on to. You're supposed to keep it even with your weights. But I weigh much more than Jeanne and halfway up it teetered to my side and off Jeanne plopped in the snow, which threw me off, too. They stopped the lift, of course. Was Jeannie dismayed?—not a bit! "Quick," she said, "hand me the camera. We've just got to have a picture of this for the scrapbook!" The impatient skiers above were howling bloody murder, but I got out the camera. You might know Jeanne. She got the pictures.

Jeanne startled most of her friends—but not me this time—when she asked me to buy her lion cub, Shah-Shah. I'm a little bit touched myself about animals and both Jeanne and I have dreamed ever since we met of making a gun and camera safari to Africa—the gun for me, the camera for Jeanne. After what happened about Shah, you'll know Jeanne could never kill anything bigger than a mosquito without suffering pangs of remorse. She didn't bang away at one quail on that rugged bird-shooting trip of ours and before we got back, she'd even made me promise never to shoot another deer. But about Shah.

come into my menagerie . . .

We went to a circus party in Hollywood—one of those lavish garden affairs with elephants, camels, seals—the whole menagerie scattered around. This little ten-day old cub was in a miniature cage and she was so cute, she stole the show. Too much so, Jeanne thought, as people picked up the cub, tossed her around and puffed cigarette smoke in her frightened face.

"Poor little thing," sighed Jeannie. "She's so skinny. I'd love to take her home, away from all this mauling, and fatten her up. Oh," she cried eagerly, "let's!"

We were calling ourselves the luckiest pair in the world at that point because we actually had an apartment at last. No children allowed. No pets. No anything—but still an apartment. "Wait a minute—" I protested.

Just then the cub reached up and licked Jeannie's hand. That did it. I knew I was just talking into the breeze. Never underestimate the power of a woman—especially if the woman's Jeanne Crain Brinkman. "Okay," I grinned helplessly.

We had to drive sixty-five miles to find the cub's owner. We had to talk an arm off to buy her. But we got Shah-Shah, and we brought her home. We sneaked her inside like smugglers and bedded her down in the laundry basket. When she started to make noises we piled on more laundry. When the landlady came around, we turned the record machine up loud. I

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imagine the neighbors wondered how come the Brinkmans managed to use up so many shirts and sheets and things.

We fed her every four hours with a strictly scientific formula and Shah's a pretty big girl now. In fact, she prowls around a special run with a high steel fence at our new house (luckily on a remote hill) and scares the daylights out of everybody who comes near, although she wouldn't hurt a flea. Eventually, of course, we'll have to part with Shah. But then Jeanne wants a panda and a penguin and a fawn! So do I. Yep, we're crazy all right—but I don't know who's crazier—Jeanne or I.

Since we've been Mr. and Mrs., we've had all kinds of mutual projects going—our house, new furniture, our baby. The evenings aren't long enough to talk them all over; usually I meet Jeanne for lunch when she's shooting. Always, I pick her up when her day's done. One noon when Jeanne was making *Margie*, I dropped by and we drove into Beverly Hills for lunch. Jeanne came right off the set where she was playing a 15-year-old girl, circa 1925. She had on a short little dress, long black stockings, and she wore pigtails. They did something to her. I locked up the car and when I turned around, Jeannie was skipping up the sidewalk. Everybody stared.

she got carried away . . .

"Wasn't that awful?" she said later. "I forgot I was me." She was thinking she was Margie, the schoolgirl. She's that way.

Myself, I think Jeanne Crain's a pretty swell actress; she goes through the most awful agonies when she sees herself on the screen. I took her to the premiere of *Leave Her To Heaven*—the first Hollywood premiere of one of her pictures Jeanne had a chance to take in. She says she's not superstitious, but—well—she had a brand new dress especially made for the event. She put it on—then took it off. "Uh-uh," decided Jeanne, snatching an old one off her closet rack. "This is better." It was a familiar one to me, a white brocade hoop-skirt deal with gold thread all through it. Jeannie wore that on our first big step-out date, to a New Year's Eve party.

We went to the premiere. All the way through I saw Jeanne duck her head down in her hands and sigh dismally. "Oh, my hair, my ears—see how awful I look!" she kept muttering. She looked swell, but you couldn't tell *her* that.

That night, incidentally, I learned about the narrow escape we'd both had when Jeanne made *Leave Her To Heaven*. We weren't married then but we were both pretty definitely in love. Jeanne went off to Bass Lake in the Sierras to shoot location scenes and I didn't want her out of my sight. One day I had plans all made to fly up there and surprise her. I sent her a wire saying I was coming. Then the plane ride I'd counted on fell through. "Oh, that's perfectly all right," said Jeanne. "What a wonderful disposition." I thought at the time.

Jeanne didn't tell me the story about that, wisely, until we were married.

"Was I glad you didn't show up on location that time when you wired you would!" she said.

"*Glad!*" I was a little sore.

"You bet," chuckled Jeanne. "That day I had to make love to Cornel all day long—and we'd just met. That made it hard enough. But when you said you were coming to watch! It's a wonder I ever got through the scene at all."

I'm glad I didn't go now, too. I might have got so furiously jealous I'd have jumped off a cliff or something. I know more about actors and actresses now, of course. But that was one narrow escape.

Jeanne doesn't bring her picture career home with her. She's got too many other things on her mind—mostly Paul, Junior, whose every move enchants her. She'll call me at the office—breathless. "Guess what just happened," she'll say. "Baby Paul ate cereal this morning—and he's only seven weeks old!"

Jeanne's a wonderful mother. She says it's pure instinct and I think she's right. "This baby," declares Jeanne firmly, "isn't going to be raised from any book." She has a mind of her own, as I said, and when it comes to instinct, she's practically psychic.

Last Christmas we included Paul in the presents with boy's toys. "Merry Christmas," Jeanne wrote on the cards, "to our baby boy." You see, he just couldn't have been anything else with all that Brinkman confidence ticking away.

Jeanne believes a new moon brings babies. Paul came with a new moon. She knew my birthday was April 10, and thought it would be nice for Paul Junior's to be the same. She did pretty well there, too. He was born April Sixth.

Jeanne's capable in a million ways you'd never suspect. She can cook; she can paint; she plays a dreamy piano. She can work all day and get up at 4:30 to feed Paul and still look fresh as a daisy.

Jeannie's foibles are every bit as fascinating to me as her virtues, because I'm a foible man myself. Like me, Jeanne can't pass by an ice cream parlor without going in for the works. She adores to read for hours sitting in a bubble bath (now we're back on Jeanne, not me!). When she shops for clothes, she goes alone, tries on different dresses, and weeds out all but three or four. Then, when I drop past to pick her up, she tries on these again, and only buys the ones she's sure I like. She gets furious at inanimate objects, like doors or chairs or anything she happens to bump into, and tells them right off in a loud voice. She adores Mozart, Liszt and Chopin, but she'll switch them off fast if someone comes in with an ancient jazz record. If she ever has more than two dollars in her purse it's a miracle, so she's always in some minor financial jam. She thinks she's thrifty, but she's the world's worst bargainer.

shop hound jeanne . . .

We had our eye on some old captain's chairs to help furnish our new house. It's modern—both Jeanne and I love modern things—and these chairs happened to fit in perfectly. Jeanne called me at the office. "I've found the chairs," she said, "and I'm buying them."

I asked how much. "A hundred and sixty-five dollars," said Jeanne. "That's what the man wants."

I said, "Hold everything," and raced down. We got them for a hundred.

But you can't expect an actress to be a horse trader, exactly, and I like Jeanne just as she is, which is just as she was when I first saw her. That doesn't mean she's run out of surprises; there's a new one for me every day, and nicer all the time, too. The one I appreciatad most arrived last spring on that red-letter date in our lives, Easter Sunday, April Sixth.

That's when I waited at the Queen of Angels Hospital for the anxious thrill that comes once in a lifetime, the first time a mere young man becomes a father.

"Take it easy, kid," one of the other pops-to-be told me, as I began chewing my nails in the waiting room. "I've been here thirty-six hours already."

Well, when I rushed out to send wires and make phone calls just a little later, the 36-hour guy was still sitting there. That's a surprise Jeanne handed me that I'll never forget, and I'll always be grateful for. I'm not at all sure I'd have lasted thirty-six rounds.

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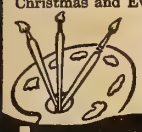

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AH, YOUTH!

(Continued from page 62)

studio or taking a singing lesson."

"Gosh," said the girl. "What a life!"

When, a few hours later, Beverly arrived home in the Westwood apartment, her mother was in the kitchen. While Mrs. Saul vacillated between grapefruit or chocolate pie for dessert, Bev quietly tiptoed into her bedroom. Here she unwrapped a score of bundles and removed the price tags. When her mother's footsteps sounded in the hall, Bev scooped up the pile of price tags and shoved them under the rug.

"Well," said Mrs. Saul, "you've been shopping again."

Beverly grinned sheepishly. "Well, yes—but it's the first time in three months."

"Enough clothes to take care of a sorority," muttered Mrs. Saul. She picked up a cocktail dress. "This is attractive. How much did you pay for it?"

"I don't remember," said Beverly.

She spoke the truth. It was impossible to remember prices of the array of clothes strewn on the bed. When Miss Tyler sets out on a shopping tour, she goes temporarily berserk. Her conscience catches up with her on the way home, and to avoid domestic upheaval, she removes the price tags. Her parents are informed of her activities when the bills arrive in the mail, but then, of course, it's too late for anything save the monthly discussion on the value of money.

Other than this financial strain, Bev and her parents get along admirably. She considers herself fortunate to have been born to the kind of people who understand her so thoroughly. They have declined to set a curfew time for Beverly's dates, with the result that she arrives home, on her own, at sensible hours.

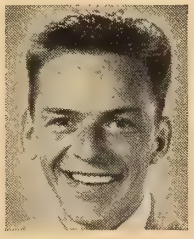
Her dates have been with a varied assortment of men, including Rory Calhoun, Mickey Rooney—and notably Tom Drake. She and Tom spend many hours in local music shops.

"You've got to hear this," says Tom. "It's a Pearl Bailey recording, and it's wonderful."

Beverly listens patiently until the record has finished and then says, "I'm sure you'd like Tchaikowsky, Tom. Listen to this concerto."

This has been going on for months, and they still haven't got together in their

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Not long ago, Frank Sinatra appeared here in Cleveland. Naturally, the audience was filled with loyal Sinatra fans. When Frank came on, they screamed and swooned so that it was impossible for the show to go on. Sinatra walked up to the mike and put his hand up. Suddenly, the auditorium was as quiet as a churchyard. All, except one little girl. She let out a terrific Frank-eeee scream. Frank looked around to see where the scream had come from. When he spotted the girl he said politely, "No solos, please. You gotta do it all together."

Donald Blaha
Cleveland, Ohio

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musical taste. But Beverly has no objection to the disagreement, considering that it lends variety. The thing about Tom that *does* get her is his inability to remember things—plus his almost unfailing tardiness.

He was to have lunch one day with a studio publicist, and arranged to meet Beverly afterward. She arrived at the appointed meeting place at two o'clock and finally Tom hove into view.

"Hello," she said. "How was Dorothy?"

Tom looked blank. "Dorothy? Dorothy who?"

"You were supposed to have lunch at the studio with—"

His eyes widened. "Oh! Oh, ye gods! Excuse me a minute. I've got to get to a phone!"

And then there was the time Tom was invited to Beverly's home for dinner.

"What time shall I come?" he asked her over the phone.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "We'll have dinner about eight."

At 7:15 that evening, the doorbell rang. Beverly opened the door to find a huge box of flowers standing there, and behind the blooms, she saw Tom's right ear. His voice was breathless.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I don't know how to apologize."

"Apologize for what?"

"Why, for being late. I'm terribly—"

"But you're *not* late," Bev informed him. "Dinner isn't anywhere near ready."

He peered around the flowers, disbelief written on his face. "I'm not late?" Then he grinned. "It must be the first time in my life."

The Tyler-Drake dates, with the exception of sojourns in music shops, consist for the most part in going to movies, and then ripping them afterward with criticism and praise. Beverly has great respect for Tom as an actor and, therefore, has implicit faith in his judgment where acting is concerned.

can't help singing . . .

Besides the acting end of her job, Beverly works hard with her voice which is, after all, the most important thing to her. When she was studying with Gita Alpar at the studio, Gita said that she never knew a girl who loved to sing so much, and that she often had trouble getting Beverly to leave. Things are changed now. Beverly studies with Arthur Rosenstein, who sets hourly appointments with stars who study voice. She has to leave when her time is up, and her only alternative is to go home and sing. Which, being B. Tyler, she does.

This does nothing for her mother's nervous system, as the Sauls live in a small apartment. They are currently looking for a house, whose prime requirement is a large and high-ceilinged living room, to allow space for Beverly's powerful voice to float through the room once—without bouncing back from the walls.

Once in a while, the neighbor's kids drop in for a visit, hoping that Bev will favor them with a selection. She often does because she happens to like kids. Especially, she befriends the youngsters at the studio. Beverly remembers her two years, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, when M-G-M was preparing her for her first role, and in compliance with the rules of the Board of Education, she was always accompanied by her mother while on the lot. There were too many times when people passed them by and were too busy to speak to the small-town youngster.

Bev has a new car on order, and although anxious for its delivery, she sometimes considers the matter with considerable trepidation. Never having had a car, Beverly is on the nil side where driving is concerned and California traffic terrifies her. A year ago she learned the rudiments of driving, but only on a country road and within a space of two blocks. And then one day, she was home alone when the phone rang. It was a nurse calling from a downtown hospital, where one of Bev's dearest friends was quite ill.

"She's been asking for you, Miss Tyler. The doctor thinks if you will come down immediately, it may help."

Frantic, Bev phoned for a cab. There were none available within the next hour. The hospital was miles away, through Los Angeles' worst traffic districts, and a streetcar would take forever. Then she remembered that her parents' car was in the garage, the keys in the ignition. No, thought Beverly. I can't do it. But she did.

The drive was agonizing. She stalled at almost every stop sign and was the object of much impolite language from other drivers. By the time she arrived at the hospital she was almost paralyzed with fear. She stayed for hours, and finally the doctor suggested that she go home.

"I can't," she said.

"Why not?"

"Never mind why. Just let me stay a little longer."

Dusk arrived and when she realized darkness would cover the city within an hour, she made up her mind to leave. She had recounted the adventure to her friend, who had laughed for the first time in weeks, and hearing the hilarity from down the hall, the doctors smiled at each other. It was a good sign. They never knew how close they had come to having an additional patient.

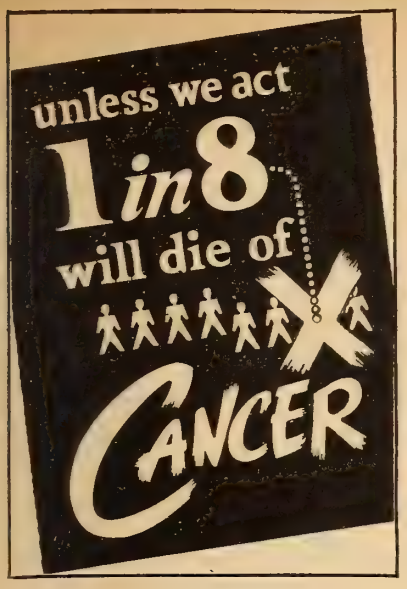
Bev and Tom occasionally get away from shop talk, such as the night in May when they went to the circus. The evening, at first, was a slight disappointment because they found that instead of seeing the circus, they were being seen at the circus. In the middle of the trapeze act, the trained seals and the man being shot from a cannon, they were approached by strangers seeking autographs. However, the best part came at the end of the show, when the ringmaster told them that the circus folk would like to see them "backstage." Tom and Bev went back to talk to the whole troupe, sitting around in their respective tents. The performers were so charmed with the young couple that they invited them to stay for dinner, between shows.

But Bev and Tom were even more excited. This was the first time either of them had been to the circus since they were kids, and now that they were grown up, they had a bond with these people, who carry on the oldest form of show business. And as anyone knows, particularly Bev and Tom, there's no business like show business.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It happened in 1944, in the coffee shop of the Columbia Hotel in South Carolina. My brother, then in the army, and two of his buddies were just being seated when they noticed two navy lieutenants making their way to another table. My brother recognized one of the navy men as Tyrone Power, and being the bashful (?) type, he called out in his best German, "Wie gehts, mein lieutnant?" Imagine his amazement when Lt. Power turned and smilingly answered, "Sehr wohl, und sie?"

Esther Persiani
Arlington, Va.



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"DANA? THAT'S MY BOY!"

(*Continued from page 36*)

said if I was so busy that she couldn't even talk to me on the phone, how in the heck would I have time to give her an interview about Dana and that I could just do the story myself. Never argue with your mother, I always say. That's why I'm temporarily back at my former calling, slaving over a hot typewriter.

Well, let's get back to the Press Club (flashback fashion) and see what they're doing. They're drinking champagne, which was set up by Joan Crawford. Both she and Dana, who deservedly got the Golden Apples, were way down east, Joan in New York and Dana with his family in Stowe, Vermont, having the best years of his life roaring around the snow-packed hills on skis.

We'd arranged to call them and an amplifier hook-up was arranged so the Club could hear Dana and Joan accept the awards. Dana had traveled through towering snow drifts in the midst of a raging blizzard to talk to us. It was very exciting.

I'd had my eye on Dana for years, as far back as *Swamp Water, The Ox-Bow Incident,* even when he was an actor at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and now I wanted him to star in my production *Memory of Love.* Wanting him for my picture was like wishing I'd been born with diamond-studded teeth, that I were 21 again, with Peck, Johnson, Lawford, Crosby, and, yes, Andrews, all bachelors and bombarding me with orchids, jewels, and invitations to go dancing at Mocambo. Pure stuff of dreams, all of it. Every producer in town wanted him for a picture. He's in demand, that boy.

Two months later I had a talk with the studio head, Dore Schary, and my executive producer, Jack Gross.

keep your fingers crossed . . .

Dore said, "Things look promising on the Andrews deal." It was a bright moment. I'd been going around with crossed fingers on both hands for months, hoping that would help land Dana in my picture.

"I'm seeing Dana at the Press Club luncheon today," I told Dore. (This was *another* luncheon.)

"Don't say anything to him yet. The contracts aren't signed," Dore said.

So when I found myself sitting next to Dana at lunch, I began obediently talking about everything but what was closest to my heart, when he said:

"By the way, Harriet, I just left Dore. I'm going to do your picture." Very casual like, he said it.

Rockets and twenty-one gun salutes started going off in my head. The 4th of July was a little early this year for me.

"Oh, did you?" I said in the same casual way. At least I think I said something. Maybe it was "What picture?" or "Who? YOU!" I wouldn't know. Oh, happy daze! Here was I, snaffling the hottest actor in Hollywood! I might as well sell my convertible because I'd be traveling on pink clouds from now on.

I came out of that roseate glow with a four-alarm alarm. Here were all these press gals and writers around. Miraculously, what went in the gals' ears didn't come out their typewriters. The story held and when the proper time came Louella (Scoop) Parsons broke it. I didn't tell her, either. I was too busy getting those crossed fingers pried apart.

When Dana and I got down to business, talking over the part (he's a young composer, blinded by an accident and very bitter) I said:

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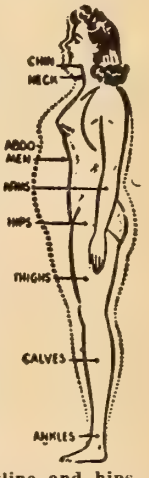

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"Do you play the piano at all, Dana?"

"I did once," he said. "A long time ago." He looked dreamily amused.

"I was nine and mad for a little girl who was giving her first piano recital. Despite my charms, she wasn't impressed. So I told my music teacher she had to teach me a piece I'd decided on for the recital. She was very cold to the idea. According to her, it was way over my head. Well, I learned it, played it at the recital, and that's the story of my musical career to date."

I forgot momentarily, under the spell of the Andrews charm, that we weren't there to reminisce.

"You'll be able to manage this chore," I said, reading the line as if it were a flat statement, but meaning it as a question.

"Since I've been in pictures, I've learned to pole a boat in the Okefenokee Swamp, drive a team in Oregon, ride horseback in several states, tie sailor's knots—I think I can swing the piano," Dana said.

playing hookey . . .

Being a worrier, there were several new gray hairs in my head (don't tell my youthful mother) when pianist Max Rabinowitch, who was giving Dana daily lessons, told me his pupil was off for a weekend on his ketch, the "Vileehi." You know Andrews and his boats. Next to his family, he loves them best, with pictures running third. Yipe! Here he was polishing eighty feet of boat when he should be polishing the ivories.

The picture started. Dana sat down at the piano. Nobody laughed. Because that guy was doing a fine job of playing the very difficult concerto around which the story revolves. And that wasn't all. As a man who had lost his sight he had to: wear contact lenses that really blinded him, *and* play the piano, *and* speak dialogue, *and* come in right on both music and line cues. Sound complicated? It is. Very. I still don't know how he did it all, except that Dana is a very remarkable sort of fellow.

I watched him on the set. It wasn't an easy, gay, free, light-hearted chore. He may have been nervous, but he didn't show it.

"I can waltz, too," he flipped as he went through all the various pieces of business during rehearsal.

"Darn you, Harriet," he said to me later. "Do you realize I'm really going to have to learn this concerto?"

"Why?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

"Because all my friends are asking me to play it. And it's a beautiful piece of music and I *want* to learn it," he said.

He's right. It *is* a wonderful concerto, which brilliant young composer Leith Stevens wrote especially for *Memory of Love*. It's modern and melodic. Dana can hum it through from beginning to end. While we were shooting the Carnegie Hall sequence, Dana, Artur Rubinstein, Eugene Ormandy and Hoagy Carmichael formed a barber shop quartet. Their selection was the concerto. I expect there have been better quartets, but certainly none more expensive.

One of the questions often asked me, as a woman executive, is: "Do men like to work with you?" I probably will never know the real inside, but to the best of my knowledge most men don't particularly object to working with women. I have rules: Don't try to turn a business relationship with personable male stars into a social gathering; don't act coy, and never demand any concessions on account of being a woman. I guess it works.

When my favorite leading man has time to kill on the set between shots, watch out. He loves to talk. So do I. But I'm usually quite well pressed for time and don't have much opportunity for chit-chat.

Dana cornered me one day when I was bicycling between *Memory of Love* and *I Remember Mama* (plug for the picture George Stevens and I are doing). He knew I was in a hurry so he did everything he could to keep me there. All in fun, natch.

"How about a game of Klabriasch," he proposed. "If I win you stand on your head for five minutes. If I lose *I'll* stand on your head for five minutes." He's a joker, that boy.

In my college days at Wellesley, I was a champion at standing on my head. But I am also nobody's fool. (This is open for debate at any time.) I know when I'm beaten before I start. That tricky card game he plays is not well known, except by Dana and director William Wyler, who taught it to him. It's a diabolical form of pinochle which was invented and should only be played by Hungarians.

"Goodby now," I said. Fortunately, I had been paged and made my escape. It's always a good idea to have an out when Dana tries to trap you in a trap.

I wouldn't like to give the impression that Dana is always trying to be a card or a life-of-the-party type. That would be wrong. Fundamentally, he's well-informed, broad-minded, seriously intelligent. He's quick to grasp and help solve any problem that has to do with making a picture, production-wise or otherwise. That's why he'll be a good producer himself.

"So far, I haven't found a story I think enough of to want to produce," he says. "I don't care so much about the *kind* of story as I do about the quality." That's his personal crusade—and he feels the public will buy tickets to movies on any subject so long as they're good pictures. And I agree.

Those are the things I know about him as an actor. Now let's peer at him from a purely personal angle. He's home now, having a long, tall, cool one. I know, because I'm there, too. So are his wife, Mary, the kids—David, 13, Kathy, 5, and Stephen, 2. And the red Cocker, Michael, who sniffs inquisitively and seems to want to know how come I didn't bring my poodle along.

chivalry rides again . . .

David, over in the corner of the large den, said:

"Didn't I hear you on the radio when your mother was off the air?"

"Why, yes," I said, bridling prettily, "did you listen to the show?"

"Oh, just the last thirty seconds of it," he said, dampening my ego. "Buck Rogers came on after you. I turned on the radio so I wouldn't miss the beginning of it."

David had somehow managed to move across the room without seeming to and was twiddling with the dials on a complicated looking recording machine. "I'll put on a recording of the piece my Dad plays in this picture he's doing. You know he's a blind guy that plays the piano—"

"David," Mary broke in, "Miss Parsons is the *producer* of the picture. She knows all about it."

"Hey, kids," Dana called to Stephen and Kathy, "get out of that fireplace!" They both giggled, complied, and were piled on their father's lap within seconds.

"I fa' down," Stephen said, fingering an infinitesimal scratch on his knee. "I haf to have bandaids." The next minute he had buried himself under the pillows of the couch and was peeking out at us, grinning.

Kathy, the small, feminine, wistfully appealing spittin' image of her dad was busy drawing things on a scratch pad. Cats and clowns in fancy costumes. They're very good, too, for a five-year-old. Recognizable, and with a lot of humor.

Dana and Kathy exchanged a look of mutual adoration.

"It seems to me," Dana said, "my kids move faster than anybody's. One minute

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you don't know they're within miles. The next, they're right on top of you. We don't have a nurse now and I don't know how Mary can take it. Even so, they're the reason I'm not doing some of the things I should, like taking more active part in politics and civic affairs. I find my family practically irresistible." He was looking at Mary, the only member of his family present.

I found myself agreeing with him again. Matter of fact, it's hard not to agree with Dana.

That's the story of my first production with Dana Andrews. One of those rewarding experiences producers dream about between nightmares. So you can readily see why, when you're talking to people who have worked with him, his friends, press agents, and writers, they all get a kind of out of this world, possessive look and say, "Dana? That's my boy!"

LADY IN THE DARK— (JOHN'S SIDE)

(*Continued from page 45*)

tributed $45,000 to the upkeep of our home. I did twelve motion pictures and fifty two broadcasts in that time. In the last year and a half, idle times have come to me, as they do to all actors. I've been in the doldrums. I went to New York to do *Laura* and thought this play might be the springboard for a renewed demand for my talents in Hollywood. I quit the show when I heard that she was planning to divorce me. She wouldn't answer my letter, and I was in a turmoil, wondering what was going on. So I came home to see. The show wasn't going into New York and it had afforded me all the good I could get out of it, but yet she criticizes me for not sticking with the play.

When we lived in the little house on the hill in Benedict Canyon I could keep the place going. It cost us then about $800 per month. But since we moved into the big new house she bought in Beverly Hills it has been away beyond my means. The monthly upkeep runs about $2,000, and I don't make that kind of money. Yet when I thought it would make her happy I signed a promissory note to pay off the $20,000 I was in arrears in meeting the expenses. Then she came up with a demand that I pay my board at home when I wasn't working, even if I couldn't handle all the upkeep. I agreed to this, too. But I'm afraid I've just been playing the role of Chamberlain with the umbrella. As soon as I agree to one demand, there is another facing me.

She has become so engrossed with the subject of money lately, and seems to worry so much about it, that it has become almost a mania. Yet she has made lots of money with her pictures. In fact, she is a highly successful producer. She couldn't really ask for more success.

I am only in hopes that after she gets her divorce that she will think it over carefully, and when the year has ended, she will decide to come back to me. I pin my hopes on the knowledge that she really loves me. There was a time in the hospital when our last baby was born that she looked at me one day and said, "Pappy, I do love you so much!" and I know she meant it.

"I want to have equal custody of our children. Also I think she shouldn't insist that I meet that promissory note I signed if she is to have a divorce. I hope I can get to work again soon. I'll feel better when I am able to meet her more than half way financially."

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 24*)

There's a slight mix-up when Michael arrives in Glacier. Word has gotten around that the Kansas City Kid, a well-known gunman, is coming to town. He has been hired by Duke's rival, Plumber (Bill Goodwin) to dispose of Duke. When Michael shows up, everyone thinks he's the Kid. He can't understand the general tendency to duck into doorways when he appears on the street.

But it is Michael who rescues Duke from death at the hands of the real Kansas City Kid. Duke rewards him with a job. So far, so good. Michael now starts inquiring around for a minister's daughter and finds that Druscilla Wainwright (Jorja Curtright), the school teacher, is one . . .

Heaven only knows what will happen next!—*U.A.*

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

When Joe Howard wrote "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," motion pictures were just a gleam in some genius' eye. If you had told him that a picture would same day be made, with color and sound, based on his life, he would have put you in a straitjacket.

I don't know how much resemblance the plot bears to the actual facts but I doubt if it matters. There are lively tunes and beautiful girls and comedy and romance. There's Mark Stevens playing Joe, and June Haver as the girl who loves him from the time she's fourteen. And a couple of sirens, too.

It starts when Joe sells a song he's written to Lulu Madison (Martha Stewart), who sings at the Bowery Theater. He takes little Katie (June Haver), whom he looks on as a kid sister, along to hear Lulu sing it. Lulu is impressed by Joe's curly hair, gay smile and six feet of muscular manhood. He's just the type she's searching for to play the piano. He can even play the piano. So he gets off on tour with Lulu, leaving Katie behind in New Jersey.

Not that she stays behind long. She makes up a heart-rending story about how her uncle has died, and she's alone in the world except for Joe. He accepts the responsibility and insists on Lulu taking her along for the rest of the tour. It's an arrangement which Lulu fails to appreciate.

In the next couple of years, Katie grows up. She manages to prove to Joe that Lulu is double-crossing him, and gets him to leave and start a new act with Katie as his partner. They're doing pretty well when menace number two turns up. It's another singer—Fritzi (Lenore Aubert), who is well known to Broadway.

She too goes for curly haired composer-piano players, and this time Katie doesn't have much luck sabotaging the romance. But fortunately Fritzi knows exactly what she wants out of life, and it isn't Joe. Even then, it takes some maneuvering to prove to Joe that what *he* really wants is Katie.—*20th-Fox*

DESERT FURY

Imagine if your only trouble was having to decide between John Hodiak and Burt Lancaster! We should all have troubles like that. The girl in this predicament is Paula Haller (Lizabeth Scott), whose mother, Fritzi (Mary Astor) "runs" the desert town of Chuckawalla. Fritzi has kept her daughter safe in boarding school for years but now Paula has rebelled. She's going to stay right in Chuckawalla.

Maybe Tom Hanson (Burt Lancaster) has something to do with her decision. Tom's the sheriff. He's an ex-broncho buster who ought to try some of that technique on Paula. It's just what she needs. As it is, he's far too sweet to her, and her attention quickly wanders to big, good-looking Eddie Bendix (John Hodiak) who has just come back to town.

Three years ago Eddie left, when his wife was killed in an auto accident. Now he and his saturnine pal, Johnny (Wendell Corey) have rented a ranch near Chuckawalla. He plays roulette at the Purple Sage club which Fritzi owns, and he obviously likes the looks of Fritzi's daughter.

Paula gets plenty of warnings about Eddie. "I'm not sure that accident where his wife was killed *was* an accident," Tom tells her soberly. "Keep away from him, Paula."

Fritzi, used to being obeyed, says tersely "Lay off Bendix." And then is surprised when her daughter is too much like her to take orders.

Johnny warns Paula, when she comes out to the ranch. "This is no place for you, kid."

Even Eddie himself says "I'm trouble, baby. Watch out." But Paula likes trouble—or thinks she does. It takes a while for her to find out what trouble really means.—*Par.*

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

If you could live a year of your life over again, could you avoid making the same mistakes? Or would Destiny, and your own weakness, trap you once more?

That's the problem which actress Sheila Page (Joan Leslie) faces. 1946 ended tragically, with her shooting her husband, Barney (Louis Hayward). Suddenly a miracle happens. Instead of being New Year's, 1947, she finds herself back at New Year's, 1946, with the year to live over again. Barney is still alive. Bitter, unhappy over his failure as a playwright, drinking too much—but alive. Now if she can only keep him from the affair with Paula Costello (Virginia Field) which ruined him last year! It should be easy, since he doesn't know Paula yet.

But Sheila underrates Destiny. That very night she and Barney give a party, and a beautiful blonde girl gets off at their floor by mistake. Barney immediately invites her to come and join the party—and of course she is Paula Costello.

Sheila decides the only solution is to get him away from New York. She persuades him to go to California with her. For six weeks they lead a quiet, fairly happy life. Then John Friday (Tom Conway), Sheila's producer, arrives with a new play for her to do—by Paula Costello.

So Fate twines them in the old net once more. Sheila is busy with the play, and Barney and Paula are seen everywhere together. Sheila's best friend, William Williams (Richard Basehart), who would do anything in the world for her, is committed to an insane asylum. *That* happened last year, too.

Then comes a break in the pattern. Barney falls from a balcony, and injures his spine, and may never walk again. This *didn't* happen last year, so perhaps it means that Sheila has a chance. But Fate laughs . . .

This is a synthetic little drama, with no conviction except in the acting of Richard Basehart, an importation from Broadway.—*Eagle-Lion.*

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now: Mark Stevens plays the famous songwriter, Joe Howard, and June Haver, his adopted "Sis," who chooses a hotel lobby to show him she'd make a good partner.

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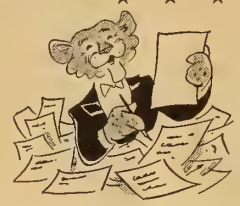

The last time we had it was when "Mrs. Miniver" was released. Everybody sent in his or her ten-best list.

★ ★ ★

Now we've got it again. We've seen M-G-M's "Song of Love" and we're going to tell you about it. In turn, when you've seen it, we want you to tell us.

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You're invited to send in your list of love stories to Leo, c/o M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you—whether you include "Song of Love" or not.

★ ★ ★ ★

We think you will.

—Leo

P.S.: A few titles to get your "Song of Love" started:

A Farewell to Arms	Jane Eyre
A Guy Named Joe	Kitty Foyle
Camille	Mrs. Miniver
Cavalcade	Random Harvest
Dark Victory	Rebecca
Flesh and the Devil	San Francisco
Gaslight	Seventh Heaven
Gone With The Wind	The Philadelphia Story
It Happened One Night	White Cliffs of Dover

OCTOBER, 1947

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stories

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JEAN KINKEAD, contributing editor

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They're playing that "10 BEST" *game again!*

Everyone's listing the Screen's Most Exciting Love Stories! Try it! It's fun!

We think SONG OF LOVE will be on your list when you've seen it! Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker are its romantic stars. It tells the story of a mad genius and the woman who gave him her love. Set to magnificent music that will sing in your heart. Many will say it's the 10 Most Exciting Love Stories rolled into one!

★ **To help get your list started, here are some all-time great love stories from M-G-M:**

"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

"SAN FRANCISCO"

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

"THE PHILADELPHIA STORY"

"MRS. MINIVER"

"RANDOM HARVEST"

"A GUY NAMED JOE"

"WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"

"GASLIGHT"

Yes! We could go on . . . but you get the idea! Get up your list of 10 favorite Love Stories . . . and send it to M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you!

M-G-M presents

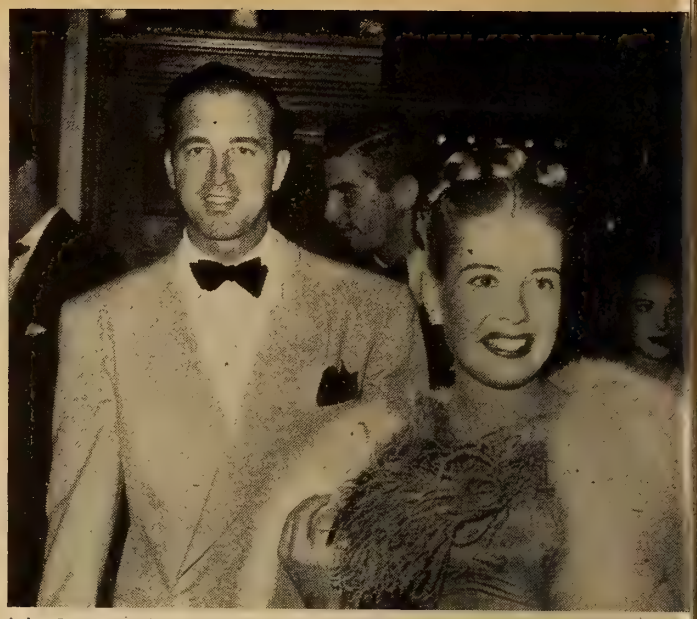
KATHARINE HEPBURN · PAUL HENREID · ROBERT WALKER

Song of Love

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION with LEO G. CARROLL • HENRY DANIELL • HENRY STEPHENSON

Screen Play by IVAN TORS, IRMGARD VON CUBE & ALLEN VINCENT & ROBERT ARDREY • Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

At the premiere of Arthur Rank's British import, *Black Narcissus,* Dinah Shore and George Montgomery ("expecting" in December) teased the Edgar Bergens about Ed's amorous mortician role in *I Remember Mama.*



John Payne and Glo De Haven were squelching divorce rumors again at the *Narcissus* opening. Most effective "squelcher" was the pair of diamond-and-pearl earrings Glo is wearing—a birthday gift from John.

After the premiere, invited guests, including Cornel and Pat Wilde, reassembled at the Chanteclair Restaurant, to honor producer Rank. Soon after, the Wildes separated—"for reasons beyond their control."

The star of *Black Narcissus,* Deborah Kerr, and her husband, Tony Barfley, sat with the Bill Doziers (Joan Fontaine). Joan has asked a mere $350,000 to make *Victoria Grandolet,* but Mike Curtis said "no."

louella parsons' good news

■ The plight of Judy Garland has deeply touched the heart of Hollywood, where many tragedies occur, but few as sad as her story, which seems so unnecessary.

Only yesterday, she was a little girl singing and dancing up the ladder of fame with Mickey Rooney.

Today, she is fighting desperately to get back her health and happiness—a victim of the sleeping pill habit, caused by nerve-racking insomnia.

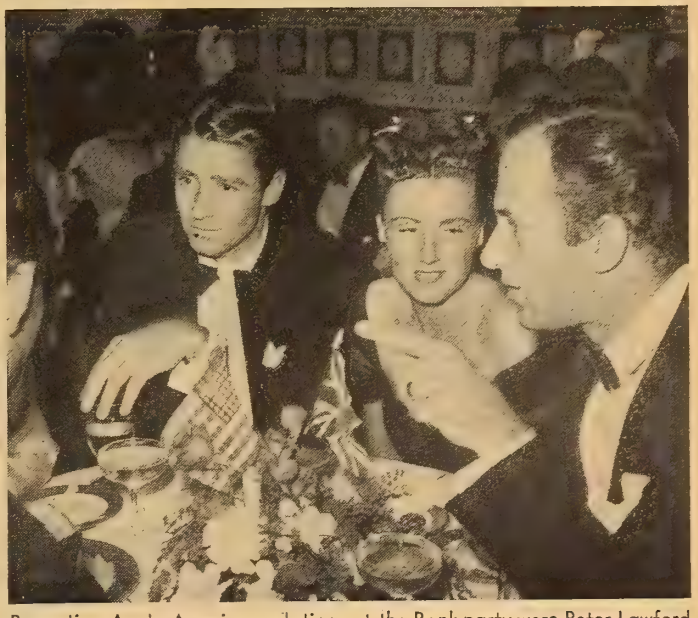
Judy has never been a physically strong girl and the endless "white nights" proved too much for her. She completed *The Pirate* with Gene Kelly, and then collapsed.

From the beginning of that picture, the

Evie and Van Johnson, who rarely miss an opening, arrived early. Sentimentalists, they're already planning to postpone the birth of their baby (by Caesarian) until January 25, their wedding anniversary.

The Walter Wangers came "en famille"—permitting our photogs a rare shot of the beautiful Bennett daughters—Melinda and Diana. Didja know it was Joan who started the craze for diamond-studded glasses?

It's Durante, the well-dressed man, who lures all the gals. That's Marjorie Little on the left (gossips say she'll be Mrs. Jimmy), and the gorgeous distractions are Janet Blair and Esther Williams.



Promoting Anglo-American relations at the Rank party were Peter Lawford (who split his toe playing tennis), Jean Coyne, and Keenan Wynn. Keenan's enthusiastic about playing Porthos in the new version of *Three Musketeers.*

people working with her knew something was wrong. She had spells that lasted from five minutes to an hour. The climax came with an overdose of sleeping tablets—not intentional, but in a heartbreaking struggle for rest and sleep.

For awhile, it was believed that Judy might not make another picture, ever again. But reports are so encouraging no one still believes that.

Vincente Minnelli, her director-husband, has been a lamb throughout her trouble. He told me, personally, the only rifts they had ever had were due to her poor health.

Now everyone is hoping that when she is completely well it will solve her marriage problems, and that Judy, Vince and the baby will be happy together.

Get well soon, Judy. We're pulling for you with strings straight from the heart.

* * *

The same month that brings sad news about one former child actress, brings glad news about another. Shirley Temple is going to have a baby!

If you happen to be over twenty-five, this may make your bones creak. But it is the most wonderful thing in the world to Shirley and that good-looking young husband of hers, John Agar.

I'm delighted for the youngsters—but I'm still wondering why, just a few weeks before the Agars made the news official—Shirley's mother almost hit the ceiling when I asked her if it were true.

Mrs. Temple said it was absolutely false, that Shirley had a very full picture-making schedule, and that the Stork wasn't anywhere in the plans. The next time I think I'll believe my pipeline, which was certainly correct in this case. But I'm not fussing. I'm too happy for Shirley.

She is already at work knitting pink and blue things. She says she wants the very first things her baby wears to be made by herself. The nursery will be pink AND blue, which certainly takes care of the boy (?)-girl (?) problem.

louella parsons' Good news

Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea were married on July 5, at the Little Church of the Flowers. Virginia's gown was grey chiffon over pink satin.

Following the reception for a few intimate friends, the newlyweds spent a one-day honeymoon in their remodelled home in the San Fernando Valley.

Here, old friends Cathy O'Donnell and Farley Granger propose a toast as Virginia's mother (Martha Jones) smiles approval. The bridal couple met four years ago while working together in *Jack London.*

The girl in Mark Stevens' life is loudly rumored as Hedy Lamarr.

Ever since Mark separated from his wife he has had eyes only for Hedy, and I'm telling you, this news-some two-some is more serious than most people think.

Hedy's divorce from John Loder is very recent, too, which is probably the best reason Hedy and Mark tried to be so secretive about their dates. For awhile they patronized only the quietest corners in the quietest beach cafés.

I hope, if Hedy is really in love with Mark, that this will be the solution to the blue funk she's been in for the past year.

If ever there was an unhappy glamor girl, it was Hedy. She couldn't seem to snap out of feeling sorry for herself or thinking that her troubles were the woes of the world.

Maybe Mark will change all that. She's too beautiful, and has too many things to be thankful for, to be on the verge of melancholia.

* * *

All right, so I'm a traitor to my sex. Men host the best parties! I don't know what the secret is, but everytime I've attended a Hollywood party given by men, it's been a whale of a fun night.

History repeated itself in a recent grand affair tossed by two gentlemen of distinction, Fefi Ferri, the well known agent and man about the world, and "Prince" Mike Romanoff, who gets around a bit, himself.

At one time, Fefi owned the Monte Carlo Casino, so he should know how to stage a good party. He furnished the birthday, and Mike furnished the house and adjoining tent.

I sat at the same table with Lizabeth Scott, more familiarly known as Liz, and I was amazed at the change in her. She glittered and sparkled conversationally and sartorially.

When she first landed here, she was so frightened, so jittery and so nervous I thought we would both have a nervous breakdown before I could get an interview out of her. But success has brought Liz poise and a nice salty humor. (She knows some cute stories!)

Cary Grant came along, which seems to be a good old habit with him, lately. Why am I saying "good"? When a man is as attractive as Cary, this is a bad habit.

Mrs. Darryl Zanuck (*Continued on page 8*)

maddening kisses-
stopping her cries-stopping her breath!
Too much between them for anger!
Too much between them for love!
Emotion as violent as the era
that spawned them!

The pages of a best-seller pour their violence and excitement onto the screen!

The Foxes of Harrow

20th CENTURY-FOX

Starring REX HARRISON · MAUREEN O'HARA

with RICHARD HAYDN · VANESSA BROWN · VICTOR McLAGLEN · PATRICIA MEDINA

GENE LOCKHART · CHARLES IRWIN · HUGO HAAS · DENNIS HOEY

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL · Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER · Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock Based on the Novel by Frank Yerby

I Hate Wimmin!

WISH I HATED 'EM! THEN THIS FREEZE-OUT YOUR SISTER'S HANDING ME WOULDN'T HIT ME SO HARD!
I'M IN BAD WITH SIS, TOO. SHE WANTS YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH. BUT WHEN I SAID I'D TELL YOU— SHE JUMPED ALL OVER ME!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"**Colgate Dental Cream**'s active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

Always use **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** *after you eat and before every date*

louella parsons' Good news

Red Skelton and Ed Gardner took cover after doing their bit at Music For The Wounded Benefit at Hollywood Bowl.

Jimmy Durante, Ed Gardner, Frank Sinatra and Danny Kaye joined the veterans on the sidelines after the Bowl benefit.

had a dress out of this world—black lace, very tight fitting, sort of like the dresses worn by our grandmothers—and underneath she wore tight fitting pantalettes trimmed with green ribbons. The bodice was laced with tiny green ribbons—the whole effect cuter than the proverbial bug's ear.

It was a night for the Rex Harrisons to be unusually gay. Sometimes, they seem to sit in corners without mixing in much——but this wasn't such an occasion. Rex told me he was in the mood to celebrate because he had just finished *Foxes of Harrow* and he and Lilli would soon be heading for England and home, where he will make *Escape*.

What is Norma Shearer's secret formula for staying young and beautiful? It's a shame she can't make up her mind to return to the screen. She was wearing a gown with what looked like a gingham bodice. On her it looked good—but I can't imagine anyone else wearing it.

That fascinatin' Frenchman, Louis Jourdan, was the center of attraction. If I may be so bold, and I shall be so bold, I would say he is our next big star.

His boss, David Selznick, was in an animated conversation with his estranged wife, Irene. I noticed Jennifer Jones was not there.

Two ladies huddling all evening were Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Van Johnson—both expectant mothers. Van is so happy and adoring these days. I used to think parties bored him, but he really seems to have a good time now with Evie by his side.

Immediately after dinner Lana Turner said, "I've got to go home. I'm working, and I have to get eight hours' sleep." I can well remember when Lana didn't feel that way—but Tyrone Power has certainly changed my little Lana. She is really in love and "minds" Ty with her heart in her eyes. For a girl who used to be so thoroughly independent with her beaux, Lana is a revelation. I'm betting strong on this romance to end in marriage when Tyrone is free.

I came home with the Sam Goldwyns and showed them my new projection room. It was completely dark getting there—but Sam was a good sport. He was very interested in our new set-up for seeing pictures to tell you fans about.

* * *

Don't let anybody kid you that Joan Crawford will ever forgive Don "Red" Barry, the cowboy star, for loading her down with gifts of diamonds and furs—most of them unpaid for.

Soon after I broke my exclusive story about this romantic (*Continued on page 10*)

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

America's Most Beloved Comedy

Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

ON THE SCREEN IN TECHNICOLOR!

starring

WILLIAM POWELL ★ IRENE DUNNE

with

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

EDMUND GWENN · ZASU PITTS

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

From the original play by

HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart

From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production

Music by Max Steiner

Produced by

ROBERT BUCKNER

WB

A Feminine Weapon

In emergency, DeLong Bob Pins have been used as letter-openers . . . door keys . . . paper clips—but that's not why women buy so many of them. Smart women who pride themselves on being value-conscious *and* well-groomed, know there's nothing like the DeLong Bob Pin, with its Stronger Grip, for keeping your hair-do neat from morning 'til night . . . They've learned that it's foolish to buy poorly made bob pins that slip out, when they can get the extra-strong, extra-snappy DeLong product everywhere. Just remember—

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS

Errol Flynn (here at Ciro's with wife Nora) may have to undergo a foot operation as a result of a tennis accident. When he's on his feet again, he'll build a hotel in Jamaica, West Indies.

louella parsons' Good news

debacle, another commentator aired the "news" that this romance was still on. Nonsense.

It was too humiliating an experience for a girl of Joan's prestige for her to easily forgive and forget. I take my hat off to Joan, though, for refusing to be the "fall girl" and for returning the gifts to the merchants to whom they belonged.

Joan told me, "Later I decided I wanted some of them, and decided to buy and *pay* for them myself!"

I bet one she got back for herself is that beautiful diamond necklace.

* * *

Everybody went summer-theater nutz this year.

Little theaters, with ocean splashing through the dialogue, sprang up like freckles in Laguna, La Jolla and other vacation spots.

Gregory Peck had his sleeves rolled up most of the summer launching his pride and pet, the La Jolla Playhouse. It didn't bother him in the least that an audience of ice-cream-cone eaters usually had their heads stuck backstage during rehearsals.

Greg didn't happen to direct *Dear Ruth*—but it was a big hit with Diana Lynn and Guy Madison. Guy is much improved over his last summer's stock performances.

* * *

Close-up of Linda Darnell: She bruises easily. Heroes, kissing her in love scenes, have to be careful . . . Her last movie *Forever Amber* is not her favorite role. Her first, *Hotel For Women* is . . . She has a brunette, dusky personality but prefers herself as a blonde . . . She talks her native Texas out of a face by Rubens . . . She sounds off and pops off and loves a hot argument . . . Her studio pals are not the other stars. Usually her dressing room is crowded during lunch time with hairdressers, prop boys, electricians and wardrobe women airing the latest studio "gripes" . . . She thinks her husband, Pev Marley, has one of the most interesting male faces she has ever seen, and is constantly sketching him. She's an uncommonly good artist . . . She used to have an inferiority complex. But not anymore—she's a queen now and she knows it . . . She puts on weight if she is caught in the same room with a piece of pastry. But taking off weight too fast made her very ill . . . Her pet of all pets was a chicken named "Weedy." Weedy had the run of the house until she died . . . When she reconciled with Pev after a six months' separation, she swore they would never be parted again. But when vacation time rolled around and he was working on another movie, Linda took off for Europe, alone . . . She's a postcard sender and marks the spots in hotels where her room is . . . She's also a gum-chewer, a Coke drinker, a foot tapper, a doodler and an all around swell gal.

* * *

British movie magnate, J. Arthur Rank, may be Hollywood's (*Continued on page 12*)

OH-OH-OH WHAT A GAL!

What a Man! What a Musical! What a Mix-up!

...When two hungry showfolks get a seven billion dollar bite on the U.S. Mint...and can't let go of it!

RKO PRESENTS

EDDIE CANTOR · JOAN DAVIS in

"If you knew Susie"

with **ALLYN JOSLYN**

CHARLES DINGLE · BOBBY DRISCOLL

Produced by EDDIE CANTOR · Directed by GORDON M. DOUGLAS

Original Screen Play by Warren Wilson and Oscar Brodney

Hear these Song Hits!

"If You Knew Susie"
"What Do I Want with Money"
"We're Living the Life We Love"
"My, How the Time Goes By"
"My Brooklyn Love Song"

RKO RADIO

VIRGINIA
MAYO
What a heavenly body... coming to you...
OUT OF THE BLUE
Eagle-Lion Films presents
GEORGE BRENT • VIRGINIA MAYO
TURHAN BEY • ANN DVORAK
CAROLE LANDIS in VERA CASPARY'S
"OUT OF THE BLUE"
with ELIZABETH PATTERSON • JULIA DEAN • RICHARD LANE • CHARLIE SMITH
Produced by Isadore G. Goldsmith • Directed by Leigh Jason
BRYAN FOY in Charge of Production

louella parsons' Good news

Laurence Olivier, with his hair dyed for *Hamlet,* leaves Buckingham Palace with wife, Vivien Leigh, immediately after he was knighted by the king.

"It's MODERN SCREEN's Fan Club Trophy—and it's ours!" Kathryn Smith explained proudly to her honorary, Nelson Eddy, at the Fan Convention.

greatest movie competition, but you would never have guessed it the way the red carpet was rolled out for him.

He even got in on a typical Hollywood premiere—for one of his own pictures, *Black Narcissus.* It's a beautiful picture, but I don't care for the theme.

Be that as it may—after the big affair at the theatre, Hollywood, en masse, moved on to the Chanteclair, the new night spot on the famous Sunset Strip, where the Ranks were guests of honor.

Roz Russell not only looked lovely in rose colored chiffon, but she was one of the lucky ones who was able to get a choice seat. There were more guests than the Chanteclair or any other average café could possibly accommodate—and it was something to see the top stars waiting around for a place to sit!

Deborah Kerr, the British beauty J. Arthur would give his eyeteeth to get back, was the only woman at the Rank table. Which put no one's nose out of joint because she's the star of *Black Narcissus.* She's also a charming person. Deborah told me she had changed her mind about going back to England to await the birth of her baby. Of course, at the last minute, she may change her mind again. Her husband is the only son of Lord Bartley, and family pressure may prove too strong.

Ida Lupino, who is expected to marry Collier Young, Warner literary editor, as soon as his divorce is final, was with him, natch. Ida is one of the most vivacious actresses in town and I think she's getting better looking all the time. A few nights previous, I had seen Ida and Collier at this same place, chatting affably with her ex, Louis Hayward, and Louis' new wife, Peggy.

Greer Garson made just a brief appearance with her flame red hair because she was leaving immediately for Pebble Beach where she has her summer home. It seems pretty definite now that Greer and Richard Ney will not reconcile. Several times he's gone with her to Pebble Beach, but these trips never seemed to help.

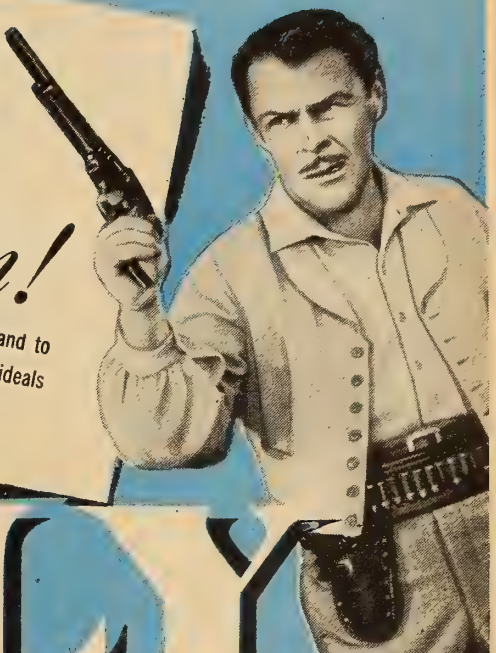
Claudette Colbert came with the William Goetzes—who were the host and hostess of the party. It was almost Claudette's swan

(*Continued on page 83*)

HEAVEN

SO GREAT... SO HAPPY... IT'S *Heaven!*

Your heart will glow to the wonder of this story . . . and to "Mr. Mike"—that wonderful man with the heavenly ideals . . . but some very down-to-earth ideas!



ONLY

Seymour Nebenzal presents

ROBERT **CUMMINGS** · BRIAN **DONLEVY**

in

"Heaven Only Knows"

with

MARJORIE REYNOLDS and Bill Goodwin • Edgar Kennedy
Stuart Erwin • John Litel

Screenplay by Art Arthur and Rowland Leigh

and JORJA CURTRIGHT

Produced by SEYMOUR NEBENZAL • Directed by ALBERT S. ROGELL • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

THE PICTURE WITH AN EXTRA
SOMETHING!
...SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD ALL OVER—ESPECIALLY AROUND YOUR HEART!

KNOWS

Danny, as Walter Mitty, dreams he's a dashing sea-captain.

In another sequence, he's Maestro Mitty, a great musician.

Here he imagines himself as Kit Mitty, hero of the Wild West.

A quick flight of fancy, and he's a French hat-designer.

dorothy kilgallen selects "the secret life of walter mitty"

■ Samuel Goldwyn, an extraordinarily talented fellow with a length of Technicolor, has taken a sad, funny, wistful, satiric little story of James Thurber's, pumped it full of lavish blondes, additional scenes, orchestrations, expensive sets and Danny Kaye, and achieved a veritable confection in the department of screen musicals. This is *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, and while, unquestionably, it is somewhat more rococo than what Mr. Thurber had in mind when he wrote the innocent tale of a Milquetoast with bravura dreams, it is nevertheless a dazzling bonanza for moviegoers, and in its expanded and bedizened form, a perfect showcase for the Kaye versatility.

It gives the star an opportunity to play around with characterizations of a terribly brave, frightfully casual RAF ace, a genius of a surgeon, a dauntless sea-captain, a hard-riding, hard-fighting, fast-shooting cowboy and a gallant, nerveless Mississippi gambler—and yet remain Walter Mitty, timid and meek as an Easter bunny. The male creature who goes through life on tiptoe is, I suspect, the favorite character of Danny Kaye.

Virginia Mayo, who looks like a great big peach ice cream soda with whipped cream, and seems to have been destined at birth to appear in Technicolor pictures, is becoming to Danny Kaye what Dorothy Lamour is to Bob Hope—a trademark, and indispensable. So, naturally, she is the girl of Walter (*Continued on page 116*)

TORRENTS OF EXCITEMENT
ROARING OUT OF THIS
VALLEY OF VIOLENCE!!
A kiss from a stranger led to strange dangers! Here's adventure to thrill ---and love to enthrall!
IDA LUPINO
DEEP IN LOVE!
DANE CLARK
DEEPER IN DANGER!
WAYNE MORRIS
BORN FOR VENGEANCE!
Warner Bros. Present
"DEEP VALLEY"
WITH FAY BAINTER • HENRY HULL
DIRECTED BY JEAN NEGULESCO
PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE
SCREEN PLAY BY SALKA VIERTEL AND STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY FROM THE NOVEL BY DAN TOTHEROH • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

High school graduate Betty Grable first meets song-and-dance man Dan Dailey when she attends a San Francisco show with girl friends Anabel Shaw and Vanessa Brown. On a dare she takes a job with the show.

In time, Betty becomes Dan's partner and wife. Daughter Connie Marshall is proud of her folks, but Mona Freeman is ashamed of their vaudeville background—for she's fallen in love with a society boy.

movie reviews

by Virginia Wilson

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS

At least one Betty Grable musical in Technicolor should be buried in a cornerstone of our civilization. And if that's going to be done, my vote goes to *Mother Wore Tights*. Its gay good humor and easy melodies are a perfect example of America's favorite type of entertainment.

Its heroine is Myrtle McKinley (Betty Grable), who graduates from Oakland High School in 1900. Myrtle plays the dancing lead in the school musical, and exposes a good two inches of leg doing it. Grandma (Sara Allgood), with whom she lives, is considerably shocked, but Grandpa (George Cleveland) is heard to mutter something about "them that has 'em shows 'em."

Myrtle is supposed to go to business school after graduation. Instead, she gets a job as chorine in a San Francisco revue house. One of the performers on the same bill is Frank Burt (Dan Dailey). It doesn't take Myrtle long to decide that she is going to be Mrs. Frank Burt, but it does take her quite a while to sell Frank the same idea.

The average male, exposed to those gams, and love besides, would have leaped at the chance. Not Frank. He's been around a long while, and he isn't planning on getting married, hardly at all. He even lets Myrtle go off to Los Angeles without admitting he's in love with her. But she weakens and comes back, and before he can remember not to show how glad he is to see her, they're married.

Myrtle retires to have a couple of babies—Iris and Mikie. She has no intention of going back on the stage. But Frank needs a partner, and Grandma has some caustic things to say about any wife who would let her husband tour the country with a peroxide blonde. So the old team of Burt and McKinley return to vaudeville, with the McKinley legs in their blue sequin tights more beautiful than ever.

It isn't until Iris (Mona Freeman) and Mikie (Connie Marshall) are growing up that Myrtle realizes the problems created by a mother who wears tights.—*20th-Fox*

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

JUNE HAVER

star of
20th Century-Fox's
technicolor picture
"SUMMER LIGHTNING"

"You try my Beauty Facials—
they give skin fresh new
Loveliness!" says this famous star

"Before your big date, treat your skin to a gentle Lux Soap facial," says charming June Haver. "Just work the fragrant Active lather well in. Then rinse with warm water, splash with cold. As you pat gently with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance! June Haver's beauty care will make *you* lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

Another fine LEVER product

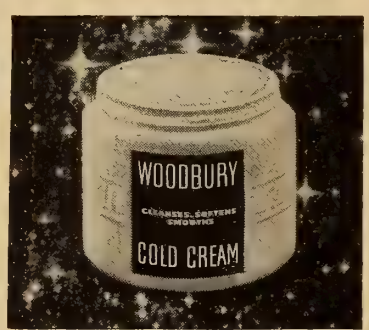
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—

—that Always-Fresh look

says **JANET LEIGH,** co-starring with Van Johnson in **"ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE"** a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

"My beauty-glow cleansing

"For skin that's fresh-lovely, silken-soft... try my *clean, clean* cleansing... with Woodbury Cold Cream! Smooth it on... and quick, your skin glows beauty-clean!" Woodbury contains *rich oils!* It's really deep-cleansing... frees skin of clogging make-up. Girls, it's Woodbury Cold Cream... for that "Always-Fresh" look!



Janet's glamour hits a high! "Woodbury is my fresh-up magic! It's *rich* cleansing smooths my studio-dry skin... brings back fresh sparkle!" Yes, Woodbury's four special softening ingredients smooth skin wondrously. Right! For satin-glow skin... try Woodbury Cold Cream.

—with Woodbury Cold Cream"

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM — rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks dewy-fresh, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It *melts* — takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

Deep Valley: Lonely, neurotic Ida Lupino falls in love with an escaped killer, Dane Clark.

DEEP VALLEY

How much you like *Deep Valley* will depend upon how believable you find the two main characters, played with somber conviction by Ida Lupino and Dane Clark. The theme is tragic, the story suspenseful. Libby Saul (Ida Lupino) is a strange girl in strange surroundings. She lives with her mother (Fay Bainter) and her father (Henry Hull) in an out-of-the-way cabin in the California mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Saul haven't spoken to each other for years. Libby, as the go-between of bitterness, has developed a psychotic stammer, a terror of people, and a love for the deep and silent woods.

A new coastal highway is under construction now, not far from the Saul cabin. Jeff Backer (Wayne Morris) is in charge, and one of the convicts working on the project is Barry Burnett (Dane Clark). Jeff meets Libby and finds the frightened, neurotic girl curiously attractive. Libby has no interest in him, but she is fascinated by Barry whom she has seen just once. The unhappiness and rebellion on his face strike an answering note in her own heart.

When she hears that Barry has escaped from the camp, she is secretly glad. And when they meet in the dim, shadowed woods, she is not afraid, although she knows he is supposed to be a killer. He is suspicious of her offer to help him until he learns what her own life has been like. Then, quite suddenly, he knows that he loves her—loves her as part of himself. Libby, happy for the first time in her life, loses her stammer. They begin plans for their future.

The first thing is to get Barry some other clothes, then get him away over the mountains. Even now, a sheriff's posse is searching the woods, but Libby is sure she can hide him temporarily in her father's barn. It is only his violence she is afraid of—not against her, but against what threatens their happiness. He has killed once. Driven to the wall, he will kill again. And Barry, even as he promises her he is through with violence, knows in his heart that he cannot keep that promise.—*War.*

BODY AND SOUL

You've seen "punchy" prizefighters, haven't you? Stumble-bums, they call them when they've reached that stage, and they aren't very pretty. Here's the story of a fighter who comes close to ending just that way.

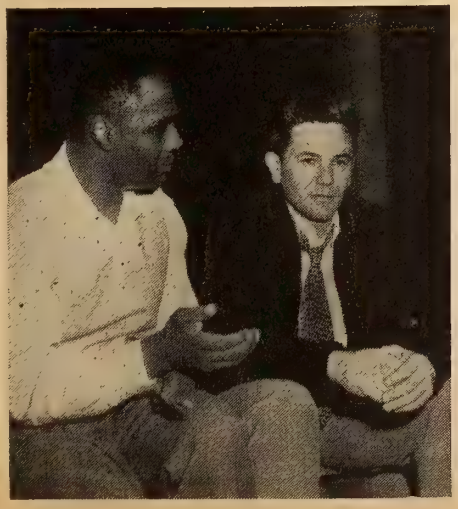
When Charley Davis (John Garfield) is just a big-muscled kid, he wins a fight in a lower east side political club. He meets a girl that same night named Peg (Lilli Palmer). A nice girl. That should have been a good omen, but things happen in a funny way sometimes. Especially to guys like Charley, who let other people do their thinking for them.

He hooks up with a small promoter, Quinn (William Conrad). Anything to get in the fight racket. Anything to make money. Charley wants money for his mother (Anne Revere), but she'd rather see him dead than a fighter. He wants money for Peg, but she cares only for him, not money. He wants money for himself, but when he gets it through "fixed" fights, he doesn't like himself any more.

Still he goes on. Lets Quinn decide things for him. After Quinn, a big-time promoter named Roberts (Lloyd Goff). Same kind of deal. Bigger fights, bigger box-office, but about the same average of fixes. Only now they're coming Charley's way, because he is the Champ. He has a new girl—a Broadway type. Alice (Hazel Brooks) tells him he's terrific, and yells "Kill him, Charley!" at the ringside during the fights.

Peg never yelled "Kill him, Charley!" She used to bury her face in her hands. What kind of girl was that for a fighter? He's lucky to be rid of her. Only he can't forget her. There are other people, too, whom he can't forget. Shorty (Joseph Pevney) who was his best friend. It wasn't Charley's fault if the guy got run over by a truck one night, was it? Just because he was mad at Charley, and wasn't looking where he was going?

Then there's Ben (Canada Lee), who got hurt in a fight. Hurt bad—at Robert's orders. Ben's going to die soon, but what the hell, everybody's got to die sometime. Haven't they? If only Charley could go back and talk things over with Peg. If only she would understand.—*U.A.*



Body and Soul: Canada Lee can't talk money-mad John Garfield into quitting the ring.

That's a bright girl! You'll never let it be said that fun and romance pass *you* by because you fail to guard your charm . . . because you didn't stay nice to be near.

Remember, your bath takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

Be a safety-first girl with

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safe for charm . Mum checks perspiration odor, keeps underarms dainty all day or evening.

Mum safe for skin — No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

Mum safe for clothes — No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

Joan Bennett tells how to Encourage Love

"First move toward romance," says Joan Bennett, "he holds your hand. Is it a nice soft hand – very feminine? Then he's thrilled – and encouraged. Such sweet, soft hands are no problem for you with Jergens Lotion hand care."

JOAN BENNETT STARRING IN THE DIANA PRODUCTION
"SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR"—A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

Two guesses —what hand care does Joan Bennett use? Of course... she's sure of darling hands—she uses Jergens Lotion.

And the other Stars —7 to 1, they, too, use Jergens Lotion hand care.

You, too —be happy with even softer, smoother hands today. Lovely! Jergens Lotion is finer than ever now, thanks to recent research. More protective, too. Contains two ingredients, so tops for skin-care that many doctors use them. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this even-finer hand care. No oiliness; no stickiness.

For the softest, love-inviting Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Free:
Try-it Bottle of this finer hand care the Stars use.

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211

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(Please print name, address, plainly . . . Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

Something in the Wind: Donald O'Connor murders a song for disc jockey Deanna Durbin.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND

If you could get paid a million dollars to stop doing something you weren't doing anyway, would you take it? That sounds a little confused. Maybe I'd better explain.

Here's Mary Collins (Deanna Durbin), a girl disc jockey, minding her own business and earning an honest living. Arrives Donald Read (John Dall), a very stuffy young man, who thinks she's had an affair with his millionaire Uncle Henry, now deceased, and wants to keep her from suing the estate. As if Mary would have an affair with *anyone's* Uncle Henry! Of course she hotly denies the whole thing.

But the Read family are hard to convince. They make it a policy to think the worst of everyone, especially people who are likely to cost them money. And someone named Mary Collins was definitely the love of Uncle Henry's life.

Young Charley Read (Donald O'Connor) isn't a bad guy. He takes Mary aside and tells her it might teach the family a lesson if she took them over for a million or so. Also, it would be nice if she broke up Donald's dull romance with a gal named Clarissa (Helena Carter) whom Charley would like to marry himself.

Mary thinks it over. It *would* be amusing to unstuff the stuffy Donald. So she inveigles him to a fashion show where she manages to give everyone, including Clarissa, the impression he is buying her a complete and expensive wardrobe. She sings love songs to him. She even kisses him. By the time she gets through, not only is Donald in love with her, but she is in love with Donald. That's the kind of thing that can happen to a girl if she doesn't watch out!

For a while Mary even thinks she's going to marry Donald herself. But Grandma Read (Margaret Wycherly) disposes of that idea. And if there hadn't happened to be a black sheep (Charles Winninger) in the Read family, love's young dream would have ended right there!—*Univ.*

OUT OF THE BLUE

I've never thought of George Brent as a hen-pecked type, but in *Out Of The Blue* he certainly gives a good imitation of a Caspar Milquetoast husband. You know—the kind who isn't allowed to smoke in the house.

His name, of course, isn't really Milquetoast, even in the picture. It's Arthur Earthleigh, and his wife is Mae (Carole Landis). She is forever nagging at Arthur. Right now the argument is about a dog belonging to the artist (Turhan Bey) who has the neighboring terrace. The pooch, Rabelais, has, it seems, jumped over the fence and committed a slight indiscretion on Mae's immaculate floor.

Mae is going away over the weekend to visit a sick sister, and she wants to be sure Arthur will "take steps" about Rabelais while she's gone. "That David Ridges and his dog, and the parade of women going in and out of his apartment!" she says malevolently. "They ought *all* to be thrown out."

"They're very beautiful girls." Arthur's tone is slightly wistful. "And he says they're his models." Mae gives him an indignant stare.

When he finally gets her off on her train, Arthur drops into a bar near home for a quick one. Through circumstances beyond his control (he keeps telling himself), he has some drinks with a woman he meets there. Her name is Olive (Ann Dvorak), she's very drunk and she comes home with Arthur, in spite of his protests.

Meanwhile, David, next door, is in a fury. He's had a letter from Arthur's attorney saying Rabelais must be sent to a kennel. Also he's having trouble with his favorite model, Deborah (Virginia Mayo), who admits she's in love with him, but refuses to do anything about it.

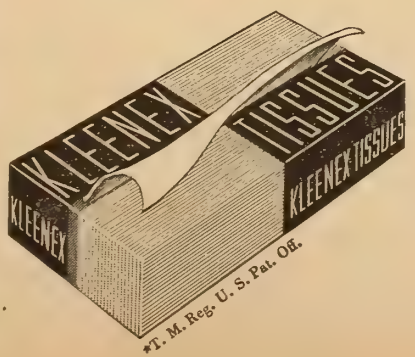
When Arthur puts what is, apparently, Olive's "corpse" over on David's terrace, the artist reaches the boiling point. For the next few days that's the most active "corpse" you ever heard of, and almost everyone lands in jail on account of it.

You'll find this amusing, if not startlingly original.—*Eagle-Lion*

Out of the Blue: Turhan Bey surprises model Ginny Mayo and G. Brent with a corpse.

Your eyes tell you... what your skin has always known

There is only one Kleenex



Hold a Kleenex* Tissue up to a light! You won't find lumps, or weak spots. You'll see Kleenex *quality* come smiling through! Each tissue always the same . . . with that special quality of softness . . . strength . . . you *depend* on in Kleenex, your favorite of all tissues.

And only Kleenex gives you the Serv-a-Tissue Box. You pull a *Kleenex* Tissue, and up pops another!

America's Favorite Tissue

Liked best in a nation-wide survey by 7 out of 10 tissue users.

Two-piece beauty in the new longer length. The dress that puts you in the center of the stage—and gives you the confidence to walk away with the show. Expensively made of sleek rayon faille. Double-breasted and double-buttoned, with a full peplum that puts allure into your every move. White cuffs on the sleeves and sweeping white revers highlight your face into loveliness. In Mink Brown, Forest Green, Royal Blue, Deep Purple, or Magic Black. Sizes 9-11-13-15 or17. All this is yours, an exceptional value, for a mere $7.98!

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Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman $7.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage. In New York City add 2% Sales Tax.

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SENT ON APPROVAL

Wild Harvest: Alan Ladd has a new "racket"—farming! It sounds tame, but with pals Lloyd Nolan and Bob Preston, he runs into plenty of trouble!

WILD HARVEST

I'll bet you never thought you'd see the day Alan Ladd would be playing a farmer! Of course, he isn't *exactly* a farmer in *Wild Harvest,* but he's head of a crew who harvest wheat for the farmers.

It's a new racket for Madigan (Alan Ladd) and right now he's stuck down in Texas with a freight bill due on the machines he uses. His Army pal, Davis (Robert Preston), comes to the rescue with enough dough to start them off again. But Texas seems to have them hoodooed. They run into a wheat-field fire which comes close to finishing all their problems—and them, too.

They have competition in the form of a gang, run by Alperson (Will Wright), who's had more experience than Madigan. Alperson offers to buy them out, but Madigan isn't selling. He has a feeling he's really got something here, if he can learn to manage it right.

They move on to Kansas, sending ahead a young farm kid, Mark (Dick Erdman), to do a salesman's job. By the time the slow moving trucks and "combines" get there, he has plenty of work lined up for them. It's more bad luck that the first farm they work on should have a beautiful farmer's daughter, Fay (Dorothy Lamour), just waiting to cause trouble.

She makes a play for Madigan, first. He isn't immune by any means, but he makes it clear that when he moves on he won't be taking Fay with him. That isn't the way she wants it. Her main idea is to get out of the home town. So she switches her attentions to Davis. Between trips to town for a few drinks, fights with Alperson's crew who have followed them to Kansas, and Fay's not too subtle lure, Davis hasn't much time for work.

Madigan would like to throw him out. But Davis marries Fay and says, "Here we are, what are you going to do about it?" There isn't much Madigan *can* do about it. Davis' money is in the venture, and Davis is an expert mechanic whom they need badly.

Fay continues to make trouble. And then, like most women of her type, is very, very surprised when it comes home to roost.—*Par.*

THE LONG NIGHT

Barbara Bel Geddes comes from Broadway to play opposite Henry Fonda in *The Long Night.* The girl can act—she even steals a scene or two from Vincent Price, which is expert stealing.

The story is told in a series of flashbacks, so it opens when Joe Adams (Henry Fonda) shoots a magician known as Maximilian (Vincent Price). We learn the reason for the shooting from the flashbacks. . . .

Joe is a worker in a steel factory, when he meets a pretty little florist's assistant named Jo Ann (Barbara Bel Geddes). Falling in love is, for Joe, a simple, instinctive process that occurs on almost the first date he has with her. Jo Ann is so small and sweet and appealing. He finds himself wanting to take care of her, to marry her.

It's a shock to him to find that she herself is not so certain. That there is another man in her life. "I'm not really in love with him, Joe," she explains breathlessly. "Just sort of fascinated. The way he talks, and everything. You know."

Joe does know. Because by now he has seen Maximilian, the magician. Has listened to his golden voice mesmerize a whole audience. Has seen his long, white fingers touch Jo Ann's arms in an intimate gesture that makes Joe want to break him in two.

He has heard about Maximilian, too, from Charlene (Ann Dvorak), who was part of the magician's act for years. "When he gives with that fancy double-talk, you believe anything!" Charlene explains. "But I'm out from under the spell now, baby. What I want is a nice, simple guy like you."

Charlene is like that. Direct. Probably, Joe would be better off with her than with a crazy, dreaming kid like Jo Ann. But love makes up its own mind, not waiting for instructions. And Joe is already on the path which is to lead him to murder.—*RKO*

Merton of the Movies: Skeets Gallagher assures Red Skelton nobody will laugh at his dramatics.

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

Did you ever hear of a would-be actor who wanted to be a comedian? Certainly not! They all want to play Hamlet, or anyway, Henry the Fifth. And that's the way it is with Merton Gill (Red Skelton).

Merton lives in Tinkerton, Kansas, and he works for a general store during the day and as a movie usher at night. This is the era of silent pictures—of epics, starring Lawrence Ruppert (Leon Ames) and Beulah Baxter (Gloria Grahame). Merton has just finished a correspondence course in acting and spends the long winter evenings trying to make like Ruppert.

Comes the night—ah, fatal night—when Ruppert's train breaks down while passing through Tinkerton. Merton happens to be at the station so he meets his idol. In fact, he is allowed to supply him with a glass of gingerale, into which the great man empties the contents of his silver flask.

"Medicine," he explains kindly to Merton, who is dope enough to believe him. Merton even believes him when Ruppert, fractured to the eyebrows, says, "You must look me up in Hollywood some time."

Six weeks later. Merton is now in Hollywood. Has been for a month, without being able to contact Ruppert or convince the picture industry that it needs some new faces, especially his.

If it hadn't been for Phyllis Montague (Virginia O'Brien), he probably would have quietly starved to death. Phyllis has been a trouper since she was five, and she recognizes the symptoms of frustrated genius and malnutrition. She gets Merton some "extra" work.

Something strange happens. Merton can do the most serious scenes in the world and people die laughing. But he can't stand being laughed at so he quits. It's only when Phyllis and producer Baird (Charles Brown) pull a very fast one on him that Merton becomes really "of the movies."—*M-G-M*

VARIETY GIRL

Paramount has taken a dime size plot, and put every star on the lot to dancing on it. The result is a slightly confused but merry melange of comedy and music. For me, the

(*Continued on page 123*)

For lovely hair all men adore!

How sweetly feminine is the appeal of a woman's lovely hair to men. Hair gleaming with natural highlights—sparkling with silken softness—inviting with clean fragrance. For though your hair-style be formal or free as the wind, it's your natural hair-*appeal* men love. And more and more women are learning that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory of their hair . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that lathers luxuriously in hard *or* soft water, and sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that offers new glamour, wonderful *obedience*, to your hair! Try Lustre-Creme—*The* Cream Shampoo for The Hair Men Love. At all cosmetic counters.

The cream shampoo for true hair loveliness

Four ounces, $1.00
Family 1 lb., $3.50
Also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes.

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how *tempting* it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ARE RUSSELL AND MADISON MARRIED?

Guy and Gail (above, at the Little Theater production of *Skin Of Our Teeth*) won't confirm they're married. But here's a clue: Guy's bought a house—unfurnished. He and his brother Wayne are living in it—and sleep on the floor!

GAIL AND GUY WON'T TALK . . .

BUT WOULD HE SWIPE HER CIGARETTES, AND WOO

HER WITH A BEAT-UP ROSE—IF

THEY WERE ONLY GOING STEADY?

by Valerie Sloan *special Modern Screen reporter*

■ For weeks now, various interested (this is another word for nosey) parties have been calling up the Paramount publicity department.

"Is Gail Russell married to Guy Madison?" they demand.

You can almost hear the Paramount publicists shrugging on the other end of the phone. "Ask Gail Russell," they say, muttering under their breath, "Not that she'll tell you."

They're so right. Ask Gail Russell, and she leers engagingly. "It's a free country; believe what you please."

All she'll admit is that she isn't disinterested, and that's not exactly news.

There are certain facts from which you can draw your own conclusions, however.

There's a picture of Guy in Gail's room. "Procrastination is the thief of time," it says.

Procrastination?

And Guy has a picture of Gail with the legend: "From this day forward—" (*Continued on page 73*)

Very personally yours

You answer appraising eyes with a smile. With complete composure: always one of your charms, and *very personally yours* wherever you are . . . whatever the time of the month. Of course. For you're so confident that no one will know, because the special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

Nor will you know one moment's discomfort, with Kotex to befriend you . . . to stay soft while you wear it. To give you the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. And to offer you the freedom of choice that only Kotex provides, with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex.

Yes, with Kotex for your ally you can meet trying moments, assured. As gaily as you doff your mask, you can laugh off care with a peace-of-mind that's *very personally yours*.

More women choose Kotex* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

✓ To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives, you'll want a new Kotex Belt—adjustable—snug fitting—all-elastic.

"I'm thrilled with the new Cashmere Bouquet

Beau Cake

with make-up sponge right in the case!"

—says fascinating

Joan Bennett

Star of
Ernest Hemingway's
THE MACOMBER AFFAIR
A Benedict Bogeaus Production
Released thru United Artists

"With Beau Cake, the make-up sponge is *in* my compact—not loose in my purse."

"With Beau Cake it's easier—quicker—simpler than ever to apply cake make-up."

All Hollywood agrees! The new sensation in cake make-up is Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake. *Different*—because it has its own make-up sponge right in a moisture-proof compartment. As clever Joan Bennett says: "It's a honey! As soon as I open Beau Cake—the sponge is ready for action." Let Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake impart glamorous, smooth-as-silk finish to *your* skin; give it radiant, young color. Tiny blemishes fade from sight, and the finish lasts for hours and hours. No wonder Hollywood stars rave over Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake.

Cashmere Bouquet

Beau Cake $1.50 PLUS TAX

Gay new cake make-up with sponge compartment right in the case

Lady in Retirement

For months Greer Garson hid in seclusion, refusing to discuss her tottering marriage. Now, for the first time, she explains what happened to her in those desperate weeks.

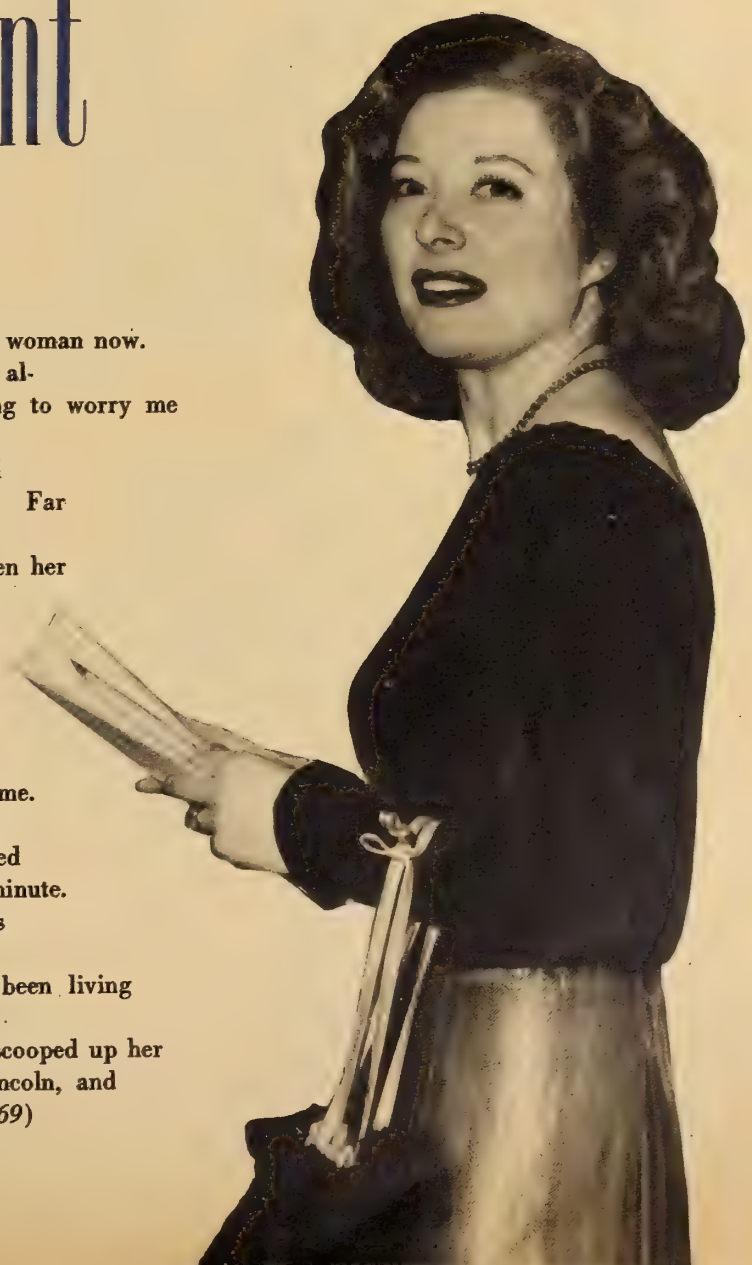
BY VIRGINIA McPHERSON

■ "I've pulled myself out of the dumps—completely. I'm a new woman now. My troubles are all solved—well, almost all—and nothing is ever going to worry me again."

Greer Garson talking. A brand new Greer—happy and vivacious. Far different from the melancholy girl who dropped out of circulation when her separation from Richard Ney made front page headlines last year. It was her first interview in months, and she skipped . . . not walked . . . down the winding stairs of her English-style Bel Air home to greet me.

"Hello, Virginia," she said, fluttering a white hand through her red curls. "Lunch will be ready in a minute. Come and pick some water cress with me in the creek."

Since last February, Greer has been living a quiet life of semi-retirement. She had packed some clothes in a bag, scooped up her poodles, hopped into her shiny Lincoln, and driven up the (*Continued on page 69*)



CHRISTOPHER KANE

HOLLYWOOD · CALIFORNIA

Memo on a madman!

Dear Al and Henry:

I quit. I've lost my faith in men as a form of life. I spent the whole afternoon on Republic's "The Red Pony" location with Robert Mitchum, and all I got was a blister on my heel so big it's going to have little blisters any minute now, and a story you can't possibly use.

Not unless somebody goes out with an axe, and hacks Mitchum's tongue loose from his cheek.

The first glimpse I got of Mr. M., he was sitting on a mess of hay, chewing a straw, and looking insolent. The straw-chewing is part of his characterization for the picture. The looking insolent comes natural to him. He looks insolent something wonderful.

"I'm from Modern Screen," I said meekly.

He contemplated me for a minute or two, and then (continued on page 64)

Bob and Peter Miles are pals

his favorite pastime

the sinatra set

Frank learned how to do an acrobatic dance and handspring for *The Kissing Bandit*, his latest costume picture. Little Nancy isn't impressed, but Bobby Burns, his manager and pal, is interested.

Hank Sanicola (left) used to bang out songs for Frank, and even financed his wedding. Later, Frank staked his music business, and now everybody, including Toots Shor, is happy.

Frank's going to write a book with Carroll Carroll titled, "Boys and Girls Together," urging tolerance among kids. Here, he looks over a new tune with his arranger and bandleader, Axel Stordahl.

"We're not ashamed to love him," his pals say about Sinatra—and really mean it. Because, for Frank, they'd even give up their ulcers!

By IRENE GREENGARD

The joke's on Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante, but he seems to be enjoying it. Phil Silvers, Frank and Danny Thomas are the guys behind those imitations.

■ Phil Silvers had been studying the funny little patches of sunlight on the rug, and when he heard footsteps, he looked up dully.

Frank was standing in the doorway. "I've been chasing all over after you," he was saying. "I've been thinking about you and Rags opening in New York next week, and boy, how I envy you bums!"

Then he noticed the greyness in the man's face, and put out his hand. "Rags'll be all right, Pappy—"

Phil Silvers moved his foot from one patch to another. "He's dead," he said, and got out of the chair like a tired old man.

After a while, he began to talk. "There was an act we used to do in burlesque—" The words trailed off. "We were a pretty good team—"

Later, it was Frank who talked Phil into going on alone; it was Frank who went to New York with him, and appeared with him that opening night at the Copacabana.

They did the "My Buddy" number Phil and Rags had always done, and took their bows, and then Phil went out alone for the last one, and spoke to the wild, cheering house, in a quiet voice.

"I'd like to take this bow for Rags," he said, and over in the corner, his and Frank's friend, Bobby Burns, was sitting with Toots Shor, and the tears were streaming down Toots' wide, red face, and the room was so quiet you could hear the people crying.

A month later, Phil Silvers showed up at Frank's house, and stuck a tiny package into Frank's hand. "For you," he said shortly.

The package had a cigarette lighter in it. There were the first few notes of "My Buddy" (*Continued on page 119*)

on a note of triumph

"From the moment
you spoke, you had us all at
your command," said
Anthony Eden to Rita Hayworth . . .
and from Brussels to Paris
to Prague, school-
girls and statesmen re-
echoed his tribute.

by lola leighter

as told to john powers

■ Rita Hayworth and I stood at the deck rail and giggled. "I'll never believe it," Rita gasped. "I shall *never* believe it. Two weeks ago I was a landlubber thinking of everyday things like marketing and motherhood responsibilities—and now, bing! I'm a sailor!"

"Bing! Me too," I said. "And isn't it fun?"

This incredible business had started one bright spring morning in Hollywood. I was minding my own business out in the garden, when the phone rang, and it was Rita.

"Hold the phone, Lola," she said. "I'm having a brainstorm." I held the phone and—knowing Rita very well indeed—I held my breath too.

"Let's go to Europe—now!"

I said, "Sure, sure," the way you do, and we both laughed like idiots. Even when Rita had talked it all over with the studio, even when we were both packing like mad, I don't think either of us really thought it (*Con't on page 110*)

In Brussels, Rita was a guest of honor at the International Film Festival, where films from all nations were shown. The Mayor himself introduced her to foreign dignitaries!

The man who happily awaits Rita's autograph is no less a personage than M. Vermeylen, president of the Film Festival, Belgian Minister of the Interior—and Hayworth fan!

It's an old Brussels custom (as well as a smart idea) for the Mayor of the Town to kiss a charming visitor. Rita liked it fine, too!

Maybe he *was* built for open skies, instead of stuffy drawing-rooms. But for Rocky, Gary Cooper would balance the daintiest teacup—and like it!

"COOP"

by Hedda Hopper

The star of *The Unconquered* escorts his women-folk to the St. Martin's Charity Fair. Twelve-year-old Maria is fortunate enough to look like both Rocky and Gary.

■ I couldn't understand why everybody was laughing. It was one night during the war and I had a real scoop movie star on the stage at the Hollywood Canteen. Gary Cooper had balked when I first asked him to appear. Shy and embarrassed as always, he'd protested, "Those GI guys don't want to see me, Hedda. They want some pretty gals. What in the world can *I* do?"

"Now, Coop," I soothed, "leave it to me. I'll just ask a few questions and you follow my lead. They'll love it."

I'm not exactly Bob Hope and Coop's a plenty tough subject. I did my best but what Gary mumbled back was short and not designed to lay anyone in the aisles, either. That's why I couldn't understand it when that gang of boys began to snicker, then laugh and then roar out loud. I was wearing a big hat with a long feather in it, and I remember shaking it, puzzled at the panic we were handing that audience.

I wound up and turned around just in time to see Coop spit out a mouthful of feathers, while the Canteen rocked. My poor hat was as bare as a plucked chicken. All the time I'd been knocking myself out for laughs, Gary had quietly stolen the show by nibbling the feathers right off my best bonnet!

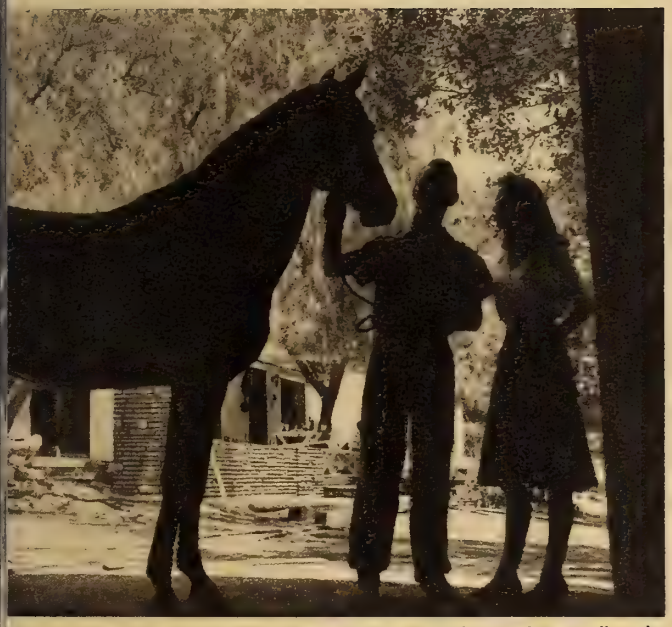
I'd never in the world have guessed Gary Cooper would come up with a natural bit of sly comedy like that. It was worthy of Victor Moore or Jack Benny. It doubled me up—and that's something in the face of a ruined hat, you can bet!

Charles Laughton once called Gary Cooper the greatest actor in Hollywood. "Because," explained Charlie shrewdly, "he acts from inside." Sometimes it's buried marrow-deep, and you'd never in a million years suspect what goes on. But then—out it comes. And you like it.

What makes me sore at (*Continued on page 101*)

LIFE HAS LOST ITS CHARM FOR MODERN SCREEN REPORTER CHRIS KANE. BECAUSE AFTER A WEEK-END WITH THOSE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY LADDS— WHAT'S LEFT WORTH LIVING FOR?

By Christopher Kane



This is the nearest Chris got to a horse, but really, she loves 'em. Later, she got much closer to the feed-board (right) where fried ham, biscuits and meringue pie waited.

WEEKEND AT THE LADD'S

■ "Listen," I said to Al and Henry firmly. "Never mind with all that stuff."

They'd been telling me about the Alan Ladds' brand of gracious hospitality, and I was cynical. (Being born in Brooklyn is what does it.)

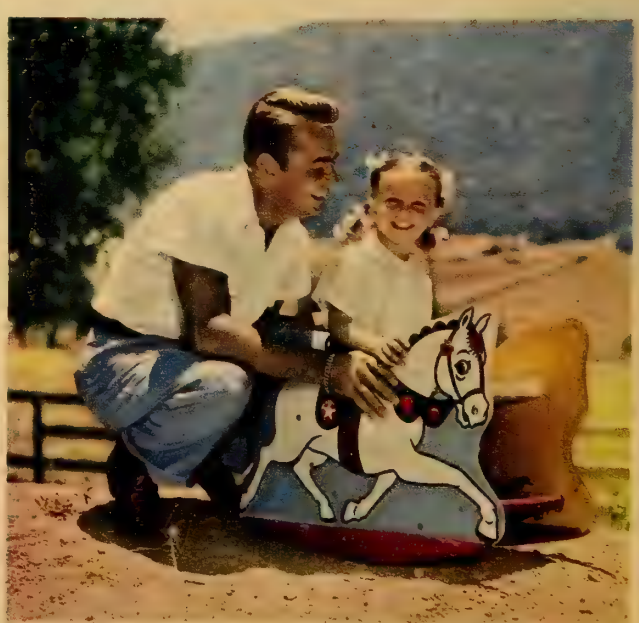
"You've been invited for a weekend," Al went on. "You'll find out for yourself."

Henry only glared. "And please keep your shoes on at the table. They've always thought well of MODERN SCREEN."

"Hmph," I said. "The way you talk, their red carpet must look tattle-tale grey from being rolled out so much."

I forget who threw the ink bottle at me, but I left. I know when I'm not wanted. (*Continued on next page*)

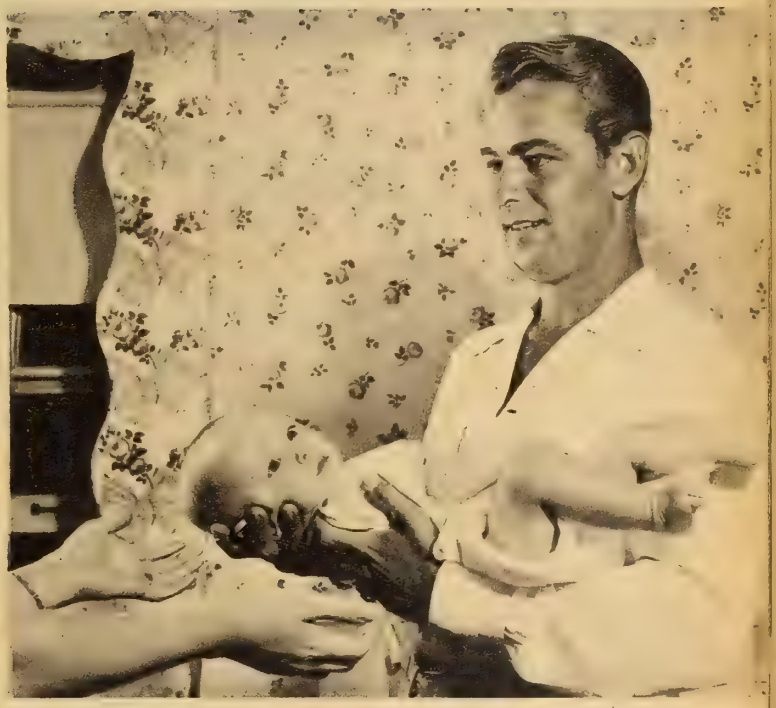
Four-year-old Lonnie sticks like glue to her colt's saddle. But her Mom was afraid she'd topple off the upper deck of the bed, so she got the lower, while Chris took her chances.



Alana has a yellow cat and three large sheepdogs for playmates. Her favorite, though, is a colt named Jimmy, so the hobby horse is really kid stuff to Lonnie, who's being nice to the photog.

WEEKEND AT THE LADD'S

Chris' host showed her plans for a new three-room house the Ladds are building to take care of their enlarged family. Meanwhile, baby David and nurse are living in the town house.



Alan wanted a boy, and he got almost nine pounds of one when David was born. Lonnie nicknamed him Butch, but maybe if he becomes an actor like Dad (in *Wild Harvest*) he'll change it.

(*Continued from preceding page*) And here I am publicly apologizing. Because I spent a weekend at the Ladd ranch, and I never had more fun. Every good thing movie magazines say about the Ladds, you can double and underscore in purple ink.

Their ranch is in a place called Hidden Valley, and two rows of pepper trees edge the drive up to it.

Alan, who was having a brief interlude between *Saigon* and *The Long Grey Line,* met me beyond the pepper trees, and took my bag. He has a smile that would melt a heart of solid rock, and mine is only gravel, to begin with.

I was thinking to myself, "Hmm, good," (just like the Campbell's soup ad) when a small blonde child came up with a yellow cat in her arms.

The small blonde child was Alana Ladd, more commonly known as Lonnie.

"Hello," she said, stretching the yellow cat a little.

"Hello," I said back. "What's the cat's name?" (I have a theory that children like to answer questions, and it never works, but I go right on pushing it.)

Lonnie gave me a scornful glance. "This cat has no name," she said. "This cat is just kitty-cat."

"I beg your pardon," I said feverishly. "I hardly know any cats. I'm a stranger—"

Which was when I heard this soft-pitched laugh. I turned around, and a dark-haired girl with huge eyes and a heart-shaped face was standing beside me, looking amused. It was Susie Ladd, and she's so much prettier than her pictures that I must confess, I stared.

"Maybe you prefer ducks," she said. "We've got some over here."

I followed her across the grounds and near a haystack, we found a duck, a drake, and six babies, all making various duck noises.

"One of them got sick the other day," Susie said. "And I nursed it so carefully. But it died. I even pried open its little bill and tried to force it to eat hard boiled egg with pepper."

"Did it ever occur to you that hard boiled egg and pepper may have killed it?" Alan interrupted. "Poor little (*Continued on page 116*)

"Only 100 pounds, June is fine for carrying over thresholds. Three times and I'm not even tired yet."

"This is my favorite picture of my wife. I'm looking for a place to hang it."

"The neighbors may make complaints about my singing in the shower, but June doesn't."

IT'S FIFTY-FIFTY WITH THE POWELLS. SO DICK CHOPS DOWN EVERY OTHER TREE, BORROWS ONLY HALF OF JUNE'S ALLOWANCE—AND NEVER STARTS AN ARGUMENT SHE CAN'T FINISH

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND

BY DICK POWELL

■ A while back I suffered a passing slander in a magazine called MODERN SCREEN. In cold type, surrounded by quotes, was the statement that I had a pointed head. "Bless his little pointed head," I think was the line.

The only reason I didn't run to the telephone, call my attorney, and tell him to start going round and round with the publisher, is that it was my wife who made the remark. It would have been necessary for me to sue her, too, and due to the community property laws in California, I would have had to pay off half of whatever I won in the case.

Besides, when you get through with a lawsuit, the lawyers buy a home in Bel Air. For the time being, I forgot about the insult and bought a home in Bel Air, myself.

Despite some good arguments to the contrary, I'm nobody's fool but my own, and I can prove it.

Take the time when I and my wife, whose name by the way is June Allyson, kept all our money separate. I was being pretty wise and cagey (*Continued on page 85*)

the case of autry VS. rogers

THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY CASE—EXCEPT THE AUTRY-ROGERS FEUD. 'CAUSE GENE AND ROY ARE SLUGGING IT OUT COWBOY-STYLE—AGAINST THE GOSSIP-MONGERS.

by Carl Schroeder

There's always a nurse and vet on the set of *The Last Roundup* for Champ, Jr., Gene told author Carl Schroeder.

■ Gene Autry and I were sitting on a fence one hot afternoon, on a ranch outside Newhall, California.

I was wearing one of Gene's sombreros, furnished by the wardrobe department.

This made me feel like a character out of the Old West, so I said, "Podner, what is this here all now about the bitter feud between you and Roy Rogers, podner, you-all?"

Gene gazed out over three ranges of mountains. In his eyes was a look of infinite indulgence. Also a vague suggestion of irritation.

He said, "If you leave out the accent you picked up from a 1918 version of a Western script-writer, *pardner*, I would like to know about that feud myself."

I looked out into the cornfield and felt like one of the pumpkin heads lying there.

"You know," I went on, "all this stuff about you and Roy battling it out to find out who is really King of the Cowboys. I want to know about that. Do you and Roy skulk around the corner of Hollywood and Vine nights, with six shooters half drawn, waiting to mow each other down? On Hallowe'en will you sneak into (*Continued on page 114*)

glenn ford life story

The first time he saw Eleanor, all he could manage was a half-shaky "hello." Then, one beautiful day, she found he could say brilliant things, like "Let's get married." • (Conclusion)

Peter and his Dad aren't sissies, but if the rag dolls in Pete's room get thirsty, the least a guy can do is give 'em water.

Among other things, Glenn's a whiz at target practice. Here, he and his pet cocker spaniel take time out on a hunting trip to view the timber and enjoy a snack.

Glenn (*Man From Colorado*) collects rare stamps and records, but he enjoys fishing best, especially casting for salmon.

by **eleanor powell**

■ *"King Arthur and His Knights?"* Glenn's mother asked. "You mean you're in another school play?"

"No, I'm producing this one myself," Glenn replied. "A matinee out back in the barn. David's going to play his clarinet."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," she said. Then she added thoughtfully, "Did they have clarinets in King Arthur's time?"

"What difference does it make? We have to have music between the acts."

King Arthur—as it was written, produced and directed by Glenn in the Ford's leaky old barn—was a masterpiece of improvisions. The costumes—the medieval suits of armor, that is—were fashioned from the household's kitchen utensils. The setting was built from old apricot crates. In fact, everything was make-shift, except David's clarinet.

Mrs. Ford just had to go to the per-

formance which went along pretty smoothly until a climactic point in the second act, when King Arthur's Castle was subjected to siege. Right on cue, David, clarinet in hand, dashed to the top of the set, and began to blow the charge signal on his horn. Then it happened. With a splintering crash, the set collapsed, and David, blowing a sour off-key toot as he fell, pulled Glenn and the rest of the cast down into the wreckage with him.

Fortunately none of the cast was hurt. But David's clarinet ended up in four pieces. The audience got up from their seats—buckets and boxes dragged in for the occasion—and went home convinced that they had seen the season's most unorthodox presentation of medieval life. The cast went home with David to help him explain to his mother about the clarinet.

That ended the barn theater. And for a while, Glenn did not immediately get any recurrent ambitions to be an actor. Among other things, there was his running feud with a neighborhood boy, named Grant, who lived across the alley. Fighting with Grant was no new thing. It had started a number of years before, when for lack of something better to do, the two boys picked the figs off the trees in Glenn's back yard and plastered them at each other. When figs were out of season, they progressed to clods. Then (*Continued on page 104*)

the awkward age

■ Mrs. Garner was explaining to visitors about the restrictions on her daughter's social life. "After all, Peggy Ann is only fifteen," she went on, "and we simply don't believe she's old enough to be going out on solo dates. But we live near Beverly Hills High School, and she's allowed to go to all the school games and school dances."

Mrs. Garner sounded like any mother of a fifteen-year-old—and Peggy Ann sounded like any girl her age, as she began a fervent rebuttal, winding up with "Probably when I'm a hundred and two years old, you'll finally say, 'All right, Peggy Ann, you're old enough to have dates now.'" Her voice rose to a falsetto squeak on the last sentence.

In spite of their disagreements on that subject, the two are great pals, and Mrs. Garner goes out of her way to make sure that Peggy Ann has plenty of social jollifications. Every Friday night is open house at the Garners' pleasant middle-sized home, and the neighborhood kids pour in for parties that bend the walls. Sandwiches, cokes, games, phonographs, the radio, and furious dancing keep everybody busy.

A few youngsters from the movie studios occasionally turn up (*Continued on page 99*)

Peggy's mother thinks she's still too young for solo dates, but Friday night is open-house and the walls bend . . . especially when Roddy McDowall does imitations of Carmen Miranda and Tallulah.

THE WALLS ROCK, THE RADIO ROARS AND PEGGY ANN'S MOTHER REELS, BECAUSE THAT GARNER GAL'S STOMPING THROUGH THE AWKWARD AGE—ON HIGH-HEELED SHOES.

by Keith Monroe

Scotty Beckett provides music for the agony chorus. Barbara Whiting, Betty Sullivan, Carol Klingstedt and George Shelton join Peggy in singing all the latest hit-paraders.

Peggy wants to go to Northwestern U with her best pal, Barbara (under the bridge with George) of *Junior Miss* fame. Harry Macy clasps Peggy's hands to make a sturdy arch.

Peggy can memorize her lines almost at a glance, and never forgets them. Before she goes to bed she studies her script for the next day's shooting of *Daisy Kenyon*.

Sierra madre

The romance . . . the charm of old Mexico—ideal for the Bogarts' second honeymoon. Until Bogey stopped the bull-fight, knives started flying and Betty left him—for a donkey!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ Inside the Balboa Yacht Club, a baffled crew of Bogie Bogart's and Lauren Bacall's California sailing pals puzzled over a cryptic wire from Mexico:

"REGRETTING FROM HONOLULU RACE I WITHDRAW MORE TIME EXPECTED THAN PICTURE TAKING MEXICO TREASURE SIERRA MADRE. HASTA LA VISTA AMIGOS. BOGIE"

"It's scrambled like an egg," one said at last, "but I get the idea. Bogie can't sail. That's tough. He had his heart set on this race." They headed gloomily for the bar.

Down in San Jose Purua, Mexico, Humphrey had sent the telegram off with a few pesos and a prayer. All messages from the United States, he knew, had to be translated into Spanish, switched back to English, and butchered by interpreters all along the line before they reached him. He knew it was vice-versa, too. "I hope the boys understand," he sighed to Lauren. "What a swell crew we had! I'd give something important, like a bottle of Scotch, to be hauling anchor on that one." He grinned crookedly.

"This is better," Betty said.

"For you, yes," kidded her old man. "I work all day—you sleep all day. *Muy bueno*, no?" Betty ducked.

They hadn't planned to be making a movie in Mexico—*The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*—when they started overhauling the boat away back (*Continued on page 107*)

Crew of *Treasure of Sierra Madre* lunch together, around a pail of soda pop. Here's Bogey, hairdresser Betty Lou Delmont, Walt Huston and Tim Holt. Wives Lauren Bacall and Evelyn Keyes (Mrs. John Huston) went along, too.

A. Bogey made "aficionados" (that's Spanish for "fans") by the score, on location in San Jose Purua, Mexico.

B. The Mexican urchins would delight Bogart by rat-tatting imaginary guns at him, announcing gleefully, "You're dead!"

C. Bogey is made up to look like a tough Sierra Madre Mountain gold-miner, while Director John Huston explains the shot.

D. Ever try to get a stubborn burro to drink water? After hours of coaxing, the donkey wasn't thirsty, but Bogey was!

MIRACLE ON MAIN STREET

by David Charnay

■ *This is the story of Emma Matzo. A girl whom you know better as Lizabeth Scott. We have told it simply, by merely printing the hasty notes of N. Y. Daily News reporter, David Charnay, exactly as he jotted them down. We have preserved this simple form so that you could share with us, the editors, our thrill in watching a great reporter at work—unlocking a secret that had been kept until David Charnay went to Scranton. It is the secret of an obscure girl, daughter of foreign-born parents, who carved herself a big hunk of fame before she was 25. Perhaps as much as anything we have read, Emma Matzo's story reaffirms the perennial magic of American opportunity . . . the miracle on Main Street. Hers is a story told sometimes with high pride—and sometimes grudgingly. In either case, it is a story we Americans never tire of hearing!—THE EDITORS.*

■ 9:30 a.m. Just got into Scranton. Stopping briefly for gas and directions to 1001 Capouse Ave. where Liz Scott's family lives. This is a big, sprawling, dusty town, and there's a familiarity about it even though you've never been here before. The bare-legged gals in red shoes and ballet slippers and loafers, the small boys with comic books and ice cream cones. The noise and laughter in the streets. This is Big Town, U. S. A. Gives you a good feeling to know that a kid can be born on the wrong side of the tracks in a town like this and grow up to be somebody.

9:40. This is the house—a two-story brick job on a quiet street. Doesn't look as if it harbors a mystery, and yet it does. There've been so many conflicting stories about Emma Matzo's (that was Lizabeth's name) background. Was she a hat-check girl, a debutante, a coal-miner's daughter? The real story's been so hushed up, you begin to suspect something sinister in her past. That's what I'm here to find out about.

10:30. Something screwy here. A friendly tow-headed (*Con't on next pg.*)

Sister Justine, 19, shown here with Mrs. Matzo, looks like Liz, is a student of Syracuse U. The mahogany piano is one of Liz's generous gifts.

Author David Charnay (right), spoke to Liz's cousin, Mike Munhak, in his own café, next door to his father's undertaking parlor. "She was a good kid. Lots of fun. I'll buy her a drink any time," he said.

In this modest, two-story house in Scranton, Emma Matzo (now Lizabeth Scott, star of Hal Wallis' *Desert Fury*) grew up. The store facing the street, neighbors reported, was once her father's grocery.

Harry Spiegel, district manager, Commerford-Publix Theaters, threw some light on why Liz didn't attend the Scranton premiere of *You Came Along*.

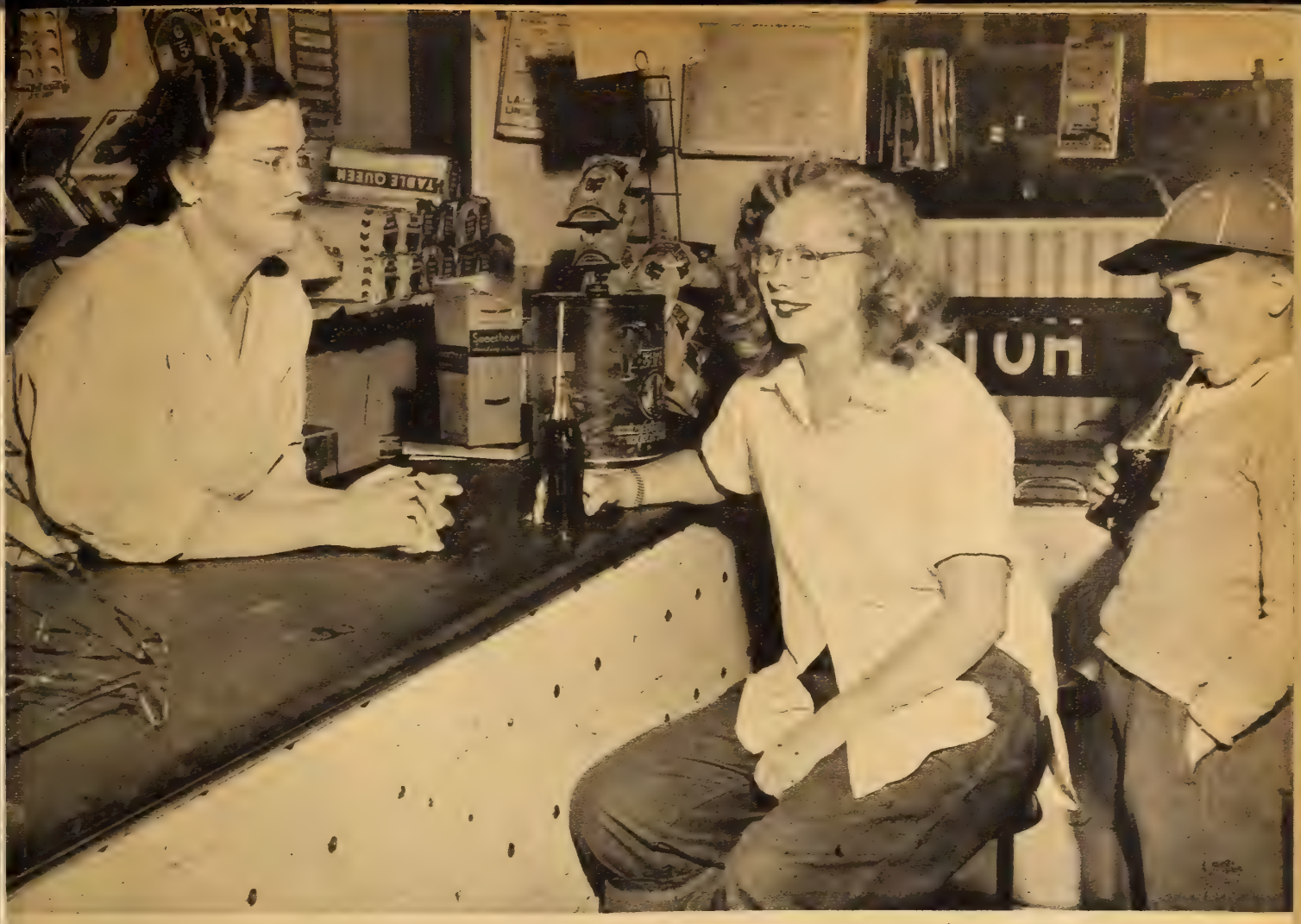
Mrs. Irene Golden, Liz's school chum, remembers her as a quiet girl—always acting. "Why doesn't she come home?" she queried our photographer.

(*Continued from preceding page*) boy answered the door and called for his mom. When she appeared, my first impression was of a kind-faced, motherly woman. Second look showed steely, executive eyes, an unsmiling mouth, strong Slavic features. I told her I was a reporter and she barred the door with a sturdy arm. Hands obviously work-worn. Happened to mention I'd heard that Mr. Matzo was a coal-miner. She lowered her arm immediately. Said, "You come in here. I would like to explain a few things." I followed her into the house.

I studied the living-room for clues to Liz's past. No pictures of her as a child. No family-type photos at all. Just two glamor shots, one bearing her height, weight, waist, hip and bust measurements, as of August, 1944. Good mahogany piano stood out like a sore thumb among modest furnishings. Liz's sister Justine joined us. Tall, stunning blonde, studying journalism at Syracuse University. Got a chance to jot down information Mrs. M. gave me while she went upstairs to change her dress before we photographed her. "My husband was never a miner," she told me. "We have lived in this corner building ever since Emma—Lizabeth—was a little girl of two. We live upstairs, but downstairs on the Ash Street side, my husband for many years owned a grocery store. He retired a few months ago. His health is not so good." (*Continued on page 94*)

At 7, Emma (Liz) went to John Adams Public School and started dancing and elocution lessons. She performed regularly in school plays.

By the time she was old enough for high school, Liz knew she wanted an acting career. At night, she'd rehearse for hours, strengthening, perfecting her unusual voice. "I won't play unless I'm a star," she'd insist to girl friends.



(Top) Mrs. M. Dean, of Kelly's Corner, and daughter Zita recalled that Liz once worked in her dad's grocery. John McColligan, 14, goes to school with Liz's youngest brother.

Above, the bare exterior of Wolfgang's Bakery, where Liz's dad now drives a delivery truck. Mr. Matso disappeared mysteriously when Modern Screen's reporter showed up.

MIRACLE ON MAIN STREET

everything happens to joan!

Joan looked chic and confident, as she and Maggi McNellis ran through the script of Maggi's radio show, broadcast from New York's Latin Quarter. Actually, mikes scare her.

"Nothing ever happens to me," moans Joan Leslie, who goes to Coney with New York's Mayor, wears a lily pad for a hat, and has a season pass to Ebbets Field!

By NANCY WINSLOW SQUIRE

■ "No," the producer said firmly, settling back in his chair. "There's no sense in your reading for that part; you couldn't play that part—"

It was an argument Joan Leslie was weary of. If you came to Hollywood when you were fifteen, and you never bothered to put on purple nail polish and tight skirts, you stayed fifteen to everyone.

Here she was twenty, and the only roles they threw at her were sweet, shy jobs. She wanted a change of pace.

She wanted, in short, to test for the dramatic part of Bessie Watty, the cockney tramp in *The Corn Is Green.*

All the producer wanted was for her to go away and not make him laugh. "Why, I've seen you ride past on a bicycle with an apple in your mouth—" he said.

She grimaced. "You make me sound like a roasted pig—and I'll sell the bicycle. Only give me a chance—"

He gave her nothing, so she went away, but she came back a couple of days later, dripping cockney accent.

"It's good," he said finally. "But Joanie, baby —" Short pause: "This girl *steals purses,* and she *flirts!*"

A little bitter, a little amused, Joanie baby went home to mother. "I was supposed to recoil in horror," she said. "What kind of a prissy young stuffed shirt do they think I am in this town? Maybe I've been sweet (*Continued on page 118*)

Wise Maggi led her radio guest through the back door—to avoid the crowds. When a member of the audience asked, "Is your hair naturally red?" Joan snapped, "Yes, and I have the temper that goes with it."

The fashion show the Latin Quarter staged that afternoon was sheer joy to Joan, who wanted clothes advice from the models. The models wanted—her autograph!

Getting into the spirit of things, Joan applauded John Frederics' latest "creation"—a Good Luck hat for Maggi, to launch her first luncheon show over WJZ from the stage of the famous night club.

In the dressing-room, Joan, who's just started *Northwest Stampede,* watched the models dress up. "I've always wanted a feather duster hat," she confided to them.

Courage Susan Peters had. But for her kind of victory, she needed something more: Timothy's teething pains, a stranger's kindness, and—above all—the strength of Dick's love.

DEVOTION

by howard sharpe

■ In the too-small living room of their too-small apartment, the young Richard Quines were attempting to work, and in work to forget the housing shortage. Susan, ensconced in her glistening chrome wheel chair, thumbed earnestly through a pile of scripts. Dick pecked angrily away at a small portable typewriter which he held on his lap.

In a corner cluttered with toys, Timothy, aged sixteen months, ran a small red motor car with rubber tires up and down the spine of Thunder, the family Great Dane, who could have swallowed his little master in one gulp.

After a while, Thunder stood up, stretched, went over to Dick and put both enormous paws on his shoulders. Dick, chair and typewriter went over backwards under Thunder's 135 pounds.

The Dane was amused. He washed Dick's face with a tongue like a side of beef, whereupon Dick swore quietly.

"Why Dick!" Susan said. "You haven't used words like that since . . ."

"It's enough," he shouted, disentangling himself. "We're going for a drive. What do you want to wear?"

Meekly, she told him. While he was fetching a jacket and an extra lap robe, she collected purse and cigarettes from a table. Then, picking her up lightly, he carried her down the outside flight of steps to the car.

A woman, watching from the window of her apartment in the adjoining building, turned to a companion. "I can't understand why the Quines live in that tiny apartment. And *upstairs!* How many times must he have to carry her up and down those steps every day?"

"Several, I should imagine. But don't forget there's a housing shortage, dear!"

The woman's eyes snapped. "I'm going to do something about that." She watched them get into the car. (*Continued on page 91*)

A young man's fancy

Visiting in Conn., Frank dropped in at the Ox Ridge Hunt Club. Members Lorna Mickle and Adele Baehr—on horseback—added a new twist to autograph hunting.

Frank lends a helping hand to Virginia Mickle as she sights Long Island Sound. They're on the landing of the Yacht Club in Darien, where he spends his week-ends.

Frank likes to do his thinking down near the water. Sometimes he gets a good idea . . . like the one about buying a house in New York. His friends can hardly believe it, but he located an old brownstone and is going to decorate it himself.

One of the reasons Frank trots home to Conn. so often is his fondness for home-cooking. Here, his mother presides at the waffle iron, while his step-dad rates "seconds." Frank's sister, passing the plate, had a baby the next day.

If you don't have a stage handy, just drop to the living room floor. That's what Frank is doing, as his mother plays leading lady and his sister directs the scene. He's writing an original screen play with his best friend, Mike De Vincent.

Frank Latimore's fancy turns to many things like houses, writing and naturally—love. All of which leaves him broke, sleepless—but happy!

by Virginia Wilson

■ Being in pictures is fine. When you love acting as Frank Latimore does, it comes right out of your heart, and you couldn't stop it if you wanted to. But you have to plan your life ahead. There are gaps between pictures and it's no good just sitting around with nothing to do. Which is one reason why Frank decided to be a part-time writer. Meeting up with Mike De Vincent is the other reason.

Mike is a character straight out of Saroyan whom Frank met in Hollywood last year, when they were both playing in *To The Living*, at the Actors' Lab there.

One evening after a rehearsal, Frank and Danny, the director of the Lab, were sitting in a restaurant around the corner. A thin man with black hair and a black mustache came in and threw himself gloomily into the other chair at the table.

"Danny," he said dramatically, "I haven't a roof over my head. Not even half a roof. I'll have to sleep in the Park tonight."

"Is that so?" Danny, unimpressed, went on stirring his coffee. "Frank, this is Mike De Vincent—Frank Latimore."

"Hello," Frank said with his shy smile. "I've seen you around the Lab."

"Yeah. Danny, I guess I'll sleep at the Lab tonight."

"You could come home with me," Frank suggested diffidently. "But it's way out at the beach. It might not be very convenient for you."

Mike howled like a banshee. "Convenient, he says. He rescues me from the gutter and asks if it's convenient for me!"

So Mike came to stay at the beach house, and they've been together ever since. The house used to belong to Al Jolson, and was all done up like a Christmas tree in July. Mike's room was red, white and blue and he said it made him feel sacrilegious, as if he were sleeping on the American flag. Frank's was like a boat's cabin, with portholes and a feeling of built-in sea-sickness. When Frank moved into town, Mike (*Continued on page 70*)

Everything with a Kiss

Cary Grant would give the shirt off his back to anyone who needed it—but first, he'd make sure it was the right color.

By Cameron Shipp

■ Modelling would be a lot easier than this, Meg Cole, messenger, thought, as she hurried across RKO's back lot with another adrenalin-charged memorandum from an executive.

Her feet hurt. And she was a long way from Cary Grant's ice box, where the kids had stashed the cokes. If there were any more school teacher tourists today, she decided, she would steer them onto the Grant set and grab a cool drink while they goggled.

Really a nice guy, she thought as (*Continued on page 86*)

New Cutex – longest-wearing Cutex ever – stops traffic with "Pretty Gay!"

Just how ravishing-red can red get? Just how wonderful can your hands look? You'll know when you see "Pretty Gay."

It's the shade to make a man's eyes go Blink, Blink! Make his heart go Thump, Thump! Make him stop . . . look . . . and love it!

And *all* new Cutex polish is so wondrously improved.

Now! Cutex wears longer than even high-priced polishes. A new miracle ingredient, found only in new Cutex, defies chipping and peeling. *Dries extra-fast, too!*

Try "Pretty Gay" polish for prettiness' sake. Try all the other exquisite Cutex hand-care products too, for the same attractive reason.

Another New! 5 Cutex Lipsticks

created to harmonize with all polish shades.

Now—so easy to choose your lipstick and polish "go-togethers."

Cutex Blue Pink lipstick makes sweet harmony with *any* cool pinkish shade. Clear Red "clicks" with any bright true red. Blue Red lipstick is lovely with *any* of the many blue-toned red polishes on the market. Try it with the new Cutex "Pretty Gay" polish—pretty devastating."

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Mr. and Mrs. Fontaine seal it with a kiss at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian church where they were married by Dr. Kenneth Roberts.

Did you ever see a vision walking? Well, Johnnie did. Her name was Barbara Lawrence . . . Until he changed it to Fontaine

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

VISION IN HITE

Babs and John greet Dan Dailey, who is starred with her in *Give My Regards To Broadway.*

Barbara is one gal who has her cake and eats it, too . . . at her reception in the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

■ All brides are beautiful, they say, but the new Mrs. John Fontaine (Barbara Lawrence) just plain took your breath away—her tan young skin glowing against the pure white of her wedding gown, her eyes soft with happiness. There wasn't one of us at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church that June night who didn't gasp a little when she came in on her father's arm. (He's Morris Lawrence, and he flew in from Oklahoma to give her away.) Her dress was classically simple, white lace with long puff sleeves and a sweetheart neckline, and the halo hat trimmed with lilies of the valley was (*Continued on page 112*)

MEMO OF A MADMAN by Christopher Kane

(*Continued from page 29*)

he spoke. "I hate other people's women," he said. "They're no good to *me*. Now, have you ever scrambled me so much as an egg?"

"Mr. Mitchum," I said severely, "I have come to do a story. Now, the story will be this way. The story will be that although you've always been given tight-lipped roles, you're really a warm, human man, and this animal picture is wonderful for you—and—"

"Why don't you go home and write it, honey?" he said. "You've got it all figured out; I don't see what you need me for. Reminds me of the time a guy comes up and says, 'We're going to do a story on what you owe your wife,' Know what I told the guy, honey? I told him it was none of his damn business what I owed my wife—"

I was beginning to get scared. "Mr. Mitchum," I said, "wasn't there something interesting about the way you got this part? I mean, didn't a lot of people think you couldn't play this part, and you showed them?"

He looked bored. "Kid, at six o'clock one night, I was given two scripts, and I was supposed to pick one by noon the next day, and I picked this one."

Desperately, I pursued the animal tack. "You were raised on a farm, weren't you? You had animals, didn't you?"

Now that I look back on it, I realize he was trying to shock me so I'd go away. "I had a dog," he said cheerfully. "Had to shoot it through the head; it was eating chickens."

He chewed a little harder on his straw. "I can take animals or leave 'em alone. I don't see why people don't spend their energy on children, or other people, or promoting the peace. Hell, why clutter up your life with Pomeranians?"

"Down with Pomeranians," I cried hysterically, trying to curry favor with this madman. "And do your children have any pets?"

I guess I was running the thing into the ground, but I swear, I didn't know what to say next.

"Eight cats, a dog, and four guinea pigs," he said. "Seven of the cats have never been out from under the front porch; they're half-blind, and wild." He leered at me evilly. "Have to steam 'em out with cyanide some day."

Suddenly, I got it. He was having himself a ball. Some nut comes up and asks you a lot of damn-fool questions, so you give 'em back a lot of damn-fool answers, was his attitude. And like I said before, his tongue was so far in his cheek, it looked like mumps.

After that, I just gave up asking questions. I figured as long as I was already out there on the location, I'd simply stick around and observe the habits of the man.

It was absorbing.

He sings while the make-up man is putting on his grease-paint, for one thing.

He and the makeup man had a classy duel going that day. Something about, "Where shall I go, when I go, where I go—"

all's Welles that ends Welles . . .

They also had a tepid sort of argument about Orson Welles. The makeup man was anti; Bob was pro.

It ended in a draw, and they dropped it.

"You still working so hard?" the make-up guy said. "Weren't you doing three pictures all at once a while ago?"

Mitchum laughed bitterly. "With a slight case of pneumonia, besides. You know, I finally took off for Catalina one day, and I was sitting in the middle of some water, staring at the bottom of the boat, because I didn't really believe I was there, and by God, some little boat pulls up next to me and says, 'You're Mitchum, aren't you? You'd better get back; the studio's got a call out for you.'"

He sighed. "Last night, a guy phones me. 'Got a swell picture,' he says. 'You'll love it.'

"'When?' I say.

"'Laid in Oregon,' he says. 'Beautiful location. You can hunt and fish—'

"'When?' I say.

"'Studio'll send a car for you, too,' he says. 'Get you a house. You can take your family—'

"I'm a patient guy. I'm still sitting there saying, 'When?'

"'Loretta Young, too,' he says.

"I blow up. '*When?*'

"'The day you finish *Red Pony*,' he says."

Mitchum got out of the makeup chair.

"What'd you tell the guy?" the makeup man said.

"I told him plenty," Bob said very brightly.

He walked out of the fake ranch house where production planning and makeup were housed. He was singing, "Don't you wish your baby had big fat legs like mine?"

The little boy, Peter Miles, who's playing John Steinbeck's child hero, Tom, in *The Red Pony*, came running up to him.

Mitch (who of course plays Billy Buck, the ranch-hand who was "half-horse, and the horses knew it") broke a switch off a nearby tree with an easy sweep of his long arm. Then, staring at Peter, he began to whittle on the wood.

"What are you doing?" Peter asked politely.

"I'm getting this in shape to beat little boys with," Bob said seriously. "I beat my own sons every day."

Peter laughed uproariously, and I had to grin, too. Apparently, it wasn't only interviewers who got the tease technique. And a little child shall show them how to take it, at that.

"I met Josh," Peter said. "He doesn't look like you beat him."

"I make him wear long pants," Bob said, "to cover up the scars."

Josh had been out on the location one day, and somebody'd wanted to take a picture of him on the red pony, but he'd turned the offer down brusquely.

"Naw," he'd said. "I'd rather stick around and watch the kid work—"

"The kid" (Peter) is nine, and Josh is six, but Josh is a Mitchum, which ought to explain it.

Josh also thought the red pony looked an awful lot like Bill Boyd. "All that white hair," he said.

competition for Lassie . . .

I made the acquaintance of the red pony myself. His real name is Flash, but he's Gabilan, in the picture, and he may be a bigger star than Lassie, before he gets through.

I also met his stand-in, an almost white pony, and Bob advised me not to get too close.

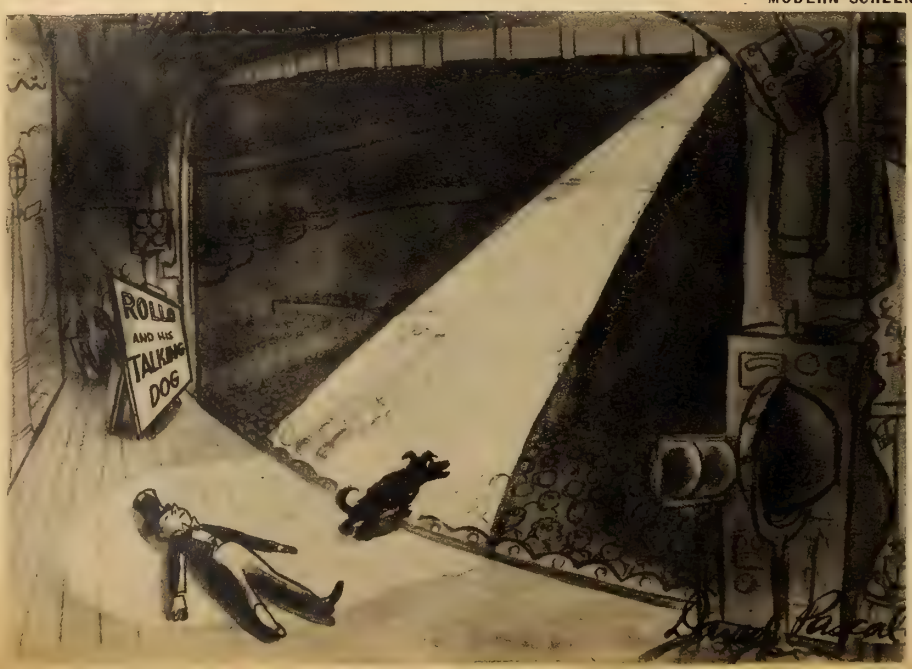
"Killed two men last week," he said sadly. For about two and a half seconds, I even believed that.

Finally, it was time for me to go home, and I set my face determinedly, and said, "Please, Mr. Mitchum, just answer me one thing straight. What are you anxious to do after this picture winds up? What about your future?"

"Okay," he said, "I'll tell you. I haven't had a vacation for seven years; I haven't had a day off since before I went into the army. I haven't been any place where a phone couldn't reach me at four o'clock in the morning.

"What would I like to do when this picture winds up? I'd like to go to jail, and sit down for a week!"

So you see, fellas, why I haven't got a story? Couldn't you have asked me to interview Director Milestone? Or Myrna Loy? Or the makeup man? Or even the darn pony? Anybody but that big, muscular, loud-singing, crazy Mitchum.



INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

Welcome back Don Taylor (above with ye Info Desk), who just signed a Mark Hellinger contract and draws the lead in *The Naked City.* Don (the memorable Pinky of *Winged Victory*) was born in Freeport, Pa., Dec. 13, 1920. He's 6'1½" tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has brown eyes and sandy hair. Write to him at Universal, Universal City, Calif., for a picture, and if you'd like a story on him, vote for him on our poll. You'll also see him in *Song of the Thin Man.*

ANNE SARGENT debuts as Don's wife in Naked City. *She was born in Pittston, Pa., on Nov. 18, 1924. Is 5'4" tall, and has hazel eyes and brown hair. Scored on the N. Y. stage opposite handsome John Heath in* Boy Who Loved Twice. *Is unattached. Can also be reached at Universal.*

You loved HOWARD DUFF as Soldier in Brute Force, *you'll see him next in* Naked City, *and you can hear him in the lead on "The Adventures of Sam Spade." Howard was born in Bremerton, Wash., on Nov. 24, 1917. Is 6' tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Unmarried. Lots of mail sent to him at Universal will help give him the stardom he deserves.*

ROBERT KENDALL was Hassen in Song of Scheherazade, *and this cute 18-year-old newcomer was born in Battle Creek, Mich. He's 5'7", and has dark hair and eyes. Welcomes fan mail at Universal, and Joan Eucker, 3915 Carpenter Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., has his fan club.*

You have the questions! I have the answers! Let's get together. It's Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Don't forget the self-addressed stamped envelope.

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GLORIFY YOUR HAIR

How to flatter your newest hair-style by keeping your tresses as sparkling as a movie star's!

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ Movie girls have new hair styles with each picture, and only *healthy* tresses can take these studio demands. Joan (*Northwest Stampede*) Leslie keeps her red-gold hair always shining. It's professionally dressed when she's doing a picture; otherwise she cares for it at home. Washes her own locks and "marvellous," says she, is the way her new miracle shampoo keeps hair in condition. You have no studio demands, but re-styling is fun. Like Joan's, your hair should be in condition. Begin with the right shampoo, such as the new liquid one that cleans in a jiffy and shines hair like a Hollywood star's.

Before: Brush, brush, brush. Twist your wrist so that hair is swept outwards. Often wipe the brush on a towel to remove excess dust. When scalp is a-tingle, begin a warm oil treatment. Apply the oil with a pad of cotton to scalp and hair ends, and massage until your arms call "quits." Wrap your head in a towel and read for an hour while the lubrication gets in its good work.

For fast sudsing, wet your hair before applying shampoo. Use both hands for a vigorous "suds scrub." To clean the ends, add a drop or two of fresh shampoo and squeeze the suds through the strands as you would through a piece of cloth. Now rinse until every trace of suds vanishes down the drain.

After: Remove all possible moisture by towel-drying your hair. If it needs the lubrication of brilliantine or hair cream because of an unusual amount of "fly," now, while hair is still damp, is the time to apply it. After the toweling, everyone should brush hair almost dry.

Roll curls in even strands and carefully pin them in the shape of a cinnamon bun. While they set, tie your head in a pretty net. The new hair-do will soon be ready, made very glamorous by the texture and sheen of your hair!

Revlon's NEW "Fashion plate"

The only cream wafer face make-up in the world!

Not a cake!

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Beauty ideal of all time... Today's goddess wears the make-up of tomorrow . . . Revlon's new "Fashion Plate"! Like a wonderful hat, it brings instant *change*. Cream Wafer needs no water, no sponge . . . makes everything else old-fashioned! Your own fingertips . . . *magic* with "Fashion Plate" . . . quickly stroke on the radiant illusion of poreless-as-porcelain perfection! *12 Revlon Genius-Colors, including the very latest, "Cinderella's Pumpkin."*

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The Jack of Hearts Stole some Tarts...

Cookies *and* Tarts! They taste so wonderful my Dad says they take every trick in the deck. My Mom says of course it's the KARO* Syrup in them. I've noticed myself that KARO does something pretty special to everything you use it in. How are things at *your* house? Anybody hungry for some extra special cookies?

THE KARO KID

CURRANT LEMON TARTS

1 recipe pastry

2 teaspoons corn starch
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
⅓ cup melted butter or margarine
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup currants or raisins

For large dessert tarts, roll pastry ⅛ inch thick. Line tart pans with pastry rounds, cut to extend ½ inch up side of pan, making a shallow shell. Mix corn starch, sugar and salt; add egg and blend well. Add remaining ingredients, mixing well. Fill tart shells with this mixture. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 15 minutes longer. Remove tarts quickly, while hot. Makes six 4-inch tarts.

For tea tarts, as shown in photograph, follow same recipe, but cut pastry in 3-inch rounds. Line muffin pans; extend pastry ¼ inch up side of pan. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes. Makes 30.

© C. P. R. Co. 1947

DATE AND NUT CHEWS

2 eggs
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ cup sugar
½ cup KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label
1 cup dates, finely cut
1 cup chopped nut meats
¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
⅓ cup confectioners' sugar

Place eggs in large bowl. Add salt and almond extract. Beat until light. Gradually beat in sugar and KARO Syrup. Add dates and nut meats and mix well. Fold in sifted flour. Pour into 2 greased 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from oven and while still hot, cut into 1½-inch squares. Shape at once into small balls. Roll in confectioners' sugar. Makes 3 dozen.

These cookies keep remarkably well when stored in tightly covered box or jar.

*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y.

NUT DROP COOKIES

1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
½ cup brown sugar
2 eggs
½ cup KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label
½ teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup coarsely chopped nut meats

Sift together flour and salt. Cream shortening; add sugar; cream until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add KARO; beat well. Stir in vanilla, nut meats and sifted dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from pan at once. Makes 4 dozen.

If desired, place ½ pecan on each cookie before baking.

LADY IN RETIREMENT

(*Continued from page 27*)

winding coast highway to her tiny little house in Del Monte Forest, overlooking the Blue Pacific. And there she has spent most of her time, preferring not to talk to anyone. She has insisted on working out her problems in the quiet beach town where the people mind their own business, and treat her as a neighbor instead of a star.

It was quite a problem to reach Greer. There's no phone in her house in the woods. When she has to call Hollywood, she climbs out of her bathing suit, and into tailored slacks and blouse, hikes down to the phone in the corner drug store, and stands patiently in the booth while $1.70 in nickels, dimes and quarters make a symphony of chimes as the coins clink into the box. It was on that phone that I finally reached her, via one secretary and umpteen calls, and she agreed to talk with me for MODERN SCREEN, when she came back to Hollywood.

Two days later, sitting in her comfortable, luxurious drawing room, and looking slim and cool in a dazzling white suit, Greer was radiant about her new happiness. It was enough almost to confirm those rumors that she and Dick are reconciling.

"Well, I don't know, Virginia," Greer said with just a suggestion of a twinkle. "Discussing something you're trying to work out is bad, at least until you've reached a decision."

But Greer's eyes were twinkling. Sitting in the living room with warm California sunshine turning her titian hair to fire, she looked like a little girl dreaming about a bright new toy, which she was afraid to touch for fear it might not be there when she reached out her hands.

"I feel wonderful," Greer laughed, ruffling the top-knot on the small, black French poodle, and sinking back into a sea-green couch. "Up in the country, I've been rusticating—taking long walks, gardening, climbing rocks, driving along the craggy coastline—and thinking a lot."

At this point, Joseph, her white-coated butler, announced luncheon, and we continued our talk over scrambled eggs, sliced tomatoes, and hot biscuits.

"Other than that," she said, as we were sitting down, "I've taken up horseback riding again, which required a rare kind of mental courage with me, because I'm frightened to death of horses. But now I can spend two hours on horseback without tiring. I have taken my first fall, too, so I am not so scared any more. Yes, I practice in the ring, but I enjoy more the ride up through the forest. No, I'm not up to jumping yet."

The rustication was almost a complete retreat. For the first couple of months, while she was recovering her health, Greer spent almost every morning sitting under the umbrella chairs on her porch.

After she began to feel stronger, she swam and then took up horseback riding, wearing a brown riding outfit. Only once or twice a week did she go into town.

Back in Hollywood, Greer was seen occasionally with a group of friends that included Richard Ney. The gossip columnists pounced on the possibilities of a reconciliation. But then Greer had just tossed her bright curls and said nothing. "You know," Greer said, momentarily forgetting the delicious food on her plate, and with a brooding look in her eye for a minute, "about the separation, I felt as if it weren't anybody's concern but Dick's and mine. When one of the columnists phoned me, I returned her call because she was a friend of mine. But I didn't want to. I didn't think it was any of her business. But later, my business manager said, 'Yes, it is, Greer. It IS her business.' And I guess he was right, at that. So I gave out the story."

Her admission of a rift in the Garson-Ney household was brief and dignified. Her statement to the press read:

"This is not an easy or a hasty decision. But like many other married couples, we have had personal problems and difficulties. Unfortunately—at this time—they seem to make continuation impossible."

That was all. But, although the newspapers were anxious to print any item referring to her private troubles, and several spurious "quotes" were printed, they didn't get any facts from Greer herself.

"People would send me clippings of little squibs and hints in the papers about us," Greer admitted over a tasty dessert of fruit cup. "I used to feel a quick stab of dismay in my tummy. Things like that bothered me terribly at first. But after all these months up there by the ocean, where life is calm and peaceful, I've worked out a new philosophy. Now, when I hear about those items in the gossip columns, I just chuckle. I don't get upset any more. And I'll probably live a lot longer."

All during this personal struggle, Greer's professional life hasn't been running any too smoothly, either. Her less considerate critics used columns of space to point out that after one bad picture, *Adventure*, Miss Garson was having script trouble with her next. They picked a familiar phrase to harp on: "There's nothing wrong with Greer Garson that a good picture won't cure."

"It's certainly true, isn't it?" said Greer, with a chuckle. "What I went through on *A Woman of My Own* was really something. First, *we* worked three weeks and then they switched leading men. I was doubtful about doing the picture, but yielded. Then the director was ill for weeks; the censors changed the story around until the basic plot was weakened. During a location trip, I was almost swept out to sea in an accident that ruined my health for six months; and, finally, when we previewed the results . . . well . . . .!!"

Director George Cukor admitted ruefully to her that the people in the theater weren't "emotionally involved."

"If you mean they laughed in the wrong place," Greer grinned, "you're quite right!"

The studio bosses, who had threatened, pleaded, argued and finally ordered her to make the picture in the beginning, allowed that her original fears had been justified and said they'd make amends.

"It had turned out just as badly as I said it would in the first place," Greer sighed. "But we made it over—and now it's much better. We had another preview and the audience liked it. That's one of the reasons I'm happier. Another is that I have my health back."

Another trial has been the so-called "feud" between Greer and the new British star, Deborah Kerr, which is supposed to exist. Greer still hasn't figured out who dreamed that up out of the blue.

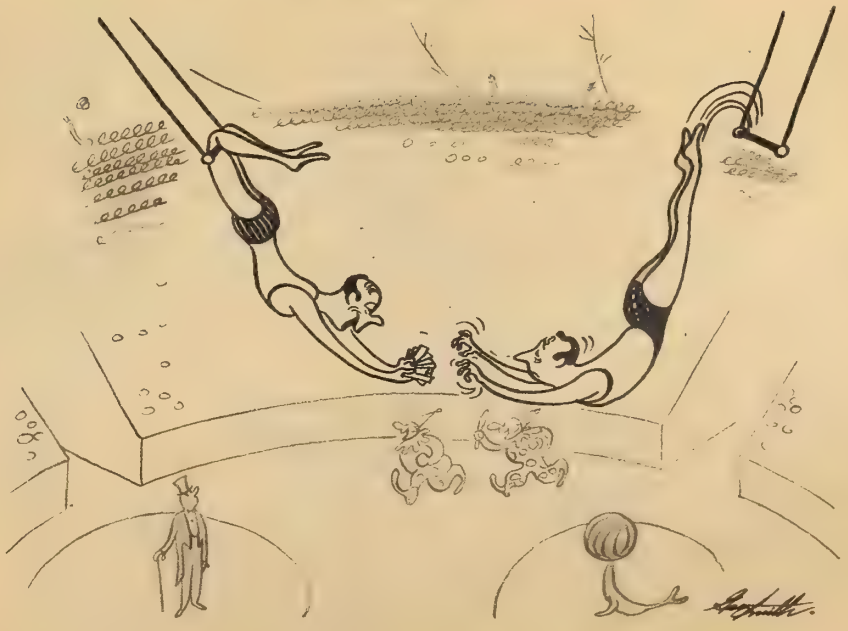
"I've never feuded with anyone, either privately or professionally. Why should I be feuding with Deborah?" she demanded, her blue eyes ablaze. "She's my fellow countrywoman. She's also a very fine actress and a nice girl. But that's no reason for me to get huffy. Heavens! M-G-M's big enough for both of us!

"One can't expect a masterpiece every year. No one can hit 100 per cent all the time. I'm really very lucky. I had a lot of good breaks for a long time.

"I don't know what's ahead in any department," Greer added, "but I know this, I'm not going to waste an hour of any lovely day in worry or negative thought. I'm not looking back. I'm looking ahead."

Just as I was leaving, Greer had a phone call. After a brief—but intimate—conversation in hushed and excited mumblings, she returned to walk me down the graveled driveway to my car.

She looked like a girl who had just received her first bid to a prom. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes sparkled. I drove away thinking there might be something to the rumors of her reconciliation with Dick. Who knows?



"Pick a card—any card."

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

(*Continued from page 59*)

came along.

The new house was charming, in its individual fashion. It had a huge living room with a fireplace the size of a neanderthal cave stretching all across one end. There was a balcony along two sides of the room and the bedrooms opened off that. Only thing was, the stairs were outside.

Mike surveyed it dubiously. "I can see I gotta stay sober, if I'm gonna live here."

Frank, who only drinks "cokes," merely grinned. "Good for you to stay sober."

They soon found that the enormous fireplace, while decorative, simply devoured wood. One cold night the wood ran out and they sat there shivering for awhile. Then Frank went to the door and stared out reflectively. It was a moonlit night with everything silhouetted neatly against the sky.

Gradually, Frank got the look of bright mischief on his face that only his very best friends have seen.

Mike groaned in alarm. "Now, Frank, take it easy. Not that picket fence next door—she'll have you arrested!"

But Frank said, "I've always thought those pickets were too close together. They'd look a lot better a little farther apart." And he vanished out the door.

He was back in half an hour with enough wood to last the rest of the evening. And the lady next door apparently never even noticed that her fence pickets were spaced differently next day.

It was while they lived here that Frank and Mike began work on the picture script which is so important to them both. Mike had written a short sketch about a character who fascinated him. The guy was strictly a grifter. The kind who goes into a restaurant alone and broke, and comes out with a free five-course dinner inside him and a blonde hanging onto his arm. A smooth talker and a fastworker and no good for anything or anybody.

Mike had thought the piece might do as a script for a short. But he hadn't gotten around to doing anything definite about it, and one day he put it in a heap with some other stuff he was going to ship East to get out of the way.

"What's this?" Frank asked, leafing through it idly.

Mike explained, but Frank wasn't listening. He was reading, and when he'd finished, he said seriously, "Mike, this is terrific. Why don't you really go to work on it and make it into a picture script?"

"Will you help?" They had written a radio sketch not long before, so Mike knew Frank could write.

"Sure. I'll bet we could really make something out of this. Let's start tonight."

That was the beginning. Gradually the original idea was expanded, and changed and hopped up till it was hardly recognizable as the little character sketch. Frank would lie awake at night, thinking about it. At three or four in the morning he would suddenly jump out of bed and run into Mike's room.

"Mike, wake up! I've got an idea!"

Mike would open one eye. "Listen, kid, have your ideas in the daytime."

"Oh, get up, will you? This is *important!*"

For the next couple of hours they would go over and over the thing, brooding about angles, arguing approaches, with Mike, by now as enthusiastic as Frank, acting it out.

Finally Frank would say, "Let's call Greg in New York and see what he thinks."

"Greg" is Frank Gregory who works for Twentieth Century-Fox in New York. He never gets excited, which is why he's such a good critic for the other two. He gives his honest opinion, good or bad, and Frank accepts it with respect for Greg's judgment. They are very good pals those two, having been through a few adventures together. When Greg first got out of the Army, he came to see Frank in Hollywood, a gleam in his eye.

"You've got a car, and I've got some saved-up cash burning a hole in the pocket of this nice, new civilian suit. Let's take a trip to San Francisco."

They left that night. The jalopy creaked and groaned, but it did all right for the first thirty miles. Then tires started blowing out with the regularity of machine-gun fire. Fortunately, it was a bright, moonlight night but even so, changing tires got a little monotonous.

"We ought to have some of that seasick medicine your mother fed you on the boat that time," Greg said, grinning. "Remember—she's always telling about it?"

It's one of the Latimore family's favorite stories. When Frank was about five years old his mother took him to Europe with her. She was afraid the boy would be sea-sick so she took along some medicine which a friend recommended very highly.

"They give it to mountain climbers for altitude sickness," the friend said, "and it's wonderful for sea-sickness too. One pill three times a day."

That was fine. But little Frank, exploring their cabin the first day out, found the bottle and thought those pink tablets looked just like candy. Down the hatch they went, the whole bottle of them, and his mother almost died of fright when she found out about it. She got the ship doctor, and he said Frank would have to work them off by doing mountain climbing, to counterbalance the effects. Of course there aren't any mountains on ships, so five-year-old Frankie was set to work climbing around the cabin. Up on chairs, climbed Frank, over the bed, chinning himself on the bureau, getting rid of the excess energy generated by the pills. And they certainly would have been a fine thing to have along for stimulation in changing tires!

cross country trek . . .

After the boys left San Francisco, they drove cross-country for about five hundred miles. How the car held together through that is the mystery of all time. They found an old deserted mine on the top of a mountain when they were exploring a country road, and had a fine time wandering through its labyrinths.

When they came out of the mine, they sat and sunbathed in the nude to get a complete tan, secure in the belief that they were twenty miles or so from civilization. It was a considerable shock when they got their clothes back on and walked half a dozen yards in the other direction to find a farmer's wife placidly hanging out clothes on a back porch which they had thought was part of the abandoned mine!

Frank's next adventure after that trip was falling in love. He's only twenty-one and while he had had plenty of girls, he'd never been serious about any of them before. This girl was attractive and charming and—well, they fell in love or thought they did. Long telephone calls, dates almost every night, that warm happy feeling when they knew they were going to see each other—the works!

But then Frank had to go to Canada to makes scenes for *13 Rue Madeleine*, and somehow things looked different. Oh, for a while he spent most of his time and all his money on the long distance telephone, trying to persuade the girl to come and meet him in New York and get married. Fortunately she wouldn't, and it was just as well. Because in a couple of months they had both decided that maybe that moonlight and roses feeling wasn't the lasting kind—that it had been fun, but there were a lot of other people in the world they wanted to meet before they settled down to any one of them.

A few months ago, Frank was called

"Would you mind repeating that complaint to Mr. Jones? Mr. Jones is our trouble shooter."

"You'll know on sight - it's right"

JANIS PAIGE

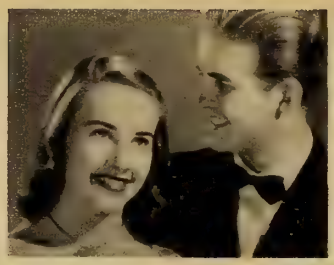
Right from the start, "The Silver Service of the Stars" gives your table the right Hollywood setting. More pieces . . . more beauty . . . more quality—extra weight and an extra overlay of pure silver at wear point. See your jeweler. Choose your pattern in the service that gives you MORE FOR YOUR "SILVER" DOLLAR. Complete services start at $34.75. Or, you may start with 5-piece Place Settings at $4.50. (No Federal Tax)

JANIS PAIGE
Starring in
WALLFLOWER
A Warner Bros. Prod.

1881
ROGERS
silverplate
by ONEIDA LTD.
silversmiths

Capri
Del Mar
Surf Crest

Fame and fortune! Thrilling dates! "I'm a lucky girl," says Jeanne. "But it's really my SweetHeart complexion that brings me all this happiness."



Jeanne Decker,
ENTRANCING COVER GIRL, Says

Beauty's My Business—

So I changed to the Gentle FLOATING LIFT of SWEETHEART SOAP'S Extra Lather!

Discover SweetHeart's *Floating Lift* Beauty Care! Night and morning, massage your face one minute with SweetHeart's *extra lather.* Rinse with warm—then cold water. Skin is *cleansed . . . stimulated . . . more radiant!*

• "It pays me to choose truly helpful complexion care," says beautiful Jeanne Decker. "And this amazing SweetHeart Care is simply divine. It leaves my skin soft, smooth, and radiant."

You, too, will rave about this beauty care! For pure, mild SweetHeart Soap gives up to *twice as much lather* as average beauty soaps. And this soft, billowing lather has a *floating lift.* Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* this amazing, gentle action on the skin.

Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings...*lift* off—*float* away—dirt and rough skin flakes. Your complexion looks smoother, fresher, lovelier—for its true beauty is revealed!

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

• For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is simply marvelous!

East to consider a part in *Bathsheba,* the James Mason play. Mike, whose wife and baby were staying with her family in Brooklyn, decided to come along and get a job in New York.

"Not an acting job, an eating job," he explained. "I can't get my family out of that three meals a day habit, and acting doesn't seem to be paying me very well these days."

The *Bathsheba* deal fell through, but there were various other things in the offing to keep Frank in New York. He took a room in a hotel and weekends he went out to Darien where his mother and step-father live. He had gone to school in Darien and there were plenty of his old friends around.

He used to take walks along the sandy shore of the Sound. It was good to be by yourself sometimes and think about what you wanted to do with your life.

just a cheap little house . . .

It was during one of those walks that Frank decided to buy a house in New York. A cheap house. And when the boy makes up his mind to something, he is pretty definite about it. He only grinned at his sister Trista when she said he was crazy, that there was no such thing as a cheap house in New York. Strangely enough it was through her, actually, that he found a house at last.

"Why don't you go and see Charles Hopkins at Pease and Elliman," she suggested. "He's an ex-actor, you know, and a very nice guy."

Pease and Elliman are one of the biggest real estate firms in New York. Frank could imagine the shudder of horror with which they would greet his announcement of the low price he wanted to pay.

"Thanks," he told Trista, "but I guess I'll look around for awhile myself." And that's what he set out to do.

The "looking around," was conspicuously unsuccessful. At last, in desperation, Frank paid a call on the imposing offices of Pease and Elliman.

Mr. Hopkins turned out to be a pleasant gentleman with a ready smile and a sympathetic ear for Frank's tale of woe and despair.

Amazingly, incredibly, the first house he showed him was The House. Oh, not that it was any dream home! Just an old brownstone in an unfashionable neighborhood on West 95th Street.

But the house itself was solidly built, and managed somehow to have a quality of dignity about it that appealed to Frank. He could visualize it with some of the partitions removed to make bigger rooms. With one big, wide window across the front on each floor. With a combined living room and work room and "little theater" all in one. There were four floors all together—plenty of room for Mike and his family, too.

his best girl . . .

Frank is crazy about Mike's little four-year-old Carol Ann. She interrupts their work, and demands to be taken to her uncle's ice cream parlor for chocolate cones, and just as the flame of genius is burning bright, Carol Ann is likely to decide she wants to sit on Frank's lap. But she's a cutie, that one. She is convinced that Frank's last name is Ratamorgue, and nothing will keep her from calling him that. With an elfin smile that never fails to enchant him.

One of these days he'll probably meet a girl and it will really be love and they'll marry and have some little Carol Anns of their own. Meanwhile, you can go on dreaming about him, because he's heart-whole and fancy-free, and the best looking twenty-one-year-old male you ever saw in all your life!

ARE RUSSELL AND MADISON MARRIED?

(*Continued from page 24*)

What day?

Furthermore, Gail used to be a moody, strange character who'd cry at the drop of a hat, and if you didn't drop the hat, she'd cry anyhow.

Suddenly, she's warmer, and more friendly, and a lot more hilarious.

Guy seems more relaxed lately, too.

Besides which, they act happier together. No more battles, no more walking out on each other. Peace, it's wonderful. Is it permanent?

Guy and Gail date every night; that much is known. They've reconciled all minor habits of taste which might make trouble. He likes to dine early; she can't stand the sight of a lamb-chop until half-past eight.

"You don't live a healthy life," he used to say.

She'd stare at him. "Don't be dull." And that would be the signal for an argument.

repeat performance . . .

Now he eats at four in the afternoon, and then again at nine with her, and they couldn't be more delighted with the arrangement.

"You drink too much coffee," he used to tell her.

"I like too much coffee," she'd say.

Now she's cut down on coffee terrifically. "Just leave me enough to keep my pesky eyes pried open," she begs, and that much he leaves her, and she struggles along on it as best she can.

Once he was the most tardy man in town.

Now, if he stops to have his shoes shined, he's on the phone apologizing. And if he's out on studio business at night, he calls Gail every fifteen minutes to describe the atmosphere, the surroundings, and his personal opinion of how long it can possibly last.

And Gail, who always refused to be caught dead or even half-dead at any social function she didn't crave to be caught at, now listens when Guy says, "You really *should,* you know," and they go to the thing together, arm-in-arm, smiling through clenched teeth.

He's been wonderful for her that way. "So you're bored," he'd say. "They're paying you good money to be bored."

"Okay, Moe," she'd say. "Okay."

There are small tendernesses between them that friends seem to feel are fraught with meaning.

They remember the last Academy Awards, and Gail mentioning to Guy that

STARDUST—$5 WORTH

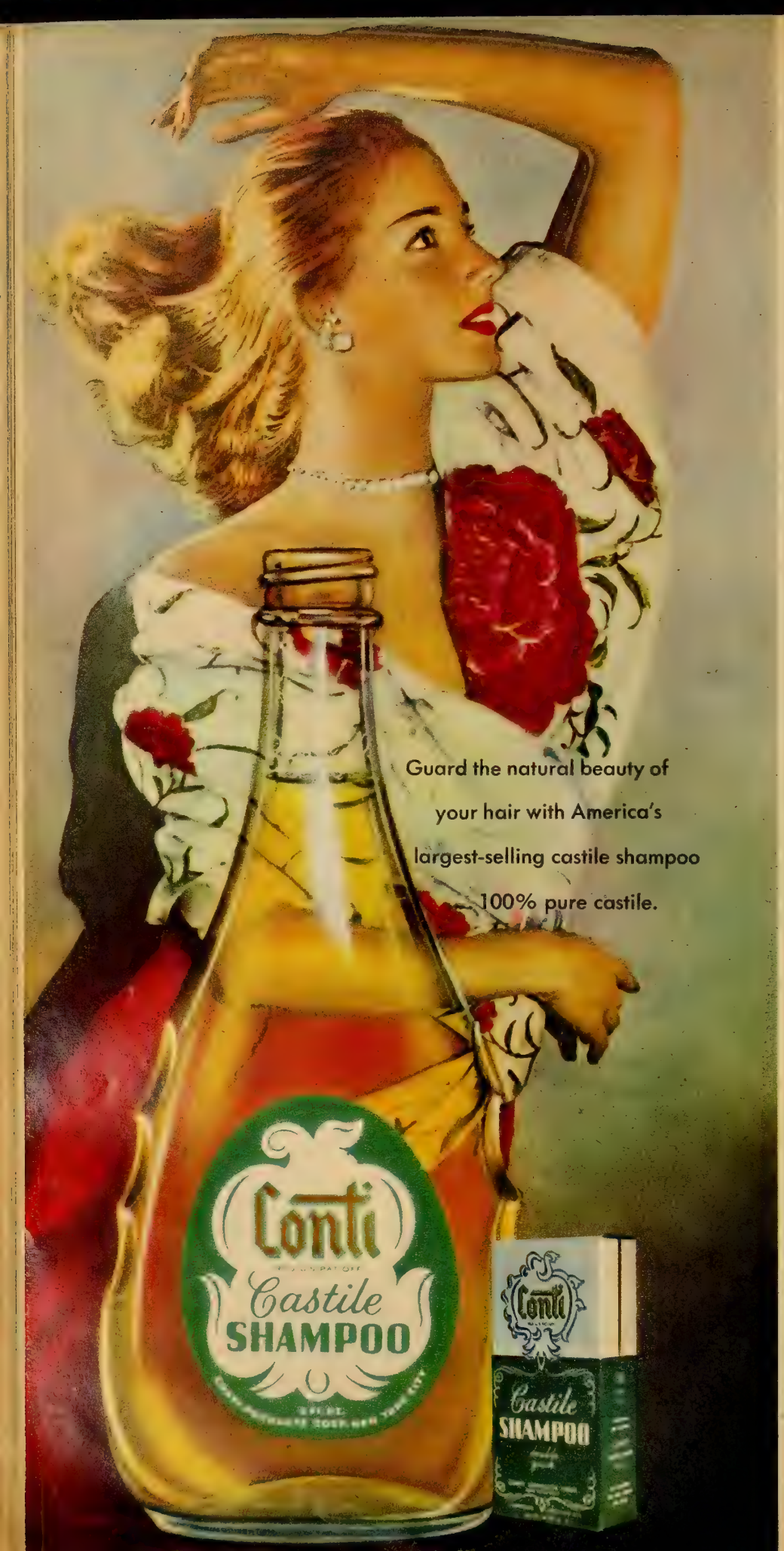
Starry October skies are beautiful, we admit. But the walking stars of Hollywood cast a glow all their own—wherever they go. If you've seen one in your town, we'd like to hear about it, but only if they do more than twinkle. You'll know what we mean if you glance through our "I Saw It Happen" boxes, because there the stars walk and talk just for you. We'll toss a handful of stardust your way for every short, amusing and true anecdote we use. Five dollars, that is, if the stars are with you. Send your anecdote to the "I Saw It Happen," Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. Star gazing? How about giving us a peek?*

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film! ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!



she'd never won anything. "Not in my whole life," she said mournfully digging one toe in the carpet.

Shortly thereafter, he brought her a tiny gold Oscar, delicately engraved. "For Having a Heart," it said.

She must have bawled for half an hour, and loved every minute of it.

Guy worries about her health, and makes her drink water, and swipes cigarettes out of her hands, and brings her one old beat-up rose every night. "We gotta save money, honey—"

This is to tease her, because she used to complain when he came in with armloads of expensive flowers.

But whether they're saving money because they're busy being a responsible married couple, nobody knows with any degree of certainty.

It's peculiar how mysterious situations like this one originate. In the beginning, when Guy and Gail started being serious, there was trouble with their respective studios.

protection . . .

It wasn't anybody's fault. Studios have to protect their own interests, and while the romance was good publicity for both Paramount and Selznick, a marriage would not have been. At least, that's the way the studios had it figured, and they're fairly good at figuring.

They feel until young stars are very firmly established, they're better box-office if they're single.

Then some fairly ugly rumors broke. "Guy's going around with Gail to grab space in columns."

The same thing was said about Gail.

It wasn't conducive to mutual trust and affection.

Afterwards, the stories came out about their being engaged, and there were more embarrassing repercussions, and for a while, Gail and Guy just stopped seeing each other.

Now they're back together again, obviously in love, and possibly married. If they are married, it may be they feel they're protecting themselves and their marriage by keeping it secret. They've had too many big fusses, and flashy newspaper stories, and bad feelings to risk getting hurt again.

So there you are, and where are you? You can safely say Guy Madison and Gail Russell are an extra-handsome young couple, crazy about each other, and having a wonderful time. But if you want to do any guessing beyond that, you're strictly on your own.

Ava Gardner . . .

soon to be seen in MGM's important picture *The Hucksters.* When we lined up beautiful Ava for a fashion shot, we couldn't make up our mind whether to photograph her with up-hair or down-hair—she looked so ravishing both ways.

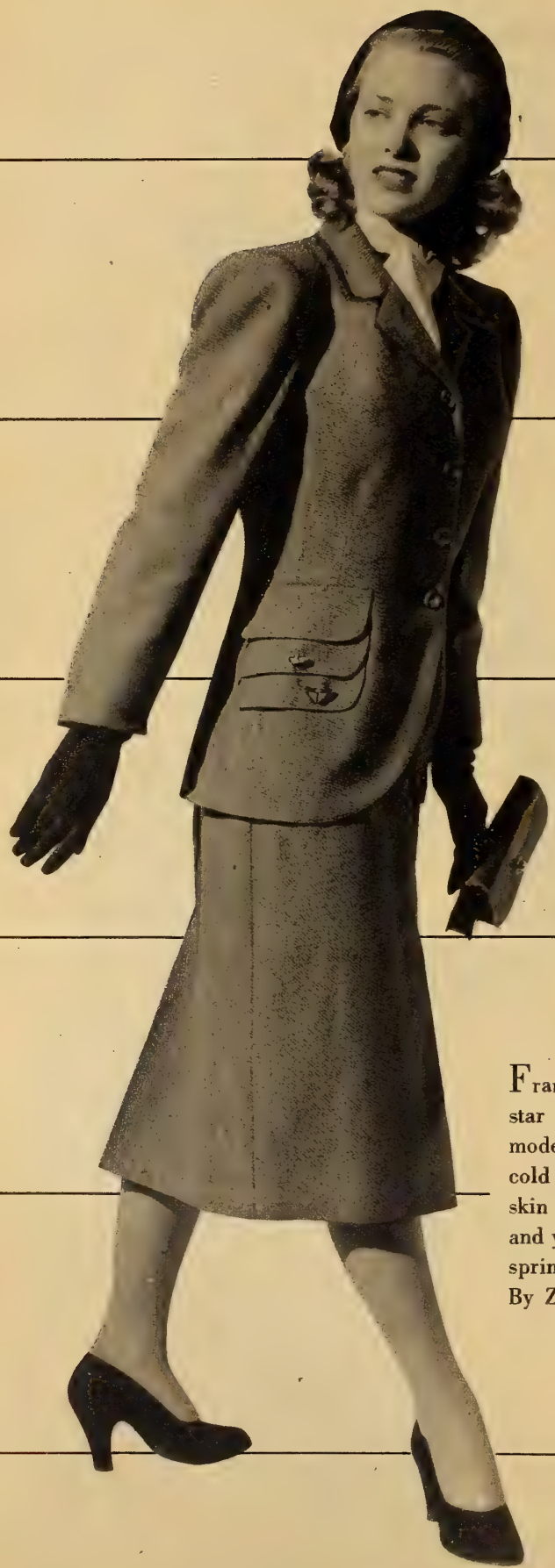
But we had no trouble at all deciding the suit Ava was to wear. Naturally, we chose the heavenly royal blue with the silver nailheads—cut, as anyone can see, to say awfully nice things about your figure.

It's 100% Pacific wool. Also in grey, forest green, or black. Comes in sizes 10 to 18.

A Colleen Original About $25

To find out where to buy this suit, please turn to page 88.

modern screen fashions



When leaves fall

By Connie Bartel, Fashion Editor

Frances Rafferty, Eagle-Lion star soon to appear in *Kenny*, models a suit to meet the first cold snap. It's a crisp wool shark-skin with a trio of pocket flaps—and you'll love it from now until spring. Grey or tan. Sizes 10-18. By Zimco About $20

FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 88

you want a new suit

Eagle-Lion's Frances Rafferty poses in a sophisticated cutaway suit with a double march of gold buttons, and a general air of ready money. In that smart and beautiful fabric—all wool flannel. Black, brown, grey, teal, others. It comes in sizes 10-18. By Joselli About $30

When leaves turn vivid

Teen-agers, you never had it so good! Who else can wear a glad plaid like this—tricked up with velvet collar, cuffs, weskit peplum? Red and navy; black-green; brown-blue, in Deering Milliken's wool mixture. 8-16. A Teentimer OHriginal $8.98

Teen-agers, you never had it so easy! Who else can wear a gad-about gabardine like this—decked with a silver chatelaine? Red, grey, royal, kelly, teal, aqua, in Labtex rayon. Sizes 8-16. Designed for teens by the teens' own Grace Norman. A Teentimer OHriginal $8.98

you want a bright dress

FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 88

The knitted suit is news

Frances Rafferty, Eagle-Lion star, models a suit that's *knitted* —big fashion news for fall. Fits dreamy, never wrinkles, has a gold pocket—what more can you ask of a suit? Rose, wine, green or brown wool. Sizes 9-15; 10-18. By Lofties · About $25

FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 88

DD
SOPHISTICATE... a wonder of a
draped dress by the inimitable Doris Dodson!
Sophisticate... YOU at your "party prettiest"
in Mallinson's Whirlaway rayon crepe;
China Gold, Victorian Lilac, Tropic Aqua,
Black. Junior sizes 9 to 15. About $15.00.
Write for the name of your local shop...
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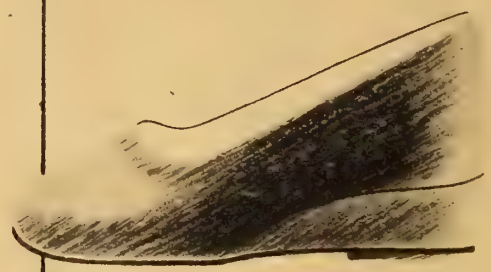
Doris Dodson
JUNIOR ORIGINALS
ELLIOT CLARKE

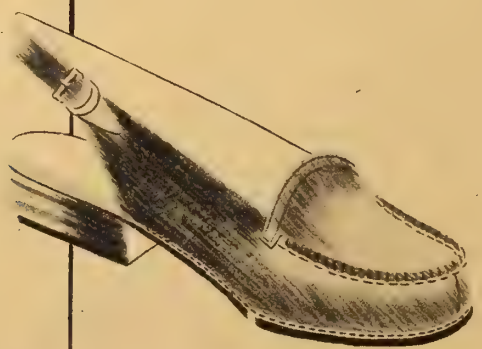
Love to be in your shoes

• Love the glint of gold piping on your open-work pumps. Black, brown, green. Suede or calf. Open or closed back. Styl-Eez by Selby About $9.95



• Love your flats—crazy about platforms. Closed heel-and-toe runabouts—in green, blue, grey, black or brown suede. By Sandler of Boston About $7.50

• Love that graceful lattice vamp—never saw your legs look so pretty. Wine green, brown or black suede. By Carmelletes About $8.95



• Love the comfort of moccasins—plus the oomph of a slingback. Black suede or brown calf with cute white stitching. A Connie Shoe About $6

FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 88

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

song socially for the next two weeks. Right after this she came down with a bad attack of old-fashioned hay fever which, in Hollywood, we swankily call an allergy.

But then as I told you, everyone was there—the young generation of stars, too. I spotted Peter Lawford who seems to go out socially more than any other young man I know; June Allyson, cute as a button, was with her Dick Powell. How she loves him, and I must say he returns it. How could he help it, she's so adorable. I think that Dick is glad that Joan Blondell, his ex-wife, married Mike Todd. Joan has been so unhappy over this romance (hers and Mike's, I mean) and we are all glad to see her bright and happy again.

* * *

One reason Bette Davis and her husband, Sherry (William Grant Sherry, to be exact) are so happy is because Bette is just as interested in his career as he is in hers.

When Sherry was just about ready to exhibit some of his best paintings at the Laguna Art Show, it was Bette who selected appropriate frames, and then did the job of framing them, herself. Believe me, everyone was interested in seeing them.

Say what you will, there's nobody like Clark Gable. With his charm, it will be a long time before the King is displaced. Younger men have come along to dazzle the gals, but none has yet hit with the force of a Gable.

Oh, sure—there have been times when Clark has miffed me, and long periods would go by when we didn't see one another. But it is impossible to be in his company more than a split second, and not fall under his fascinating spell again.

Not long ago, he came to see me and we had a grand time drinking coffee in the garden and talking over old times, and new ones.

When he raved about Ava Gardner in *The Hucksters* I accused him of having a weakness for the girl. "Nope," he denied. "If I fell in love with every girl I admired, I wouldn't have time for fishing and hunting. Those are my two real loves, Louella."

I believed him. And sad though the word may be, I think Clark will never marry again. There's an unforgettable shrine in his heart, marked CAROLE LOMBARD, that goes too deep.

* * *

And now it is time to say "That's all" again this month—but I never feel I lose contact with you because your letters are so interesting. Let me know if you are as enthusiastic about Louis Jourdan as I am—after you see him in *The Paradine Case*. Or—do you think Larry Parks has slipped since *The Jolson Story*? How do you like Burt Lancaster in his he-man portrayals in such movies as *The Killers*? Too realistic—or just right? I'll have a close up on Burt for you next month. Until then—So long.

FLORIDA GLAMOUR FOR YOU—BY MAIL

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$3.98 each

JUNIOR SIZES 9 TO 15

"Highland Lass"

FOR SCHOOL
FOR DATING
AT HOME
AT WORK

A slick trick that looks like a two-piecer but isn't! The peplum is flip, the collar prim. Made of expensive-looking, jewel-toned plaid cotton with a rich mercerized luster. Front pleat slims the hips, adds width to the dancing full skirt. Bright buttoned, pique trimmed. Washable.

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Send on approval ..... "Highland Lass." I will pay postman $3.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I may return purchase within ten days for full refund if not completely satisfied. *(You save C.O.D. fee by enclosing purchase price plus 20c for postage; same refund privilege.)*

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Circle Color: RED Plaid BLUE Plaid

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THE Bali BRA REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The bra designed with *you* in mind

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Restrain Yourself... in Real-form

Don't reach for that cookie but do reach for a Real-form Girdle or Panty Girdle! Raschel-Knitted of fashioned to fit Lastex with removable crotch. Can't run! $5.00.

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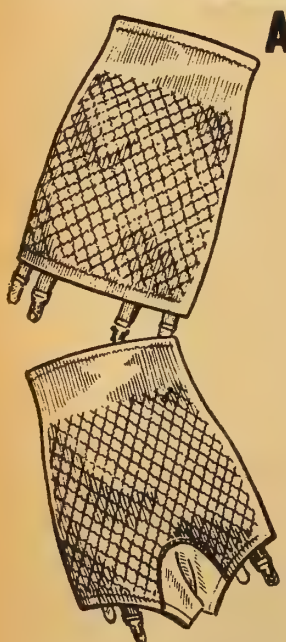
★ Stardust Life-Insured Blouses are tailored for fit perfection, in beautifully washable white, pink and blue acetate rayon crepe. Long or short sleeved classic, convertible collar; sizes 32 to 38. Guaranteed for a whole year's wear. Made by Stardust, Inc., Empire State Building, N. Y. 1



AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER

NEW NYLON 2-way stretch GIRDLE

WASHES "LIKE A DREAM"

Here's the new 2-way stretch girdle everyone is talking about . . . chock-full of sturdy built-in elastic, covered with that wonder-material Du Pont Nylon! You'll be thrilled by this fine-denier fabric that washes and dries so miraculously fast . . . never seems to wear out. And you'll be enchanted by the form-hug design that gently molds and controls embarrassing bulges. Makes you look slimmer, taller, feel better. Choose your NEVER-SHRINK NYLON girdle from two lovely styles . . . panty girdle with removable snap button NYLON crotch and removable garter straps, or the beautifully styled regular type. Three fashionable colors, nude, white, and blue.

ENJOY THESE AMAZING FEATURES

- Nylon Fabric
- Non-shrinking
- Dries in Minutes
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- Form-hug Design
- Low Cost
- 2 Thrilling Styles

10 DAY FREE TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Examine and wear this soft, comfortable, slenderizing NYLON girdle for 10 days without risk. You must be convinced that this is the biggest bargain in 2-way stretch girdles you have ever worn, or it costs you absolutely nothing. Send no money . . . just the coupon, NOW!

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☐ Rush_____NYLON girdles ☐ Panty, ☐ Regular. I will pay postman only $3.98 each plus postage. Send_____extra crotches at 49c each C. O. D. plus postage. If not completely satisfied I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Check size: ☐ Small, ☐ Medium, ☐ Large
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BY MAXINE FIRESTONE

Music is charms! Pixie Platter charm bracelet has eight perfect miniature record albums. This is a real collectors item and we're betting you find your favorite—could it be Frankie? $1, plus tax, Saks 34th St., N. Y.

Silver or gold-plated pin with a door knocker that really knocks. Raps for attention on bags, belts, scarfs! Your choice of name or initials. $2.95 covers all cost including tax and postage. Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3.

Button, button, who has the button? La Mode has plenty of them for you to make charm bracelets, necklaces, headbands — even sew them on bobby-socks. These are part of a Sherlock Homes set. 75c ea. A. & S., Bklyn.

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND

(*Continued from page 41*)

at the time, figuring that this would prevent arguments, even though my wife kept insisting that everything we earned, borrowed or swiped in the way of things like hotel towels, should be shared and shared alike.

I finally gave in.

"Okay," I said. "We'll lump it all together, but from now on in, young woman, you are going to live on a strict allowance of $25 a week, and don't let me hear about needing more, because you asked for this."

June Powell (I am going to drop the Allyson billing, even if she is the most important star on the Metro lot) looked at me with that great big liquid stare and murmured, "I promise."

That was all very well and good. Except that every day or so June would come barging in and exclaim, "Honey, let me have a dollar, will you? The man is here about the faddif turner and I have misplaced my purse."

So I would shell out the dollar or the fifty cents or whatever; because even great, great grandpa Powell back in Arkansas was never a heel about his small change.

I. O. U. plenty . . .

So there came a day.

I was alone in my home, surrounded by knotty pine, and the books I intend to read some day, when the doorbell rang. A man wanted $125 for a couple of cans of movie film the master of the house had ordered. But the master of the house had no money. So he went to the secret panel, twirled the combination and looked inside.

There, neatly stacked in envelopes, each containing $25 in untouched bills, was my wife's complete allowance. I, who after all am Mrs. Powell's husband, share and share alike, took out the necessary $125, paid the man, and put in an I.O.U. for the amount I had borrowed.

When Mrs. Powell returned home that evening, I told her about the I.O.U.

And, oh brother, did I catch hell!

Well, maybe for a family journal it was just the dickens. Anyway, Mrs. Powell looked so cute standing there and dressing me down, that I forgot all about how she had been tapping me for fifty cents here and a dollar there all this time. I could do nothing but take my bawling out gracefully. Then I turned Mrs. Powell over my knee and spanked her, and that was that.

Except that I don't dip into those envelopes any more.

There are just under a thousand reasons why a fellow like me married a girl like June Allyson whose latest picture is *Virtuous,* with Van Johnson, and a very good one, too. One reason that is very good goes like this—

Mrs. Powell says to Mr. Powell, "Tell the folks why you are glad you married me."

Mr. Powell says to Mrs. Powell, "I'm glad I married you because you always wake up smiling."

Then, some cynic who is well aware that a paralysis sets in on the smiling muscles of the average bride after a few months says, "Does she go to sleep smiling, too?"

She does. As an author of this piece, and the only known living authority on the subject, she does.

Sometimes, in a pensive mood, I get to thinking what a narrow escape I had. But for one exceedingly brilliant thought, I might never have been a part of this long-term matrimonial deal with Mrs. Powell.

About three years ago, I was dating this

(*Continued on page 122*)

"Fringed Flatterer"

$6.95

A dress to catch any man's fancy! Tailored of full-bodied Spun Rayon with contrasting wool and cotton fringe on shoulder tabs, pocket flaps and cuffs. Has a snug set-in belt, push up sleeves and softly pleated skirt. Gay gilt metal buttons. Sizes 9 to 17.

Colors:
Brown with Green Fringe
Aqua with Brown Fringe
Grey with Red Fringe
Red with Royal Fringe

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Cinderella of Boston
59 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON 11, MASS.

EVERYTHING WITH A KISS

(Continued from page 60)

she hurried on past Stage 10, really a guy. Funny how absent-minded he was about some things—had to give the keys to his Ford to his stand-in, because he'd be sure to lose 'em. And the dinner party, that must have been a four-alarm riot for laughs. Special guests for dinner, and Mr. Grant forgot to tell the cook. They say he called a restaurant, though, and had food sent over, and the people thought it was charming, and had a very wonderful time. Just like him.

"Hi, Mary," she said.

Mary Wise, best friend, fell in beside her.

"Almost six o'clock, Meg. We'll have to hurry and eat to get to the theater. *Night and Day.* Ought to be good. With *MISTER* Grant!"

The girls hurried, punched the time clock for messenger girls, and emerged on Gower Street, wondering which would be the best way to get to the theater, and if there would be a soda fountain near by, well supplied with snacks and malteds.

"Trick or treat?" said a familiar voice.

"Hello, Mr. Grant," said Meg, reverently.

"Ride?" asked Mr. Grant.

"The Lincoln Continental today. Wow!"

"We're going to try to get into line for—"

"Hop in. Don't tell me you're going to *that* opening?" (Grant never goes to premieres, especially his own.)

"Oh, *sure.*"

"You're a bit early. Where are you eating?"

"Well, we don't know."

The Lincoln Continental took off with the smooth roar of a great French train.

"Tell you what. Have dinner with me."

"OH! We couldn't!" Both girls indicated their sweaters and short skirts. "Besides," said Meg, "you have a date."

Cary looked at them slant-wise. It has always been a matter of abiding mystery to him how everybody in Hollywood seems to know when he has a date, with whom, and why.

"Why, yes, but that's okay. Come on."

bobby-sockers' heaven . . .

Romanoff's was jampacked with directors trying to impress producers, actors trying to impress directors, actresses trying to impress actresses, and everybody trying to impress waiters.

Miss Betty Hensel, the St. Louis girl, who has apparently impressed Cary Grant, thought it was perfectly natural for Cary to bring two messenger girls in sweaters. She was friendly and relaxed, and the girls finally descended from Cloud Seven to approximately Cloud Three, and ate their dinner. They had nine things Meg had never heard of.

Then they drove to the theater, where Grant dropped them off among the arc lights pencilling into the sky, the bleachers, and the autograph hounds, and they descended from the Lincoln Continental, and walked in on the red carpet, with Grant's tickets.

Cary Grant is no enigma to Meg, and there is no particular reason why he should be to anybody.

He became thoroughly acquainted with the messenger girls, the telephone operators, the gatemen and the rest of the so-called "little people" on the RKO lot, not through any conscious affectation of democracy, or even by deliberately setting out to make friends and influence back lots. During the war, Cary had no telephone.

When the great folk at the studio sug-

(Continued on page 89)

dressing for junior

■ If you're a junior mother-to-be, all agog at junior's expected arrival—you're fashion's pet. When a designer bends over her drawing board to whip up a young maternity dress—she has a gleam in her eye like a doting aunt. And she remembers that you still take a junior size—and want a junior style—even if your waist *isn't* getting any slimmer.

The big thing about junior maternity clothes is that they've got zing—snap—pep. They're styled just like your usual clothes—with plenty of fashion and plenty of appeal. The only difference is that naturally they have room for expansion—and they usually make a point of calling attention to your happy face. But the expansion feature is so cagily concealed that more than once an unsuspecting gal has actually tried to buy a maternity dress without even being eligible. They're that cute.

A junior-sized Infadorable maternity dress in black with blue, brown with aqua, or taupe with gold. Crepe. Sizes 11-17. By Doris Dodson $14.95
Stores on page 88.

So if you're counting the days until the big adventure—you can spend the day with the girls—and have dates with your husband—looking your usual pretty self. Right up until you take off for the hospital. The soft-shouldered, bow-brightened Infadorable above is a perfect example of what we mean—a maternity dress to make you look like somebody—instead of just somebody's mother-to-be.

—Connie Bartel

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Enjoy the comfort of this slimming "Perma·lift"* Pantie Girdle. All elastic leg sections comfortably control hips and thighs. Best of all, this wonderful pantie won't ride up. Deftly styled—the magic inset prevents rolling over, wrinkling, entirely eliminates the annoying discomfort of bones. Yes, it STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS. "Perma·lift" Panties, Girdles, and Foundations—at your favorite corset department—most styles $5 95 to $12.50.

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WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout the country)

Gladdy Colleen suit with silver nailheads worn by Ava Gardner in the full color photograph
(Page 75)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc., Third Floor
Boston, Mass.—Jay's, Inc.
Denver, Colo.—The Denver Dry Goods Co., Ready-to-Wear, Second Floor
Indianapolis, Ind.—The Wm. H. Block Co., Budget Shop, Second Floor.
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., Gown Shop, Third Floor
Los Angeles, Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co., Town and Country Dresses, Fourth Floor
Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers Dry Goods Co., Dress Department, Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—B. F. Dewees, Inc., Cosmopolitan Court, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, Misses' Dresses, Third Floor, Main Building
Youngstown, Ohio—Strouss-Hirshberg Co., Dresses, Second Floor

Maben bag, about $3, shown in the full color photograph
(Page 75)

Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co., Handbag Department, First Floor
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's Basement Accessories
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc., Basement

Zimco sharkskin suit with pocket flaps worn by Frances Rafferty
(Page 76)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc., Misses' Sportswear Department, Basement
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., Annex
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Subway Fashion Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Sportslane, Basement

Joselli gold buttoned cutaway suit worn by Frances Rafferty
(Page 77)

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Budget Shop
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon

Madcaps hat, $5, shown with suit
(Page 77)

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Both Garay bags, $5 each, shown with suits
(Pages 76 and 77)

New York, N. Y.—Wanamaker's, Handbags, Street Floor

Teentimer OHriginal plaid dress with velvet peplum and collar and cuffs
(Page 78)

Buffalo, N. Y.—The Wm. Hengerer Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., High School Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, High School Shop, Fifth Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Hi School Shop, Fifth Floor

Teentimer OHriginal silver chatelaine dress
(Page 79)

Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse-Martens Co., High School Shop, Fourth Floor
Hartford, Conn.—Sage, Allen & Co., Teen Shop, Second Floor
Indianapolis, Ind.—The Wm. H. Block Co., High School Shop, Third Floor
Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers Dry Goods Co., Younger Crowd Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, High School Shop, Fifth Floor
Wilmington, Delaware—Crosby & Hill Co., Teentimer Department, Second Floor

Lofties knitted suit with the gold pocket worn by Frances Rafferty
(Page 80)

New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Sportswear Department, Third Floor
Scranton, Pa.—Rice's, Sport Shop, Main Floor
Vallejo, Calif.—Rosee Bonderow, Sportswear, Main Floor

Madcap hat $5, shown with knitted suit
(Page 80)

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Garay bag, $5, shown with knitted suit
(Page 80)

New York, N. Y.—Wanamaker's, Handbags, Street Floor

Connie shoe with white stitching
(Page 82)

Ashtabula, Ohio—Carlisle Allen Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co., Downstairs Store
Fort Worth, Texas—Meacham's, Budget Shop
Memphis, Tenn.—J. Goldsmith & Sons, Downstairs Shoe Department

Sandler of Boston shoe with closed toe and heel
(Page 82)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh, Shoes, Fourth Floor
Los Angeles, Calif.—C. H. Baker Shoe Co.
New York, N. Y.—I Miller & Sons

Styl-Eez by Selby shoe with gold piping
(Page 82)

Baltimore, Md.—Wm. Hahn & Co., First Floor
Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Misses' Shoe Salon, Fifth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Selby Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels, Shoe Salon, First Floor
Washington, D. C.—Wm. Hahn & Co., Second Floor
Same shoe with platform $11.95

Carmelletes Shoe with lattice vamp
(Page 82)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Namm's
Same shoe with platform $10.95

Infadorable maternity dress with bright bow shown in the Shopping Column
(Page 85)

Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—The M. M. Cohn Co.
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., Junior Shop, Second Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller

If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y

(*Continued from page 86*)

gested that a bit of influence might get him one, Cary thankfully declined. And since there was no way to reach him at home, he had to report to the studio daily to see whether he worked or not. Being interested in every phase of production, Cary hung around, asked questions, kidded the people, and made friends. There is probably not an actor in Hollywood, save perhaps James Cagney, who knows more technicians, second-assistant makeup men, hairdressers, and errand-runners by their first names.

These ladies and gentlemen do not find Cary hard to understand. In fact, they have some precise information about him. For instance:

Cary doesn't like to eat at regular hours. He is convinced that the time to eat is when you are hungry, whenever that is, and as often.

He is a neat man, known as an ash-tray emptier and pillow plumper-upper.

He deplores bad manners. He is courteous, and expects other people to be courteous.

He is extremely afraid of hurting other persons' feelings. And he's ultra-thoughtful.

There was the time, last Christmas, when one of the studio girls was away for the holidays, and Cary overlooked getting her a gift. He was enormously embarrassed when he saw her several weeks later, assured her that he would get something for her.

Several days later, when the California climate was coming down by the tub-ful, in walked Grant, lugging an armful of hard-to-get records. He had gone to the trouble of learning that this girl had just acquired a new record changer.

the Grant hotel . . .

Cary lives in one room of a handsome house in Bel Air, next door to Charles Brackett, the producer. He lives in one room for several reasons.

"It's a sort of boarding house," he says. "I never know who'll be occupying the bedrooms. What with the housing shortage, people in New York who have friends coming out, tell them, 'Don't worry about a hotel, just drop in on Cary, he has a house and he's a bachelor.' So the bedrooms are usually full."

"I like to sleep down here."

Down here is his den, or study, a large room decorated with pictures of horses and seascapes, mostly by Boudin. At night, Cary pulls out a Hollywood bed and piles in.

"Saves going upstairs," he grins.

His own enormous bedroom, with its dressing rooms large enough for a studio wardrobe department, seems never to have been used. Barbara Hutton Grant's bedroom, next to this, also has an un-lived in look, spanking new and shining with the tasteful decorative scheme, mostly black and white, which he ordered just before the separation.

The upstairs of that large house would be a lonely place for a bachelor at that. Perhaps that is why Cary sleeps downstairs.

His house is immaculate, tended by three servants under the supervision of a quiet, efficient Englishman called Dudley, who has been with Grant for five years, and before that, was with Frederick Lonsdale, the British writer, a close friend of Cary's. In the study there are only three photographs: one of Freddie Lonsdale, one of Barbara, and one of Lance, her son. Cary was very fond of the boy, and the two are still firm friends. He will say this much:

"Barbara is a wonderful girl, and most misunderstood. Our only differences lay in our two ways of life. She loved travel and

Perhaps you saw **GERTRUDE LAWRENCE in *LADY IN THE DARK . . . PYGMALION . . . PRIVATE LIVES.*** Did you watch her hands? They're like white flowers in a summer wind . . . Eloquent, feminine, utterly alluring.

"I'm positive that CREAM is the thing for your hands, just as it is for your face!" says **GERTRUDE LAWRENCE**

PACQUINS is the hand cream of this flawlessly groomed star. She prefers it to *all* other hand preparations of *all* types!

HAVEN'T you noticed how many chic women everywhere are changing to cream for hand care? And *how many more use Pacquins than any other hand cream?*

Miss Lawrence advises: "Every woman who wants smooth, lovely hands should cream, *cream,* CREAM! Pacquins, I mean."

Smooth on a dab of snowy-white, flower-fragrant, quick-vanishing Pacquins. You can *feel* the dry roughness of your skin respond! You can *see* your hands change! Sticky? No! Greasy? Never! A 12-second Pacquin hand massage morning and night is all your hands need.

Change to Pacquins *cream!* Ah, how quickly you'll notice the difference.

VIRGINIA KENT, R. N.: "I wash my hands thirty to forty times a day. That's murder! So, it's Pacquins for me!" (Pacquins Hand Cream was originally created for nurses and doctors.)

for "dream" hands—cream your hands with Pacquins HAND CREAM

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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

I'm sedentary, now."

In Dudley's quarters, off the butler's pantry, is an autographed picture of Barbara and Cary on their wedding trip. Those are the only photographs in the house, with the exception of a large pile in the basement.

In Cary's library are books about the history and the appreciation of art, books which he almost conceals, because he modestly avoids the impression of going highbrow.

His dining room is superb in dark wood, but Dudley has a word about that:

"You notice the white rug and the white seat coverings on the chairs? That was the ex-Mrs. Grant's idea. She gave the house a lot of its touches."

plans for one world . . .

Cary's plans today are explicit. He has just completed *The Bishop's Wife*, in which he plays the part of an angel—a difficult part to make believable, playing it straight—and his *Bachelor and the Bobbysoxer*, with Shirley Temple and Myrna Loy, is doing happy business all over the country. His next serious move, following a trip to England to confer with Sir Alexander Korda, will be to make a series of pictures in an attempt to sell Americanism to the rest of the world.

"People in foreign lands look on America with wonder and awe," he explains. "But they don't understand us. Americans fail to appreciate the age-old customs and traditions of other countries.

"I want to make a series of pictures about an average American—that'll be me—and his adventures in different countries. His efforts to understand the customs will get laughs, I hope, and make Europeans like Americans better."

For the information of the would-be well-dressed, Cary Grant's tailor is De'Gez, and his address is 544 Fifth Avenue, New York City. De'Gez is an expensive tailor, catering to society folk and a few theatrical people. He makes all of Cary's clothes—and regards his celebrated client with a rolling and distressed eye.

Mr. Grant does not wear suspenders or a belt, because those things are nuisances. He has the trousers made so that they will stay up, his waist-line being good enough for that. He does not wear garters, he does not wear undershirts, and he does not wear hats.

"Feller was out here the other day to interview me about clothes," said Cary, grinning happily. "I told him those things and he departed in disgust. No story. I've been getting rid of surplus garments for years. Damn nuisance, aren't they?"

You going to make an enigma out of a feller like that?

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As I was waiting to enter a reception given for Peter Lawford, I noticed a tall young man with a pipe clamped between his teeth, struggling through the crowd. He stopped suddenly, faced a young girl, and stretched out his hand to remove a cigarette from her lips. Then to her surprise, he exclaimed, "This isn't for young folks but only for old people like me." Leaving the girl open-mouthed with amazement, he walked away. The man with the pipe was the one and only Keenan Wynn.

Charlotte Minsky,
Jackson Heights, New York

DEVOTION

(Continued from page 56)

"Heavens," she murmured, "isn't she lovely."

"You know," her companion told her, "she's Susan Peters, the movie star who was hurt in that hunting accident a long time ago. . ."

It happened on New Year's Day, 1945, and a dozen versions of the accident have been told, but never—until now—have the full details been revealed.

The Quines were duck-hunting with Dick's cousin and his wife at Lake Cuyamaca (about 60 miles from San Diego), having a heavenly time and a lot of luck. Especially Susie, who had bagged more ducks than any of them. At one point during the day, Dick's cousin and Susie decided to go into the woods after doves. The cousin broke the .22 caliber rifle he'd been using for target practice and hid it under a bush, meaning to pick it up later. Apparently, he made a mistake and shoved another shell into the breech.

the hidden rifle . . .

Both he and Susie completely forgot the rifle until they were all on their way home. They went back and the cousin searched the bushes without success. Dick and Susan climbed out of the car to help. A couple of minutes later Susan shouted gaily, "I've got it," and Dick turned in time to hear the small, whispered report of the .22. Susan toppled to the ground, and Dick was beside her in an instant. "I'm shot," she told him, and her voice was quite calm. He pulled off her skirt, found her bleeding very slightly from a wound under the right breast, and from the small amount of bleeding he knew she must be hemorrhaging internally. He put her into the car, held her on his lap as his cousin drove like lightning toward San Diego. On the way, Susan mentioned that she had no feeling in her legs, and Dick figured then that her spine must be injured. They stopped at the first town they came to, and Dick's cousin dashed into a drugstore to see if there were any doctors around, but the doc, of course, was out of town. The druggist, however, phoned on ahead to San Diego's Mercy Hospital, told them they were on their way in. A police car was dispatched their way, and it met the party half way to San Diego. Susan and Dick transferred to the police car, which was equipped with a two-way radio. They talked to doctors at the hospital who suggested possible first-aid, and listening to descriptions of Susan's reactions, they were able to prepare the operating room so that 1½ hours after the accident, Susan was in Mercy Hospital receiving plasma.

She was in the San Diego hospital for one month, then hospitalized in Los Angeles for five more, and somehow, through it all, she hung on to her sense of humor. She could even kid about the accident, and when Dick brought her a book called "How to Shoot Ducks," she howled. Did I say sense of humor? That was sheer guts.

But getting back to Los Angeles and the housing shortage, the woman who had observed the young Quines from the window got busy and that same evening, Dick had a call from his manager. "Guess what?" he said, a note of wonder in his voice, "I think you may have an apartment coming up. It's still being built, but it'll be finished in about a month, and if you'll go over to this address on Olympic Boulevard. . ."

Dick, looking over the unfinished apartment the next afternoon, turned to the woman who owned the building (the same, of course, who had been at her window

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A MARVELOUS NEW shampoo-treatment for lifeless, summer-dulled hair. Brings back natural softness and romantic "lovelights"—even to split-at-the-ends, *problem* hair!

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P.S.

Dollar Special! A trial kit of the new Richard Hudnut Hair Beauty Ritual is yours for only $1.00 (plus tax). Contains generous-size bottles of Egg Creme Shampoo, Creme Rinse, Dandruff Treatment and Creme Hair Dressing.

At your drug or department store, $1.00 for the big family size.

Exclamation points

JUNE PREISSER, now starring in Monogram's "Teen Agers" musical "SARGE GOES TO COLLEGE".

Exotic, brilliantly accented nails . . . perhaps he won't notice them, but he'll see that your hands look lovelier when you wear Dr. Ellis Nail Polish. See the exciting new shades-of-the-season at 5 & 10's and drugstores . . . only 10¢ plus tax.

Dr. Ellis nail polish

the day before) and said regretfully, "It's just what we wanted—on the ground floor and all—but you see it just isn't big enough. Only two bedrooms. With Susan and me, and the maid, and Timothy and his nurse, we just have to have more space. We'd need the equivalent of both these apartments on this floor, and since that's out of the question—"

"Why is it?" the woman asked. "You can have both of them. The one next door has only one bedroom, but with the living and dining space that would be enough. We'll knock doors between the two and use the other living room as a nursery. Besides, that way you'd have another kitchen and bath, so you could keep the child's food separate."

Dick stood staring at her, mouth agape. "You'd do that?"

"I can think of nothing that would make me happier."

He was telling Susan about it that night, at dinner. "You wouldn't believe it," he said. "I didn't. In Los Angeles, one of the worst housing spots in the country, this angel of mercy appears of her own volition and offers us the works. Have you been saying your prayers lately, or something?"

The maid came in. "A Mrs. Ackerson to see you, Ma'am." Their new landlady, carrying a great roll of blueprints in her arms, looked flustered. "I didn't know you were still at dinner," she said, "but I was looking over the designs for the building and I thought—"

"We'll all have coffee in the living room," Susan told her. "I adore looking at blueprints."

And then she said it, this miracle woman. "I thought," she said, "that since you're going to live in the building you might not care for some of the structural design and would want to make some changes. There's still time."

There was that, for them to remember to their dying day; and there was the morning when she telephoned early to say, "The painters are here. What color would you like?"

"We've already decided on our colors and hired our own decorators," Dick said. "They'll do the painting themselves."

"I'm not talking about your apartments," she said. "I mean, what color do you want on the outside of the building?"

There was the afternoon when she came over with her very newest idea. "Children of Timothy's age must have plenty of sun, and room for outdoor play. Besides, there's Thunder to think about. So I've decided to fence off that nice wide space between the garages and the building, and that will be Timothy's own private play yard!"

The next day she was back. "I've been thinking about that play-yard of Timothy's. You'll be out there a great deal with him, and there's a balcony from that rear second-story apartment that overlooks the yard. So you had better choose the people who will move there. Or, if there's someone you particularly like who needs an apartment . . ."

And again, "I noticed how much brass and copper you use in your decorative scheme—all the trays and boxes and so on—so I took the liberty of having them take out all that brushed chromium hardware and replace it with brass," and, "What are your favorite flowers? Shall I have the landscape man call on you, or do you want to tell me what varieties you like, and where they should be planted?"

About the rent: "The OPA decided how much I should charge and I think it's outrageous. I'm really so sorry. But we'll make it up some way."

Finally, "Now you children run right along. I know you have things to do, and it's so tedious waiting for people to arrive with furniture and all. I haven't a thing to do and I'll just wait here and let them in when they come."

Thus was the housing shortage of the Richard Quines solved for them, and joy and peace reigned in their household. As much joy and peace, that is, as can reign in any house containing a baby, a Great Dane, and two restless young moderns.

It is amazing how little that hunting accident has interfered with the plans Susan and Dick had made for their life together. Timothy, of course, was the first consideration.

After that, there was the business of getting back to work. Naturally, any picture Susan made would have to cast her as a girl in a wheelchair; and when she announced she was well enough to make a picture again, the scripts began pouring in.

All of them had one particular fault. The heroine was in a wheelchair all right, but it was perfectly obvious that she had

"Fresh!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The hotel dining-room was nearly deserted when three elderly gentlemen entered quietly. They took a little table in the corner, across from mine. One of the men, recognized as Lauritz Melchior, wore his makeup, including a long white beard, as he was going to make his appearance on the stage of the opera very soon. As they were ordering dinner, two women entered the dining-room with a child of about three. Although the three men were almost inconspicuous in that corner of the room, the little girl ran over to their table and cried, "Look, Mommy, Santa Claus came back!"

Louise Joyal
West Warwick, R. I.

been stuck there to accommodate the role to Susan, not because she would naturally be in a wheelchair.

Until one day someone called and said, "Have you read 'Sign of the Ram'?" She was not half way through it before she realized that she had her story, if a studio could be persuaded to buy it. In the original story, the main character was a wheelchair murderess. The script, which Susan thinks is an improvement on the book, makes some changes in this, and apparently, Susan does not really murder anyone. But the evolution of plot hinges on the fact that the lady is confined to her chair; and there is nothing phony about it.

Producer Irving Cummings who owned the picture rights, felt Susan was so right for the part that she and Dick became partners in the venture which will come to the screen by way of Columbia Pictures.

Susan was crooning tenderly over the final script of *Sign of the Ram* one evening when Dick, who's been doing a lot of writing recently, looked up from a sheaf of scribbled notes and said, "I think this brainstorm of mine has worked itself out. I'd like to produce it as a screenplay."

"Produce your own picture?"

"Why not, everyone's doing it."

"But there's no room in that story for either of us," she wailed. "I should think it'd be apparent to the meanest intelligence that the Quines should be their own stars."

"Darling, if this one works, we'll star in twenty of them."

Their plans for the future are magnificent, you see. Twenty screen-plays and a new house and more children, among other things. Susan is learning to walk in braces as the paraplegics at Burlingham Hospital do, and their house will be designed so that she'll be able to cook and take care of Timothy and get around well by herself. It's going to be a dream house, and life will be beautiful.

For the present, life's beautiful enough, filled as it is with work and excitement and small arguments and large reconciliations. Life on miraculous Olympic Boulevard is made up of little things: the long hours of pacing and the intermittent minutes of frantic typing in Dick's room, until five o'clock in the morning, night after night. The arrival of Timothy's teeth, one by one, accompanied by fretful squalls and the crash of milk mugs on the floor. And the giving of presents and love and laughter and a kind of beauty.

There are all these things comprising the good and full life, and for the Quines, at least, heaven can wait.

All in favor say...
FELS-NAPTHA!

When it's a choice of laundry soap, millions of families vote the straight Fels-Naptha 'ticket'.

For work clothes and play clothes; white shirts, linens and towels; for delicate underthings—and of course for Baby's things that must be *extra clean and soft*—there is nothing like the thorough cleaning action of gentle Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha's blend of good, mild soap and active naptha assures whiter washes with less work. Be sure to mark *your* shopping 'ballot' Fels-Naptha—Bar and Chips.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

WHETHER you are in front of the camera or behind it, you will enjoy the refreshing flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.
Everywhere it goes the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it.
Beech-Nut Gum
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND
CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
The yellow package with the red oval

MIRACLE ON MAIN STREET

(*Continued from page 52*)

(Must check this. It sounds odd, somehow. No sign of husband.) She gave this account of her daughter's career.

"Emma was always fond of make-believe. Even as a little child, she was always imagining things and leading the other children. She would make each one take part in little plays she got up, or in acting out stories they'd heard or read. After she started at John Adams Public School, I had her begin taking dancing and elocution lessons. Singing and piano lessons, too. I felt that she had great talent, even at 7.

"She took part in Christmas recitals both at John Adams and Central High School. I thought she was good, but others did not recognize her talent then. After high school, she went to Marywood Seminary here a while, and then to New York.

"In New York, she studied at the Alviene School of the Theater. Peggy Ann Garner and Fred Astaire went there, too."

She mentioned briefly Liz's career as a model, then trouping in a road company of *Hellzapoppin'*, understudying Tallulah Bankhead in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, landing the lead in the same show in Boston, and finally Hollywood.

stranger in the house . . .

Extremely reluctant to talk about her other children. Hesitated before giving their names and ages. Gave Emma's age as 23. (Contradicting Paramount's biography which says she'll be 25, September 29.) John, Jr., is 22, an engineer, just back from the Navy. Marcia is 21. Justine, 19. When I asked her about the youngster who opened the door, she said hastily, "Oh, he's just a boy we took in to live with us." (This is odd. Will look into it.)

Flustered, when I asked when Lizabeth had been home last. Couldn't seem to remember. About four years ago. (How come? Why wasn't she at Scranton's world premiere of *You Came Along*? What's behind her reluctance to visit her home town?) Most of mom's replies to questions delivered with a poker face, but a couple of times warmth and affection were there between the lines. Like when she said, "Emma phoned last week that she had just made a new picture, *Desert Fury*. She said, 'Mom, you'll love it.' She told me, 'I'm working mighty hard. I get up at 5 a.m. to go to the studio.' Then she said, joking, 'Mom, why don't you tell me to take care of my health? I haven't been drinking enough milk lately; why don't you tell me to drink more?' I said, 'I don't have to tell you such things now. You're a big girl and able to take good care of yourself.'" Another time, Mrs. M. spoke in that same warm tone. "Emma's brought us a lot of happiness, and she's very nice to us. She phones once a week wherever she is, and she writes, but not too often." Wistfully, she said, "Last time I saw her was in April at the Gotham Hotel. I spent the week with her and had a wonderful time."

Before we left, got Mrs. M. to talk about her relatives, hoping there'd be some in the locality that I could interview. Discovered that the family came from Ungvar, Czechoslovakia, and that among Mrs. Matzo's own relatives are a sister, Helen, teaching in Cleveland; another sister, Barbara, a music supervisor in Cleveland; and a brother, Joseph, a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church in Barnesboro, Pa. Lizabeth's Scranton kin include Mrs. Anna Munchak, a sister of Mr. Matzo. Anna's husband, John, has an undertaking establishment at 406 South Washington Avenue, and the family lives overhead. Next door at 402, is Munchak's Café, run by the Munchaks' son, Mike.

12:10—Stopped at Kelly's Confectionery for a soda before tackling the Munchak family. Tried to collect my impressions of my visit with the Matzos. They are all hiding something. You can see it in their guarded sentences, their wary eyes. Is it something about the father, or the little boy, or Lizabeth herself? Eager to get on to the Munchaks, but delayed briefly, chatting with people at Kelly's. I asked a youngster next to me, who identified himself as John McColligan, 14, if he knew Lizabeth Scott. "Sure," he said, "I know her little brother, Augustin. He's in the seventh grade and I play with him all the time." (So the lad who let me in *was* Lizabeth's brother.)

Mrs. Margaret Dean, large and friendly, was running the store during Uncle Tom Kelly's vacation. "I knew Lizabeth Scott from her childhood," she said. "We bought our groceries at her father's store, and Lizabeth helped wait on the trade. She had a lovely speaking voice and was always trying it on the customers.

"Everybody around here knows the Matzos. There's Lizabeth, John, Jr., Marcia, Justine, Helen and Augustin. We're all very proud of Lizabeth, though she hasn't been in town in a long while." A girl at the end of the counter piped up, "I remember when Emma was a little girl, she said she was going to be in pictures. She said she wouldn't play, either, until she was a star. We all thought she was crazy."

Mrs. Dean went on, "I know she used to practice a lot nights. We could hear her rehearsing, testing and strengthening her voice. We didn't know why then, but look what it led to!"

Someone said, "Yes—but it hasn't changed things much around here. Did you know that her father drives a bakery truck?" I asked for the name and address of the bakery company and jotted them down. As we were leaving, Mrs. Dean asked, "Why don't you interview Lizabeth's sister Helen on the way? She's a schoolmate of my daughter's, and she's working for the summer as a salesgirl at Lerner's."

the mystery deepens . . .

This really throws me. Why the secrecy about the two youngest kids, Augustin and Helen? And why the fake steer on Mr. M.'s job?

12:45—Off to Lerner's to see Helen.

No soap. "Helen Matzo was just called home by her mother," the store manager told us. On to Wolfgang's Bakery and met Miss Janet Wolfgang, manager. Mr. Matzo, we learned, had likewise been called home. Miss Wolfgang told us that Liz's pop had been driving for the firm four years. "He's an even-tempered, handsome, very likable man. We don't talk about his daughter."

1:30—One more stop before proceeding to Munchaks'. Almost forgot to make the phone call to Marywood Seminary. No one in the office of this fashionable school could remember the actress as a former student. By either name.

2:00—On to the Flats, Scranton's Polish-American colony. Liz's aunt, Anna Munchak, was home over the funeral parlor, and she repeated the story of Liz's schooldays in an accent stronger than Mom's. So many questions I wanted to ask her, but you've got to be careful. One false move and you shut someone like that up like a clam. You could see the aunt was crazy about Lizabeth. She'd hung around there a lot as a child. After a while, she said to me, "You go down to the café and

see my son, Mike. He'll tell you about her."

3:05—One look at Mike, and you know he's a guy who'll give it to you straight. He's a big, genial chap with a baseball cap on sideways, a sport shirt and paint-spattered pants. He look's like a bartender in a movie. I told him who I was, and he began to talk right away.

First, he named the Matzo family—six children, not four—and then he spoke of Lizabeth. "She was a good kid. Lots of fun. We used to see her at our house a lot. She's doing good for her family now, shooting dough into it. She's doing good where she is. If she don't want to come home, that's her business. I'll buy her a drink any time."

She sends money home—I'm glad of that. Now if someone can explain to me why she didn't show up for that world premiere, I'll feel a whole lot better. Decide to talk to Scranton's chief movie exhibitors, the Comerford Publix Theaters Amusement Corp.

4:40—Byron Lynn, publicity director, and Harry Spiegel, district manager of Scranton theaters, throw some light on things. Seems the world premiere of *You Came Along* was held jointly in Scranton and St. Louis. L. was told to attend the St. Louis opening. She sent a transcription to the Scranton affair, apologizing that she couldn't show up, and talking of her school days in Scranton. Lynn said, "I'd say her pictures did a little better than average here, but we never hold them over like some other films. It seems there are two crowds here—those that don't care where she came from, and the I-knew-her-when crowd. The last has been picking on her. Wondering why she never comes back here like Scranton's other celebrities, Gloria Jean and Allan Jones."

Spiegel put in, "Her family has been strangely uncooperative. The mother refused to accept tickets to the premiere. She refused to give us any information for publicity releases."

the last clew . . .

Going around in circles after my talk with the movie chaps, but gradually a solution to this thing is forming in my mind. One more person to see. Wonder if what she tells me will jibe with my idea.

5:15—The last interviewee was Mrs. Irene Golden, wife of Walter Golden, a reporter on the Scranton Times. She's 25 and the mother of a seven-month-old child. Speaking of Lizabeth, she said:

"She was a quiet girl, but there was something in her manner that always made you feel she was acting. She's a big mystery in this town, today, partly because she never comes home, I guess.

"What surprises me most is her family, who should be so proud to talk of her success. Instead, they go around close-mouthed, like some other folks would act if they were trying to hush up a scandal."

It all adds up. When I have time to sort out all the evidence, I'm sure it will make perfectly good sense.

10:00—Home again, to re-read my notes, to re-live this day. Dusk was settling over the anthracite country as we rode out of Scranton. Vague, black outlines of tipples and plants slipped by. But I kept seeing a girl with a glorious shock of pale, tawny hair, smouldering eyes and THAT VOICE.

A girl of stardust. Girl of dreams. Girl of rare gifts. Girl going places. Make-believe girl with the practicality and drive to make make-believe come true.

A girl blessed, too, with a mother who believed in her, who saved up her pin-money for Lizabeth's early lessons in dancing, elocution and music, and who staked her for the big New York venture. A mother still trying rather confusedly to help a star who's already arrived.

(*Continued on page 97*)

I want to make a point . . .

"RC tastes best!"

says

LIZABETH SCOTT

Starring in

"DESERT FURY"

A Hal Wallis Production in Technicolor

A Paramount Release

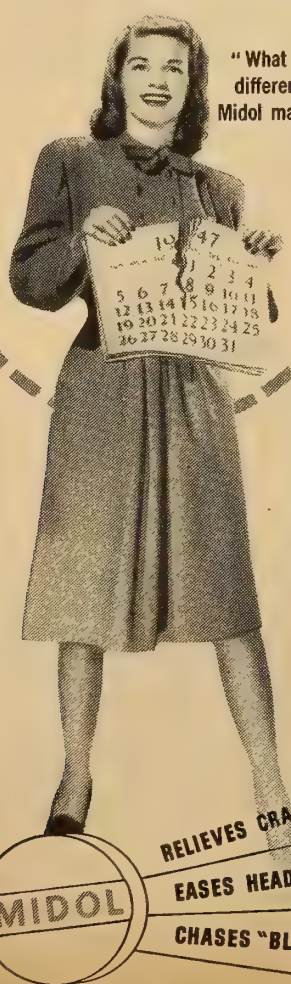
"The taste-test proved it!" says Lizabeth. "I tried leading colas and picked R C best-tasting!" Try it! Say "R C for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

LIZABETH TAKING THE FAMOUS TASTE-TEST

"SAD" DAYS
CAN BE
GLAD DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"
MIDOL

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

EDITORIAL: Reports keep pouring in from all sources on the results of the Fan Club Convention and the unanimous opinion is that, considering the unfavorable circumstances under which that highly selective group of fan club representatives met and carried out their Hollywood mission, the clubbers have scored a smashing victory for their side. We salute all those who worked so hard for the success of the Convention—and particularly those stars who supported the clubs in defiance of powerful opposition: Nelson Eddy, Janis Paige, Gale Storm, Gene Autry, Charles Korvin, Farley Granger, Ross Hunter, Jack Carson, Dave Willock, Eddie Ryan, Harry Lewis, John Ridgely, Richard Travis, Marshall Reed, Marilyn Maxwell, Joel McCrea, Joseph Calleia, Charles Bickford, Reno Brown, Robert Scott, Alan Ladd, David Street and Keenan Wynn. We have a feeling that there's going to be a Convention next year, too—and that the list of stars will be too long to print.

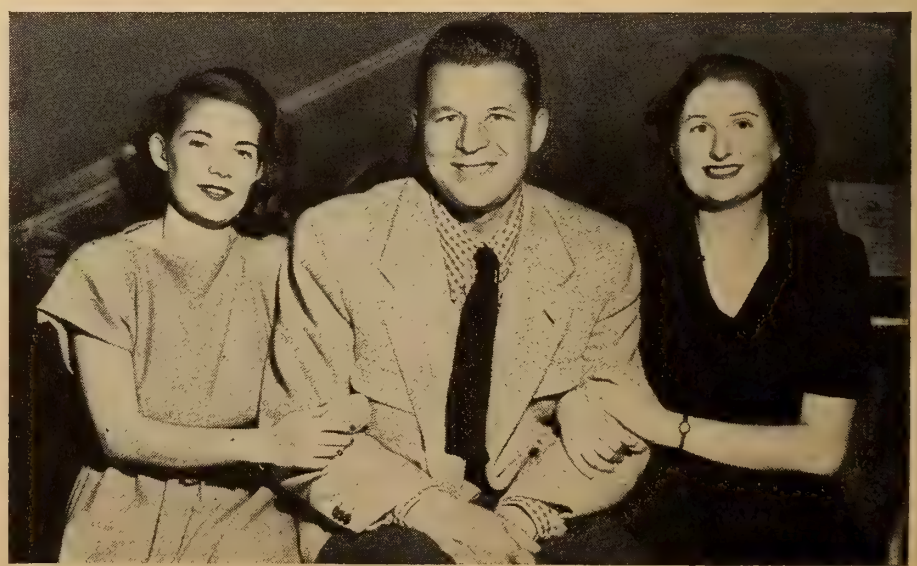
WORDS TO THE WISE: A club membership expires not at the end of the year, but only after the member has received all the journals, pics, pins, cards, etc., you prexies so generously promised when the member sent in his dues. If the member has received every club benefit due him at the end of one year, then it's time to renew. BUT, if he's received only one journal—and you promised *three*—that dollar has a long way to go. 2. Be guided by this rule: if you've a four-issues-a-year club, each copy of your journal should cost no more than 25 per cent of each member's annual dues. If your mimeographer is charging more than 25 cents per 15-page journal, (some do a grand job for less), you're being cheated! (*Continued on page 121*)

TROPHY CONTEST WINNERS

Second Lap: (The following results are based on jounrals, reports, other data received at our offices between June 16 and July 15.) Individual prizes: Each winner in THIS IS MY BEST Contest receives a glamorous gift combination of FABERGE Perfume and Cologne. Best editors receive a generous, specially selected package of POND's beauty preparations. Winning artist receives a handsome, practical TANGEE Trip Kit for Travel. First prize winner, Candid Camera Contest, receives a year's subscription to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, year's sub. to SCREEN ALBUM and four Dell Mysteries. Other Candid Camera winners, surprise package of four Dell Mysteries. (Suitable prizes are substituted for male winners.)

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Mary Jo Young, *McDowall Magazine* (Roddy); Glee Engel, *Pete's Paper* (Cookson); Martrice Johns, *Fulton's Frolic* (Joan); Jo Rampino, *Bouncin' With Lombardy* (Al); Pat Massa, *Keenan's Klippings* (Wynn); Mrs. Ellen Wolf, *Billetin* (Bill Williams, Chandler). **Candid Camera Contest:** First prize, Alice Meyers, Ken Curtis C. Others: Amena Peacock, Vincent Price C.; Bev Bush, Sinatra C.; Irene Ashcroft, Ronald Reagan C.; Vera Savenko, Betty Grable C.; Myron Welge, Movieland Fan C. **Best Journals:** 1. *Reagan Record* (Ronald); 2. Jive; 3. (tie) *Corvinus* (Charles Korvin); *Dan's Diary* (Duryea, Grant), *Lon's Party Line* (MCallister, Becker). **Best Editors:** 1. Anna Hreha, *Jane's Journal* (Wyman); 2. Annette Russell, *Three Stars Review;* 3. (tie) Ginger Bagnall, *The Whistler* (Jack Berch), Helen Norbeck, *Sirocco* (Errol Flynn). **Best club artist:** Tessa Piper, Jeanette MacDonald C. (Farrington). **Best covers:** 1. *Shooting Star* (Nelson Eddy Music C.); 2. Jive; 3. (tie) *Aladdin's Lamp* (Ladd, Kee), *P. L. Post* (Peter Lawford, Cohen), *Don's Doings* (Richards), *Ginni's Journal* (Field), *Talking To Teddy* (Walters). **Worthwhile Activities:** 1. Gene Autry C. $400 to Cancer Fund); 2. Jeanette MacDonald C. (Riley; $25 to Children's Village on Jeanette's birthday); 3. Edward Ashley C. (Sent food, clothing to their adopted French orphan). **Membership Increases:** 1. Alan Ladd C. (Spungin); 2. Bill Boyd C.; 3. Barbara Lawrence C. **Best correspondents:** 1. Lorraine Rutkowski, Ronald Reagan C.; 2. Mary Susan Leonard, Intern. Shirley Temple C.; 3. Betty Petrie, Charles Korvin C. (Also, 100 pts. for each regular edition of club journal received between June 16 and July 15.)

Leading so far: League 1: R. Reagan C., 700 pts.; June Allyson C., 600; Nelson Eddy International C., 450. League 2: Bob Crosby C., 850; Temple Intern., 750; Joan Crawford C., J. MacDonald C. (Riley), 600. League 3: Charles Korvin C., 750; Dan Duryea C. (Grant), 700; Arthur Kennedy C., Lon McCallister C., 600.



Those smiles mean only one thing: the Jack Carson Club is the winner of the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Assn. Trophy, League 2. They belong to Jeanne Morgan, v.p., Jack and Lorry Verbin, prexy.

(Continued from page 95)

I have seen Lizabeth's home and her family, her neighbors and her school chums. And one thing, at least, is evident. There is nothing sinister in her background. There is no scandal. Why then the mystery? There can be just one answer and it is this. The price Lizabeth Scott has had to pay for fame is high, for it has apparently meant the complete renunciation of Emma Matzo. A well-meaning studio has deemed it wise to keep Liz's humble origin from being known, and so a devoted mother must seal her lips, lest she injure her daughter's career. She must refuse tickets to a world premiere, lest photographers ferret her out, and the photos not measure up to her talented and beautiful first-born. She must even deny that she is the mother of six children, large families being supposedly unglamorous. And Lizabeth, for her part, must see her mother in New York City, rather than risk the undesirable publicity attendant upon a visit home to the unsuitable surroundings of Scranton's Flats.

pride and prejudice . . .

About the secrecy surrounding Mr. M.'s job, one can but surmise. His present job with Wolfgang's Bakery is probably considered unsuitable for publicity purposes, so poor Mrs. Matzo must keep that a secret, too. Why he continues to work hard and his wife, too, with Liz in the chips, is something else again. It is largely, I suspect, a matter of pride. Mike Munchak said that Liz gives her family money. The beautiful and expensive-looking piano, that good-looking blue suit Mom posed in, Justine's college education, reaffirm that fact, and yet her parents continue to work. Why? Because they are people of integrity, who would consider it outrageous to be supported by a prosperous daughter, as long as they themselves were capable of earning their own bread and butter.

There, then, is the solution to the riddle, and the whole thing makes you stop and think. Maybe there was a time when the American public liked to be kidded about the background of its stars, and to believe they sprang from exotic surroundings far different from the everyday scene. But we're more mature now. We want the truth—the whole truth.

There's a greater lesson and inspiration for every ambitious youngster in the true story—which we're glad to present—of Lizabeth Scott's self-sparked rise from the grocery at Capouse and Ash, with Mom's backing, than in a thousand deceptive biographies dreamed up in studio press offices. The story of Emma Matzo is the story of American democracy.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A busy afternoon at the Veterans Administration was disturbed by an exclamation from my friend, Flo. She had hit the jackpot—Alan Ladd's insurance payment. Flo wrote his receipt with great precision and as an afterthought, she wrote her own name into a corner and sent the case through. Then, much later, when the incident had almost been forgotten, Flo was called to the timekeeper's desk and was handed a package. It was a picture of Alan Ladd and on it he had written: "To Flo. Lots of Luck. Alan Ladd."

Dorothy Simenson
Brooklyn, New York

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Sensational value. Full, rich tone on radio and records. Automatic record changer. Handsome Walnut console. See the new Philco 1262 at your dealer.
*Price slightly higher Denver and West
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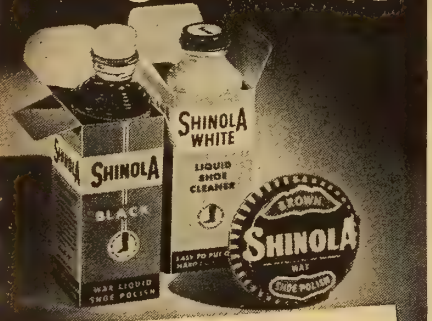
Famous for Quality the World Over

Stay Sweet with
Autumn time is football time... action and excitement fill the air. But LEAF Gum time is all the time... 'cause LEAF's delicious minty flavor is longer lasting.
LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
LEAF LEAFMINT PEPPERMINT GUM
LEAF CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

Your Shoes are Showing!

Embarrassing, isn't it?

YOU NEED SHINOLA



1 Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps keep shoes flexible—and new-looking longer.

2 Shinola is easy to apply and economical to buy. For good grooming and longer wear—KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In Canada it's 2-in-1.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIO STYLISTS USE Hair Mist

TO KEEP EVERY HAIR IN PLACE

NOT A LACQUER

• Hollywood stars set hair with Hair Mist. Just spray it on. Over 3½ million bottles sold. Insist on it at your beauty salon, drug or department stores.. or mail ($1.00 tax & postage paid) to 645 N. Martel Ave., Hollywood 36, Calif.

Exclusive plastic atomizer is the secret of perfect application . . allows you to spray invisible net over coiffure . . one with every bottle.

ANN MEREDITH'S

HAIR MIST

sweet and hot

By LEONARD FEATHER

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

POPULAR

ALL MY LOVE—*Andy Russell (Capitol), Dinah Shore (Columbia), Guy Lombardo (Decca), Al Jolson (Decca)

APPLE BLOSSOM WEDDING—*Buddy Clark (Columbia), *Hal Derwin (Capitol), *Joe Dosh (Continental), Eddy Howard (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)
Compare the way different singers handle this tune (lyrics written by England's ace songwriter, Jimmy Kennedy). Maybe you'll agree with me that some of the less famous singers put more feeling into a song than some of the big names who become stale through making too many records. Or is it my imagination?

CLASSICS IN BLUE—*Lena Horne Album (Black & White)
Two blues, two spirituals, a Phil Moore original, and Gershwin's *My Man's Gone* from *Porgy and Bess*, all well done by Lena (who just re-signed with M-G-M), but the highspot is the two-sided dramatized version of *Frankie and Johnny*, which sounds like a movie sound-track.

BING CROSBY, DICK HAYMES & THE ANDREWS SISTERS—**Show Business, *Anything You Can Do (Decca)
Unfazed by the idea of giving a competitive crooner a break on the same disc with him, Bing teams with Haymes for a triple-threater that takes Decca's two star-combining policy a step further. All I want now is a record featuring Crosby, Jolson, Haymes, Astaire, the Mills Brothers, the Andrews Sisters and the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEW YEAR'S EVE?—*Kay Kyser (Columbia), Art Lund (M-G-M), Margaret Whiting (Capitol)

HOT JAZZ

CHARLIE BARNET—**Darktown Strutters' Ball (Apollo)
A hilarious satire on corny Dixieland jazz. Great!

KING COLE—*That's What (Capitol)
After Ella Fitzgerald's conversion to bebop singing comes Nat Cole with something in the same Gillespie-inspired vein. Best Cole disc in a year.

DUKE ELLINGTON—*Blues Album (Victor)

BENNY GOODMAN—*Tattle Tale (Capitol)

BILLIE HOLIDAY—*Album (Columbia)

FROM THE MOVIES

DEAR RUTH—Fine Thing: *Les Brown (Columbia)

HUCKSTERS—Don't Tell Me: *Tony Martin (Victor); *Les Brown (Columbia); Helen Forrest (M-G-M); Margaret Whiting (Capitol)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Sweet Marie: Jack Smith (Capitol)

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS—You Do: *Vic Damone (Mercury); *Georgia Gibbs (Majestic); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Margaret Whiting (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Larry Douglas (Signature); *Bing Crosby-Carmen Cavallaro (Decca). Kokomo, Indiana: *Bing Crosby & Skylarks (Decca); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Victor Lombardo (Majestic)
Vic Damone is a very promising 18-year-old—catch his Saturday night air show and this good wax debut. Victor Lombardo's band sounds exactly like brother Guy's, which means millions will like it, present company excepted.

ON THE OLD SPANISH TRAIL—Title Song: *Andy Russell (Capitol); *Kay Kyser (Columbia); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Art Lund (M-G-M)

ROSE OF THE RANCHO—If I Should Lose You: June Christy (Capitol)
Very disappointing solo record bow by the pretty blonde ex-Stan Kenton songstress. Shouldn't have been released.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND—The Turntable Song: Andrews Sisters (Decca); Jack Smith (Capitol)

THE AWKWARD AGE

(*Continued from page 46*)

at these sessions, too. Roddy McDowall is one of the great favorites. "He used to be very, very quiet," Peggy Ann says, "but you should see him now! A one-man riot. He does imitations of Carmen Miranda and Tallulah Bankhead. He ties us in knots, we laugh so hard." Others who drop in range from striplings like Claude Jarman, to oldsters such as Marshall Thompson, Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor. "You should see those two dance," Peggy Ann says of the latter two. "Wow! As for me, I stick to standard steps like the Stanford Stomp and the Crestline."

Peggy Ann's bosom friend, Barbara Whiting, of *Junior Miss* fame, entertains at her own home every Saturday evening, and Peggy Ann is usually on hand. "Did you know," asks Peggy, "that George Seaton, the director of *Junior Miss*, discovered Barbara at one of her parties? He went because he was planning this production, and wanted to hear how school girls talk. Barbara was the perfect example."

Lon McCallister, who gives Peggy Ann her first screen kiss in *Bob, Son of Battle*, is another pal of hers. "Quiet, but nice," is the way she sums him up. "He and Barbara and I have a lot in common—we all like classical music. He took us to the Ocean Park amusement pier and we went on the rides. It was wonderful." She gave a squeal of laughter. "Wonderful for him, too—Barbara sat on his glasses. But nothing bothers Lon. When we were on location in Utah, we put a lot of salt in his bed. He just laughed—and the next night we found some water in ours."

peggy ann—movie fan . . .

Whenever she is with acquaintances who seem interested in hearing about movie stars, Peggy Ann will chatter endlessly about them. "Dick Haymes? Sometimes I think I like him best of all. He's loads of fun. Once he took Barbara and me to the circus, with dinner at Romanoff's first. At the circus, we were watching one of the side shows when two small boys saw Dick. Their eyes got as big as baseballs. One of them nudged the other and said, 'Look—there's Bing Crosby!'"

Peggy Ann is usually escorted to parties and dances by Beverly Hills boys who have no connection with the movie industry. Sometimes, however, she goes with young actors, and of these she remembers Marshall Thompson most vividly. "What a character," she giggles. "I met him at a party once, and he asked me if I'd like to go to another party at a friend's house on the 29th. I said I would. But he never called up to make any arrangements, and on the 29th he didn't show up. I saw him a few weeks later, and he went on with a long story about how he'd had to go to Catalina on short notice, and didn't have a chance to call me. He's sort of nice."

The fact that Peggy Ann wasn't even irritated about being stood up is a good clue to her character.

Nothing really irks her but her school work. "Other kids ask me where I go to school, and I say 'The studio school at Twentieth Century-Fox,'" she says. "Then when they ask me how long I'm in school every day, and I tell them three hours, they say 'Gee, what a cinch!' But it isn't a cinch at all. Remember, we don't have any gym, or any study periods. We just sit and work like fiends for three solid hours without stopping.

"It's pretty lonesome, too," she adds wistfully. "There are only two of us in the school, Connie Marshall and I. And the

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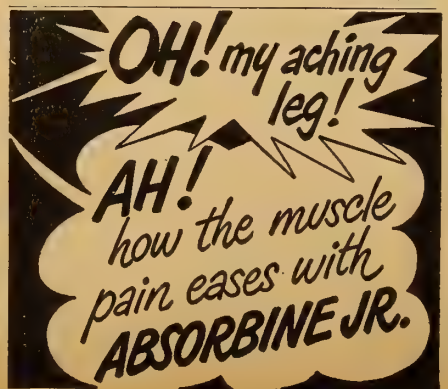

final examinations! Oh, they're horrible. All the pupils from the different studios go down to the Board of Education building in Los Angeles, and we take one long exam that lasts from eight o'clock in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon!"

In spite of the horror which exams hold for Peggy Ann, she does well at school, and has almost invariably gotten straight A grades. She is what theatrical people call a "quick study"—one who can memorize almost at a glance, and she has never been known to forget a line on a set.

Her favorite subjects are English and History, and Latin her worst bugaboo.

Peggy Ann is looking forward eagerly to the time when she'll be ready for college. "Oh boy, I'm going to a coeducational college, I'll tell you that right now," she predicts, emphatically. "Northwestern University, I hope!"

One milestone on the road to adulthood has just been passed. Peggy Ann has now acquired her driver's license, and at last is allowed to drive the family car—a newly-purchased, black Buick. Already the typical problems, about who gets the car when, are stirring up the typical family debates. Mrs. Garner says ruefully, "I seem to have the car about two days a week. . . . Oh well, maybe we'll be able to get another car as a gift for Peggy Ann next Christmas, and we'll have some peace in the family then, I hope."

Peggy Ann's father, William G. H. Garner, is a former government attorney who was a captain in Army Intelligence during the war. Consequently, his wife and daughter didn't see him often, and his visits home were gala events. (This was before Mr. and Mrs. Garner were divorced.) One visit had colorful consequences, due partly to Peggy Ann.

After coming home to spend the Christmas holidays with the family, he was recalled suddenly on the evening of New Year's Day. His return to camp caused considerable comment—because his face was covered with bandages, and one arm was in a splint. "Hmmm—must have been a dilly of a New Year's Eve," his comrades remarked. They guffawed when he insisted that he had received his injuries by falling off a bicycle. Yet, that is what happened, as Peggy Ann will swear.

"Barbara and I wanted to go bicycling on New Year's Day," she relates. "And Daddy decided he would come cycling, too, just to look after us. Well, he seemed to enjoy it a lot. Pretty soon he got going fast, and I couldn't keep up with him, and after a while I came to the top of a hill and looked down, and there were Daddy and the bicycle at the bottom, tangled together, and covered with blood. Makes you wonder, sometimes, just who is at the awkward age around here!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While in Valogna, France, shortly after the invasion, I had the pleasure of seeing Bing Crosby in a U.S.O. show. During the performance, a low flying airplane zoomed towards us. Both the actors and the audience were scared, for enemy planes were numerous. "Worried, Bing?" queried the stooge. "Yes," Bing replied, "It might be the stork again." Hundreds of voices roaring with laughter dispelled all fear.

James Kennedy
Dayton, Ohio.

"COOP"

(*Continued from page 34*)

myself is, I ought to know by now that Gary's as full of surprises as a Christmas stocking. I've known him almost since the world began, it seems. I played in the second picture he ever made—*Children of Divorce*—in which Gary's job was an All-American high in Hollywood miscasting.

The set was my swank Park Avenue apartment. The characters were super-sophisticated Manhattan youths merrily going to Hell. Gary was a New York man-about-town, the script said. And only a few months before he'd been riding the range in Montana!

Even in that miscast part, his scenes revealed something so terrific that they fairly shouted, "star stuff!" You couldn't put your finger on what it was—and I suppose you can't now. It's pure inner power that Coop has. I heard a director who ought to know—C. B. DeMille, no less say, "If Gary ever let loose all the power inside him, he'd blow up the screen!"

young in heart . . .

Coop let some of it escape later on, and it made unforgettably real roles for the screen, like *Sergeant York, Lou Gehrig* and *Mr. Deeds.* In person, though, he holds it in with a boyish shyness which he's never capitalized on in his acting, as Jimmy Stewart has, for instance. I can't help thinking of Coop as still a boy. even though he's in his middle forties.

I was walking down the street in Beverly Hills not long ago, when I heard a shout. "Hey, Hedda—look what I just got!" I thought it must be a letter from the President or something equally sensational. Gary stuck out his wrist. He had a new watch, one of those waterproof, shockproof, everything proof kind that tells when it's going to rain and practically all the saints' days. Gary could buy one, if he wanted to, I'm sure, every day in the week. But he'd run across the street like a kid with a new B-B gun to show me his prize. He stopped traffic for me another time, right on Hollywood Boulevard—and he hates a scene with a crowd—just to glow over a new buggy he'd bought. I remember not long ago when a foreign automobile, one of those sleek hand-made English jobs, broke up a perfectly good party at Merle Oberon's house. A British pal of Merle's rolled up in it and from that minute on us gals—including Rocky, Gary's pretty wife—sat in the house and twiddled our thumbs. Gary kept his head poked under the hood all day investigating the works.

Gary wasn't exactly fresh off the range when his wife, Rocky, met and married him. He'd had the rough ranch edges rounded off by Clara Bow and Lupe Velez, the Countess Di Frasso and his other bachelor-day girl friends. Come to think of it, darned if I didn't promote Gary's first date with Clara! Gary liked fun girls. Lupe Velez, bless her memory, was as gay a personality package as Hollywood ever knew. Gary unlaxed and let go around her. But he always remained at heart the wild West kid he'd been. He used to give all his best girls animals.

Lupe got an eagle—a wild one Coop had caught. It flapped dismally around her big house for months and she thought she knew why it had the blues. "'Eee needs a mate, Gay-ree," she explained. "Get one."

Gary got one, all right. I've forgotten how many scratches it cost his sun-tanned hide, scrambling over the cactus-spiked hills of Catalina Island to do it. But he got that eagle.

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a dog. The countess was the girl friend who introduced Gary to the smart set, rubbed off the last rough corral edges before Gary married Veronica Balfe.

Gary was a school-girl crush of Rocky Balfe's. She lived in the East, but luckily, she had two uncles in Hollywood, Cedric Gibbons, Dolores Del Rio's ex-husband now married to Hazel Brooks, and Elliott Gibbons, a screen writer who's married today to Irene, M-G-M's famous dress designer. Rocky had visits to Hollywood, even as a girl, and on those visits she saw her dream man in the flesh and knew what she wanted.

I remember Rocky as a teen-ager. She used to come out to Hollywood with her mother. They stayed at the old Hollywood Hotel and many days she'd play around the Hollywood Hotel pool with my boy, Bill. She's always been poised and pretty, a little on the elegant side, the type of girl boys dream about when they read King Arthur and his Knights, a princess—just a little aloof and unattainable. Rocky has a finely chiseled profile, big dark eyes, a queenly air. She's Gary's queen and he loves pleasing her slightest whim. It's a marriage that's been perfect from the start—and that I'll confess began as one of those G. Cooper surprises for me, too. Why would a Western guy with sagebrush sticking out of his hair fall for a polished Eastern pearl like Rocky—and vice versa?

They met back East once when Gary was fancy free, and pretty soon Rocky was out on another Hollywood visit—but this time set to stay a while. They said she had plans for a Hollywood career herself: her step-dad, Paul Shields, a Wall Street financier, had some tie-up with a studio and Rocky rated a contract try. I don't think she came out to be an actress. She came out to marry Gary—and that's what she did.

They had a swank Park Avenue wedding with all the social trimmings. Then they took a trip to Bermuda and came back with the idea for the house they've lived in ever since. They even had coral roofing shingles and bricks freighted up by boat from that island. But the house, tasteful, unique and gem-like as it is, fits Rocky, not Gary. There's just one touch of Coop in the front room, for instance, a zebra rug, made from the skin of a trophy he bagged on his bachelor African safari. In a little sitting room off his bedroom, Coop racks the guns and outdoor tackle he's so crazy about. The rest of the house is a woman's, filled with gorgeous antiques and rich furnishings. The baseboard in the bedroom is a running mirror, the draperies are super exquisite.

When Gary's house was robbed sometime ago, the thieves piled up all the silver and Rocky's jewels on the bed, tied their haul up in the bedspread and departed. What they used for a loot bag was a custom-woven, crushed plush bedspread, so rich and rare that it took Rocky six months to replace it.

Gary has fitted himself into this sophisticated setting perfectly and without a kick, as he has into the life his wife likes—the top-drawer, smart, Hollywood life of unending parties and quiet, luxury living. Rocky's a social spark-plug and there's always something for the Coopers to do with their friends, Mary Jane and Doug Fairbanks, Merle Oberon and Lucian Ballard, Tyrone Power, Virginia and Darryl Zanuck, Van Johnson and Evie Wynn, Clark Gable, and scads more of Hollywood's social elite.

Gary and Rocky make an annual pilgrimage back to Southampton, Long Island, to visit her mother, Mrs. Paul Shields, and to keep in touch with the Eastern non-Hollywood upper crust. Last year they took back Clark Gable as an added attraction. He met Millicent Rogers, a friend of Rocky's, and they were a handsome foursome for quite a while.

This sort of high life is not really Gary Cooper's natural style. He's not a party boy or greeter; he's shy, built for open skies and a saddle, not drawing rooms and Hepplewhite chairs. Gary has never cared about cocktails. He hates like fury to dance. Small talk and clever conversation aren't his strong points. Fluttery, flirtatious society girls scare him to death. Yet he likes it—because Rocky does. He's completely devoted and happy to be wherever she is, doing what she likes.

He's a born gentleman and I'm sure it's as instinctive for him to want to please Rocky or anyone he loves as it is to take off his hat to a lady. He loves his wife and is completely under her spell. But every woman close to Gary always gets the same devoted attention. I've always admired Gary for the sweet way he's treated his wonderful mother and his late dad, Judge Cooper. Despite his success and fame, Gary was never anything but their kid around them. That's one department where I *know* he never grew up.

Mrs. Cooper belongs to the Hollywood Mothers' Club and I'm a member myself. I remember when Judge and Mrs. Cooper celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, all of us Hollywood maws were invited to their sweet little house in Hollywood. Gary was busy with a picture and about the last person I expected to see there. But in the midst of the gathering he stalked shyly in, greeting all the mothers separately, shaking their hands to make them glow, and kissing his own mom warmly as he handed her his golden roses and gold gifts of all kinds for the golden wedding day.

He's every bit as kind and courtly to

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his daughter, Maria, a big girl of twelve, smart, pretty and talented. Maria's a perfect fifty-fifty combination of Gary and Rocky and Gary's simply wild about her. She goes to Marymount, a convent school nearby the Cooper house, and because she wanted to be raised as a Catholic, Gary and Rocky, who were married in the Episcopal church, took Catholic instruction.

I hope I haven't given the impression that Gary and Rocky Cooper's marriage is one-sided, because that's not the truth. I'd say Rocky's the domestic boss of the team, but since becoming Mrs. Cooper, she's learned to enjoy the things Gary likes, and she's darned good at them, too.

They're forever taking trips, that pair, because Gary loves trips. Sun Valley's the favorite spot, and if they don't fly they roll up in the deluxe station wagon Henry Ford II had made for Gary. Gary loves hunting better than anything, and next to that, plain skeet shooting. Rocky's taken up both, so now, half the time, she beats her old man. The only time I had any trouble pinning Gary down to doing something I wanted was when I nabbed him in the middle of a hunting expedition.

He was up near Sun Valley with Rocky and Ernest Hemingway and his then new bride, Martha Gelhorn, and I wanted to make a short movie subject of the dove and jackrabbit hunt they were on. As usual, when I wired Coop, he replied "Sure, Hedda, anything for you." The cameraman I sent up had to track him down like a coyote to pull him away from those doves and rabbits. But when he finally did, Gary delivered not only himself but the elusive Mr. Hemingway who'd said, "No," at first. It made a wonderful film, with those two expert hunters and celebrities and it was just one of the many favors Gary has done me through the years.

the master at work . . .

Sometimes, when I haven't seen Coop for a long time I suddenly get the urge to check up on him in person. The other day I spied Rocky at a luncheon party.

"What's Gary up to?" I asked.

"He's painting," smiled Rocky. "Why don't you come see the master at work?"

I hurried right over the next day. Rocky led me through Gary's abandoned gun room and outside. "In here," she indicated.

"Why," I gasped. "It's the doghouse!"

"It was," grinned Rocky. "But it's Gary's studio now. He's off on a new project."

Inside I found the same gangling Gary I knew years ago—maybe a touch of gray and a line or two—and a familiar bell rang in my memory. The last thing he looks like is an artist, but before he landed in the movies, Gary traveled around, door to door, selling his own Western sketches to keep himself alive in Hollywood. "Hi, Hedda," he said, daubing busily away. "What color's a nasturtium?"

"Red," I said, trying not to look too surprised, "some are yellow, some orange."

"I've tried mixing 'em," he sighed. "And all I seem to get is a nasty brown."

True enough, it wasn't Cézanne on the canvas, but it was his first try at oils. "I'm going to lick this," swore Gary, hitching up his Levis, "if it takes all summer." Well, summer's almost over and I haven't seen Coop's masterpieces yet. I don't expect them to be any Rembrandts for a lot of reasons, including the fact that Gary's been busy with *Good Sam*, his next film.

But I'm staking out a spot on my wall to hang one—to remind me always of my April fool favorite star—and I'll bet it's good. I've watched Gary leap up the ladder from the awkward cowboy to an Oscar-owning actor who's worth $500,000 for every movie he makes. I'd bet on Gary Cooper to travel far in any direction he picks. He's got mighty long legs.

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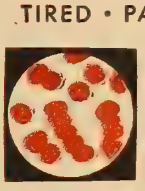

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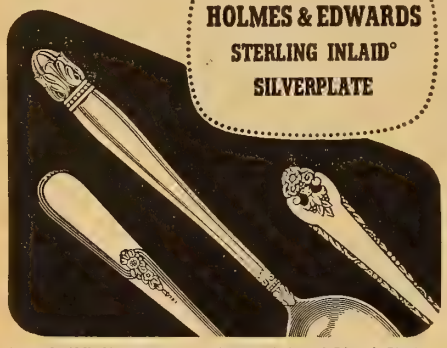

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GLENN FORD LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 45)

finally one Christmas, Grant turned up with a new weapon . . . an air rifle.

Glenn wasn't made aware of this new development in their armament race until one afternoon a few days later when he was working on his tree house. Suddenly, he heard a *splat* and looked down to find a B-B pellet in the limb he was sitting on.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" he yelled.

"Shooting," Grant yelled back. "Some gun, huh!"

Then he shot again, and the next B-B hit Glenn on the forehead, where he still has the scar. Glenn was furious. He chased Grant across the backyard, into his house, and then into his bedroom, where he proceeded to beat the daylights out of him. Then he broke Grant's B-B gun and went home. And that ended his fighting with Grant. Fists and clods were O.K., but that gun did it.

Then things became pretty placid in Glenn's life. He concentrated on his studies at Santa Monica High School, and managed to sandwich in an appearance in the Junior Class play, *The Thirteenth Chair*. He graduated into the midst of the depression—it was 1934—and discovered that he hadn't made any definite plans about what to do with his life.

For a while he thought teaching might be okay. Then he gave some thought to the diplomatic service. Lots of traveling, see faraway places, meet interesting people. It sounded like a good thing.

Then an idea hit him. What's wrong with acting? Certainly every play didn't have to be staged in a leaky barn, with settings built out of box wood. But when he presented the idea to his parents, they didn't seem to be burning with the same combustible burst of enthusiasm.

"We don't want to tell you what you must do," Glenn's father said. "But isn't acting a pretty risky business?"

"I guess anything's a gamble these days," Glenn replied, logically enough.

"But do you really want to be an actor?"

Glenn frowned seriously for a moment, then smiled, "Yes sir. I'd like that just fine." And that was the end of teaching, and of adventures in far-away places with the diplomatic service.

Santa Monica's current little theater group was then holding forth in the basement of the Public Library, and the group's director, Harold Clifton, gave Glenn a chance to read, was impressed, and cast him in a comparatively minor part. Then began a friendly association that has lasted until today. Harold is now dialogue director at Columbia Studios and works on all of Glenn's pictures, the most recent being *Man From Colorado*.

As it must to all such ventures, death came to the Basement Players. But Harold and Glenn went from one little theater to the next. Some 100-odd plays later—in which Glenn's roles were mostly small—Harold began to size Glenn up.

"You've been around long enough," he said. "It's about time I gave you a good part." Glenn smiled, and for the first time began to feel that his perseverance was paying off.

Then, after a session of fairly good roles in everything from *June Moon* to the sombre *Hamlet*, Glenn got a call from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for an interview. He talked to Oliver Hinsdell, then the studio's dramatic coach, who motioned Glenn into a chair and sat looking him over in silence.

"You're certainly not the pretty boy type," he finally said, with a smile.

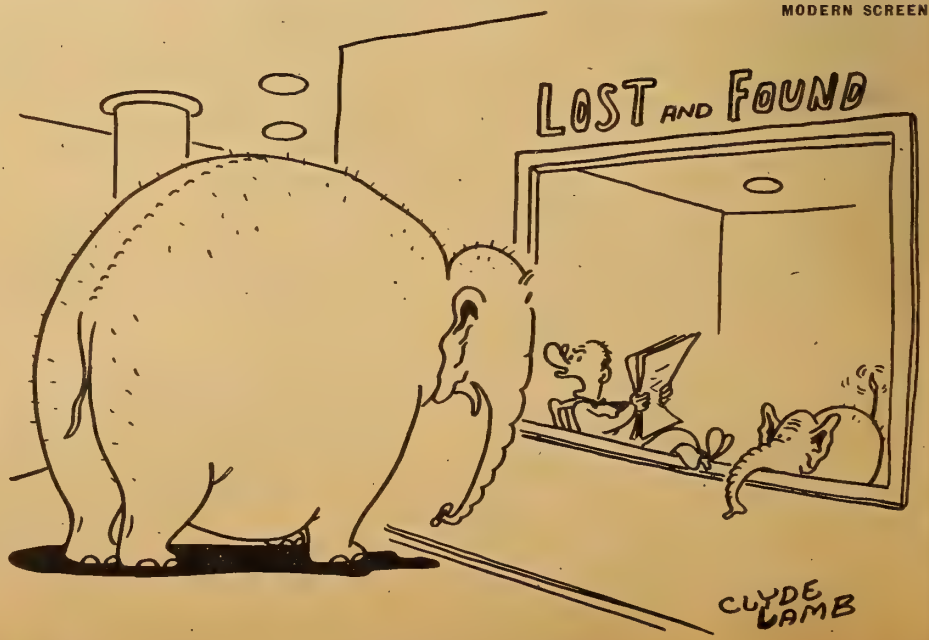
Glenn smiled back. "No, sir. I hope not."

"Maybe that's just as well," said Hinsdell. "But right now, we're looking for pretty boys." Glenn's stomach did a loop, then a dive.

"However, I'll see what I can do for you," Hinsdell went on, "I'll keep in touch with you."

While waiting for "the touch," Glenn went back into the Santa Monica Community Players. Then, one night, when he was playing the lead in *Journey's End*, a Paramount talent scout spotted him. He called Glenn the next day and offered him a small role as the M.C. in a short subject entitled *Manhattan Serenade*.

"You have a tuxedo, of course," the scout mentioned matter-of-factly.



"Well—what do you want?"

"Oh, sure," said Glenn, enthusiastically, but untruthfully.

"Fine, then. Come by the studio tomorrow and pick up the script."

By borrowing a little here and there, Glenn managed to scrape up thirty-five dollars, the cost of renting one.

The picture was shot on Easter Sunday, and of course, except for the stern policemen at the gate, Paramount Studios was deserted. But even the silence impressed Glenn. Because all important production was stopped for the day, Glenn was assigned to a star's dressing room.

When the day's shooting ended at six o'clock, Glenn walked off the sound stage into the dark and roamed aimlessly around the lot until nine-thirty. He went home with the firm resolve to become an important movie star.

But came the dawn . . . and the facing of cold facts. He had torn the rented tuxedo, and with the repair bill, the outfit had cost him fifty dollars. And his paycheck for the one day's work totaled only twenty-five.

For the next few days, Glenn more or less forgot acting, read some new novels and swam at the beach. Then one morning, he dashed down to breakfast, gulped his coffee and headed out the door.

"What now?" his mother called after him.

Over his shoulder he yelled back, "Casting a new show in L.A. See you tonight."

Such were the first days of Glenn's struggle for a chance. A lot of time passed, Glenn was doing *Parnell* again in one of Santa Monica's little theaters, when fate moved in again. This time it was personified by Tom Moore, an old silent star who was now working as the talent scout for Twentieth Century-Fox. He believed that Glenn was not only a good actor, but potentially a valuable studio property. He risked his job and his own career to prove it.

that first test . . .

The first test Tom arranged was a corny affair. In it, Glenn opened a door, sat on a couch, kissed a girl, lit a cigarette, and then walked out of the room. And, of course, the makeup men had dabbed Glenn with the lipstick, eye-shadow and pancake makeup then favored by the standard pretty boys.

When the studio executives saw the test, there was a lot of coughing and uncomfortable moving about. When it was over, one of the top men turned to Tom Moore with a glum look, and exploded, "You're hired by this studio to find talent. If he's your idea of talent, you better start looking for another job."

"I think the kid can act," Tom said stubbornly.

"So what?" the executive replied. "He looks like everybody else. No sex appeal."

"But he has an interesting face," Tom answered. "Besides, since he *can* act, he can look like any character he has to portray. What's wrong with that?"

"You'll find out," the man boomed back, "if you don't start doing a better job."

Tom didn't give up, however. After seeing Glenn playing in *Reunion in Vienna*, he tried to sell him to the studio again, without much better luck. Then, just before Glenn was about to leave for New York to do a small role with Tallulah Bankhead, Tom called him.

"I've got another test for you," he exclaimed.

"Thanks a lot," Glenn said. "But I've almost cost you your job twice. Let's forget it."

"Glenn, make this test. It might be different."

"Okay. But let me wear some old clothes and no makeup. I'm not an Arrow Collar man and don't want to look like one."

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood

by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

The test brought a role in a picture called *Heaven with a Barbed Wire Fence*. The picture, to put it politely, was a choice flop. It almost made him quit movies for good.

Then Columbia saw something they liked about Glenn, and signed him to a contract. At last, he was on his way.

My part in Glenn's story started one evening in 1942, when my mother and I went to see a Dietrich picture at our neighborhood theater. When it was over, the title of a Penny Singleton film flashed on. There was a fellow named Glenn Ford in it. He had a quality that was intriguing. Sincerity, I guess you would call it. On the way out, I said to mother, "We'll have to watch that boy." I married him in October of 1943.

But it wasn't as simple as that. Pat O'Brien was largely the reason we did meet. He had been trying to make a twosome of us for some time, and finally introduced us at a swimming party.

Our initial conversation wasn't exactly electrifying. It went something like this:

Said I, "I think you have the makings of a fine actor."

Said Glenn, "Thank you. And I've always enjoyed your dancing so much."

I smiled, and that was that. Or so I thought, until about two weeks later when Glenn called me up and asked me to have dinner with him.

"Why not come over to the house," I said. "We've a wonderful cook and the refrigerator's full of food."

He came, and brought a healthy appetite.

It wasn't long before we were married. We had ten days for our honeymoon before Glenn was transferred to Camp Pendleton, near San Diego, and I was almost simultaneously offered a chance to earn $40,000 at the Radio City Music Hall. I was faced with a big decision . . . whether to follow my career or my husband. Suddenly, it wasn't a problem. I went to La Jolla."

For $60 a month, we rented the servants' quarters over the garage of an enormous beachside estate. I marketed, cooked meals in a rush, and grabbed every fleeting moment I could with Glenn. I loved it.

Glenn and I learned a lot about each other during those first few weeks together: that we had fantastically different standards, but that basically we were the same. That we both displayed our nervous energy and that we were both innately active people. In short, we built the basis for happiness during those rushed days.

And there you are. Glenn, for my money, is the most lovable guy in Hollywood. And the best looking. And certainly a great actor. And—as for his status as husband and father—you don't hear me complaining, do you?

What more can a gal ask out of life?

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Who are your favorite stars? We'd like to know, so that we can feature them in future issues of MODERN SCREEN. The first 500 of you who answer the questionnaire below will receive a three-months' subscription to MODERN SCREEN *absolutely free*. So hurry up, and be among the lucky 500 who'll get the November, December and January issues as a gift from us to you.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Are Russell and Madison Married? (Gail Russell, Guy Madison) ☐
Lady In Retirement (Greer Garson) ☐
Memo On A Madman (Bob Mitchum) ☐
Weekend At The Ladds (Alan Ladd) ☐
Sierra Madre (Humphrey Bogart) ☐
The Sinatra Set (Frank Sinatra) ☐
"Coop" (Gary Cooper) by Hedda Hopper ☐
The Case of Autry Vs. Rogers (Gene Autry, Roy Rogers) ☐
My Wife's Husband (June Allyson, Dick Powell) ☐
The Awkward Age (Peggy Ann Garner) ☐
On A Note Of Triumph (Rita Hayworth) ☐
Glenn Ford Life Story (Conclusion) ☐
Miracle On Main Street (Lizabeth Scott) ☐
Everything Happens To Joan (Joan Leslie) ☐
Devotion (Susan Peters) ☐
A Young Man's Fancy (Frank Latimore) ☐
Everything With A Kiss (Cary Grant) ☐
Vision In White (Barbara Lawrence) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them , 1, 2, 3, in order of preference .....

.....

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City..... Zone..... State..... I am ..... years old

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SIERRA MADRE

(Continued from page 49)

when Bogie and Betty (as he calls her) were making *Dark Passage* together. Their plans were more on the sentimental side then. "For a second anniversary comes up a second honeymoon, Baby," suggested Bogie. "It's only right and natural. What do you say we celebrate with a spin to Honolulu in the Cup race?" Bogie has been boat-happy since his Navy days in World War I. He'd dreamed about the Cup race since coming to Hollywood.

The bills added up to $6,000 before they got the "Santana" in racing trim. Caulk this and sand that, paint that and polish this. Bogie and Betty rode their prize hobby furiously for the Big Event and counted the weeks.

Then up came an event that was even bigger. It was another one Bogie had planned away back—five years ago, to be exact, when Director John Huston handed him a book, "Treasure of the Sierra Madre." The story was about hidden gold in the Mexican mountains, and about desperate men who went after it—and what that gold did to them. It was crammed with action—strictly male struggle, fights, hairy chests and jaws, dirt, sweat, muscle and blood—the dramatic stuff Bogie loves. He stayed up all night to read it. The next morning he told John, "That's for me."

So now, on the eve of his second honeymoon cruise, came up the production he couldn't miss. He told Lauren the bad news. "It's Mexico for me and back to the grind," he said. "No cruise, no anniversary, no second honeymoon."

"I'm going with you," she said. "We'll have it down there."

"This is strictly stag. No place for a lady," vetoed Humphrey.

the look . . .

Betty's lower lip slid out stubbornly and she gave him the look. "Careful what you call me," she grinned, "but remember, if you ever want me—just whistle." Bogie has worn a silver whistle on his key chain ever since *To Have and Have Not*. He gave it a toot. "Okay," he said, "but you won't like it."

"Maybe yes, maybe no," drawled Betty Bacall, "but what's an anniversary without a husband?"

They took off for Mexico City in a DC-4—all the cast principals herded together in the big plane—Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston, Bruce Bennett, Tim Holt, Barton MacLean, Director John Huston and a couple of wives—Evelyn Keyes, John's bride, and Lauren Bacall. By the time they landed, Lauren began to think maybe Bogie was right.

It was 3:30 a.m. when they roared in over Mexico City, after eight hours in the air from Hollywood. The field below was inky, blacked out by mist. They made five passes, swooping and zooming up again while the safety whistles wailed eerily. There's a law in Mexico: after forty-five minutes circling a field you move on. They got the signal, "Try Vera Cruz." They had trouble there, too, fighting soup over the mountains clear down to the coast. "Maybe with this picture the fade-out comes first," cracked Bogie grimly when the gas got down to 20 gallons and there still wasn't a hole to see land. They found one just in time. Bogie hopped out and kissed the ground. "Viva Mexico!" he said.

"Viva *terra firma*," added Betty fervently. "I'll never leave it." But she did pronto. After coffee and gas for the ship they hopped off in the daylight to the City.

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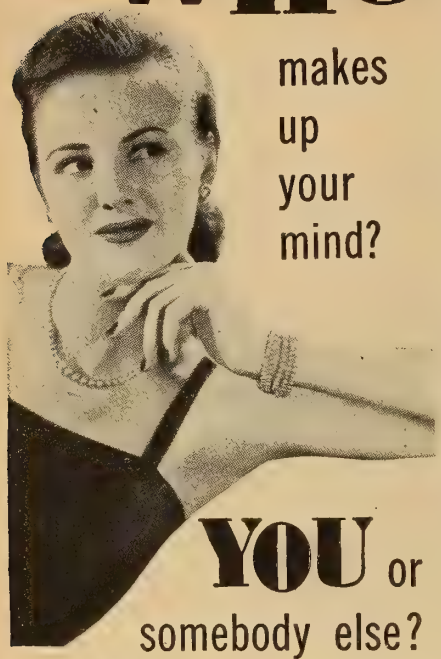

makes up your mind?

YOU or somebody else?

Every woman who discovers Tampax through this advertisement will probably be very glad she acted for herself instead of waiting for other women to lead the way.... Make up your own mind! Start right now to use this Tampax method of sanitary protection, which does away with belts, pins and external pads.... Tampax is a simple internal absorbent, invented by a doctor. When in place, it is neither seen nor felt!

Tampax is intended for use on every one of those "less pleasant" days of the month—and the difference it makes is *real*. No bulk to hamper you or show an edge-line under dresses. No extra warmth in overheated or crowded rooms. No worry about odor because odor cannot form.... Made of pure absorbent cotton, each Tampax is compressed in an applicator for easy insertion. Quick to change; and so small it is discreetly managed in restrooms; readily disposed of.

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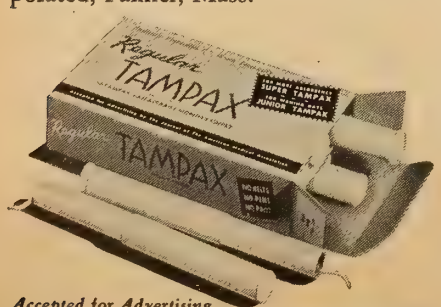

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The news had spread by then and they got a real South of the Border welcome—with vaqueros, gardenia girls and a band right at the airport, before they piled into the Reforma Hotel and put out the "Don't disturb" sign—in Spanish.

Two days later they were winding over the green tropical spine of Mexico, whizzing across gorges and skittering along cliffs down to San Jose Purua, the mountain spa John Huston had picked for his Sierra scenes. But before they left the Reforma, Bogie and Betty had their first battle with Spanish—and they lost.

Before he headed South of the Border, Bogie boned up on the *tourista* Spanish he figured he'd need. First he mastered the strictly set lingo. (In Mexico a Hollywood company, by law, has to hire a complete crew, man for man, to match Hollywood's labor imports.) But he and Lauren didn't stop there; they craved to fling their English-Spanish dictionary lore around a little more.

They were having dinner at the hotel the night before the location departure. A waiter poured Lauren some coffee and, flashing her new accomplishment, she said, "*Basta!*" The way her book read, that meant "enough." But pretty soon they saw the waiter over in the corner beating his breast and shedding tears to the head waiter. In a minute, the dinner captain bustled over.

too much . . .

"Is something wrong?" he asked Bogie.

The Bogarts shook their heads. "Heavens no!" replied Betty. "I just had enough coffee so I said 'enough'—'basta,'" she added proudly.

That made the captain swat his brow "'Basta' means 'enough,' all right," he explained, "but in a way you don't like. Like 'Get the heck out of here!' or 'Scram!'"

Humphrey Bogart's such a favorite below the border that he couldn't get by with any privacy in Mexico City. The day he stepped outside the door of the Reforma, a little kid bounced up with a stick and gave the uh-uh-uh-uh-machine gun rattle that kids all over the world love. "You're dead!" he announced. Crowds of *aficionados* (that's Mexican for "fan") followed Bogie and Betty around wherever they went in the capital, and even the taxi drivers raced Bogie around extra recklessly when he climbed in their hacks, just to show off. Later on, Bogie met many Mexico City officials, and before he came home to Hollywood he was thoroughly impressed and in love with our busy Southern neighbor. But this first week of work he wasn't so sure. There were some things he had to get acclimated to at San Jose Purua—such as snakes, machete-swinging Indians and burros—particularly burros.

San Jose's a picturesque hot springs set in the state of Michoacan—a Mexican beauty spot where upper crusters go for the baths. There's a huge 200-room hotel there, gardens, fountains and all the luxuries of a pleasure resort. There's a swimming pool, a bar, a billiard room (and Lauren's a pool shark), even a bowling alley to work out on at night, where Bogie made six straight strikes the first time he tried it. But only a few miles away at the *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* location, it was a different story.

The first set was on a rocky hillside tangled with green jungle growth. When he stepped into his scenes, Bogie spotted a squad of native Indians padding around on the shadowy perimeter of the lights, swatting the bushes. For his first scene he had to squat on a rock. He started to sit down. The Indians leapt forward and whacked all around him furiously. "Wait, Señor," said one, "the snakes."

"The *what!*"

"The cascabels, the corals, Señor," the Indian explained. "The rattlesnakes, the monsters—they like the rocks. You seet down—wheez—you daid. A moment, pleez." And he whacked around with his long knife.

Bogie's no sissy, exactly, but he felt the chills creep up his spine. He got more used to them after he'd seen Indian machete's lop their heads off right and left a few times. He never did get used to the burros, however.

He had a scene where he led his jack to a stream for water. The burro was supposed to drink thirstily but—well, you know that old gag about horses; it's the same with donkeys. "I know," said Bogie at last, "we'll trot him up and down the trail until he's so darned thirsty he'll *have* to drink!" Bogie dragged his partner up and down for an hour. It wasn't such a terrific idea. At the end the jackass was cool, collected and still definitely not interested in water. Bogie was dying with thirst and had to call time out for a beer!

Betty's idea to make the burro wake up and live was strictly a feminine trick. After Bogie had tugged away most of one morning, she said, "Why don't you run a lady burro up ahead of him? He'll follow." When they tried that, Humphrey's donkey only yawned and dug in his hooves. "They aren't human," decided Bogie. The only time he and Lauren came near a lovers' quarrel on their Mexican second honeymoon was when Betty fell in love with one mouse-gray, rag-eared little jenny. "I want to take her home, Bogie," she said. "Please buy her." Bogie was firm. "Buy all the silver, baskets, pottery, dresses, jewelry—whatever you like," he decreed, "anything except burros. That's where I put it down—the foot!"

Even Bogie's crusty heart melted, though, the day he took Betty to a bull fight. It wasn't exactly a big league event, just a dusty little ring in a tiny nearby town called Zitquaro, and the "bulls" were not much more than half-grown calves. This trip was the first in Mexico for both Humphrey and Lauren and like all tenderfoot Mexican tourists, they had to see at least one bullfight. Zitquaro rallied to stage one for the Hollywood company. They dedicated a bull to the Bogarts—that's quite an honor—but seeing the first one killed was enough for Bogie. When "his" bull came up for the knockout, he stopped the fight. "Hey," yelled Bogie, "I pardon the bull! Let him go!" He bought him and gave him away to some hungry citizens.

suckers for kids . . .

What got to Bogie and Betty Bacall's hearts most in Mexico, even more than burros and bulls, were the appealing little waifs who tagged around after them, barefooted and ragged. One little guy from Jungapeo got himself a job carrying cokes and beer to the bunch at San Jose Purua and became the pet of the camp. Bogie bought him a pair of shoes and Betty stuffed him with goodies every time she saw him. He was an orphan with a rugged time growing up behind him, but so sunny and attractive that John Huston's and Evvie Keyes' hearts grabbed on to him for keeps. When they left, they brought Pablo—his name was Pablo Alvarron—back to Hollywood with them to raise and educate.

Lauren surprised even herself with a rash of domesticity down in Mexico. They all ate at the San Jose Purua hotel, which proudly boasted a Viennese chef, but pretty soon the *Americanos* got sick of fancy sauces, pastries and fluff. "I'm getting cream-puffed to death," groaned Bogie one night. "Can't somebody show this guy how to make something simple

like corned beef hash and beans for a change?"

"Sure," said Betty. "I can." She waltzed out into the kitchen and then and there took over, after a noisy second battle of Vienna. She was never too sure how the other guests appreciated her effort but she knew what Bogie and the Hollywood gang thought. They cinched her position as supervising chef for the rest of the stay. Another job she took on was nurse assistant to the camp medico, Dr. Raoul Herrera, a saint-like Mexican physician, who's devoting his life to caring for the rural Indian people. Another homeless waif, a pin-boy at the bowling alley, got his leg smashed and infected with a ball. Dr. Herrera had to operate on the spot in San Jose, and Betty stayed up all night to help pull him through.

When Bogie and Lauren's wedding date rolled around at last, the *Sierra Madre* location scenes were almost finished and John Huston had a surprise to hand them. "You're through, Bogie," he said. "We'll stick around here another couple of weeks and shoot patch-up stuff. But for you, school's out." That night the crew whipped up an anniversary party to end all parties with a native *mariachi* band, guitar players serenading Bogie and Betty all around the hotel grounds, a feast and dance, polished off with tequila toasts and presents for the anniversary pair. Next morning Bogie and Betty roared off in a hired buggy on their second honeymoon tour.

couple of tourists . . .

They covered the beauty spots of Mexico—Tuxpan, Acapulco, Fortin, Garci-Crespa, the silver mines of Taxco, the palaces at Cuernevaca. They did all the first time tourist tricks, and visited at least a thousand (Bogie swears) Mexican bazaars to judge from all the loot Lauren shipped home to their Beverly Hills shack. One of the best times they had was a ride on a Mexican bus in the country, with Betty holding babies on her lap and Bogie riding with a chicken perched on his shoulder. The proudest accomplishment Humphrey collected was the ability to pronounce one town, Chichimiquillas, so that even the natives knew what he meant. And the only regrettable habit he latched on to was a taste for barbecued goat!

Otherwise, and all in all, there isn't much the Bogarts would trade their anniversary in Mexico for, the way it worked out. They came back to Hollywood with mahogany tans, a carload of souvenirs, *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* in the can for Bogie, and memories of a pleasant, hospitable land they can't wait to hurry back to.

Before his third anniversary rolls around, Humphrey Bogart plans to have another picture finished—the first one after all these years that he'll produce himself in collaboration with Mark Hellinger. It might be *Fifty Grand*, the Ernest Hemingway thriller.

For that third anniversary event they're already plotting the racing cruise they had to skip this time—a crack in the "Santana" at the Honolulu Cup, and down on the boat, where they hurried the minute they landed back in Hollywood, the cabin's already littered with navigation charts of the Great Circle route and such nautical lore. When any visitor sticks his head down the hatch these days to interrupt the relaxing Bogarts, he gets a strange greeting from Bogie in a foreign tongue—and unless he's hep to his Spanish it's baffling. But the tone is not.

Barks Bogie, when he's escaping Hollywood and such a rude interruption occurs, "Dejame en paz!" Liberally translated, Humphrey Bogart-wise, that means, "Beat it—I'm busy!"

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only

WHY IS HE WRITING TO ANOTHER WOMAN?

A. **Her husband's cooling love ... his apparent disloyalty ... may be largely her fault. She may have become neglectful of proper feminine hygiene.**

Q. Can such neglect affect married happiness?

A. **Doctors say many wives kill romance this way ... stress that intimate daintiness demands effective douching. For this, you can depend on "Lysol" brand disinfectant.**

Q. How does "Lysol" rate among other disinfectants?

A. **Less "Lysol" is more effective than many other, weaker antiseptics. "Lysol," a proved germ and odor killer, is effective not only in the test tube but in contact with organic matter.**

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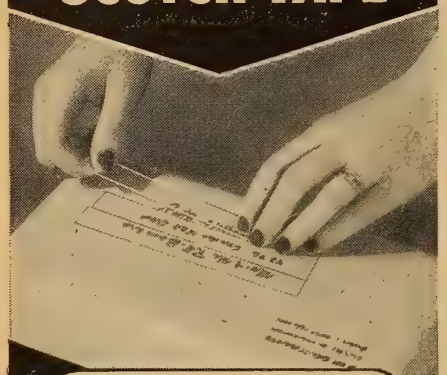

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ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH

(*Continued from page 33*)

would happen. And now we were aboard the S.S. Veendam, watching the tugs shoving us away from the pier, watching the upturned faces at the dock growing smaller and smaller.

Rita turned to me with a complacent smile. "And the best part of it *all* is that almost everyone on this boat is Dutch, and no one will pay any attention to us."

She'd hardly mouthed the words when a small towhead approached her timidly, autograph book in hand. "Please, Miss Hayworth," he said, proffering the book.

"But where's your pencil?" Rita asked him. At that instant, the youngster grabbed her hand, his self-consciousness completely forgotten.

"Hey, Miss Hayworth," he cried. "Look at the Statue of Liberty!" Whereupon he dashed off to get a better look. The group at the rail overheard the conversation, and in just about ought minutes the amateur photographers were begging her to pose with the New York skyline as a backdrop. When the excitement subsided I started to ease Rita down to our stateroom muttering, " 'No one will pay any attention to us,' she says. I'm laughing."

Rita didn't say anything. She looked preoccupied. "You know," she said finally. "The Statue of Liberty really meant something to that little fellow who wanted my autograph. Did you see the look on his face?" She was so impressed by the Dutch child's obvious devotion to our country that she fetched a pencil and tracked him down, so that she could put her name in his book.

After that one flurry, the passengers took Rita in their stride, and we had a really heavenly voyage, playing deck tennis and shuffle board, reading (Eric Sevareid's "Not So Wild a Dream" and Arthur Koestler's "Thieves in the Night") and sleeping. What made everything absolutely perfect was when Captain Peter Legaay, the gracious septuagenarian skipper of the ship, broke his precedent of not fussing over shipboard dignataries by honoring Rita with a cocktail party! After it was over, she said to me, "If Holland is anything like its people, I'm going to be mad for it!"

tulip time . . .

We did love it, too. Loved every second of our too-brief four-day stay. We arrived on Tulip Day, which is the first Sunday after the first bloom of tulips, and driving from Rotterdam to Der Haag, we felt as if we were riding through tulip fields: all the cars, wagons, bicycles—even people—we passed on the road were bedecked with multicolored tulips. We stopped for a look at Scheveningen, the famous Dutch sea resort, then on to Der Haag for lunch. That night, Rita attended a birthday dinner for U.S. Ambassador Herman Baruch. It was a small formal party with several Dutch Parliamentarians, the head of the Dutch Red Cross and Baruch's aides. Before the main course, with an apologetic bow to Rita, the Ambassador announced the guest of honor. Whereupon a succulent turkey was ushered onto a side table by two chefs who promptly carved and served it.

Next day we headed for Volendam, a small fishing village not far from Amsterdam. All tourists are directed to this village, which is painstakingly kept picturesque by the Dutch Tourist Bureau. Here we busied ourselves photographing the tidy brick houses along the dike, and the inhabitants in their Dutch costumes, all of whom seemed to be old hands at striking postcard-like poses. Later on, we lunched at a wharfside restaurant, watching the small fishing boats, lulled by the lap of the water.

"The peace of this place," Rita marvelled. "Not a bobby-socker for miles around." Our pretty young waitress appeared then with a great bowl of boiled potatoes (Holland's national dish). She took one look at Rita, put down the dish with a clatter and whipped out an autograph book from her starched white apron. Rita signed it with a straight face, but when we were alone again, we guffawed into our napkins. There are apparently bobby-sockers in every language!

Our biggest sightseeing thrill was Amsterdam, that fabulous city laced with canals. Rita was being guided through the city museums, some three-century-old houses and other points of interest, when she learned of a hospital for wounded men of the Dutch underground. She asked to visit them provided she could do so alone and without fanfare. That was her only public appearance in the Netherlands, spent in Koal with forty Dutch heroes.

what's new with grable? . . .

Rita listened intently to their reminiscences of war. She was impressed by the serious-eyed boy who hoped that America, by continuing to play a strong role in world affairs, could prevent the development of another war. And she was touched by the smiling youngster with a battered face who wanted news of Betty Grable!

After the quiet of the Netherlands, France was very, very exciting indeed, and I don't suppose that either of us will ever forget the welcome Rita's Parisian fans gave her. When we stepped off the train at the Gare du Nord Station, three thousand of them, as excitable as if they were watching a close finish of a bicycle race, brushed the gatemen aside and swarmed down the platform to greet her. The police tried to hold them back, but somehow I, too, was carried off in the surging crowd. Believe me, it was a terrifying experience, and when I finally arrived at Rita's suite at the George Fifth Hotel, I was cut and torn and minus my best cigarette case. "Rita," I practically wept, "let's hope this never happens again." Fortunately, it didn't.

Our second morning in Paris, Rita sprang a surprise on me. "Lola," she announced, "I've got to buy some clothes."

"But heavens," I protested, waving vaguely at her trunk and three suitcases. "What about all those?" She was sort of embarrassed opening them up to show me, and I did a double-take when I saw that most of the space was taken up by bags of sugar and flour, and cans of every sort of food. "How come?" I asked her.

"It's for the hungry kids over here," she said quietly.

The shopping spree was fun and netted Rita seven stunning day dresses and two Christian Dior and Jacques Costet. The next couple of weeks were hectic for Rita. While I scooted around seeing all the sights, she was involved in press conferences—conducted through an interpreter from Columbia Pictures—and picture sittings.

"Can you imagine it, Lola," she said to me one evening. "Paris in the spring and I haven't seen a bit of it. Not even the Louvre. Gosh, *everyone* sees the Louvre!"

Eventually we escaped to a wee hotel at Beaulieu-sur-Mer on the French Riviera, where for ten beautiful days we played tennis and swam in the warm blue Mediterranean. We'd almost forgotten she was a famous movie star by the time we started back to Paris, and then a waitress at the

inn where we stopped for lunch reminded us.

In French she whispered to Rita, "Mademoiselle Hayworth, I have something to show you." She took Rita upstairs, and there on the wall of her bedroom was a faded Hayworth glamour photo, which she asked Rita to sign.

Back in Paris once more, there was the gala premiere of *Gilda* and then we set off for the film festival at Brussels.

Brussels was such fun! It is actually the gayest city in Europe today, and it was in holiday mood for the film festival. All along the flag-bedecked Boulevard Marche Aux Herbes (Brussels' great white way) various theaters were showing the outstanding international films of the year. There was a party for each visiting film star, and Rita's party was the daddy of them all.

an official request . . .

Something funny and rather cute happened during her guided tour through the town hall. After the stately burgomeister, who was her guide, had proudly pointed out the works of old Flemish masters, tapestries, and heraldic emblems of the long dead past, a reporter asked him if he had any request to make of her, thinking perhaps that the dignified old fellow might like an autograph. Instead, with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "I wish only that she place a kiss on my cheek." Whereupon Rita promptly bussed him.

Rita's next scheduled stop was Zurich, in Switzerland, and after a brief rest in Paris we motored there. Like most tourists, we were charmed by the neat picturesqueness of Swiss towns and countryside.

We both longed to spend more than four days in Switzerland, but Rita had promised Major General A. R. Bolling to visit the American Occupied Zone in Germany. In our ten days in Germany, we travelled through most of Bavaria, taking in the cities of Nurnberg and Frankfort; with Rita sleeping upon Army cots, eating with GI's and officers, appearing at numerous camp shows, and playing soft ball. When I asked her for a brief description of her activities during those days when I didn't see her she replied, "Mostly I'm in and out of jeeps."

July sixth, following a mammoth Fourth of July celebration with out-of-this-world fireworks, we left for a week in Prague. Gosh, what a beautiful city, with its baroque buildings and the great Hradcany Castle.

Rita's public appearances were few. She visited Czech film studios and attended a dinner given in her honor by Ambassador Steinhardt. Her press conferences with Czecholslovak journalists was probably the most unique she had yet encountered. Instead of the usual queries on her reactions to Europe, life in Hollywood and what she ate for breakfast, they quizzed her on political matters. What did she think of the Truman Doctrine? Would Congress support the Marshall Plan? etc., etc. Rita parried the questions with finesse and got the interviewers talking about politics in Czechoslovakia!

At the end of the week, we boarded the famed Orient Express train for Paris hoping to get a good night's rest. No such luck, between requests for our bread tickets, our railroad tickets, and other credentials. Finally, in the small hours of the morning we were both dozing off beautifully when there came a loud knock on the door. It was two GI's of the American Border Patrol.

"Everything okay?" they inquired sheepishly. Rita nodded sleepily and smiled. The smile evidently did it, for instantly they were pushing two autograph books at her to sign. At three o'clock in the morning, no less.

"Now we never *will* get to sleep," I wailed, after the soldiers had gone. No answer. "Will we?" I said. No answer. My glamorous chum was dead to the world.

We packed our bags in Paris and were off for England the very next day, accompanied by Dennis Lyons of Columbia's London office and our two maids—annexed in Paris. At least we thought we were accompanied by our maids. We sent them on to the station with the luggage, after extracting their solemn promise to report to us before train time. We'd barely boarded The Golden Arrow—the boat train between Paris and London, when it started to pull out of the station. Rita hastily looked into the next compartment to see that the maids were comfortably settled—and there wasn't a sign of them! Nor of the luggage. Dennis was frantic at the thought of Rita en route to the biggest opening of her European trip (the premiere of *Down to Earth* in London) minus her wardrobe, knowing that there was no hope of replacements in clothes-hungry England. But the thing struck Rita and me as being terribly funny. We laughed till we cried, to the consternation of poor Dennis. At length he decided to search the baggage car in the hope that the maids might have gotten it aboard. Off he went, and in a few minutes he was back with our maids, Argnille and Anita, in tow. He'd found them a few cars forward chatting gaily with two French gentlemen. When he scolded them for disappearing they both went into screaming hysterics, and it took hours for Rita and me to cajole them back to sanity.

We arrived in London that afternoon, and the days that followed were filled with sight-seeing and theater-going. We saw the Tower of London and Buckingham Palace. One day we watched the ground being broken in Grosvenor Square for the Roosevelt Memorial, and another day we saw Princess Elizabeth.

one of the bunch . . .

I think perhaps the most amusing place we saw was a Cockney hangout called Dirty Dick's. We went in a bit apprehensively, lest the patrons think we were slumming and resent us. We needn't have worried. The standees at the bar couldn't have been friendlier. "Hello, Rita—glad t'see ya!" they greeted her cheerfully. Then they went back to their pints of beer and their dart boards. After a while one of the patrons edged his way over to Rita.

"Did you ever know George Thompson?" he inquired. "'E was a GI who spent part of the war 'ere at Dirty Dick's."

He was crushed when Rita said she didn't know him. "If you run into him," he said then, "tell 'im 'is buddy at Dirty Dick's was asking for 'im."

"I'll do that," Rita promised. And don't think she won't.

The opening of *Down to Earth* was a benefit for limbless ex-servicemen, and a large reception was held before it, attended by Ambassador Lewis Douglass, Anthony Eden, the Duke of Gloucester and others. Six city blocks were roped off to car traffic, so Rita—like the rest of the party—walked to the theater, where an estimated crowd of five thousand people were milling about.

At the end of the movie, the crowd gave Rita an ovation, and she stepped up on the stage to thank them for it. It was a warm little speech, and the crowd loved her for it. When she returned to her seat next to Anthony Eden, he leaned over and whispered to her:

"The minute you started speaking, you had us all at your command."

Which, from my observation, just about makes it unanimous.

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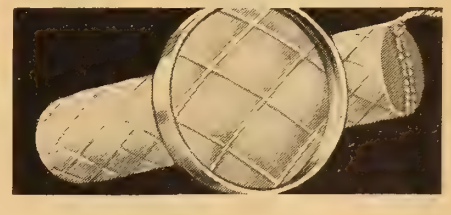

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VISION IN WHITE

(Continued from page 63)

perfect for her cute little-girl features.

Her maid of honor was her cousin, Martha Crawford, and the bridesmaids—in aqua faille—were Lynn Carroll, Diana Herbert (daughter of F. Hugh Herbert who wrote *Margie*, the movie that gave Barbara her first real break, and Vivian Eton, a Howard Greer model. (Oh, to be an usher in a wedding like that!) The very good-looking groom, 23-year-old Johnny Fontaine, had for his best man, his brother Bill who'd flown up from his studies at the University of Texas.

an intimate reception . . .

After Dr. William E. Roberts performed the ever-beautiful marriage ceremony, we went on to the reception at the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. And the reception, like the wedding, was refreshingly un-Hollywood. Of the 150 guests, only a handful—like Rory Calhoun and the Dan Daileys—were movie stars; the rest were non-professional friends of Barbara's and Johnny's from their pre-movie days.

Everybody there looked happy in that gay, excited, party way, but I couldn't help noticing the really deep-lying happiness in Barbara's mother's face. It was plain as could be that she had all the confidence in the world in the two youngsters. "After all," she told me, "Barbara is a very mature young person, and she and Johnny have known each other for a long while . . ."

Barbara met Johnny at one of the gang get-togethers. They were at somebody's house, catching a little Sunday sun around the swimming pool, and everybody was there—Rory Calhoun, Cathy Downs, Jane Nye, Henry Willson, Bob Cornell, Greg Juarez, Barry Jonas, Conrad Janis . . .

And this new fellow. He came out of the house in trunks, looking like a full-color, full-page advertisement for the trunks. He was six-three, tanned the color of a seal, and when he dived into the pool there was no splash. He swam the length of the pool a couple of times, like a seal.

"Who," Barbara asked Cathy with elaborate carelessness, "is that?"

"Johnny Fontaine, of course, silly," Cathy told her. "He's at Selznick's."

"I haven't seen him in anything."

"He's been there only four or five months. Truth of the matter is, he's Rory's type of man—doesn't look like him, of course, except that he's tall and dark and romantic. So when a part comes up calling for that kind of a man, it goes to Rory. After all, Rory's been there longer, they've got a lot invested in him, and you know how it is."

There was no one in the pool at the moment except Johnny, floating lazily.

Barbara stood at the edge of the pool a minute in her brief white shorts and bra. She saw Johnny looking at her.

Then she dived in.

Later, sprawled beside her on the grass, he said, "I've seen a lot of stills of you, but I can't remember you in a picture except just a bit in *Diamond Horseshoe*. Where've they been keeping you?"

"In school," she said. "For ages. But now there's *Margie*, and I hear it's a sleeper, and I've got the second feminine lead."

"It only takes one like that," Johnny told her, enviously. They talked for another half hour—shop talk, Hollywood talk—and then Conrad came back from a trip for more cokes, and claimed her. She was his girl for the day.

But that evening, when the party was breaking up, Johnny caught her for a moment alone and said, "We ought to get together again. May I call you?"

"Yes," said Barbara, very casual once more, "if you like . . ."

He did not call. For a week she jumped for the phone every time it rang, until Bernice finally said, very quietly, "He must be quite a lad."

Barbara was completely candid. "He is," she said. "Wait'll you see him!"

"How can I see him if he doesn't call?"

"He'll call," Barbara said firmly.

At the next party she waited patiently during the early part of the evening, dancing with one and another of the fellows, chatting amiably, allowing herself to glance toward the door only once every five minutes. She had nearly given him up when he came in, at ten o'clock, looking handsomer than she had remembered. She could relax then, give her full attention to the boy sitting beside her—because she knew that eventually he would come and ask her to dance.

It took him all of five minutes to make his greetings and reach the sofa where she was sitting.

This time, young Miss Lawrence made no mistake. When she went home that night it was secure in the knowledge that he would call her tomorrow, although she had given no hint that she expected ever to see him again. But the ways of a sixteen-year-old girl, especially when she is beautiful, are mysterious and wonderful.

He rang at five o'clock, and by eight they were dining cozily at Jay's in Santa Monica Canyon, a tiny, intimate restaurant with superb food and dim lights.

path of a starlet . . .

She was telling him, then, because he asked, that she had been born in Carnegie, Oklahoma, but had moved to Kansas City when she was three; how her picture had appeared in a magazine over the caption, "Recommended for Hollywood," when she was only five; and how, at eleven, she came West with Bernice to visit an aunt.

"I just refused to go home," she told Johnny. "Mother took a job here, and I started to model for magazines and billboards and things."

"At *eleven?*"

"At twelve. You may have noticed I'm quite grown-up for my age. Well, then, after that it was simple. The modeling agency said one day that Twentieth was auditioning chorus girls for *Diamond Horseshoe* and we might as well try for it. I went along as a kind of gag, and I was wearing a sweater and skirt and bobby socks. Everyone else was gussied to the ears in their mothers' dresses and high heels and furs.

"So the director said, 'What're you all so dressed up for?' and sent them all away. I was going with them but Mr. LeMaire called me back and said, 'Wait . . .' I made a test, and then there I was."

"Let's say, 'Here *we* are,'" Johnny said.

She stared at her filet mignon for a moment, not seeing it, aware suddenly that she had won, and that this was It. She laughed. "Most people hear a tune, or catch a breath of perfume, and remember a special moment. But my nostalgic moment will have to be a steak. How do you like that?"

"Well," he said, "I'm partial to steaks."

Mrs. Lawrence was still up, reading on her chaise longue, when she heard the sound of laughter in the street below. She glanced at her watch. Eleven o'clock. They didn't stop for hamburgers, then, she

thought absently, and stood up and went to the window of her bedroom.

Then she returned to the chaise and picked up her book. Barbara would be tapping on the door in a moment and Bernice Lawrence did not want her daughter to catch her making like a mother. She certainly did not look like the mother of a sixteen-year-old girl; Bernice was only thirty-six herself, and slim and lovely with a mane of reddish brown hair and big gentle eyes.

When Barbara knocked, a few minutes later, Bernice said, "Come in, darling," and marked her place in the book.

She observed the girl who came in with a certain detachment. Well, Bernice thought, I've done a pretty good job. Barbara was authentically beautiful.

Her hair was ash blonde by the grace of God and not hydrogen peroxide. She had the figure of an angel addicted to jitterbugging. Her eyes were bright with health and the pleasure of that evening.

"We went to Jay's" she said, "and then stopped by Jane's apartment. She has some terrific new records—Charles Trenet. You pronounce it Sharl, as in Boyer. He's a sort of combination of Jean Sablon and Chevalier, only *he* writes the things Sablon sings."

Quite suddenly, Bernice felt tired. She thought, "The child's escaped me. Yesterday she was a baby. Today——"

She said, "Barbara darling, have you done your homework?"

Barbara raised her eyebrows. "I batted it out while the others were having cokes this afternoon. Why?"

"I don't know. It strikes me as odd, occasionally—this thing of your sitting for so many hours every afternoon at a school desk, learning algebra as if you were in pigtails, and then trotting out in the evening to places like Jay's and Ciro's."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean perhaps you're growing up too soon, too fast."

"Oh, darling," Barbara said, immensely amused. "I daresay your mother thought the same thing when you were sixteen. After all, this is 1946."

"Yes," Bernice said softly, "it's 1946. Well, off to bed. You've an early call."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were stationed at Camp Han, California, enroute to the Far East. One Saturday night we decided to paint the town red for the last time before leaving. Five of us went to a Hollywood night club where we saw gorgeous Lana Turner dancing. Sam Kilse, one of the boys in our group, boasted that he could get a dance with Lana. "Ah, don't give us that," said the rest of us. "How much will you bet?" "Five dollars," we chorused. "Okay," he said. "It's a deal!" He stood up and walked a little uncertainly to the dance floor. As Lana Turner and her partner danced by Sam stepped forward, missed the escort but managed to tap Miss Turner on her shoulder. When she turned around, Sam bowed as gracefully as possible and asked, "May I cut in, please?" Naturally, we expected her to say no, but Miss Turner smiled and said, "Sure, soldier!" We stood amazed as Sam winked at us and danced into the crowd.

Lt. J. Chinen,
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Long after Barbara had gone she sat on the chaise, thinking.

By the time she went to bed herself she had made up her mind. The next day she wrote several letters and mailed them herself, airmail special delivery. She called Twentieth Century-Fox and checked Barbara's schedule for the summer. A few days later, after she had heard from Kansas City, she told Barbara her news.

"You've been working hard and long," she said. "Now it's time for a little fun. You're going back home to visit."

"Back *home?*" Barbara said. "But *this* is home. You mean back to Missouri?"

"You'll visit Aunt Elsie and Uncle Frank, dear, and all your old friends will be around—Kitty Walter and Buddy Sandwall and Jimmy Hawes and Joan Elberg . . ."

Barbara's face lighted up. "I haven't seen those kids in five or six years. We can do Kansas City backwards and forwards."

"That you can," Bernice nodded; but her smile had a secret amusement. Being sixteen in Missouri was not like being sixteen in show business. Barbara would have a chance to be her age, for a change.

they were swell—but kids . . .

The breach between Barbara and her old friends was apparent immediately. The kids were swell, just as she had remembered them to be, but they were still kids. The girls wore what teen agers were wearing that summer; the boys had jalopies, or their fathers' cars; and Barbara saw Kansas City, all right, but not as she had expected to. She realized, finally, what her mother had meant that night when she had come home from dancing at Ciro's. She had grown up too soon.

Back in California, Johnny Fontaine was still unattached, still hadn't forgotten her, and in the next months they used the state they lived in as it was meant to be used: as a resort, a fun place. They drove Barbara's new Buick convertible to Arrowhead, and slid down the long slope of sleek pine needles under the trees on the North Shore. They swam at Malibu and Laguna and Catalina. They sailed off Newport and Balboa and Santa Monica. They played tennis in Santa Barbara and La Jolla.

Until finally one evening, Barbara came home and said to Bernice, "I've two pieces of news for you. Hold onto your ears. I'm to play Louisa in *Captain from Castille*, and Johnny has asked me to marry him."

"Congratulations on both," Bernice said. "Johnny's a sweetheart and I couldn't be happier to have him for a son. But — —"

"We're too young, you're going to say?"

"It could be."

"He's twenty-two. And I—you said yourself, that evening . . ."

Bernice sighed. "I know. Of course, I could be a typical mother and say I won't give my consent until you're eighteen, but I think I'll put it this way. It would please me very much if you'd wait until your eighteenth birthday."

The two women looked at each other in silence for a long moment. Then, like the obedient and very young girl that she really is, she answered, "All right, mother."

It was a few months later that Barbara brought up the subject again.

"I made you a promise, mother, to wait until I was eighteen—" she began.

"Yes." Bernice knew what was coming. She had watched the youngsters together, had grown increasingly devoted to Johnny, and she knew what question Barbara was about to ask, and she knew very well what her answer would be.

"I know I'm only seventeen, but mom, I'm so very sure. Mom, please—"

And so they were married, and from the look of them as they set off on a wedding trip to Carmel and San Francisco, they'll live happily ever after!

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THE CASE OF AUTRY VS. ROGERS

(Continued from page 43)

each other's corrals and set bear traps? How are things—?"

"In Gloccamora?" Gene interrupted gently. "I'm afraid," he said, "that there's no feud at all."

I'd suspected as much, but here for the record—is how the rumor began.

A few years back, Roy Rogers was so small he was a nothing, surrounded by prop sagebush. But he stood out among all the other handsome hopefuls at Republic, because he didn't think of himself as a little man in a world of big people. The big man, Gene Autry, wasn't swaggering around clinking his spurs. He was friendly with everybody, particularly Leonard Slye, who was to become Roy Rogers.

Still, something was bothering Autry. His bosses were paying him a slim $5,000 per picture for a total of eight, or $40,000 a year. He was earning more than that from radio and other activities. Despite the front office warnings that he'd get into trouble, Gene went on strike for $10,000 a picture.

Abruptly, Leonard Slye became a new cowboy actor named Dick Weston. He went to work in pictures that had been planned for Gene Autry, and the star went stumping around the country, visiting his many friends among the exhibitors, to find out just how he stood.

Exhibitors everywhere wanted Autry pictures and no substitutes. Gene came back to Hollywood, convinced that his stand was correct. There were no personal feelings involved, for this was a matter of a man determining his own worth, and deciding he be paid accordingly.

There was one dramatic episode during this strike of Gene's, which was enough to test the steel of any man. What happened was nothing designed by Autry, but it was a humiliation a lesser man than Rogers would have carried around for years as a revenge motive.

the walk-out . . .

One day, on a sound stage at Republic studios, there occurred a dramatic scene which has never before nor since been equaled. Some 300 exhibitors and exchange managers were called to a convention. At an appropriate moment, with considerable speech-making and fanfare, a studio spokesman rose and said, "And now, Gentlemen, I want you to meet Republic's newest cowboy star—Roy Rogers!"

There was no applause. Almost to a man, the three hundred assembled business guests rose and walked out.

Roy Rogers stood there dumfounded.

In another part of Hollywood, Gene Autry sat in his office, idly speculating what would be going on at the studio convention. Wondering how many of the men whose business it was to sell his pictures to theater owners, would go to bat for his return. He didn't know the ordeal through which the young man, whose name is now Roy Rogers, had just suffered.

He did know, soon, that he had won his strike. A studio emissary arrived to say he could have $10,000 a picture.

Gene said, "The price is now $12,500."

He got it.

Abruptly, all plans for making Roy Rogers the top cowboy star of the lot were shelved. Roy took this bad break as a part of the game, but at the time, he didn't know that certain factions had recommended that he be dropped entirely from the studio payroll.

That didn't happen, and for a very good reason. When the plan to let Roy go reached Gene Autry's attention, he said quietly, "If you let the lad out, you may have another strike on your hands. I insist that he be kept on."

Because Gene went to bat for Roy, the latter became the second star on the lot, and the story moved on to another chapter.

Roy was a father. Gene was not. Gene's draft board labeled him 1-A, and he made up his mind to enlist, despite urging that he might get a deferment. This decision, and other factors that had been brewing for a long time, led to the court battle in which Gene won his freedom, and subsequently signed a deal to do pictures for Columbia release.

one man's opinion . . .

"Does Roy Rogers dislike Gene Autry?" a friend of both exclaimed, "Why, he ought to kneel every night and give thanks that there is an Autry."

That may be carrying things a little too far. A man of Rogers calibre certainly would have made the grade sooner or later. Success came sooner as a result of Autry's emphatic behavior.

Today, Roy Rogers is hotter than a smoking forty-five. He's solid with the public and his pictures are big money-makers. Still, a close comparison is not fully possible. Gene Autry has moved on up to become almost as much an institution as was Will Rogers in an earlier day.

But getting back to that fence Gene and I were sitting on. Since the feud was out, I changed the subject to horses.

"Where did I learn to ride a horse?" Gene thought that one over. "I only know that I didn't learn to ride in Hollywood. It must have been on a ranch outside of Tioga, Texas. I think I could walk before I could climb into a saddle, but I'm not sure. All I know is that I climbed up the spokes of a wagon wheel and slid onto the horse from there."

"Then you really were a cowboy?"

Gene gave me a look which will last you five days in Nevada, puncture you in Oklahoma and petrify you in Texas. His horse, Champion, standing three feet away, also gave me a look.

I shut up for awhile. Then Gene spoke.

"You don't have to get nervous. A horse can't understand what you say. He works by the tone of your voice. This is not the original Champion. He died at the age of seventeen. Nothing wrong with him. Just died. I've known this Champion since he was a baby on a ranch outside Burwin, Oklahoma—that's the place that was later named Gene Autry, about the nicest compliment I've ever been paid."

Gene picked up a lunge whip as a little weatherbeaten man walked by.

"Hold it, Agee," Gene said.

Agee stood still. Gene's right arm went back lazily. The snaky whip lash soared out, and there was a sharp spat, like a police positive exploding. The ends of the whip sailed around Agee until his arms were three times bound to his sides.

Agee shivered a little. "Never could get used to that," he said, as he unwound himself and shuffled away.

"Know who he is?" Autry asked. "That's the man who knows more about horses than horses know about themselves. He used to be Equestrian Master for Ringling Brothers Circus for years. Then he was with Tom Mix. I couldn't do without him."

Autry can't do without his friends, nor they without him. When he earns a friend, he keeps him.

There was something about Gene that inspires intense loyalty from anyone who comes to know him at all well. Obviously, this is because the soft spoken Texan does

not consider loyalty a one way street. He talks easily about his half dozen successful enterprises, but a fuse blows out in his cranium when he is nudged for memories which might be classified under the heading of an actor talking about himself.

The one great love of his life is typical.

During the course of a whole day, I prodded him at odd moments, urging him to tell me the intimate facts concerning his courtship and marriage. At length, he blushed a little under his Cinecolor makeup, and broke out the story.

In 1931, Gene went to visit his old friend, Jimmy Long, in Springfield, Missouri. It was Jimmy who had taught Gene, at eighteen, most of the tricks of railroad telegraphy and who, with his wife, introduced him to the future Mrs. Autry. She was Ina Mae Spivey, a beautiful, dark-eyed girl attending teacher's college.

Some months later, while out walking with Ina, Gene said, conversationally, "It's understood, isn't it?"

On April first of that year, at ten o'clock in the evening, they were wed in St. Louis by a Lutheran minister.

The ceremony proceeded normally until the minister asked Gene if he took Ina to have and to hold from this day forward. With unconscious western logic, Gene replied, "It's understood."

I have known Gene off and on for some years, and invariably, any anecdote of a personal nature he has to tell, is one that gently pokes fun at himself.

My favorite is his flight during the war from Newark to Dallas in a cargo ship loaded with army equipment and six nurses. Gene was Flight Officer at the time, and Capt. Hal Murray the pilot.

The minute they were off the ground they were in trouble. The weather couldn't have been worse. Before an hour was out the de-icers were loaded. They hadn't anticipated coming into Dallas on the heels of a hurricane, but they did.

As they circled the field, Gene picked up the microphone and talked urgently to the control tower. There was no answer. He called the field again, then turned to Capt. Murray with a hopeless gesture.

Despite the urgency of the situation, Murray grinned. "Take it easy, Gene, old boy," he said. "Just put down that G.I. flashlight and pick up the microphone."

On another occasion, Gene had flown Champion into Chicago for a rodeo. He was met by Leslie Atlas, vice president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Atlas suggested that he load Champion into a trailer and bed the horse down for the night at his suburban ranch home. Gene liked the idea. When they arrived, young Atlas Junior, age six, was on hand to greet them. He insisted that his idol, Gene, ride Champion and take him over a few hurdles.

Gene saddled up and started to put Champion through his paces. The great horse, weary and jittery from the long plane ride, refused the second jump. Gene shot over Champion's head and slid face first into the dirt.

Young Master Atlas considered the situation. Then, with the appraisal that comes only from a child said, "Mr. Autry, I don't think you can sing so good either."

I doubt that anyone could count on an index finger the number of movie stars who would consistently tell such stories on themselves.

Watching Gene do a love scene with Gloria Henry for *Strawberry Roan*, the newest of his Cinecolor releases, reminded me of something.

Gene still does not kiss his leading ladies.

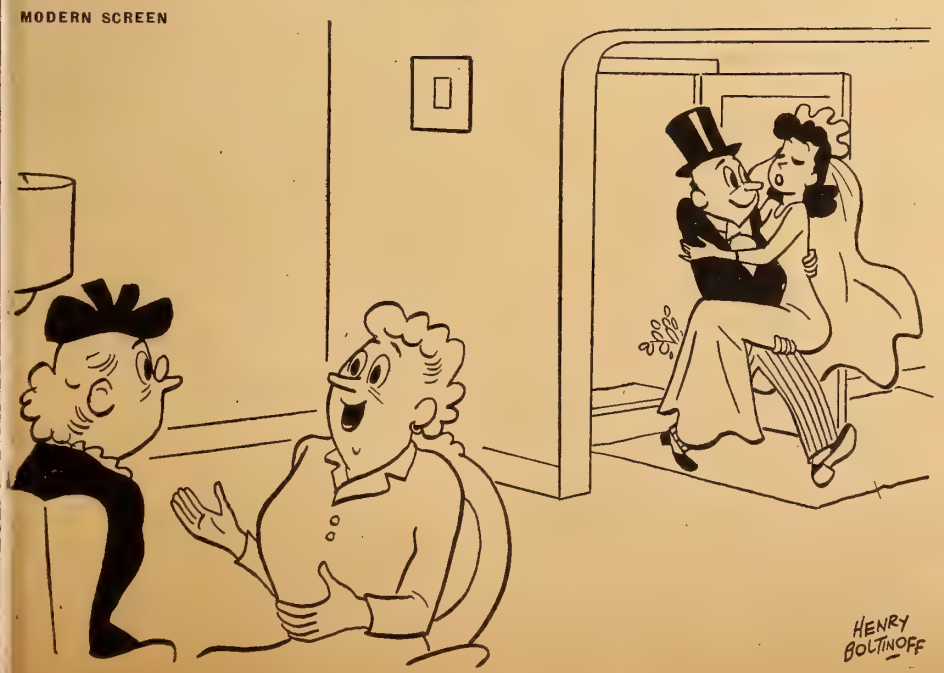
This rule seemed a little ridiculous to a dark eyed young lady of my acquaintance, when she worked with him some years ago. Her name was Marjorie Weaver, and at the big moment before the cameras, she relaxed on Gene's broad shoulders, exclaiming, "What's the matter, Mr. Autry, you're not afraid to kiss me, are you?"

"I'll tell you what," he said, "if you'll walk with me around behind this backdrop, we'll see whether I'm afraid."

Marjorie dropped the subject.

I am certain that Mrs. Autry will not disapprove of that anecdote. Charming matron of his 360-acre ranch near Newhall, California, she is rated as one of the most gracious hostesses in the entire West. But she is more than a homebody. She flies with Gene on trips to supervise their 112,000-acre ranch near Winslow, Arizona, where 3500 head of cattle are now grazing.

And she collaborated with Gene concerning the sentiment to be lettered last April first, on a huge Anniversary cake. The inscription, below the words Fifteen Years, read: "When we said it, we meant it."



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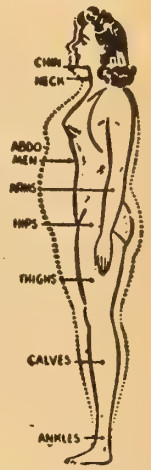

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DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "WALTER MITTY"

(*Continued from page 14*)

Mitty's dreams, the object of his rescues, the recipient of his chivalry, the star-eyed admirer of his modesty, and eventually—in the genuine adventure that comes to puzzle him further—his real-life heroine. The fact that in one scene Miss Mayo appears in a black lace slip will not, I imagine, cause any male members of the community to avoid the picture.

The plot which has been superimposed on the Thurber tale is a slam-bang nobody's-asking-you-to-believe it affair full of international jewel thieves, knock-out drops and beautiful Goldwyn girls. Its improbabilities are flexible enough to allow Danny to quiver and quake, hang on window ledges à la Harold Lloyd, chase a corset for a whole reel, run from a large and nasty set of crooks including that veteran menace of the screen, Boris Karloff, and in the end, turn—as all worms hope to do—into a big successful fellow.

Complementing the blonde dazzle of Miss Mayo, there is a brunette décor supplied by Ann Rutherford as Walter Mitty's irksome suburban fiancée, and a lady named Florence Bates gives a frighteningly fine performance as a mother-in-law-to-be, guaranteed to paralyze any prospective bridegroom. Fay Bainter is excellent as Walter's mother (the character transposed from the wife in the original story) and Thurston Hall as Walter's boss contributes some scenes that may cause several magazine editors of my acquaintance to pale with recognition.

All kinds of people are going to like *The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty,* for it contains as many subtleties as pratt falls and as much glamour as humor. Take mom, take dad, take Dream Boat, take the kiddies.

WEEKEND AT THE LADDS

(*Continued from page 39*)

duck probably died of acute indigestion—"

"Well, anyway, it was brave of me," Susie said. "I was scared by a bird when I was a kid, and I'd never touched one since."

Alan turned to me, laughing. "Sonny Tufts gave us the big duck and drake. He just brought 'em to our house in town, and set 'em down in the living room. The first thing we knew, the cook was screaming so loud they must have heard her in San Francisco, and the neighbors thought the house was being robbed, and these two ducks were scuttling across the floor. Sonny? Sonny'd left—"

I felt a small hand clutching at my skirt, and looked down. It was Lonnie, and she was grinning. "Do you want me to ride Jimmy?"

"Depends on how Jimmy feels about it," I said, not committing myself. "Who is Jimmy?"

Once again, she leveled a scornful gaze at me. "My horse!" she said.

Alan nodded. "Let's *all* ride!"

I think maybe I was hit on the head with a horse when I was a child. I'm scared. "Let's *you* all ride," I quavered. "I'd ever so much rather watch, and pick up a few pieces—I mean—pointers—"

"You," Alan said, "remind me of Billy De Wolfe. He was up here for dinner one night, and he'd never been on a horse, so we decided to train him. We went out to the barn to get a few horses ready, and a horse named Jonesie was kicking hell out of the barn door. Broke it right down.

"Billy looks at the performance from a distance. 'Heh heh heh,' he says. 'Spirited horse. Now, which one am *I* going to ride?'

"'Jonesie,' I tell him, straight-faced. And do you know, he got on Jonesie and rode him?"

I was stymied. Could I admit I was a bigger coward than Billy De Wolfe? Indeed I could. But just then Lonnie went roaring by on a horse, and Alan inclined his head. "Jimmy," he said. "She's mad about that colt—"

Could I admit I was a bigger coward than a teentsy-weentsy four-year-old kid?

I was saved the trouble. Everyone knew. Alan pointed out a beautiful horse, now, big, reddish, and sort of wild, running down in the field. "That's Blaze," he said. "What an animal! He's Susie's."

Susie chuckled. "I came home one night and told Alan I'd bought a horse, and he got all green and anguished looking, and said, 'You take it right back. I'm not thinking of starting a glue factory, and any horse *you'd* buy—why you don't know *any*thing about horses—'"

He had to apologize when he saw Blaze, though. Blaze is magnificent. As a matter of fact, Alan and Sue are so sold on horses now that they have put the ranch on a paying basis by buying some brood mares, and going into horse-raising.

Besides horses and cats and ducks and chickens, they've got three Australian sheepdogs named Tippy, Tardy and Dinky. Unfortunately, they haven't any sheep.

"Come on," Susie said to me, after a while, "you haven't even seen the house yet. Big doings there."

We strolled up a little incline, and there was this white house, all green-shuttered and flagstone-terraced. Workmen were building an additional room (it's going to be a big dining-living place, so that on rainy days the Ladds won't stumble over one another) and we stood and watched the activity for a few minutes.

The way the house is now, there are just three rooms, and while they love it, the family has outgrown it.

Up on a slope in back of *this* house is the framework for a new little three-room house which is going to have two bedrooms and a living-play-room in the middle. Once that's completed, Alan and Sue will be able to move the new baby, David, and his nurse out to the ranch, so they're rushing it as fast as they can.

"It's funny," Sue was saying, "as crazy as I am about this place, I begrudge a day or two out here, when I can't see the baby—"

"I'd like to see David, myself," I ventured.

She nodded. "We'll drive into town Sunday. You can get a look at him then. He's so much the image of Lonnie, it seems like the same baby to me."

Alan, who'd been talking to a man named Cliff about floor plans and redwood and white pine and flagstone and cement, came back to us, and Sue said, "Why don't you go pick some corn for lunch? I've got to start the other things."

"Right out of the field?" I gasped.

"Sure, honey," Susie said. "We hardly

ever grow that kind in the house."

Alan and Lonnie and I went down to the garden, and Lonnie picked herself an ear of corn, and brought it to her father for approval.

"Corn, Daddy—"

"But that's too young, Lonnie," he said. "It's no good yet; it's too new—"

"Who wants old corn?" said Lonnie, turning on her heel, offended.

We got several ears of delectable-looking corn, and went back up to the house whence issued unearthly fragrances.

Fried ham, to mention one. Potatoes and onions, to mention another. And a chocolate meringue pie that you eat while it's still hot, and it makes you want to go out and shoot yourself, because you know nothing will ever be that good again.

Ah, those foods. We ate outside, under a pepper tree, and a lot of flies tried to share things, but there wasn't enough left over for even a one-armed fly with a small appetite.

"They told me about you," I said to Sue. "But they didn't tell me *this!*"

"Why, I just threw some things together," she said in surprise. "Have some more corn, and a little butter, and a hot biscuit—"

"We'll go for a swim after lunch," Alan said.

"Not me," I cried somewhat rudely, I fear. "I'd sink like a hunk of cement. I'd sink like a stuffed, stabbed grouse; I'd sink—"

I was on my way to being good and lyrical, but he cut me short. "Okay, *I'll* go for a swim after lunch."

"It's all very well for you," I sniffed. "You eat like a bird."

Lonnie's the one who really eats like a bird. All through the meal, her mother and father have to urge her to taste this, or have a bite of that, and she looks at them unhappily. "No more. Please, Mom, no more."

The only way they can get her to eat is to go in and turn her bed down, and let her see it's turned down. "Now if you don't eat," they say, "you go directly to bed."

Like any little kid anywhere, that reaches her. She stows the vitamins away with bad grace and much haste.

Well, I finally got through making a pig of myself, and Lonnie got through her picking, and we all started over to look at the pool. The way the grounds are, there's the main house, and then a bare site next to it where the Ladds may some day build a big house, and then beyond that, there's a white fence, like a corral fence. This is kept closed so that Lonnie won't go investigating the pool by herself.

Inside the fence is an oval pool with incredibly blue water (I imagine that's reflection from the blue tiles, but I'm unmechanical) and all around the pool, on the bright green grass there are chairs and tables and striped umbrellas and beach rolls.

Off to one side, there's a bath-house, and next to that a fabulous barbecue set-up.

The way the barbecue got started is funny.

For Christmas, Tay Garnett, director of *Wild Harvest* had given Alan and Sue a refrigerator.

"We'll put it down by the pool," Alan said. "Keep cool drinks in it."

"Let's set it in a wooden cabinet or something," Sue suggested.

By the time they got through, the refrigerator was in a wooden cabinet, and they'd built a whole structure around it, with two barbecue pits, and shelves for plates and cups, and a flagstone flooring for dancing, and a sloping roof set on pillars, for when it rains.

"Most expensive darn present we ever got," they tell you.

Near the steps to the barbecue, there are two little trees. A man named George Berthelon sent them to the Ladds when David was born. "It's an old French custom," he explained. "The idea is that the child will grow and flourish with the tree."

a-settin' in the sun . . .

Eventually, everyone got into bathing suits, and I found myself a chair in the good hot sun, and sank down and breathed the sweet air. Behind me, the mountains stretched, and the valley sprawled. Beside me, Susie Ladd knitted on a pink wool dress.

On the diving-board, Alan was practicing, and someone on a radio in the background was playing a gay, foolish Danny Kaye record very softly.

It was a lovely day.

After supper, Lonnie and I went to look over our beds. We were sharing a double-decker, and she wanted to sleep on top.

"But you never sleep on top," Susie said hopelessly.

We settled it by letting her play on top for twenty minutes, and then she was willing to come down to sleep. She looked so angelic in her long white gown, I had trouble remembering the demon child who'd been racing around on Jimmy a couple of hours earlier.

As for me, I fell asleep so fast I'm still not sure what hit me. Fresh air is undoubtedly fatal to city people in some cases.

So the week-end wore away, to my regret, and Sunday came, and we drove into town. Susie was getting gayer by the minute. "We'll be seeing David soon—"

And when I got to see David, I knew what she'd meant. He was the usual sort of baby, but people have a tendency to forget how appealing just plain baby-ness is. He was pink, and mostly bald, and very sweet-smelling, and when you held him in your arms, you got to feeling very mellow, and thinking about spring.

Perhaps he wasn't a usual sort of baby, at that. Perhaps he was irregular as anything. All I know is he fits into the rest of the family fine, and that's the best thing I can say for him. It's a good bunch to get mixed up with.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This happened at Lecco, Italy, when beautiful Jinx Falkenburg was entertaining the GIs of the Fifth Army. For over an hour, Miss Falkenburg and her troupe danced and sang for the boys. Then, for a finale, she came out on the stage in a tennis outfit and called upon a young GI to help her with her act. Miss Falkenburg demonstrated the various tennis strokes, as her helper chased the balls all over the stage. When she finished, she thanked the GI and said, "As a reward, I'll let you have anything that you wish. Just ask for it." "Ask for a kiss, Joe!" "Get a date!" "Hubba! Hubba!" the crowd shouted. The young GI blushed and remained speechless. Miss Falkenburg leaned towards him and asked sweetly, "Isn't there anything?" The GI finally replied, "May I—may I—have one of the tennis balls?"

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EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO JOAN

(*Continued from page 54*)

sixteen long enough; maybe I ought to let 'em know I wear high heels and go out with real live boys—"

It was the beginning of a radical change that continued through her trouble with Warners, and the year she was out of work. She took college courses in psychology and literature; maturity, she realized, was a state one reached after slow and painful progress, and every college course would help.

The workless year over, Eagle-Lion offered her the lead in a picture called *Repeat Performance*. Louis Hayward was to be her co-star; the film also had Richard Basehart, the young stage actor who'd won the New York Drama Critics award for his playing in *The Hasty Heart*.

It sounded like heaven to Joan.

"Imagine," she said to her family. "No more Pollyanna. In this, I'm a successful dramatic actress married to a has-been playwright—"

"Imagine," the family said, chuckling with pleasure.

Every night Joan went home in a blissful fog. She couldn't even hear people through it.

"If you'd only listen," her mother said once, plaintively, in the tone of a woman who has been talking to herself for half an hour, "here's a letter that came—"

"Thanks," Joan said. She opened the letter absently, and then she yipped. "Mummy! The Junior Chamber of Commerce—I've been chosen queen of the convention—"

"Why, Greer," Mummy said. "Lower your voice, dear."

You can't get big-headed in *that* house.

invitation from "dem bums" . . .

The Chamber of Commerce convention was at Long Beach, California, and the queen got a present from every state in the Union. A season's ticket to Ebbets Field; a box for the Kentucky Derby; apples and snowshoes from Maine; silver dollars set in dice from Nevada; a bottle of water from Florida.

The Florida delegates showed up covered to the necks in raincoats, however.

"Some gag," said the queen. "Did you ever see a bluer sky?"

The Florida group pulled its slickers even tighter.

"In a minute," the queen announced to the conference at large, "they'll open up those coats and let out their horrid Florida mosquitoes."

Florida was crushed.

Some time afterward, the queen actually got a chance to use her Ebbets Field pass, because once *Repeat Performance* was finished, Joan and her mother came to New York. They stayed at the Sherry-Netherland, but not very much.

First off, Joan had to see *Happy Birthday*. Helen Hayes is next to cleanliness, with her.

They thought *Brigadoon* was beautiful, too, and they had dinner with the Earl Wilsons at the Copacabana, and Joan and Earl discussed the merits of the respective chorus girls with clinical detachment.

"I think *that* one's prettiest," she'd say.

He'd sneer. "*That* one? That one's knock-kneed—"

Mrs. Wilson, who tried to keep things on a higher plane, mentioned that she had a new Buick, which reminded Joan that she had a new Town and Country convertible. "My first car, but I've been driving for a year and a half."

"You drive yourself?" Earl cried. "No chauffeur? That's pretty middle class."

"It's all right," Joan said. "I hire a lot of little boys to run after the car and yell. Footmen, you know."

"Well, that's different," Wilson said. "For a minute, I was afraid you weren't our sort."

"Oh, I speak French and everything," Joan said smugly.

Two days later, she and her mother were in a restaurant, and the headwaiter came over and said something innocent, like, "Bonjour, Mesdames—"

"Oh, he speaks French, Joanie," said Mrs. Brodel. "Joanie, speak to him in French."

Joanie claims that being told to speak to anybody in French is like being told to be beautiful or intelligent.

She compromised on "bonjour," slipped in a "vichysoisse" or two, and an "au revoir," and considered the evening a raging success.

One of the New York evenings that was *not* a raging success was taken up by Joan's first radio appearance. Scared wasn't the word for her. And around a radio station, the performers act overcasual. They're elaborately half-dead.

"Just be natural," they say, stifling their yawns with their elbows. Joan was set to be natural, but the huge clock kept ticking away in front of her, and when they said, "Fifteen seconds to go," her stomach started ticking on its own.

Bill Leonard boomed out: "*This is New York—*" and Joan's tongue froze to her teeth.

"You did fine," they told her eventually, but she didn't believe them.

She felt all alone in an alien world until the kids caught up with her on the sidewalk outside the broadcasting studio.

She signed the books tenderly. "Little do they know I'm a hopeless failure," she was thinking.

There was another time when Joan came out of a theater to find a whole border patrol of fans waiting for her. She signed gladly, and was about to take off in a cab, when a small girl piped up.

"Miss Leslie, did you know Miss Rosemary De Camp was in town?" (They're always quite formal.)

MODERN SCREEN

AUTOMA

"Really?" Joan said. "I must phone her."

"She's right across the street, in Sardi's," said the small girl. "Why don't you stop in and say hello?"

The upshot of it was that the small girl rushed across to Sardi's, and led Rosemary De Camp out onto the pavement.

Then she stood back with an air of having righted the universe, while Joan and Rosemary exchanged embarrassed pleasantries.

The kids are amazing. There was the boy who came up to Joan and said, "You're gonna meet the mayor over at Loew's State, ain't you?" and caused Joan some astonishment. (Actually, she and Mayor O'Dwyer were going to Steeplechase Park, in Coney Island, to sell the first tickets to a charity outing.)

"How do you know?" she said. "I just found out myself five minutes ago—"

"Oh, I delivered the message to your hotel," he said. "I woik at Loew's State."

She wanted to tell him not to fall down any open manholes while reading other people's messages, but he was cute, so she resisted.

What she *couldn't* resist was shopping. There's a store called Schwarz' which has the most fabulous collection of toys in the United States, and Joan almost went mad trying to decide what to get Rusty, her sister Mary's child.

If in doubt about a cowboy suit or an Indian suit, why not get both, is the way her mind works.

With herself, she wasn't so generous. She did a bit of clothes shopping, but cautiously. Last time she came to town, she bought two beautiful expensive suits that were absolutely no good in California, and she resolved that this trip, she'd say no ten times before she said yes once.

There was a Carnegie print, though—brilliant chartreuse, with blue and pink horses. She said no ten times very fast, and then one howling yes, as they wrapped the dress up.

Speaking of clothes in connection with that last New York visit, Joan had a funny experience at Lily Daché's. It was about five years ago, and the Mark Twain picture was being publicized. Warners, which had flooded the country with "leaping frog bean-bags," decided that Joan should have a leaping frog hat.

Lily Daché agreed to design one, and some time later, Joan went over to her establishment to pick it up.

It was a magnificent hat. A pink sweep of velvet, a huge, jeweled clip—

"Only what has it got to do with a leaping frog?" Joan asked, troubled.

The assistant smiled tolerantly. "Miss Daché gave the matter some thought. This hat is the lily pad!"

Tads, pads, as long as you're healthy.

Joan's going to make an Eagle-Lion picture called *Northwest Stampede* next, and that's a joyful thought because it's being shot on the Prince of Wales' ranch in Canada. The place has never been photographed before, and it's lousy with glorious scenery, and the picture has a white horse in it, and the whole thing is in Technicolor.

After that comes a possible trip to London (a J. Arthur Rank deal) and happiness is just a thing called Joan.

THE SINATRA SET

(*Continued from page 31*)

worked out in diamonds on it, and a legend, also in diamonds, which read: "I'm not ashamed of my love for this boy."

There are a lot of guys who feel that way.

In a manner of speaking, these guys make up the Sinatra set, clique—whatever you want to call it. The fact is that Frank's got a group of friends who would willingly take any rap for him, and he returns the compliment.

If you go back, to when Frank was beginning, you find Hank Sanacola.

Hank worked in a music publishing company, and this skinny young singer would come around and ask for copies of songs all the time.

Hank liked the kid, and he'd bang out the songs on the piano, while the kid ran through them. He learned them so fast it was amazing.

One day Frank showed up looking determined. "You want to lend me some money?" he said, coming to the point. "I want to get married."

Hank grinned. "Dear me, poor Nancy—" and took out his wallet. "What's Hank's is Frank's, I'm afraid—"

Hank Sanacola's a music publisher himself, now, and Frankie staked him at the start. "What's Frank's is Hank's, I'm afraid," he said. "Remember?"

In 1939, in Chicago, Frank was hired by Tommy Dorsey, and while he was with Dorsey, he met Bobby Burns, Axel Stordahl, Sammy Cahn and Julie Styne, all future members of the Sinatra set.

Bobby was Tommy Dorsey's manager at the time Frank went with the band, but after he got out of the army in 1941, he went to work for Frank.

Axel was Tommy's arranger. He's now Frank's arranger.

Julie and Sammy were a couple of songwriters who used to hang around the Dorsey band, and when Frank was going out on his own, he approached them. "Write me some stuff, huh, fellas?"

They wrote him some stuff then, and they're still doing it, though Julie sometimes wonders why. "I got a bad stomach," he says. "Why don't I retire?"

There's Manny Sacks, vice-president of Columbia Records, who signed Frank up when he left Dorsey, and who got Frank on the radio for CBS.

There's George Evans, Frank's press agent, about whom everyone knows.

There's a man named Al Levy, who used to manage Frank, and among the movie people there's Jimmy Durante, and Bill Goodwin, and Gene Kelly. And also, there's Walter Winchell.

At any given time, you can find a bunch of Sinatra's pals sitting around playing cards and moaning softly, "Ooh, that crazy jerk, what's he done now?" when Frank's name comes up. But let any outsider breathe a slur, and there's suddenly blood all over the floor. The outsider's, that is.

Frank is always traveling, and usually, a couple of the guys go with him. The ones who stay home alternate taking Nancy out to dinner, and keeping a close check on her and the kids' health.

Those trips of Frank's, incidentally, are good for plenty of stories.

One time, Frank was going from New York to Chicago with Bobby Burns and Julie Styne, and they were sitting in the dining-car over an after-dinner cigarette. The train was pausing briefly at the station in Harrisburg, Pa., when Frank got a scintillating idea.

He called the waiter over. "Look," he said, "when you close up here, how about fixing us a tray of food—you know, sandwiches, olives, milk, gingerale—we'll be back in our car playing cards."

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"That reminds me," Bobby said. "We moved from one end of the train to the other before, and I left my coat back there."

"Me too," Julie said. "Let's go get 'em."

They decided they'd walk the length of the train outside, instead of stepping over a million feet, and Frank watched interestedly from the window.

They'd walked maybe half of one car's length, when the train started to move.

They stood there shivering for a couple of minutes, coatless, hatless and miserable. "Listen," Bobby said, "we gotta get another train—"

Julie moaned. "I gotta get to a restaurant and get some warm milk for my stomach—"

Bobby was too impatient. "Here's a train just pulled in. Let's hop it."

They hopped it, and were feeling a little more cheerful, when the conductor came by. "Where'd you fellas aim to go?" he said.

"Chicago." They beamed at him.

He beamed right back. "You're on your way to St. Louis."

Julie clutched his stomach in a spasm of despair.

Broadway beat . . .

When Frank's in New York, he covers the Broadway beat with Walter Winchell. They work up from the Bowery, stopping in every bar, restaurant and police station along the way. They never finish till six a.m., but they like it that way.

The hours Sinatra is neither patroling nor working, you can usually find him in Toots Shor's.

Once Toots and Frankie went with Phil and Rags to visit President Roosevelt, and the President, who was a bow-tie devotee himself, broke the ice by grinning at Frankie's neck-wear.

"That's a beauty," he said admiringly.

This was back in the middle of the meat shortage, and Toots, who'd been sizing up the President, felt called upon to make a speech. "Prez," he said expansively, "stop in my joint, when you're in New York—I'll see that you get a good steak!"

Another time during the war, Frank got an invitation to the President's inaugural ceremonies, and he and George Evans set out four days early, because of traveling conditions. Still, they never got to Washington. They were bumped off planes about six times.

bumps-a-daisy . . .

"A couple more bumps, and I can go into burlesque," Frank said, pathetically.

And George got severely called down by a little man at one airport when he, George, happened to observe, "We've been here four hours. We have to get to Washington—"

"*You're* squawking," the little man said bitterly. "I been here two weeks. I gotta get to Cincinnati."

Shifting back to the subject of New York, though, Frank's fondness for the place stems partly from the fact that he and his pals never know exactly what's going to happen there."

When Gene Kelly was in the Navy, Frank was broadcasting from New York, and Gene had agreed to guest-star on the show one night.

Gene and Frank and Bobby Burns drove over to CBS, and there were seventeen cops on horseback, and a hundred other cops on foot, and a panting, surging mob all around the place.

Kelly got a little pale. "Must have been an accident—"

"Not yet," Bobby said. "But we can work one up, if we play our cards right—"

Frank and Bobby were used to crowds by that time, and they snaked in the door. Gene, who hadn't learned how to duck in the Navy, was trapped by some of the kids. "Lemme go, lemme go, or I'll tell the horse to step on you—" he shrieked.

Gene made it okay, but Bobby, who's a natural worrier, lost another half pound.

Bobby is with Frank almost constantly. They were together when both the small Sinatras were born, and Bobby had to be a pillar of strength.

The way it happened the first time, Big Nancy was in the hospital in Jersey waiting patiently, and Frank and Bobby (who were with Dorsey then) had a late rehearsal.

Nothing was supposed to happen that night, so the boys worked till four or so. Then they made their way to their hotel (Frank's house in Jersey seemed so empty without Nancy that they hadn't felt like staying there) and they literally fell into the lovely clean hotel beds.

At about eight-thirty, Bobby heard a horrible ringing in his ears. He lay there pondering. "Phone," he said to himself.

Then he heard Frank saying, "Yup, yup, yup—" and then there was the sound of the phone being put down.

Bobby turned over, cursing happily.

I'm a father, hey . . .

Three minutes later, Frank burst in with the biggest double-take in history plastered all over his face. "Hey, kid," he cried, "did you hear that? I'm a father. Give me a blazor rade, and I'll save myshelf—"

When the second baby was born, Frank was in Hollywood, and Nancy was in New York, and once again, Frank was notified by phone at his hotel. George Evans was calling from the hospital. "You're a father again," he said. "This one's a boy."

Sinatra showed up at his rehearsal that night with a cigar stuck in his face, and triumph written all over his shoulder pads. "Treat me gently, fellas," he said. "Treat me with respect—"

"You got a case," said Bobby sadly. "Son, you got a case."

"And nothing to put in it, either," Julie Styne chimed in with relish. "Ever since he sold that violin—"

"I got it stuffed with lousy memories," Frankie told them. "All about my low-class friends—"

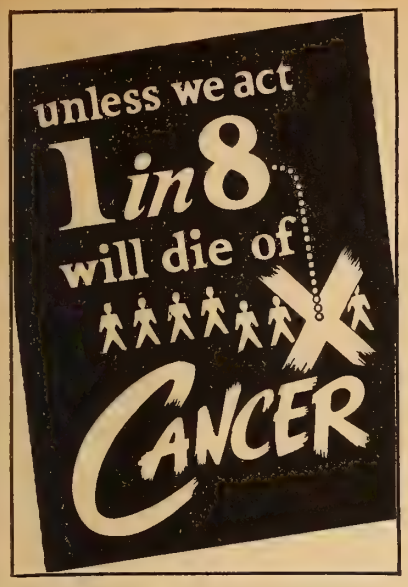
"Sweetheart," said Julie tenderly, "for you, I'd even give up my ulcers."

The kid has got some real fine pals, and he knows it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During the war I served with the Ninth Air Forces overseas and while we were in England Bob Hope came to entertain us. We all crowded around the improvised platform as the hour for his entertainment drew near. Some of the crew had not yet arrived and I happened to be standing quite close to Bob as we waited. Finally, we saw a jeep careening down the road, hitting the bumps and almost knocking down several of the boys. The driver yelled, "Look out, we haven't any brakes." We all jumped out of the way, and the jeep stopped within an inch of Bob and the platform. "Whew, boys," Bob flashed. "That's a heck of a way to get into the act." The tension was relieved and we were all laughing as we settled down to enjoy the show.

Bill Toles
Colorado Springs, Col.



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THE FANS

(*Continued from page 96*)

3. Each MSFCA club is provided with monthly Report Sheets which should be filled out and mailed in to us at the close of each month. The data that may earn your Trophy cup points is transcribed and tabulated from these reports, so if you want your worthwhile activity or your membership increase to reach the attention of our judges, that's the place to record it.

4. Snap news: if you order sufficiently in advance, and aren't in a rush, we'll have 4 x 5 snaps made for you at 2½ cents per snap, plus postage charges. Irving Klaw, the most famous name in fan photos, has made this astounding offer to accredited MSFCA clubs only, and you must order a minimum of 10 prints. You MUST place your order through the MSFCA.

Club Banter: Gloria Jean Club, under superb management of Maryon Jenson, celebrating its seventh anniversary! . . . Charles Korvin Club's Correspondents' Assistants' Plan is a hit! Each mem is assigned to a CA, who relays news, gossip between club and mem . . . Sondra Schreier's Sid Caesar Club is working with the Good Neighbors Group, to build a Teen Canteen . . . Don Casanove Club offering free memberships to first two applicants from each of 48 states. Write us for address . . . Charles Turk's Smithereens of Winnipeg, Canada, persuaded its local station to start a special "Jack Smith Show" . . . Marion Lee Hall, prexy of the Tennessee Slim and Tex Ann Fan Clubs, is a feature writer for the National Hillbilly News. Gives her honoraries plenty of publicity, too . . . Adeline Gushin's clubbers threw a welcome home party for their star, John Tyers, who just returned from the successful London run of *Gypsy Lady* . . . Anne Anderson was official hostess at the Jack Smith Clubs Party at CBS. Jack did his late Coast show "live" (instead of transcribed), especially for the party... Louise Adamo's club will see their honorary, Clyde Burke and his wife, thrush Sally Stuart, off to Hollywood with a swanky dinner party . . . Bill Cunningham's Robert Lowery Club of Montreal, is doing a real job of entertaining disabled war vets with the Bob Lowery Club 1947 Revue . . . Saw prexy Mary Jane Grootenboer in Sardi's, lunching with her honorary, Nina Foch . . . Desi Arnaz threw a "coke" party in his Chicago Theater dressing-room for 15 of his local clubbers . . . Kay McKewen expects to have her radio program, "Fan Club Journal of the Air," on the air shortly over a coast-to-coast hook-up . . . Prexy Gerry Kee, Rita Wilkes, Bev Montalban and David Caldwell were invited to Alsulana Acres (that's Alan Ladd's ranch, as if you didn't know) for lunch . . . Joan Travnicek's Perry Como Club celebrated his birthday with a picnic and two cakes: one for Perry, one for the club . . . Prexy Lauren Chase dined with Janis Carter, his honorary, when she revisited her home town . . . Detroit's Frank Keys (Bennett-Stathakis, prexies) have challenged the Russell Sprouts to a baseball game . . . Doris Anderson, Joel Pacillo and Ann Ling, three other Sinatra prexies who visited Hollywood for the Convention, had lunch with Frank at M-G-M, and spent the afternoon watching him emote in *The Kissing Bandit* . . . Dolores McMullen's Sinatra Club is continuing its four-year tradition: an annual party on the occasion of the club's anniversary . . . and the Sleepy Hollow Gang, Lorraine Paxton, ranch boss, held their annual club outing at Sleepy Hollow Ranch, Pa. That's something we're sorry we missed!

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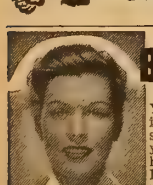

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MY WIFE'S HUSBAND

(*Continued from page 85*)

girl, June Allyson. I was quite fond of her. I also had the idea that a man shouldn't be too eager to get married.

One night, as I was driving her home from a movie, Miss Allyson said, "Richard, I'll be frank with you. Either this is going to add up to something, or we are wasting each other's time."

I, who can be uncannily canny at times, kept my mouth shut. I drove back to my own house. When I got there, I picked up the telephone, dialed Miss Allyson's number and said, "Please don't go to bed, yet. I have something important to say."

Then I jumped into my car and went back to see Miss Allyson.

Of course, I never got around to saying what I thought I was going to say, and probably am one of the few men in the world who escaped without proposing. In any event, I collected a pleasing amount of lipstick that night, sitting with June in my car under a street lamp, oblivious of the passersby.

And I went home knowing where I was going.

After August 19th, 1945, there was no doubt about it.

It took us Powells quite a while to get settled in a family home out in Brentwood. We spent about a year fixing up the house, which was not a lean-to when we started. We planned everything carefully from the beginning, which is the way to do things. It gives you such satisfaction, particularly when you realize, after the work is all done, and the bills have stopped coming in, that the place is too darned small, because some day you are going to multiply into a larger family.

It is my opinion that the only good husband is a neat husband, and June follows me around all the time to prove it. However, I notice that although she can tell like a bird dog where I have dropped something, she can't find her glasses.

Now we have this new house on Avenue Copa de Ora in Bel Air where we can pick up after each other, and two fine people named Taru and Tak Watanabi can pick up after both of us. Taru and Tak are quite happy, I think. Taru spent considerable time in a Japanese concentration camp during the war, and Tak was on General MacArthur's staff. Their American names are June and Dick, but we all got together on a change. Otherwise, the confusion would have been considerable.

wall-pusher Powell . . .

But as I was saying, we are fixing up the new house. Now, I know that I'm quite a husband, after all. I never get nasty, for example, when my friend, Jimmy Cagney, makes cracks to June about my being a wall-pusher. It's my idea that if you don't like a wall in a certain place you move it over a few feet. This provides a certain feeling that the house is really yours no matter who lived in it before. It also prevents you from bumping into filled in space at night and breaking your big toe.

However, when a friend starts giving you the business about being a wall-pusher, and your wife complains that you are chopping down every tree on the place, you sometimes wonder whether it's worth it.

A few minutes ago, I was in the garden.

June went to work on me as follows: "Dick, you have chopped down those trees on the south side. Now we are exposed to our neighbors and vice versa."

"But June," I retorted, "we can now see Catalina bay on a clear day. Furthermore, if I don't forget to pull my shades at night, the neighbors won't be able to notice how long the studio has made me let the hair on the back of my neck grow for my cowboy role in *Stations West.*"

She said, "When are you leaving for location?"

"Tomorrow night at seven o'clock."

"Darling," she said, trying to reach up and kiss me on the beak and hitting my chin, "I am going to miss you terribly, but think how many trees we'll save."

raising the roof . . .

So we strolled around to the north side of the house. I pointed out that the vines had been allowed to grow under the eaves, and that in a little while, the eaves would fall off. Not only that, but the same vines had grown up under the shingles. If something weren't done we would lose a roof, and stare up nightly at the stars.

"Why, Richard," Mrs. Powell said, "what a perfectly romantic idea. Not only that, but if you chop these vines down I am not going to move in."

I had an answer for that, and the scars where I bit my tongue prove it.

As everyone knows in Hollywood, and in Hollywood everybody knows, it is a mistake for a husband to tell his wife anything about her work. She resents this no end, and if such a thing goes on the husband discovers that his coffee is tasting bitter. A little later he is put under the ground without benefit of an autopsy.

To illustrate, awhile back I noticed that when June sang, she had the habit of sticking out her elbows, and swinging her arms like a blues singer under a spotlight in a society café. After watching her do this in a couple of movies, I told her discreetly that it looked like the devil.

She said, "Indeed it does."

Now she doesn't swing her arms when she sings, and she looks like an angel.

So, a little later, after watching me in a couple of my operas, she said, "You know, sometimes you act too facetious, as though you don't mean what you're doing."

I said, "Now look here, June, you run your business and I'll run mine. Where did you, and so on, get the idea et cetera?"

She was abashed. After that, I looked out for the business of being too facetious.

Things like this have led me to stop moving walls and tearing out trees. All the walls have been moved anyway, and the trees are just the way I want them—almost.

Like the other day, June took a look at the door to my dressing room. "How perfectly beautiful that natural pine is," she exclaimed. "When did you get the new door?"

"It's the same old door," I replied. "I just took off that heavy coat of paint."

"Why, Richard," she chortled, "how amazingly clever of you."

A man appreciates a reaction like that Still, when I try to talk to her about the two trees that still ought to come off the grounds of our new place, she is completely unreasonable. After a brief argument on this subject the other day, I told her about a letter I'd read in a magazine

A woman wrote to the editor as follows: "Frankly, I think it's too late to do anything with the male race."

"Sure," Mrs. Powell replied. "I see what you mean. Women might as well let men do what they please, because there's no curing them."

Then she left another bright splotch of lipstick on my profile.

Just as frankly, I think it's too late to do anything about the female race, so the trees are still standing there.

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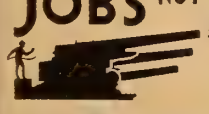

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)

high spot was a surreptitious studio golf game between Crosby and Hope. For you, it may be Alan Ladd pulling a phony stick-up, or Johnny Coy in a startling dance routine.

The title stems from the "Variety Club" of show business, which adopts hundreds of babies and sees that they get a chance in life. The first of these, adopted eighteen years ago, is Catherine Brown (Mary Thatcher). When Catherine grows up it's natural that she should want to get into pictures. She heads for Hollywood, and a Paramount official in New York (one of the heads of the Variety Club) phones the studio to give her a screen test.

But Catherine changes her name to Amber LeVonne (that's her idea of a good name for pictures). A blonde (Olga San Juan) who has more nerve than a test pilot, appropriates both the name and Catherine's room reservation. What with the confusion about names, it's the blonde who gets the screen test. Catherine doesn't even know one has been arranged. She wanders around the studio wide-eyed, while the brassy Amber is emoting all over the place.

Paramount, at this point, wants no part of either of them. Amber is the world's worst actress, and Catherine, by sheer bad luck, has managed to dunk O'Connell (Frank Ferguson), the head of the studio, in his own swimming pool. However, through Bing Crosby, she does get an audition for her lovely singing voice. It's going fine when O'Connell recognizes her and orders her thrown off the lot.

Fortunately, a handsome young man in the talent department (De Forest Kelley) is in love with her by now. That, plus a sudden change of heart on the part of the blonde Amber, gives Catherine her chance at the big Variety show of the year.

Mary Thatcher is one of Paramount's better discoveries. You'll see more of her.—*Par.*

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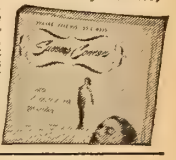

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SONG OF LOVE

Katharine Hepburn and Paul Henreid play the leading roles in as warm and shining a love story as you've seen in years. Robert Walker makes it a triangle, but not in the least the kind that the word implies. The music is Schumann, mixed with some Brahms and Liszt, and is superb.

Robert Schumann (Paul Henreid) is a genius, but, as frequently happens to geniuses, the world doesn't realize it until after he is dead. When he wants to marry Clara Wiecke (Katharine Hepburn), her father forbids it and calls him a failure. Clara, herself, is a brilliant concert pianist with a great future before her. But she chooses to give up her career, marry Schumann in defiance of her parents, and become simply a wife and mother. He gets a meagre job as a music teacher, and between them they produce seven children.

Then a "playing guest" joins the household. He is Johannes Brahms (Robert Walker) and he's there to study music. At least, theoretically, he's there for study. Actually, he spends most of his time taking care of the seven children, washing dishes and helping Clara in any way he can.

It is perhaps inevitable that he should fall in love with Clara. Her gaiety, her competence, her courage, her beauty—she is altogether a magnificent woman. But Johannes worships Schumann as a man, as well as an artist. When his love becomes too much for him to conceal, he finally leaves the household.

Schumann is changing now. He has violent headaches, and when he plays, a sinister off-key A sounds shrilly in his ears. Clara gradually realizes his condition, but there is little to be done about it. In those days insanity, its cause and cure, were as much a secret as black magic.

I don't know whether you'll consider the ending of *Song of Love* a happy one or not. But it has a ring of true sincerity.—*M-G-M*

BLACK NARCISSUS

Deborah Kerr plays a nun in the Technicolor *Black Narcissus*, which is quite a switch from her role in *The Hucksters*. She handles it with her usual calm competence.

Life in a convent may not sound like exciting picture material, but this is a very unusual convent. It's in a former palace, high on a peak of the Himalayas. The palace's owner, General Toda Rai (Esmond Knight), has given it to an Anglo-Catholic group of nuns, who are to open a combined school and hospital for the natives.

When the Sister Superior, Sister Clodagh (Deborah Kerr), arrives, she finds there will be more difficulties than she had realized. The General's agent, Dean (David Farrar), is a cynical but attractive gentleman, who obviously has little use for nuns. He predicts the convent won't last six months.

Dean has his advantages, however. For one thing he's an expert plumber and doesn't mind working on the palace's decrepit pipes. But he's a disturbing element while he's there. He takes a malicious pleasure in reminding the Sisters that the palace was once used for the General's father's harem.

Sister Ruth (Kathleen Byron), always emotionally unstable, falls in love with Dean although he gives her no encouragement. Even serene, beautiful Sister Clodagh begins to dream of the man she loved back in Ireland before she entered the Sisterhood.

All the Sisters act peculiarly by the time they have been in the palace a few months. Practical Sister Philippa (Flora Robson) suddenly plants the whole garden in flowers instead of the vegetables they had counted on. Sister Honey lets her love for children betray her into treating a very sick baby, which dies. The natives blame the Sisters and refuse to come there any more.

The General has sent his young son (Sabu) to the convent to school, but the boy runs away with a pretty native girl, Kanchi (Jean Simmons). Events move swiftly then to a climax, which solves nothing.—*Univ.*

Black Narcissus: Convents are quiet places—usually. But Deborah Kerr's peace is disrupted by natives Jean Simmons and David Farrar.

Song of the Thin Man: It's murder with music for Powell & Loy—provided by Keenan Wynn.

SONG OF THE THIN MAN

The Thin Man's song turns out to be jive, on the beat, reet, and ready to fly. Nick Charles (William Powell) and his lovely Nora (Myrna Loy) are, as usual, involved in murder. It happens to be the murder of a band leader named Drake (Philip Reed) which sets them down among a crowd of hepsters set to take off.

It's Nora, who is responsible for the whole thing, really. She persuades Nick to take her to a charity dance on board the gambling ship of Phil Brant (Bruce Cowling). They meet an old friend there, Janet Thayer (Jayne Meadows). It seems that Janet is going to marry Brant, although the idea throws her father (Ralph Morgan) into an eighteen-carat wing-ding.

On the bandstand, things are happening, too. Fran (Gloria Grahame), the singer, is in love with the band leader. For him, she has given a fast brush to young Buddy Hollis (Don Taylor), top reed player in the band. Buddy has blown his top and is ready to send Drake right out of this world—and I don't mean with music.

Drake is shot and Buddy disappears. No one knows whether he did the murder or not. Since Brant is also a suspect, Janet Thayer asks Nick to take over. His first move is to get Brant clapped into jail—for Brant's own safety, actually, although both Brant and Janet fail to appreciate his motives.

Next, Nick and Nora persuade Clinker (Keenan Wynn), another member of the band, to take them on a round of the jam sessions in search of Buddy. They don't find him, but they emerge with Nora talking in terms of hot licks, pump men, bakes and squares.

When Fran is found murdered, Nick decides to follow a clue to Poughkeepsie. Nora insists on going along. When they get back they find that little Nick Jr. (Dean Stockwell) has disappeared, presumably kidnapped by a gangster named Amboy (William Bishop), who is also involved in the case.

Nick adds two and two and gets an even dozen, solving the whole thing with a flick of the wrist. P.S. Asta is still around—my favorite screen actor.—*M-G-M*

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OCT -7 1947

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modern screen

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NA TURNER

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You're the object of attentions and affections when your skin is soft and lovely! So isn't it wonderful that just *one cake* of Camay can give your skin a softer, smoother look. Put aside careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Follow directions on the Camay wrapper and watch your beauty bloom!

MRS. WILLIAM ALBERT TRISCHETT
the former Dorothy Bertuch of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
bridal portrait painted by Dorwart

MEET THE TRISCHETTS

Back at Dartmouth after a long tour overseas, Bill asked Dorothy, his high school sweetheart, to the Winter Carnival. Then and there they decided their romance was real! Dorothy set a date.

Now Bill gives
Dorothy golf lessons near their Hanover home. He's helped her game. And her beauty tip can help your complexion:—"Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a softer skin!"

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"You make a lovely couple, Pet!"

GIRL: Me and the Falls, you mean?

CUPID: Who else? Funny thing, though, some girls come here with *husbands*. Honeymooning, I think they call it. But, of course, *they're* girls with sparkling smiles.

GIRL: Listen, my fine feathered fiend, if I could coax a little sparkle into my smile, I would, believe me! I brush my teeth regularly, but all I get is—

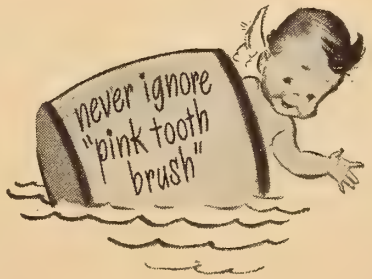
CUPID: Maybe some "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Bright, aren't you . . . and what's a little "pink" in my young life?

CUPID: Grow up, youngster. "Pink" is a sign to *see your dentist*. He'll tell you what's behind it. And if it turns out to be simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise, like as not he'll suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Fine, fine . . . but by what higher mathematics does all this add up to one big, bright smile?

CUPID: Elementary, my dear witless. Sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. So if your dentist advises massage with Ipana . . . go to it, gal, for your smile's sake. You'll stop mooning and start honeymooning!



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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This month we're roaring about one of the most dramatic and Technicolorfully beautiful movies that we've ever had the pleasure of roaring about.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now we do sound a little adjective-y. You know what we mean. Whenever you hear the phrase "One of the most" you sort of know the etcetera.

★ ★ ★ ★

Instead we're going to take a different stance. We're going to tell you what the picture is called and who's in it. Then see if you don't agree that this one is different.

★ ★ ★ ★

Very good. The title is "The Unfinished Dance." The producer is Joseph Pasternak. The director is Henry Koster.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are responsible for many memorable musicals. But while "The Unfinished Dance" is not strictly a musical, it is a dramatic story that deals with dancers.

★ ★ ★ ★

The star is Margaret O'Brien—the biggest little star on the screen. (Adjectives again!)

★ ★ ★

The leading girls are Cyd Charisse, a poem on legs, and Karin Booth, ditto.

★ ★ ★ ★

A new personality, Danny Thomas, seen on many a stage, is introduced in this—may we say unusual—picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Myles Connolly's screen play is based on the story by Paul Morand.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now you know the facts. But what you don't know is this:

★ ★ ★ ★

Little Margaret—in one sense of the word—plays a heavy.

★ ★ ★ ★

At a rehearsal of the most wonderful eye-filling ballet (those adjectives again!) she pulls a certain backstage switch.

★ ★ ★

Her heart makes her do it—her love makes her do it. But did she commit a crime? Did she end the career of a person she would later grow to love?

★ ★ ★ ★

What a great part does Conscience—the inner thing—play in this adjective-worthy film.

★ ★ ★

One could go on. But 'tis better p'raps to leave the column "unfinished" . . .

★ ★ ★

For you will surely see "The Unfinished Dance."

—*Leo*

NOVEMBER, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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Frank MORGAN · Edmund GWENN · Dame May WHITTY
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Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson • Based on the Novel by Elizabeth Goudge • Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Carey Wilson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER HIT!

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

■ If it's any consolation to you readers, all Hollywood is just as confused as you with the on-again-off-again marriage antics of June Haver and her spouse, Jimmy Zito.

First, you remember, they were married in a civil ceremony, and separated almost immediately, only to be remarried in a couple of weeks in a church service. On the heels of that came June's announcement that she would seek to have the marriage annulled.

So what happened next? June "disappeared" from her home, and not even her studio bosses knew where she was or could find any trace of her. Naturally, they were burned up plenty at their golden haired baby, and more than a little worried.

My own sleuths were the first to locate June, and guess where she was? Staying at the same West Los Angeles motor court where Jimmy was residing! What's more, they had been dining ever so cosy-like every night!

I don't know what June has been trying to prove, and frankly, I don't much care, because that's not my idea of the way to treat any marriage.

* * *

Cornel Wilde could give the Boy Scout oath and swear by his ancestors, but he could never make me believe that HIS career came between him and the wife he loves almost to the point of distraction, Pat Knight.

At the time of their surprising separation, Cornel said, gentleman-fashion, "Going from picture to picture with little time to rest or to devote to my family is responsible for our troubles." Oh, yeah!

Hollywood's great turned out en masse to catch Charles Laughton's opening in a new play, *Galileo*, at the Coronet Theater. Charles and wife Oona Chaplin found the press photographers in an amiable mood—and vice versa.

Charles Boyer hoped to be in Paris for the première of *Arch of Triumph*, but he'll work, instead. Maybe Pat and he will be free to go back for a while next year, when they celebrate their 14th wedding anniversary.

Frances and Van Heflin had a very special interest in the play. Van's sister, whose name is also Frances, played opposite Laughton. Those who've seen Van in *Green Dolphin Street,* say it's his best role yet.

Gayest twosome in the audience were Ingrid Bergman and her handsome neurologist-husband, Peter Lindstrom. Ingrid's wearing her *Joan of Lorraine* hair-do, and will take that Broadway hit on tour for a year.

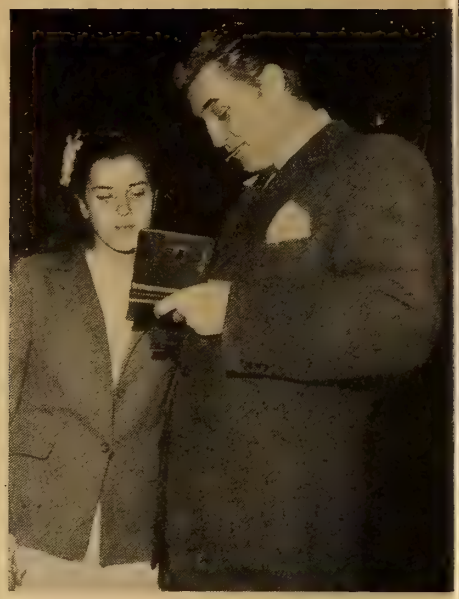
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Conte got a great kick out of *Galileo,* because they're both admirers of Laughton. Dick, himself, is well on the way up—as 20th Century-Fox finally discovered, after lending him out.

Gene's nose is as good as new—now that the operation deal is over. It never needed an uplift, but was injured in an accident. He and the charming Mrs. Kelly (Betsy Blair) came to the opening informal-like.

LOUELLA PARSONS' *Good news*

Rumors of a separation between Glo de Haven and John Payne were further thwarted when they appeared hand in hand at the première.

Swathed in smiles and white was Jane Powell, who's flooded with proposals, at 17. But she's playing the field. Here, it's Tom Batten.



Bob Mitchum, the star of *Red Pony*, wants to see what this *Red Stallion* picture is like. Before going in, he obliges with his name.

As I see it, the real trouble is this: Cornel is almost obsessed with ambition for his wife's career and he is intensely jealous of her. On the other hand, Pat is obsessed with ambition for her OWN career. She has been spoiled and indulged by her husband's devotion, and perhaps she has been subconsciously resentful of his jealousy.

Everyone thought their problems might be solved when she got her first real break in a movie for Sol Wurtzel, *Roses Are Red*. But instead of solving the problem, the job served merely to bring things to a head.

During the making of the picture, Cornel was constantly at the studio and on the set, offering advice and suggestions about lighting Pat to the cameramen, and dressing her to the wardrobe department. He was determined to see that she clicked big in her screen debut. Of course, it was inspired by love and pride. But you just can't do that in Hollywood.

The whole thing blew up right after the picture was finished, when Pat and Cornel went on a weekend to Catalina Island.

That Helmut Dantine happened to be there at the same time turned out to be unfortunate, for his name was mixed up in the highly dramatic events that followed.

The whisper was that Cornel swam out an alarming distance from the shore and refused to be picked up by a rescue boat. Pat's explanation is that she sent the boat after her husband when she became worried about him and thought he might be exhausted. Cornel says he was just taking a swim, felt no exhaustion, and refused the rescue offer because he didn't need it.

When asked what, if anything, he knew about these carryings-on, Helmut said he was completely confused by the whole thing, and was highly indignant at the intimation that he had been the cause of the break-up. Nevertheless, a short time later, when the Wildes' trouble was at its peak, Helmut was glimpsed dining very tête-à-tête with Pat at a small and intimate Hungarian restaurant, called the Little Gypsy.

Since the "incident" in Catalina, the Wildes dined together several times, attended the theater twice, and then reconciled when they went to Del Monte for a second honeymoon. Whether the reconciliation will "take," I don't know. Perhaps it will, since Pat's own career is picking up and now looks more promising. Her career problems, I am sure, played a big part in their marital difficulties.

* * *

I love Cara Williams' honesty when she admitted she was just crazy about Keenan Wynn. "But I don't know whether he's crazy about me or not."

Kinda cute when you and I always think of pretty little movie girls as being sought after and spoiled by the men they know.

* * *

After being separated from him for months, Greer Garson finally filed her suit for divorce from Richard Ney.

Greer's friends have felt for a long time that a reconciliation was impossible, but Greer chose to wait until she was absolutely

(*Continued on page 8*)

Number Three... Number Four...

Number Two...

Number Five...

Number One...

Number Six...

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presents

Forever Amber

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Starring LINDA DARNELL · CORNEL WILDE · RICHARD GREENE
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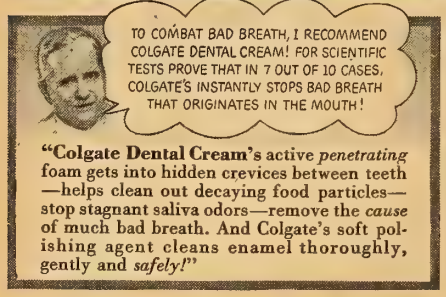
A 20th CENTURY-FOX Achievement

But He Cuts No Ice With Her!

WELL! SEEMS YOUR SISTER DOESN'T GO FOR MY ACT—OR FOR ME! HOW COME, CHUM? WHAT'S HER REASON?
SIS THINKS BAD BREATH IS A DARN GOOD REASON, PAL! SO, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN HER, BETTER HEAD FOR YOUR DENTIST'S, DICK!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Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

The tribute dinner for Walter Winchell, at Mocambo drew many celebs, including Nora and Errol Flynn, Frank Sinatra (Louella's "date") and Leonard Lyons.

Marie McDonald's black hair attracted lots of attention at the Winchell dinner. Harry Karl, Marie's fiance, likes it fine. Do you?

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

sure the marriage could not be saved before she took the final step. Too, it was her second divorce, and the idea was doubly unpleasant to her for that reason.

While she was staying very much to herself, there was no particular reason for Greer to change her legal status. But once she started going out dining and dancing with male friends, I knew she soon would clarify her position. She always has been a great stickler for propriety, and she did not feel it looked right to be beaued around town by other men while she was still Mrs. Ney. Her latest dates were with Greg Bautzer and George Sanders, but romantically, it doesn't mean a thing, I'm sure.

I feel very sorry for Richard, who was so in love with Greer, but maybe it will be best for him. He's now keeping socialite Jane Hollingsworth's phone busy but plenty. Ironically, she is torching for her "ex."

* * *

I often wonder why some people will persist in denying a thing they know is true.

For instance, I mentioned on the air and in my column that Jane Greer was going to marry Edward Lasker who is the son of Albert Lasker, one of the ten richest men in America. Jane, you know, was formerly married to Rudy Vallee and made plenty of headlines when she finally divorced him. Well, I knew she was going to marry Lasker because she told me so herself, but the next day after I announced it, he called me and denied the story emphatically. He went out with many girls, he said. Exactly three weeks later he and Jane eloped to Las Vegas. Deliberate doings like that aren't respected in or out of Hollywood.

* * *

Very sad to me is the case of Alan Marshal who seems to have been afraid to tackle a new picture since his nervous breakdown of some time ago. Remember, he was one of the top stars with a brilliant future ahead, when his illness struck. The thing that is so tragic to me is that Mrs. Marshal, who stuck loyally with him all through his long illness, now is divorcing him. Mrs. Marshal, incidentally, is another who definitely told me she had no intention of leaving her husband just two days before she filed her suit for divorce. I try to keep my faith in people of this sort, but it's very hard at times.

(*Continued on page 10*)

SHE WAS SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

GARY COOPER · PAULETTE GODDARD

Cecil B. DeMille's

UNCONQUERED

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with HOWARD DA SILVA · BORIS KARLOFF · CECIL KELLAWAY · WARD BOND

Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

A Heart As Fiery As Her Crimson Tresses... The Most Desirable Prize In All This Fabulous Continent... *Bought* By The Most Dangerous Man Of Those Dangerous Times!

Screenplay by Charles Bennett, Fredric M. Frank and Jesse Lasky, Jr. • Based on the novel by Neil H. Swanson • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

A Feminine Weapon

In emergency, DeLong Bob Pins have been used as letter-openers . . . door keys . . . paper clips—but that's not why women buy so many of them. Smart women who pride themselves on being value-conscious *and* well-groomed, know there's nothing like the DeLong Bob Pin, with its Stronger Grip, for keeping your hair-do neat from morning 'til night . . . They've learned that it's foolish to buy poorly made bob pins that slip out, when they can get the extra-strong, extra-snappy DeLong product everywhere. Just remember—

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS

Frank Sinatra arrived at the Frank Borzage Golf Tournament by helicopter. The charity match netted the Runyon Cancer Fund $7,500.

Jack Carson, playing in the Actors' Division, scored 89, a sprained wrist and several callouses. Wayne Morris was no fool—he spectated.

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

Well, you're going to be plenty jealous of me this month when I tell you I went to a party with Frank Sinatra! Yes, Frankie picked me up at the house and then escorted me to the Walter Winchell tribute dinner at the swank Mocambo.

Before we took off for the big night, Frankie and Nancy came in and had a chat with my husband, who has been ill. Doctor brought out all his old prize fight pictures and Nancy and I cooled our heels while the men talked the prize fight business. Frank's one star who is not hepped to the point of boredom on his singing-acting career. That boy can talk about sports, painting (his newest hobby) and juvenile delinquency problems with the best of them.

But, finally, we were on our way and as we walked in the door of the Mocambo, Nancy and I were handed leis of orchids that had been flown in from Honolulu for the ladies just that day. All my life I have wanted to wear that many orchids. These were little tiny pink ones and so cute.

Frankie was on the entertainment committee, so Nancy and I made our way to the flower-bedecked table to wait for him. Sitting near us were Postmaster General Robert Hannegan, his wife, and their attractive daughter, Pat. Pat was completely wide-eyed over all the stars and Walter Winchell took her around and introduced her to each one.

Errol Flynn, who came with the fabulous Mike Romanoff, sat with the Reginald Gardiners and it seemed to me that Errol was in one of his snippy moods. Why, I wouldn't be knowing.

Joan Caulfield, who I say is not only one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood but in the wide world, was escorted by Harry Koernitz.

Bob Hope was there with the striking Dolores, and when they did a hot rhumba together, everybody accused them of showing off their South American training. That Hope was in great form and kidded everybody.

Frankie, of course, sang—so did Tony Martin—and both of them really "sent" the crowd. Tony was with Cyd Charisse, who seems to be his favorite date these days and nights. But you know Tony. His affections are subject to change without notice.

Marie McDonald looked so different with her dark hair, I didn't recognize her at first. The change is attractive—but Marie is a "blonde personality" if I ever saw one. What do you bet she doesn't go back to being blonde?

The entertainment was a "surprise" and perfectly wonderful. Lauritz Melchior sang "Because," Jose Iturbi played the piano as only he can play, and Jimmy Durante clowned all over the place—and what a lovable, sweet clown he is.

Myrna Loy is so slender these days you would hardly know her. Herbert Marshall and his bride looked very happy. She wore a very beautiful trousseau gown, black trimmed in pink, and her hair fluffy around her head. "Boots" usually wears it in a tight knot—but I liked the new coiffure much better. Take Hollywood alphabetically and you'll have the list of celebs who showed up to pay tribute to Walter's wonderful work in raising money for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

P.S. Jack Dempsey brought a very pretty girl named Felice Ingersoll, whom he has been escorting regularly. And I ran into Bob Hutton and his beautiful Cleatus, late in the evening. The Huttons tell me they have just bought a new house in Beverly Hills

(*Continued on page 70*)

THERE WAS A THREAT HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT..
There was a threat he had to hide – and a girl he had to seek!...He was the hunted turned hunter – defying the dangers of numberless nights to keep his promise to return!
HUMPHREY
BOGART
and LAUREN
BACALL
From the spectacular SATURDAY EVENING POST serial comes this great entertainment from
WARNER BROS.
DARK PASSAGE

WITH
BRUCE BENNETT · AGNES MOOREHEAD · TOM D'ANDREA

DIRECTED BY
DELMER DAVES

PRODUCED BY
JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • From the Novel by David Goodis • Music by Franz Waxman

In a way, it was fun—quiet dates at corner tables, flowers for Pat's hair, and the Wildes recapturing something that was never really lost.

By Dick Hyland

Vacation from marriage

■ One warm evening this summer, a lovely blonde woman escorted by a dark young man with an athletic step, entered LaRue's, the fashionable restaurant on the Sunset Strip. They stopped at the cloakroom and he removed the wrap from her tanned shoulders. It was evident that he had performed the same service many times before.

The brunette girl in the cloakroom took the coat, flashed the couple a professional smile, and turned to the girl who worked with her. "What do you know? The Cornel Wildes!" Her partner nodded.

The couple was led into the dining room and seated at a side table for two. The room's soft lighting flattered her blondness and his strong masculine face. They were a pair that any artist might have put together. They were gay.

"What will you have, dear?" he asked.

"I don't know. What looks good to you?"

He raised his eyes from the menu. "*You* do, Patricia," he said, suddenly serious. "You look very good to me."

Their tenth wedding anniversary (Sept. 21) was a few days away as they deliberated over their choice of food. For ten years, Cornel Wilde had been saying that same thing to Patricia Knight, his wife.

(*Continued on page 87*)

BETRAYED... By Men of Evil for a Handful of Silver!

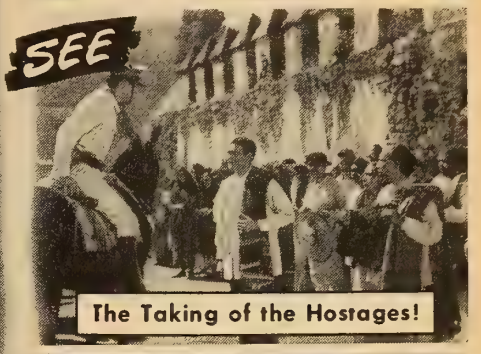
BEFRIENDED... By a Woman, Who Alone Dared Shield Him from Doom!

The Sacking of the Village!

The Betrayer's Treachery!

The Executioner's Reckoning!

The Pursuer's Challenge!



The Taking of the Hostages!

The Dance at the Inn!

JOHN FORD and MERIAN COOPER
present
ARGOSY PICTURES'

THE FUGITIVE

co-starring

HENRY FONDA
DOLORES DEL RIO
PEDRO ARMENDARIZ

with J. CARROL NAISH • LEO CARRILLO • WARD BOND
ROBERT ARMSTRONG • JOHN QUALEN

Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS

Directed by JOHN FORD

Released through RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

You'll Remember These
JOHN FORD Directed Hits

★ THE INFORMER
THE HURRICANE
STAGECOACH
★ GRAPES OF WRATH
THE LONG VOYAGE HOME
★ HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY
THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

★ ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

if he didn't care...

He likes to talk about Margot—how she turned a stable into a home, and a rough guy into a perfect host—and would Dane act this remembering way, if he didn't care?

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Dane and Margot used to relax by writing songs. A few months after this picture was taken they sold one called, "This Is Real." Now, they're deciding if it really is. After he finishes *Whiplash,* they'll go for a cruise because Dane says, "Water is soothing."

■ *"That* guy?" asked Freddie Steele, former world's middleweight champion, who does the big fight scene in *Whiplash* with Dane. "I hit him so hard once he should'a come apart at the ankles. Instead he bounces right back and bends me my bridgework!"

"Who, Dane?" retorted Dan Beasely, Warner Brothers cameraman. "He's always kidding you into something, and then, all of a sudden, you find out he isn't kidding at all!"

"Oh, *him!*" muttered Hank Norvil, the studio garage attendant, as a puzzled look came over his face. "I ast him why he don't get himself a big car like all the big shots and he said he'd rather be a little guy in a little car than a little guy in a big car!"

"Who, Dane?" queried Mushy Callahan, studio trainer, in an Avenue B accent that brings tears to the eyes of lonesome New Yorkers. "He's refreshing, honest. Like a week in the Catskills. And one of these linguists, too. I like it when he orders spaghetti in Italian—and the waiter brings ravioli."

"Dane Clark?" asked the casting director. "Sure, I remember when he used to come around the office looking for movie work. I'd tell him there was nothing doing and not to come back for a week. And the next morning he'd be right there again, saying he had forgotten a book or a package or something. It took me a long time to figure out that all the "forgetting" was just a racket to get right back into my office again. But, by then, it was too late—we had already signed him up!"

"Who, me?" asked Dane, himself, as he leaned over a Romanoff chef's salad, which he was mowing nicely flat. "Sounds like a lot of loose talk."

"You deny it?"

A look of pain crossed his face. "Please (*Continued on page 131*)

—that Always-Fresh look...

"My skin's really beauty-clean, smooth . . . after fresh-cleansing with Woodbury Cold Cream! says Jane Greer

co-starring in R.K.O. Radio's "OUT OF THE PAST"

DEEP-CLEANSING RICH-SOFTENING WOODBURY COLD CREAM

- Rich, deep-cleansing oils float away make-up, clogging skin soil
- Four special softening ingredients smooth dry skin

Jane's beauty-glow cleansing...with Woodbury Cold Cream

Fresh-up! "And when *skin* needs a fresh-up, always . . . my Woodbury Cold Cream!" says Jane. Yes! This satin-smooth cream brings *satin-glow* skin. Take Woodbury, girls, for *your* smoothing-cleansing...keep that Woodbury "Always-Fresh" look!

On-the-glow! Jane's skin looks new bloom, after busy studio day. "A dinner date means *first*—my date with Woodbury!...to *cleanse* and *soften* that tired dry-skin feeling! In a second, skin looks silky. A fresh film for my powder base . . . and make-up glows!"

That "Always-Fresh" look

Clear-clean, silken-soft skin—for you! Woodbury Cold Cream is *different*. *Rich oils* cleanse deep...free your skin of clinging make-up, grime. Woodbury's *four special softening ingredients* smooth dry skin—each cleansing! See the velvet-fresh look Woodbury gives.

No finer cream than Woodbury is made — at any price!

FOR SPECIAL SKIN PROBLEMS

Dry Skin: Woodbury Cream-cleanse. Soften with Woodbury *Special* Dry Skin Cream . . . rich in lanolin's benefits.

Oily Skin: Cleanse with Woodbury *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream. Leaves skin clearer.

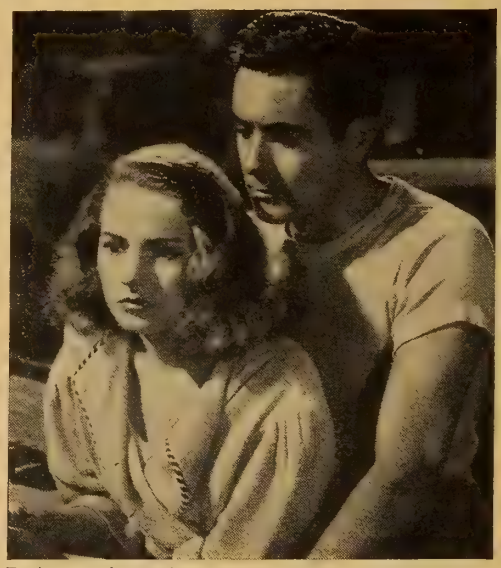
Beautiful Good Night! "Have to think of morning beauty," says Jane. "So I Woodbury-cream-cleanse . . . for baby-clean skin. Then smooth on a fresh veil . . . for rich skin-softening *all night through*." Try it, girls...get beautifying Woodbury Cold Cream.

Movie reviews

by virginia wilson

Ty Power, a carnival barker, who wants to be a big time "mentalist," spiels to the crowd about Coleen Gray, the Girl Who Defies Electricity.

Joan Blondell, for whom Ty has been making a play in order to get the secret code she once used in a mind-reading act, learns that he's in love with Coleen, and taunts him before the others.



Ty learns the code, marries Coleen, and together they go to Chicago, where the act is successful and the two flourish—until their fraud is exposed!

NIGHTMARE ALLEY

Tyrone Power plays a strange, almost frightening character in *Nightmare Alley*. A man who can sway everyone but himself. A man who is ruthless and cold and clever, until at last he meets someone as ruthless as he is and far more clever.

The people of *Nightmare Alley* aren't much like people you are apt to meet. They are "carnie" people, that is, they work in traveling carnivals, and they have their own customs and ideas.

Take Stan Carlisle (Tyrone Power). He's new in the business, but already he's as adept a barker as you'll find in any side show. His show is Zeena's mind-reading act. Zeena (Joan Blondell) and her husband, Pete (Ian Keith), used to be in the big time. Now they're just part of the "carnie" crowd. But because she goes for Stan's easy magnetism and laughing eyes, she begins to teach him the things that she and Pete once used to do together.

It isn't long afterward that Pete dies from drinking the wood alcohol he thought was whiskey. Stan knows how it happened but he certainly isn't going to tell. He's going to get out of carnivals and into the profession of "mentalist."

When Stan leaves the carnival, however, it isn't Zeena he takes with him, but Molly (Coleen Gray). She's a pretty girl, and young, which Zeena isn't. She's been in love with Stan for a long while. The wedding is practically a shot-gun affair, but what does it matter? They're going to be so happy together!

A year later, Stan is "The Great Stanton," appearing with Molly as his partner at the Sherman House in Chicago. He's doing fine, and he has ideas for a couple of things that should make them *really* rich. Crooked? Well, maybe, but Stan doesn't care, and if Molly does, she knows that she can always get out.

Then he meets a woman psychiatrist named Lilith (Helen Walker) and finds out he doesn't know all the answers after all.—*20th-Fox*

Are you in the know?

What's this paper doll trying to do?

- ☐ *Get into print*
- ☐ *Scoop the news*
- ☐ *A slight-of-hand trick*

Ma Nature gave this little girl a great big hand. Outsize paws seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumpling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace (a confidence builder!). At "those" times, too, you can gain self-assurance—with Kotex, and that exclusive *safety center*. Because it gives *extra* protection, it's a can't-miss for confidence.

Which type calls for this neckline?

- ☐ *Pudge*
- ☐ *Pee-wee*
- ☐ *TNT*

Scarves are neckline news again. Top 'em off with a fancy stickpin — maybe made from your own sorority pin. But mind you — chin-chucking scarves are not for the short or chubby. It's the TNT gal (tall 'n' terrific) who can best wear the style shown here. And by the way, it's smart to know *Kotex* comes in sizes! 3 of 'em! So — from Regular, Junior and Super you can choose the napkin suited to *you*.

What the lonesome lass lacks is—

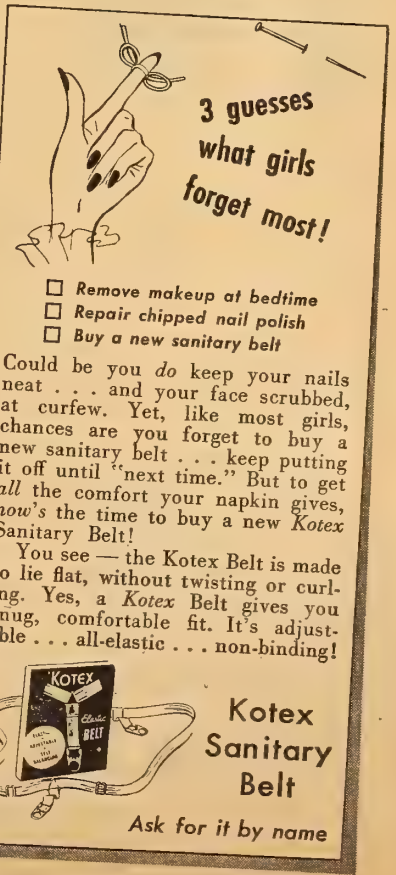
- ☐ *Goldilocks*
- ☐ *Good standing*
- ☐ *Gorgeous gams*

It takes more than honey-hued tresses and trim pegs to make an impression. Avoid that Leaning Tower look. Since it comes from toting textbooks on one favored side — shift the ballast! Good standing improves your poise. Of course, poise is yours for the asking on difficult days — when you've asked for *Kotex*. Naturally! Because Kotex is the napkin with flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.

Will you score with your stadium squire, if you're

- ☐ *Cheer-happy*
- ☐ *Sweet and silent*
- ☐ *A quiz kid*

Gals should *know* football! — squires complain. Block that "kick"— by boning up, beforehand. Then get with the game! Have fun! Better to cheer your head off than be sweetly mute or a question-box And don't let calendar interference faze you. Just depend on Kotex: it's made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And teamed with a Kotex Sanitary Belt (all-elastic — snug-fitting — adjustable!) Kotex keeps you in blissful comfort, from kickoff to final whistle!


3 guesses what girls forget most!
☐ Remove makeup at bedtime
☐ Repair chipped nail polish
☐ Buy a new sanitary belt
Could be you *do* keep your nails neat . . . and your face scrubbed, at curfew. Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt . . . keep putting it off until "next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!
You see — the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!
KOTEX
Elastic BELT
Kotex Sanitary Belt
Ask for it by name

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S PAT. OFF.

Important Event

TWO PIECE SUIT!

New Longer Length

only **$7.98**

Here it is—your loveliest, most important suit, to invite the loveliest, most important events in your life! New, longer jacket, flaring out at the hips in a full, flirtatious, double peplum. The top tier of the peplum and the jaunty collar smartly match the skirt. New, longer skirt with zipper closing. Superbly tailored of sleek, rich rayon faille. In enchanting colors:

Kelly Green and Black; Royal Blue and Black; Scarlet Red and Black; Kelly Green and Brown. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17.

COME IN OR MAIL COUPON

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275 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY
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SEND NO MONEY — **SENT ON APPROVAL**

PREVIEW FASHIONS, Dept. D111
275 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman $7.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage. In New York City add 2% Sales Tax.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice	IE

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

The Birds and the Bees: Jeanette MacDonald can take only so much from a boorish ex-husband, a career and three lively daughters (Ann Todd, Jane Powell and Mary E. Donahue). But J. Iturbi helps.

THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

You'll be perfectly safe in taking your kid sister, whose education hasn't progressed beyond the birds and the bees, to this one. Sex never once rears its ugly head, although two marriages and three children constitute a vital part of the plot. The romantic interest is supplied by Jeanette MacDonald and Jose Iturbi.

The children are pleasant youngsters, and the oldest, played by Jane Powell, sings like the well known nightingale. What happens goes something like this:

Louise Morgan (Jeanette MacDonald) career woman, faints from overwork, and her doctor solicitously recommends a long cruise. "By yourself," he adds emphatically, having had some experience with the three daughters. They are, he admits, very sweet, but not exactly restful.

So he breaks the news to Tess (Jane Powell), Ilka (Ann Todd), and Alix (Mary Eleanor Donahue) that their mother has had a nervous breakdown and must go away for a while. They are angelic about it.

But no sooner does Mummy get off on the cruise than the little dears start cooking up a scheme to "bring Daddy back." It seems that Mummy has divorced Daddy when they were all very small, and they think of him as a combined Sir Galahad and General Eisenhower. Actually, he was a louse of the first water and Mummy couldn't have been gladder to get rid of him, but she's never told them that.

Meanwhile, Mummy is on the high seas, being wooed with red roses and champagne by none other than Jose Iturbi. In Cuba, she agrees to marry him, and after a quick ceremony, they fly back to surprise the kiddies. The kiddies, of course, are all ready to surprise Mummy with Daddy! It gets pretty involved, as you can imagine.

The music is lovely.—*M-G-M*

THE FLAME

Why is it that on the screen one brother is always very, very good, while the other is very, very bad? You'd think that at least that would make it easier for the beautiful heroine to pick the good one. Unfortunately, she always falls in love with the bad one, first.

That's not at all a bright idea in the case of brothers George (John Carroll) and Barry (Robert Paige) MacAllister. Carlotta (Vera Ralston) should know that a man like George, who could deliberately plan her marriage to his dying brother in the hope of cashing in on her inheritance as a widow, is hardly a desirable character. But love is blind, and apparently a little deaf, too, so she goes ahead with the scheme.

She takes a position as nurse to Barry, who has no idea that she has so much as met his brother. Barry has a bad heart, and the doctor (Henry Travers) gives him only a couple of months to live. Carlotta, lovely to look at, and following George's Machiavellian plans, has no trouble making Barry propose to her.

The trouble starts afterward. Because Carlotta finds that her new husband is tender and understanding and faithful—in fact, all the things that George is not. Before long, she is in love with him and realizes that what she felt for George was a crazy infatuation with no real foundation. She even tries to tell Barry the whole truth, but he stops her gently. "Your past is your own, Carlotta. The future is ours—however little of it there may be."

Actually, Barry is stronger, healthier since his marriage. It begins to seem quite possible that he won't die, after all. It is George who is miserable now. He has not only lost Carlotta but is being blackmailed by a nasty specimen named Ernie (Broderick Crawford).

It seems Ernie and George share a girl friend, Helene (Constance Dowling), and now Ernie plans on their sharing the MacAllister fortune.

The solution to this dilemma comes from a sudden and not very consistent change in character. I doubt if you'll be convinced. I wasn't.—*Rep.*

(Continued on page 20)

Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart — can you? See the answer below!)

See how easy it is to give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Soft, smooth, natural-looking curls and waves. Yes a Toni is truly lovely. But, before you try TONI, you will want to know —

Will TONI work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?
Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?
Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent — or your money back.

Why is TONI a creme?
Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently — leaves it soft as silk with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

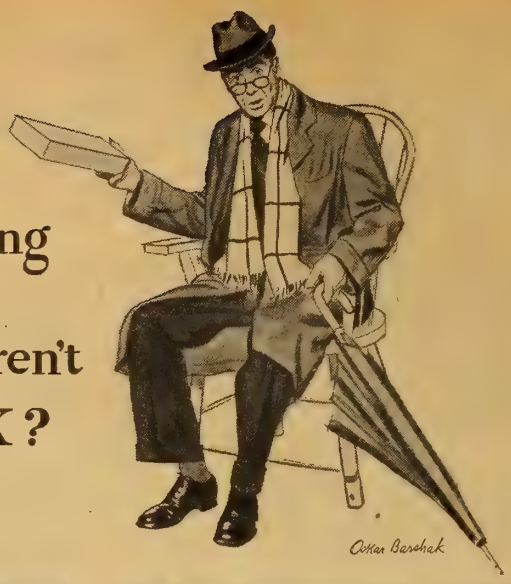
How much will I save with TONI?
The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

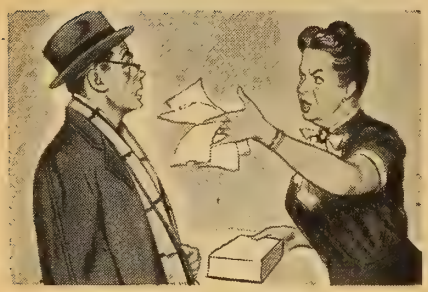
Which is the TONI Twin?
Kathleene, at the right, has the TONI. Ask for Toni today. On sale at all leading drug, notions or cosmetic counters.

TESTED AND COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

Are you trying to tell me All tissues aren't KLEENEX?





Homer, how can a mind like yours get so confused? — chided my wife. I've *always* told you Kleenex and ordinary tissues aren't the same! Why, even the Kleenex *box* is different. It *serves up* tissues — saves time and trouble. I want *Kleenex* — there's no other like it!

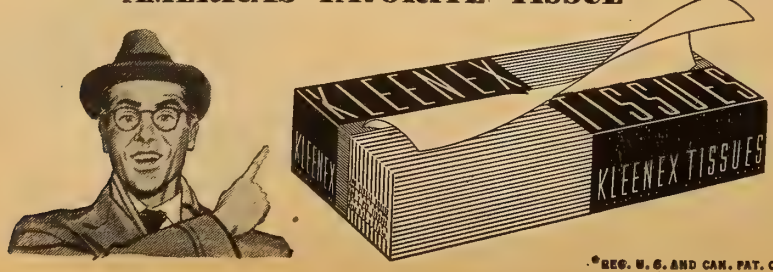
PreCISELY! echoed Dean Doolittle. My dear colleague, Kleenex is *one species* of tissue — not a term for tissues as a group! Indeed, I find Kleenex most soothing for that (ahem!) sniffling condition which accompanies a cold. In short, there is *only one* Kleenex!

Brain Boy, you're slipping! my sister admonished me. I'm a teacher, too, but in *my* book — Kleenex means just one brand of tissues. Nice, *soft* tissues — to remove my face cream *gently!* But do you remember to ask for *Kleenex*? No. You mumble "tissues." As if my *skin* wouldn't know the difference!

Why be a guesser, Professor? said my nephew. Just hold this Kleenex tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Ixnay! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you're sure Kleenex *must* be a softie, but tough enough for any Joe Blow! Your *eyes* tell you there's *only one* Kleenex!

Lucky I learned...*There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*REG. U. S. AND CAN. PAT. OFF.

Secret Beyond The Door: M. Redgrave won't give J. Bennett the key to the seventh room.

THE SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR

You meet a man; you fall in love with him, you marry him. You know his name, his business, what he likes to eat and drink. But although he's your husband, he's a stranger.

That, at least, is the way it happens to Celia Barrett (Joan Bennett). When her brother, Rick, dies, she goes to Mexico with some friends. Anything to start a new life for herself, since she has no family left.

She sees Mark Lamphere (Michael Redgrave) first during a Mexican alley fight. Somehow, when their eyes meet, she knows he has recognized the crazy, primitive feeling that grips her during the fight. They meet later in a cafe and she seems to be under a curious spell. She has thought she was in love before, but it never felt like this. Nothing in all the world ever felt like this . . .

So Celia and Mark are married. Instead of living in New York as Celia had expected, they go to a small town on the Hudson where the Lamphere family has always lived. Mark stops off on business in New York, so Celia sees Lamphere House first alone. Oh, accompanied, of course, by Carrie (Anne Revere), Mark's sister, but that is hardly the same thing. Carrie is almost ghost-like in some ways.

When Mark arrives, he, too, seems changed. Moody, black with anger or despair half the time over some trifle, he isn't anything like the charming man she married. The scent of lilacs or the sound of a key turning in a lock is enough to throw him into a rage.

Then, there is his collection of six secret rooms—each one an exact copy of a room where a murder took place. And the seventh room, she finds, one day, is the eeriest of all.—*Univ.-Int.*

BLACK GOLD

You've seen plenty of American Indians on the screen. Usually, they've been all done up in warpaint by the Westmore brothers, and have been scalping people like crazy. Now, for a change, we have an Indian who may bear some faint resemblance to the real thing. He is Charley Eagle (Anthony Quinn). The time is the 1920's, which may explain why there are no tomahawks around.

Charley is off on one of his periodic hunting trips, when he finds a small Chinese

Black Gold: Kate De Mille tells Anthony Quinn of the problems their adopted son must face.

boy, Davey (Ducky Louie), cowering behind a bush near the Mexican border. It seems that Davey's father has just been shot, after being smuggled into this country, and Davey is expecting the same fate.

Charley takes the boy home with him to his mission-trained wife, Sarah (Katherine De Mille). Young Davey isn't quite sure how he'll be received, but Charley has no doubts. "Indian wife do as husband say," is his theory, and it seems to work.

Anyway, Sarah welcomes Davey cordially to her trim white cottage and neat garden. When he has difficulty at school with boys who yell, "Chink, chink, chinaman!" in the traditional manner, Charley and Sarah adopt him. That gives him confidence enough to fight when necessary, to ride a horse, to do anything his new parents want him to.

Charley Eagle has one passionate interest—horses. His mare, Black Hope, is the joy of his life. When an oil well comes in on his property, the first thing Charley does is breed Black Hope to an expensive stallion. The resulting colt, Black Gold, is entered in the Kentucky Derby.

But Charley has been hurt in an accident and will never live to see the Derby. He hires a trainer for the colt, and asks him also to teach young Davey to become a jockey. It is a matter of racing history that a colt named Black Gold won the Kentucky Derby in 1924. The rest may not be history, but it makes an interesting picture, in Cinecolor.—*Mono.*

MAGIC TOWN

If you believe in magic, you may believe in *Magic Town*. You will certainly believe in Jimmy Stewart as Rip Smith, ex-army captain and famous basketball player.

Rip, it seems, hasn't been doing so well since he got out of the army. He's been running a poll-taking service, but public opinion polls are tricky things, and Rip's results have been inaccurate.

Then something happens. Rip hears of a little town called Grandview where, for some crazy reason, the opinions of the townspeople coincide to the last decimal with the national polls. It's a gold mine for a guy like Rip, if he can keep anyone from finding out about it. Instead of knocking his brains

You've picked a perfect silent partner, Honey. Mum not only protects your work-a-day charm, but keeps you sweet and dainty after hours, too.

It's foolish for any girl to take chances with underarm odor. A bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* offense.

Be a safety-first girl with

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safe for charm — Mum checks perspiration odor, keeps underarms dainty all day or evening.

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Mum safe for clothes — No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

"When Acid Indigestion sets me all a-twitter, Tums set me right"

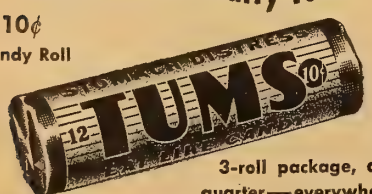
Says BILLIE BURKE — Beloved Hollywood Actress

"Fluttery stomach and a smooth performance just don't go together. So when I suffer acid indigestion, I reach for Tums. Their relief is sweet—and fast!"

When acid indigestion hits *you*, get almost instant relief with Tums. And when it won't let you sleep, don't count sheep—count on Tums for a refreshing night's rest. There's nothing *surer*, nothing *faster!* Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly — Tums coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums sweeten sour stomach. Relieve that bloated feeling, gas and heartburn jiffy-quick. Tums contain no soda—no raw, harsh alkali—so Tums won't overalkalize and irritate your delicate stomach. Tums are handy, too—no mixing, no water needed. *Never* overalkalize, always neutralize excess acidity with Tums. Get Tums today — *genuine* Tums for the tummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!

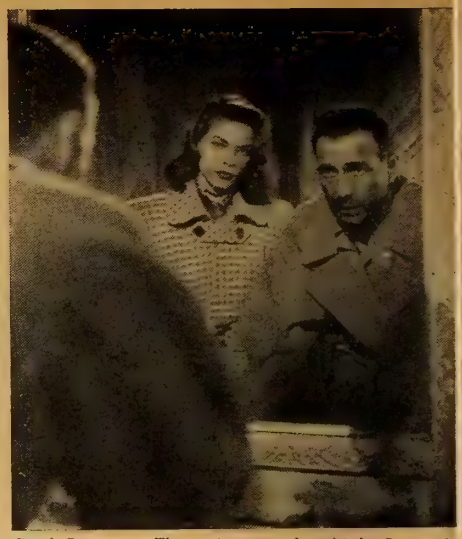
10¢ Handy Roll



3-roll package, a quarter—everywhere

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR (Nature's Remedy). Caution: Take only as directed. Get a 25c box today.

Magic Town: Maybe he can impress the whole town, but Jim Stewart can't fool Jane Wyman.



Dark Passage: The only one who thinks Bogart's innocent of murder is the mysterious Bacall.

out asking questions all over the country, he only has to find out what Grandview thinks.

So he and his assistants, Ike (Ned Sparks) and Mr. Twiddle (Donald Meek), come to Grandview, pretending to be insurance agents. Only to find that a girl named Mary Peterman (Jane Wyman) is trying to make the town over. Yes, sir! Wants them to build a new school and a hospital and heaven knows what all, in the name of progress.

Rip sees immediately that this would be apt to change several decimal points in his new undertaking. He makes a charming, sentimental speech to the city council, all about their ideal American town, and what a bad thing change is for a community. To Mary's disgust, they go for it and her plan is thrown out.

Rip does everything he can, including coaching the High School basketball team, to become a respected citizen. Then Mary finds out his real identity, and the story of Grandview as the poll spot of the country hits the papers. What happens after that will surprise you.—*RKO*

DARK PASSAGE

Bogart and Bacall are together again, in as exciting a tale of murder as you'll find on any screen. It begins when Vincent Parry (Humphrey Bogart) escapes from San Quentin prison, where he is serving a life sentence for the murder of his wife. His chance of getting away is about one in a hundred and he knows it. What he doesn't know is that a blonde girl with a wide, beautiful mouth and a mind of her own, is going to supply that chance.

Irene Jansen (Lauren Bacall) doesn't know Parry, but she attended his trial and she's sure he's innocent of murder. It's half Fate and half telepathy that makes her come driving along just in time to get Parry into San Francisco through the police barriers.

She takes him to her apartment, brings him new clothes. She tells him he can stay there safely, but Parry insists on going to his best friend, George (Rory Mallinson). He isn't sure whether he can really trust this long-eyed blonde, in spite of her protestations. After all, she admits, herself, that she knows Madge Rapp (Agnes Moorehead) who was the chief witness against Parry at his trial.

So, at midnight, the man whom half of San Francisco is searching for, hails a taxi. And thereby becomes another man entirely. Because the taxi driver recognizes him, but instead of turning him over to the police, takes him to a plastic surgeon. When Parry emerges, swathed in bandages, his face is completely changed. Only the eyes, and the deadly purpose behind them, are the same. That purpose is to find the person who really murdered his wife.

Parry starts once more for George's. But now he is too late. Murder has flamed again through the night, and this time the police are convinced he's guilty. *Everyone* is, except one girl—Irene.—*War.*

UNFINISHED DANCE

If you are a devotee of the ballet, or of Margaret O'Brien, you will probably be charmed with *Unfinished Dance*. It is staged in the expensive M-G-M tradition, with Cyd Charisse doing most of the professional ballet work.

Little Meg Merlin (Margaret O'Brien) is so crazy about the ballet that sometimes she even forgets to go to ballet school. That sounds like a contradiction in terms, but it really isn't. The reason she forgets is because she's busy watching Mlle. Bouchet (Cyd Charisse), première ballerina of the company. Mlle. Bouchet is aware of, and rather amused by, the child's adoration. She doesn't take it seriously but then, she doesn't take anything seriously.

Even her career isn't as vital to her as it is to most ballerinas. There is Fred (Charles Bradstreet), who wants her to marry him—and Fred has a great deal of money. It would mean security and pleasure and no more work and worrying.

Just the same, Mlle. Bouchet is furious when word gets around that La Darina (Karen Booth), one of the greatest ballerinas in the world, is to be brought to the company for

(*Continued on page 95*)

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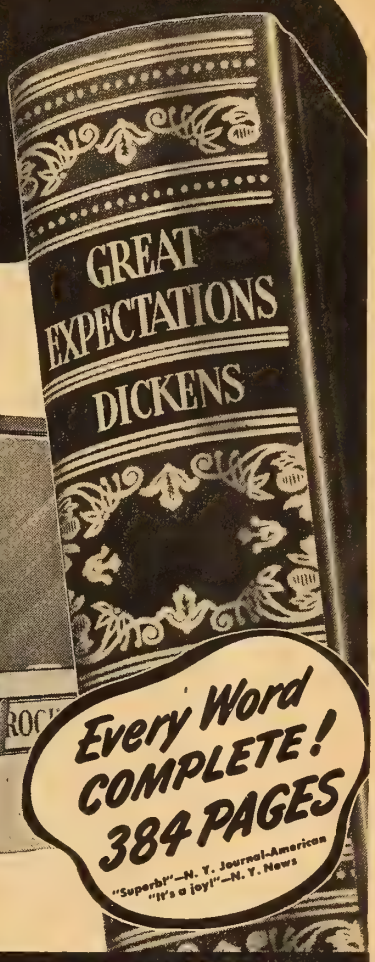

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Pip's fantastic adventures began—unexpectedly enough—on a dank and foggy marsh, where the grim figure of Magwitch, the convict, suddenly loomed out of the mist and grabbed the terrorized boy! It was a meeting which scared Pip out of his wits—but it also was the beginning of a drama which only the genius of Dickens could have conceived.

Millions have been thrilled by this intensely human story—millions more are *right now* enjoying the motion picture version which critics are raving about!

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As a movie-goer, how many times have you felt that the limitations of the screen have made it IMPOSSIBLE for the picture producer to tell the *whole story* — as the author wrote it? Maybe you have felt that the movie version *lacked* something—was somehow incomplete and *expurgated*. How many times you have heard your friends say of a movie: "It was good—*but the book was better!*"

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out of unhappiness . . .

A lonely woman, lost—that was Hedy. Tired of her beauty. But Mark showed her a whole new world, where people laughed, and danced, and fell in love . . .

by florabel muir

special modern screen reporter

■ You've never seen anything like the change a few short months have made in Hedy Lamarr. Only time will tell for sure whether it's a new romance which has brought about this happy result, because neither Hedy nor Mark Stevens is saying anything definite. They can't, naturally. For, though Hedy has won her freedom from John Loder, the separation of Mark and Annelle Stevens is still so new that Hollywood tongues haven't yet ceased wagging about its cause and origin.

All I know is that it looks and sounds like the romance both Hedy and Mark have been waiting for. Not only are they two very nice and pleasant people, but they've had their flings at trial and error in marriage. It isn't always easy to maintain poise under the glare that focuses on Hollywood romances. These two are facing that difficult situation with dignity and frankness. Hedy tells you honestly that she feels she's just begun to live again. Mark is more guarded, as is only natural under the circumstances.

However, the fact that he spent every possible moment with Hedy, while he was busy with a trying role in 20th Century-Fox's *The Snake Pit* is actually all the answer one needs. Whenever he was free, he rushed up to Lake Tahoe (*Continued on page 77*)

10,000 Times More Beautiful Than Lipstick!

THIS WONDERFUL NEW WAY TO COLOR LIPS

Not Greasy—Not Dry

Nothing on Your Lips at All But

Lovely, Smooth Color

SOMETHING very different and heavenly has been created! A completely new, much more attractive kind of beauty for your lips—beauty so exquisite, so perfect, there has never been anything like it and you'll never again be content with anything less eye-catching, less flattering. I have worked seven long years to perfect my LIPCOLOR principle of lip make-up. Now it is ready for you to enjoy.

So Very Different from 'Lipstick'

It looks like lipstick and you apply it like lipstick, but oh! how beautifully different it is! Imagine! With my LIPCOLORS your lips will no longer wear a thick, pasty coating. They will wear *nothing but* concentrated color that stays and stays and STAYS, never piling up, never caking—never, never, *NEVER deserting your lips in patches.* Just sheer, flattering beauty, and every minute of every hour—right thru cocktails—right thru dinner—your lips will look and feel very well dressed, and much softer, much smoother than ever before!

How to Discover Your Most Flattering Lipcolor

I have fashioned my 'LIPCOLORS' in seven really breath-taking shades. Read about them here, then ask to see the Lady Esther Lipcolor card at your favorite department or drug store. This card shows exactly how each Lady Esther Lipcolor will look on your own lips.

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Lipcolors by Lady Esther

lovelier, by far, than lipstick

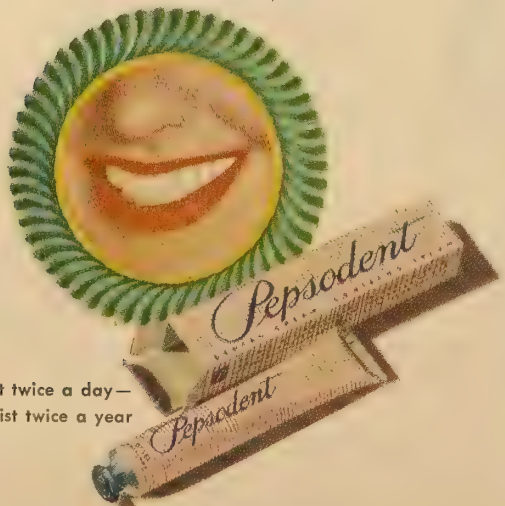
There are Seven Heavenly LIPCOLORS . . . **STARDUST**—*For night only—startlingly beautiful on anyone under electric light...* **REDDER THAN**—*So clear, so very red! Oh, so provocative...* **STAR RUBY**—*An exquisite gem ruby hue sprinkled with the blue from sapphires . . .* **CRIMSON BRONZE**—*A quietly racey brown red that sings clearly but softly . . .* **BRIDAL PINK**—*The freshest, rosiest pink ever...* **MOONDUST**—*A soft fuchsia that gathers golden glamour under nighttime lights...* **COY SIREN**—*An audacious scarlet—with a disarming aire.*

©1947 Lady Esther

It's cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner, brighter teeth!

New Pepsodent,

the only tooth paste containing **Irium,** removes the film that makes your teeth look dull — uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!



Use Pepsodent twice a day—
see your dentist twice a year

A Product of Lever Brothers Company

This is the story of a girl who got hers on a platter— the jewels, the flowers, the iced champagne . . . This is the story of a pocket Venus, with too many shoes, and not enough time, and hair as bright as the sun. Here is Lana, queen of an era!

GOLDEN GIRL

by kaaren pieck

In the magic world of America, where royalty often comes from Idaho, there appears once every era or so, a phenomenon known as the super-star.

This phenomenon is always dazzlingly beautiful. It is always female. And it is usually blonde.

A long time ago, before cheesecake took its place on the billboard and in our national life, it was a velvet-eyed darling with long, golden curls and ruffled petticoats.

That was Mary Pickford.

In the jazz age, it was a gay flapper with a wind-blown bob, knee-length skirts, and a voice like a tenor saxophone moaning the blues.

That was Clara Bow.

Later, it was a white-hot blonde with a Kansas City-British accent, a body as lush as a tropic night, and an aura of sex that could have been felt through a brick wall.

That was Jean Harlow.

Now, it is a voluptuous adolescent girl grown into a bold-eyed mature woman. A versatile Venus with hair that is blonde like wheat today, blonde like molasses taffy tomorrow

That is Lana Turner.

In a generation crowded with screen

(*Continued on page 29*)

Mervyn Leroy discovered Lana sipping a soda at Schwabs, while she was a Hollywood High senior. He gave her the role of the student in *They Won't Forget,* the film which made her the "Sweater Girl."

In 1938, Love found Andy Hardy, and Lana found that, like many othe stars (including Esther Williams, Donna Reed, Kathryn Grayson), this early Mickey Rooney film was a stepping stone to her key spot at Metro

Lana's first chance at a dramatic role came with *Ziegfeld Girl,* opposite Jimmy Stewart. At the sneak preview, fans protested Lana's death so violently, a happier ending had to be substituted later.

"TNT" was how the studio hawked Turner 'n Taylor in *Johnny Eager.* The picture followed *Ziegfeld Girl* on Lana's 1941 schedule, and proved again that Lana had the makings of a fine actress. Van Heflin was in it, too!

The Gable-Turner combination was more box-office magic. *Somewhere I'll Find You* (with Bob Sterling, right) was a result of the success of *Honkeytonk* and *Boomtown.* They'll be reunited in *Homecoming.*

For *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1946), Lana dyed her hair platinum, wore either all-white or all-black costumes. Her torrid beach scenes with John Garfield were too hot for the censors and had to be cut.

GOLDEN GIRL

GLAMOR: Lana's one of the few stars who knows exactly what's wanted of her in a portrait sitting. This well-known shot in the maribou negligee is a Turner cheese-cake classic.

CLOTHES: Lana's clothes play an important part in her career. Here, she consults with producer Carey Wilson, designers Walter Plunkett and Irene, on the 32 gowns she'll wear in *Green Dolphin Street.*

MOTHERHOOD: Daughter Cheryl has been the one abiding love in Lana's life. Once, on a New York vacation, Lana became so lonesome for her, she flew home to bring her back.

beauties, Lana Turner is the real queen of Hollywood. She is not the highest paid actress, nor even, by her own admission, the most competent. She has never won an Academy Award. She is not, by critical standards, the most beautiful. Yet, since she was first discovered sitting on a Hollywood malt shop stool, Lana Turner has completely personified glamor.

It is not merely her good looks, nor her torrid screen personality, nor her frank personal sex appeal that have brought Lana to her present position of glory. Rather, it is a combination of all these things—her entire effect as a woman, both on the (*Continued on page 31*)

Lana's marriage to second husband Steve Crane ended in 1944. Only happy result of that stormy union was daughter Cheryl, now 4, whom Lana actually spoils.

Lana's first. They say no girl has ever made bandleader Artie Shaw happy—and Lana was no exception. They continued dating, even after their divorce.

After Crane, Lana fell hard for Turhan Bey. Though she wore his ring, she hated to be photographed with him because usually he just sat and stared at her!

GOLDEN GIRL

From the first, Lana (hair much darker than today) was a party girl. One of her early dates was Henry Willson, Selznick exec.

Lana started going out with Bob Hutton shortly after his separation from Natalie Thompson, his first wife. Winchell called him "Lana's biggest thrill yet," but the romance soon died.

Tony Martin, who followed Greg Bautzer on Lana's heart-parade, was ultimately supplanted by Vic Mature. Curiously, both Vic and Tony later fell in love with Rita Hayworth.

Lana's always been an independent gal with her various escorts. George Raft, one of Hollywood's most popular swains, had one date with Lana—and never got another.

Something new has been added—a man who dominates Lana and makes her love it. That's why insiders are betting that this time Lana really means it when she says she loves Ty Power.

screen and off. It is the way she enters a room; the way she styles her hair, and the way she looks on a dance floor in a man's arms.

Lana has never disappointed her fans, nor Hollywood itself by failing to look the way a movie star is expected to look.

She's electric.

One afternoon in Seattle, when she was helping the sale of war bonds by kissing the purchasers, a young man bought a $1,500 bond, kissed Lana soundly, wahooed wildly and ran across the street to enlist in the U. S. Army. Many men, seeing Lana for the first time in a night club, in a preview crowd, have experienced (*Continued on page 113*)

tee for two

Golfing with a guy, you find out things; you take the measure of a man. And according to our Ed, Gable's a gent, a scholar, and a heck of a fellow with a hole in one!

Clark's getting tired of dressing-robe scenes and wants to do something rugged. He may get his chance in *Homecoming*. Meanwhile, he keeps in trim by playing below par golf with Bing Crosby and Ed Sullivan.

by ed sullivan

■ "Sure, it's been lonely for me," agreed Clark Gable. "Losing Carole left a gap in my life 1,000 miles wide; it was as though the best part of me died. It's been pretty tough since then."

He sipped at his Tom Collins.

"They say it never rains but it pours. On the plane with Carole was a very close friend of ours, Otto Winkler, who was assigned as my publicity man at M-G-M. I liked him tremendously, relied upon his advice and perception. He died with her. Then I had another friend, Harry Fleischmann. We used to go on fishing trips together. A few months later, he died, so there were three deaths within a space of a few months that wiped out the core of my existence. It hasn't been easy to reconstruct it, but I've done the best I knew how."

(*Continued on page 123*)

Ace guitarist Eddie Condon, the author of this story, backs Bing (of *The Emperor Waltz*) in a hot platter version of "After You've Gone."

■ It was a good blue and gold day in October, ideal for golf, and I called the Waldorf to put the bee on Crosby.

"Listen, fella," I said. "Today's the day, in case you've forgotten."

"Forgotten!" he bleated. "I'm sitting here memorizing the whole business in Latin, that's all; and reading up on the lives of the Saints into the bargain."

"Okay," I said. "See you later." Our second daughter, name of Liza, was being christened that afternoon, and Bing was to be her godfather. The christening hour approached, and Liza was done up fit to kill—and no Crosby.

"Nothing would do," Phil (that's my wife) was muttering. "You would have him for the godfather. All the charm in the world, that man, but no idea of time."

"He'll be here," I said. (*Continued on page 121*)

He almost didn't make it—because the doorman mistook him for an exterminator in that outfit—but Bing acted as godfather to Eddie's Liza, now 2. Mrs. Condon is on the left.

Photo by Jack Rollo

Love that man!

SINGING— THAT'S JUST A SIDE LINE WITH BING, WHO MAKES A CAREER OF HELPING GUYS WITH THE GOODS TO A HUNK OF THAT CROSBY STARDUST.

by Eddie Condon

Photo by Gjon Mili

The Condons' older daughter Maggie, who's 4, tried to give Bing some advice on phrasing a tune. He autographed this photo: "To my dear friend, Maggie. Keep my littlest boy in mind for later."

At Eddie Condon's Club, in Greenwich Village, restaurant man John Boggiano, Johnny Mercer, the host, and Bing recall the not-so-lush days of jazz. With Tom Sugrue, Eddie's written a book: "I Played Rhythm."

they won't forget

■ Larry Parks looked out over the tiers of faces, and said what he had to say.

"I especially wanted to be here tonight. This is something very close to my heart. My mother died of cancer. I want to do whatever I can to help."

It was Jo Stafford Day at Long Beach. Jo was putting on her broadcast for the Junior Chambers of Commerce, in convention assembled, and something

No one who was there that day will forget Larry's words: "I'm here because my mother died of cancer." Least of all, perhaps, Betty, who shares with him the memory of a gallant lady . . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN

At the age of one, Larry showed a marked talent for the use of "props"—like this straw hat. A new star of that day was Al Jolson.

Frank Parks hoped for a medical career for his only son. When he died in the mid-thirties, Larry was beating his fists against Broadway's closed doors.

Though ill, Mrs. Leona Parks encouraged Larry during the darkest days of *The Jolson Story*. She loved watching him work, and lived to see the finished picture. After her death last January, Larry plunged right into *Down to Earth* and *The Swordsman*.

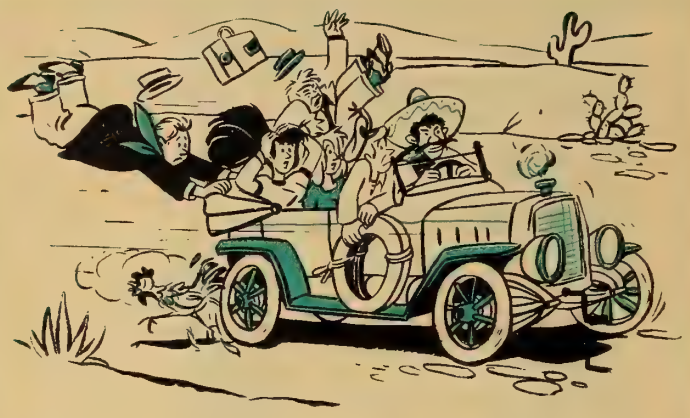
new had been added. A show to raise money for the Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. They'd asked Betty Garrett, Larry's wife, to sing. They'd asked Larry to make an appearance, say hello or something.

This was June. His mother had died in January. The wound was fresh, and he's not a guy to wear his heart on his sleeve. Saying hello or something would have been easy, but what good would it do? To lots of these people, cancer was something the other fellow got, it had never touched them—and Larry Parks was the guy who'd made *The Jolson Story*. If he could tell them his real reason for coming, it might drive the point home. Even one extra contribution would mean that he'd helped.

So he went out and told them. "I'm here because my mother died of cancer." And it helped.

His mother lived long enough to see *The Jolson Story* in a projection room at Columbia. They had to carry her upstairs, but illness didn't keep her from sitting enthralled to the end, nor from writing to Betty next day: "Oh, honey, are you going to be proud of your fella!"

That was a (*Continued on page 72*)



Anne clutched at John. "Darling," she said, "the engine fell out."

"Cutest little cockroach you ever saw."

The boatman had to hit it forty times with a baseball bat to kill it.

Holiday in Mexico

It's really fun here," she said. "I've convinced myself."

SOME FINE VACATION! THE HODIAKS RODE IN A TAXI WITHOUT A MOTOR, SWAM IN A POOL WITHOUT ANY WATER—AND NEARLY DROWNED IN A CAN OF FLIT!

By Christopher Kane

■ "Guaymas," John said with relish, stabbing at the map. "Ah, the fishing in Guaymas."

His wife gazed at him thoughtfully. "You don't know the first thing about Guaymas."

"I know there's good fishing," he cried. "Striped marlin—" He stopped. "That's swordfish, dear."

Dear sniffed. "Don't you patronize me!"

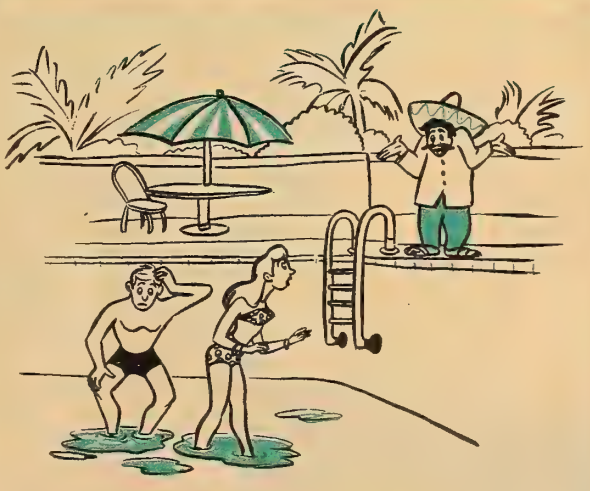
They were bickering amiably, because the prospect of a vacation together was almost too good, and they didn't quite trust it, and they were playing with it a little, tossing it up in the air, and worrying it.

John was through with *Love From a Stranger;* Anne had finished *Blaze of Noon,* and for once, there was time on their hands.

"Okay," she said. "Guaymas. "What do I wear in Mexico?"

"Not much," he said helpfully, lost in his map.

Five of them took off for Mexico together. There were Charles Wendling (Anne's agent) and his wife, Pat, and Keough Gleason, a set designer, (*Continued on page 127*)



"So help me, they're draining the pool!"

BREAKDOWN

While the Minnellis' personal plans remain indefinite, Judy's now well enough to make a movie. She collapsed during final days of *The Pirate.*

They whisper about Judy's collapse, but the story is simple. It is the story of a girl who climbed too far, too fast, and of a child without a childhood, and of a woman who is being born again.

by Hedda Hopper

■ The air is full of half-truths about Judy Garland.

They all started early in the summer when Judy very quietly slipped away from Hollywood, from her husband, Vincente Minnelli, and her baby daughter, Liza. Questions arose which stirred up a poisonous cloud of answers, most of them low, wide and on the far outside of the true story. They were questions you still hear today:

Where did she go?
What's the matter with her?
How could she stay away from her baby so long?
What about her husband?
What about her pictures?

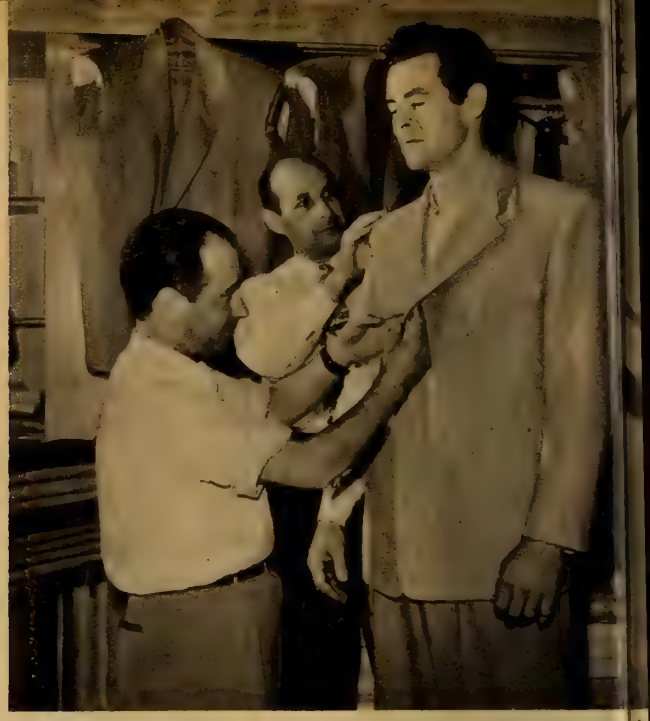
Well, the answers are simple enough, but they don't tell the whole story. In order to understand, you have to use the heart, as well as the ears.

Judy Garland left Hollywood because she was not only worn out physically; she was on the thin edge, emotionally. She knew that without proper (*Continued on page 101*)

Bob Ryan kept thinking of the kind of world he wanted for Jessica and Tim. And then, because he knew the answer, this gentle guy risked his own fame—to play a heel . . .

BY LYNN BOWERS

gentle heel



1. Bob got pretty excited when he learned he was being sent to Europe for *Berlin Express,* where he'll star opposite Merle Oberon. Two men rushed the job of completing his wardrobe.

4. The next stop before Europe was a drive-in, where Bob ate a hamburger with one eye on the clock. Then he was off to the studio to finish the last scene of *Return of the Badmen.*

■ Ryan made his way uncertainly down the main street of the studio lot. He'd had several too many. Shots, that is. For typhoid, for diphtheria, malaria, small pox. They were mixing merrily in his blood stream, but he was far from merry.

He was beat! Alongside of him a marble would look sharp.

He shook his head to clear it. He was due at the doctor's for a physical check-up. He had to see Publicity. And every so often, a little man popped out at him from behind a rock. He mustn't be startled—it was only Wardrobe fitting him for another outfit.

He had to buy clothes. He had to pack.

It was very exciting, except when one of those sickening pale grey waves of nausea hit him.

He left the lot to get his check-up. On the way he stopped for a hamburger, and eyed it tentatively, with a mixture of optimism and distaste.

"It is not," he remarked to the hamburger, "a good idea to start a trip to

2. Maybe Bob wouldn't have been in such a hurry to get to the doctor's office if he'd known what was waiting for him there. Shots! One after another until he began to feel like a Swiss cheese special.

3. Dr. Gourson waited for his heart to beat normally again before he began to listen. Bob looks a little apprehensive, but it seems he has a heart, after all, and plenty of space for it to expand in that Ryan chest.

5. At home, packing was made less of a problem by Bob's wife Jessica, but their 14-month-old son, Timothy, just wouldn't cooperate. He was all set to go along with his Dad—in a trunk.

6. Finally, Bob had to say goodbye to the bare-foot boy and Mrs. Ryan. He'll be gone only three months, but maybe when he gets back, Jessica will have started another mystery story and Timothy will be wearing shoes.

Europe on an empty stomach."

The next day he was to fly to New York, and from there to board the Queen Elizabeth, sailing for Southampton, and thereafter to proceed on the double for Berlin and RKO's *Berlin Express*.

Meanwhile, he wasn't exactly idle. He'd been mixing it with Randy Scott in some rugged fight scenes for *Return of the Badmen*, and he was going to have to strangle Anne Jeffreys before sundown.

"If," he thought, with due regard to the niceties, "I can just get a nap before I finish her off."

The European trip was to be something of a milestone for Robert and Jessica Ryan. Bob had rather diffidently broken the news that they'd be separated for three months.

"But it means a good part," he told her. "I'm going to be a very nice character in the picture."

Jess brightened. It hadn't been setting very well with her to see her gentle, rather shy, (*Continued on page* 111)

Gail Russell didn't mind at a bit when she learned her pal Diana Lynn would star opposite Guy Madison in La Jolla's *Dear Ruth*

"the play's the thing"

Peck, Madison, Lynn—big stars shine in today's little theaters. For kleig lights were never so warm as the sound of live laughter, or muffled tears.

■ People have some funny ideas about Little Theater.

If it's straw-hat, summer circuit stuff, they've got it figured that you go sit on a piece of splintered board, and snicker when the flats fall on the actors, who are all poor incompetent creatures left over from a rummage sale at the Ladies' Aid.

If it's stock company stuff, they've got it figured that the leading man is eighty years old, pure ham, and corn-fed. Corn whiskey.

But kids, those days are gone. Stock troupes and summer theaters are responsible for some of the finest experimental work being done on the stage today. They use new authors, new ideas that Broadway isn't willing to spend money testing. And in California, they're big business.

At Laguna Beach, an hour and a half out of Hollywood, there's a group called the Gryphon Players, headed by John Meredyth Lucas. He's a very fussy fellow, and he spends half his time saying "no" to people who offer him dollars in exchange for parts.

The Playhouse at Laguna wasn't the Music Hall, but there were any number of anxious young drama students glad to pay for the privilege of scrubbing the floors, and painting the walls, so it's looking good these days. (*Continued on page 109*)

"Hey, look," Diana smiles at her co-star. "We're legitimate thea-tah actors!" Guy prepared for his role by watching every available stock company.

At lunch, Guy talks over a scene with director Mel Ferrer. The Playhouse at La Jolla is really the high school auditorium, taken over by The Actors' Co.

In order to enjoy the benefits of the sun, rehearsals are held on the beach. Below, Diana and Guy wind up the scene on the stage of the auditorium.

(more pictures on following page)

1

2

3

4

"the play's the thing"

1. At the Coronet Theater, Hurd Hatfield and Carol Stone revived *Skin of Our Teeth,* which starred Fred March and Tallulah Bankhead on Broadway.

2. The Gryphon Players opened their gala Laguna Playhouse season with Ruth Hussey and Don DeFore in *Dream Girl.* Betty Hutton's in the movie version.

3. Another Laguna production was *Of Mice and Men.* It had Barbara Reed and Lon Chaney, Jr., in his famous Lenny role. Dane Clark starred as George.

4. Charles Korvin and Janis Paige do the "bundling" scene from *Pursuit of Happiness.* During rehearsal week, Janis worked as usher for the Gryphons.

5. Janis, a good joe, spent part of each day with the apprentices. College drama grads, they do the dirty work, seldom get more than a walk-on role.

6. Keenan Wynn and Hurd Hatfield applied their own makeup for *Skin of Our Teeth.* Two enthusiasts in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Van Johnson!

7. Most of the students live together at a boarding house near the beach. They bring their lunch, as room and board are not included in the tuition.

8. Mel Ferrer and Greg Peck, two La Jolla Players execs, go over seating plans with Dick Whorf, who directed the company's opener, *Night Must Fall.*

9. For the third act of *Skin,* Jane Wyatt was lowered into the cellar, from which she emerged through a trap door. She always took a lantern with her.

10. Dotty McGuire, of *Gentleman's Agreement,* asked director Alf Hitchcock for advice on possible plays. His daughter, Pat, appeared in *Dear Ruth.*

11. Every morning, before the rest of the *Pursuit of Happiness* cast assembled, Charles and Janis would run through their lines on the beach.

South America—take it away!

"THEY LOVE ME DOWN THERE," CRACKS BOB HOPE. "THEY LET ME PLAY GOLF WITH THE MONKEYS, MY WIFE GETS ALL THE ENCORES, AND MY GAGS PULL YAKS— FOR THE INTERPRETER!"

by Bill Graffis

Jerry Colonna watches Bob whittle away the time on the *Paleface* set. Hope plays the role of a dentist, but he wasn't very helpful the first day of work, when he had to have a tooth yanked.

Linda and Tony are on the look-out for their Mom at the Rio de Janeiro Airport. Bob and Fred Myron, his interpreter, bring up the rear. They flew to Buenos Aires, where they celebrated July 4th.

Tony, Dolores, Linda and Bob look cozy here, tho for a while it appeared as though Hope's future career would be confined to the Brazilian jungle. But, when transportation failed on the return trip, the Navy came to their rescue.

Back in New York, Bob tried to convince the customs' agent that he whipped up this little alligator number himself, from something he caught in the tropical swamps, but he had to pay duty, anyway—and not in toothpaste.

■ Hope smiled at his wife, Dolores, and son Tony, patted his daughter, Linda, reassuringly on the arm, and sank back in his plane seat, relaxed.

This trip to South America, a five-week, 20,000-mile tour of Puerto Rico, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Pêru, Colombia, Panama, and the Canal Zone—it was different from the million miles he'd traveled to entertain troops. It was a rest, for one thing. And Tony and Linda were bug-eyed and excited about the whole venture.

The plane droned on, and Bob slept until they reached a spot just off the coast of South America. Then, an air-pocket jarred him awake. He came to in time to see the captain of the ship chasing Tony down the aisle, trying to retrieve his cap. Tony had borrowed it from the pilot's compartment to play with.

Hope is still looking for the gentleman on the plane who warned him against stopping at Belem. He said the town's best hotel was so lousy that its cockroaches lived somewhere else.

But what he couldn't tell the Hopes was that the entire town of Belem had staged a big celebration in their honor. The mayor, the district governor, the various members of the legations were lined up in the public square waiting for the Hopes. Even jungle Indians had sailed their boats, loaded with snake skins, orchids, diamonds and miscellaneous gifts, down the Amazon to Belem.

"I wanted to punt myself over the nearest palm," claims Bob. "When the kids discovered my big mistake, I heard Linda tell Tony, 'Daddy really blew that deal.'"

About an hour before their plane landed in Rio, a little man staggered up the aisle to where Bob was sitting and asked, "Would you go on the Rio radio for me?"

"I sized this guy up," says Bob, "for a huckster, and told him he was off his bonnet. I was resting."

When the plane landed at Rio, a tremendous crowd was at the airport. A military guard of honor was lined up along the field, and the members of Brazil's finest band were blowing their lungs out.

Hope stepped out, and blew a tremendous kiss at the (*Continued on page 105*)

■ Last fall, she was in a mood like this: she didn't want to meet anybody.

She'd been working, and dating, and getting too tired, and after all, what for? The rings on the merry-go-round are only brass.

Mona and Pat Nerney called her up. "There's a cute boy from Texas—name's Neal—"

"Thank you," she said. "I don't want to meet anybody."

She gave so many people that routine, they were thinking of getting together and putting it to music.

Then she went to a John Frederics show with Stella Roach, the Paramount fashion lady.

When they came out, Stella said, "My feet hurt. How about a cup of tea at Romanoff's?"

They were sitting in one of the little curved booths, when a friend approached. "Diana, there's a boy over here who wants to meet you."

The boy came forward, and the friend made the introduction. "Miss Lynn, Mr. Neal."

Miss Lynn batted her big blue eyes. "Not *the* Mr. Neal, of Texas, about whom I've heard so much?"

He saw right through her. That was the first shock. She wasn't going to make a fool of him. "Would you like to have dinner with me?" he said shortly.

"No," she said, even more shortly.

He went away, and Stella said dreamily, "He's awful cute."

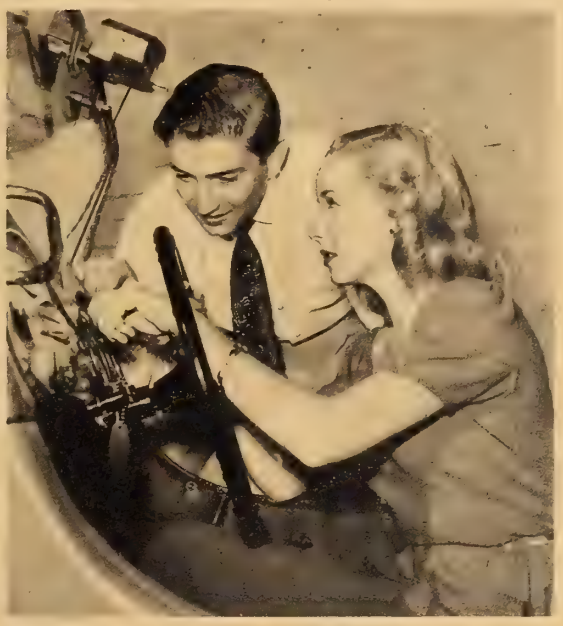
"*You* have dinner with him," said Diana meanly.

The next time she saw Neal, (*Continued on page 118*)

she never had it so good

Texan Bob Neal hides her third finger—so it's still guesswork about their engagement. But after she finishes *Variety Girl* and *Prelude To Night,* Diana might talk.

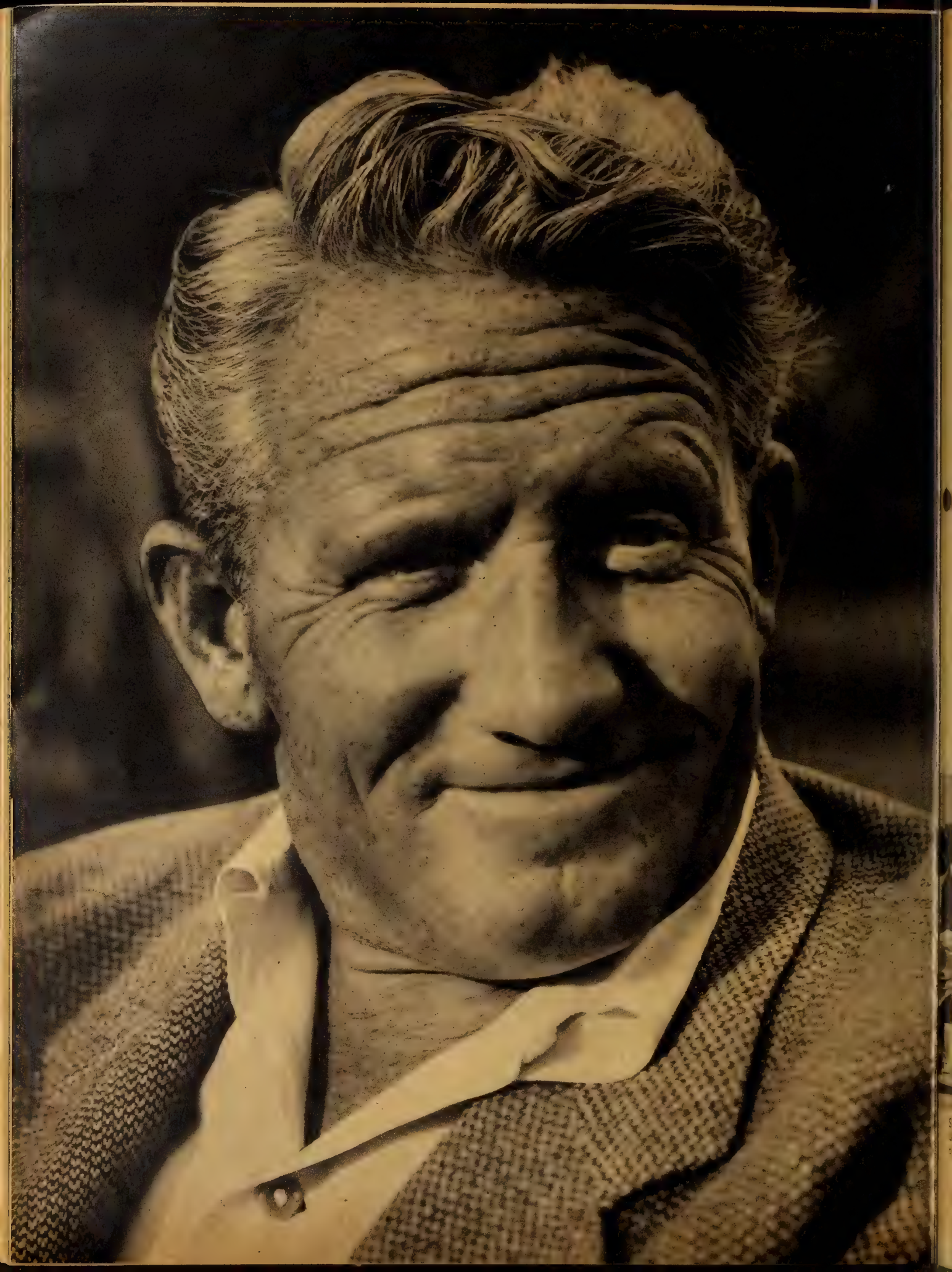
Diana's a terror at the wheel—sometimes forgets she's behind it! She whizzes around the Paramount lot on a motor scooter. But Bob's knee-high Singer frightens her.



Bonita Granville and her producer-husband Jack Wrather are old friends of Diana's. The foursome spend Sundays in Bonita's home and the gals talk about school-days.

DIANA LYNN THOUGHT LOVE WAS A MERRY-GO-ROUND— 'TIL BOB NEAL JUMPED ON BESIDE HER. AND THEN THE BRASS RINGS TURNED TO GOLD . . .

By Irene Greengard



Sure, 'tis a sad thing when an Irishman can't express a few sentiments about a friend like Tracy— without fear of a shillelagh in the small of his back!

by Pat O'Brien

"HIMSELF"

Spence and Lana Turner got practically a free tour of the U.S.A. when they made *Cass Timberlane*. Locations included Minnesota, Idaho, Fla. and (above) downtown L.A.

■ When that grand publication MODERN SCREEN commissioned me to write up a very intellectual piece about me old pal Spencer Tracy, I wrapped a fist around a shillelagh and hurried out to Glocca Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to see himself.

Himself was enacting a scene when I arrived, a bit of drama from a book called "Cass McTimberlane" by me fellow-writer, Sinclair O'Lewis. Ah, but himself was intense! There is a slip of a lass in this cinema, a colleen much admired by the lads, who goes under the lovely name of Lana McTurner, and himself, who plays the part of a judge, is much in love with the trim little lady.

It minded me of the old days of West End and Ninety-Eighth Street, New York, these twenty years ago. It was a kind of quiet authority with women the lad had, even then; and when the rest of us were knocking out our addled brains trying to amuse some lovely thing, Tracy would say nothing a-tall and walk off with her.

"And why do yez allow great oafs and bums like this on me set?" he inquires when the scene is done and over.

"And 'twas easy to find ye, at that, Mister Tracy," I says. "'Twas by following a trail of candy bar wrappers a foot thick that (*Continued on page 96*)

He stood under a small spot, a big guy

in a checked suit, while the girls in rhinestones glittered past.

But his mother was in the front

row, and it made Dan feel like Hamlet!

# of g-strings and apron strings

June Lockhart waits at the wheel, as Liz Dailey kisses Dan goodbye at Lake Arrowhead. He's become a water-ski fan, but he's better at the singing and dancing he does in *Give My Regards To Broadway.*

■ "I never send my laundry out until the booker sees the act."

So goes the direct and immortal quotation from Dan Dailey, as he bows his six feet four inches in the direction of the burlesque theater which gave him his early training.

One bow for the glittering g-strings, symbol of a dead art. "When the young ladies had left the stage, I'd come on in my straw hat and checked suit," Dan recalls. "That was the signal for the audience to yell, 'Throw the bum out, and bring back the girls!' "

Dining out with his agent and a pretty lady, Dan quipped, "If my wife knew . . ." but Liz still talks to him and laughs at his jokes.

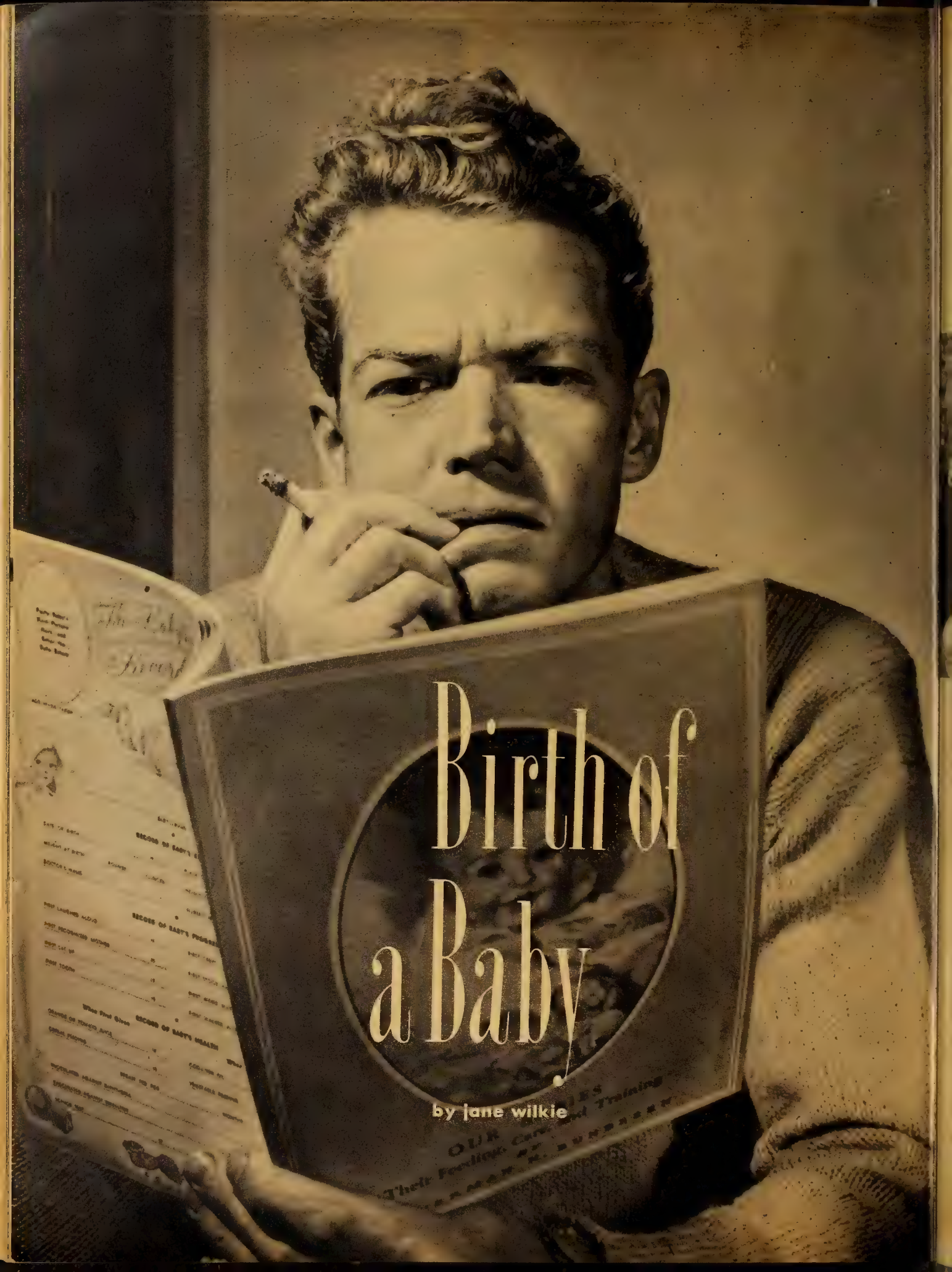
And perhaps a bow for the apron-strings, symbol of his mother. Dan Dailey, the elder, didn't want Dan Dailey, the younger, to be an actor. He'd seen too much struggle, during his years in the hotel business. "No," he said flatly.

So young Dan got out. Things would have been impossible, except for the angel who was his mother, and who often came up with a buck.

Ah, that lady. Five feet eight, and blue-eyed, and a face with the map of Ireland on it. She could outlast him then, and she can outlast him now. A show, shopping, dinner, and she's still looking eager, after Dan's fallen apart.

He remembers the day he was hustling his corn at the Eltinge Burlesque, and he thought he saw a familiar face in the audience. "When the curtain came down, I beat it out, and watched the crowd leave. Pretty soon I saw Mom. She'd been coming around to see me work! My mom, at a burlesque show. One little woman in the middle of all those bald heads and paunches, and she never even flinched.

"That's pretty funny. That's (*Continued on page 103*)


Birth of
a Baby
by Jane Wilkie

They're just kids themselves—Barbi and Bill, but already they've had a hand in a miracle. The plain, ordinary, wonderful miracle of Barbara Willa Johanna Williams—otherwise known as Jody.

Barb and Bill cut the baby's name down to size—call her "Jody." She was born July 25, so is still too young to see Ma and Pa in *A Likely Story.*

Bill is pretty calm as he decides that Jody looks just like her old man. The night before, though, he gave a swell performance as expectant father. Five more were planned, but he doesn't think he'll be able to take it like Barb.

■ He was in the waiting-room, with two men even more nervous than he, when a nurse said he could go to Barbara's room.

Barbara smiled up at him. "Would you like to read to me? There are some magazines—"

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I'll read to you. But what am I doing here? How about the baby?"

"It'll be a while," she said.

He read until the nurse asked him to leave again, and then he went out and smoked until four-thirty (they'd arrived at the hospital at midnight) and finally a doctor came out and said he'd just given Barbara a spinal injection. "Will you come see her now?"

They found Barbara looking calm and happy.

"Are you all (*Continued on page 125*)

" 'Let me bruise yuh good,' said my pal Jimmy. 'The Sullivan law don't bother me. My schnozz ain't no concealed weapon. It's a legal instroomeht.' "

■ "Sullivan is a name-dropper," wrote my ulcerous colleague, Westbrook Pegler, when my defense of Frank Sinatra aroused the bile of that distinguished mental-case of American journalism. Just how a columnist in my field could write without "dropping names" is the $64 question of the season, because if I tell you of my recent five-week trip to Hollywood, without ranging from Gable to Kaye, MODERN SCREEN would not print it and additionally, Mr. Delacorte, either Senior or Junior, would not issue the check which I have counted on to repair my Hollywood golf damages.

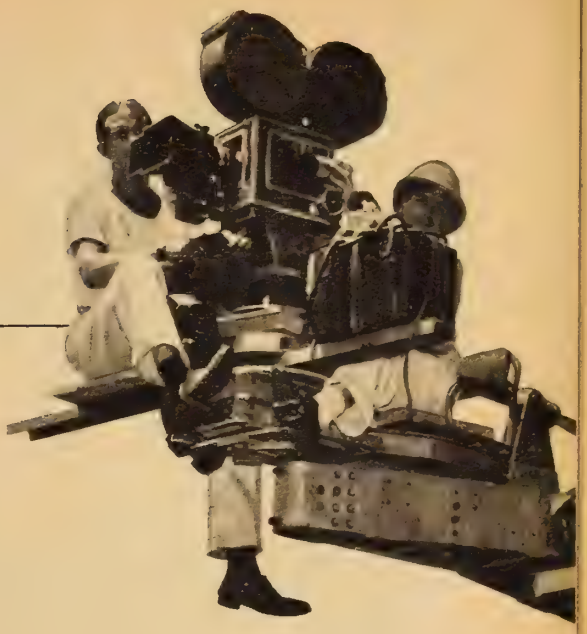
"Get around and see people while you're in Hollywood," suggested the MODERN SCREEN people.

I saw them, not on studio lots, but on golf courses, at parties and in restaurants. Even (*Continued on page 69*)

" 'Remember this, Ed?' asked Ty, and brought out the crown I'd awarded him in 1938, when a national newspaper poll voted him King of the Movies. Queen, that year, was Jeanette MacDonald."

ed sullivan's

hollywood diary



My 16-year-old daughter Betty, who wants to be a writer, interviewed ter Lawford in his dressing room. I was supposed to look puzzled at r technique, but I looked more like Boris Karloff after a bad night."

"'Get a load of the poor man's Dennis Day,' Jeanette MacDonald cracked to Gene Raymond, as we harmonized *Sweet Adeline* at their home. Jeanette's my dream-thrush and Gene plays piano elegantly."

'Out here,' Barbara Stanwyck told me, 'we'll have the garage. The house e're going to build will look as if it's been lived in for years. No fancy uff, not even a lawn—it costs too darn much to keep well-groomed.'"

"'You look like a big sissy,' Joan Crawford said. I've always dreamed of being alone with Joan, but so help me, I never pictured myself handcuffed by skeins of wool. It just ain't fair."

hollywood diary

"If Van Johnson looks more at home in the saddle of a bike, remember that he was graduated from bikes more recently than Sullivan—who didn't even suffer a fracture!"

"So Sullivan isn't an actor? This bit of pantomime should get me some sort of Academy Award, or there'll be professional jealousy afoot. This shot of Danny Kaye and me doesn't need explaining at all."

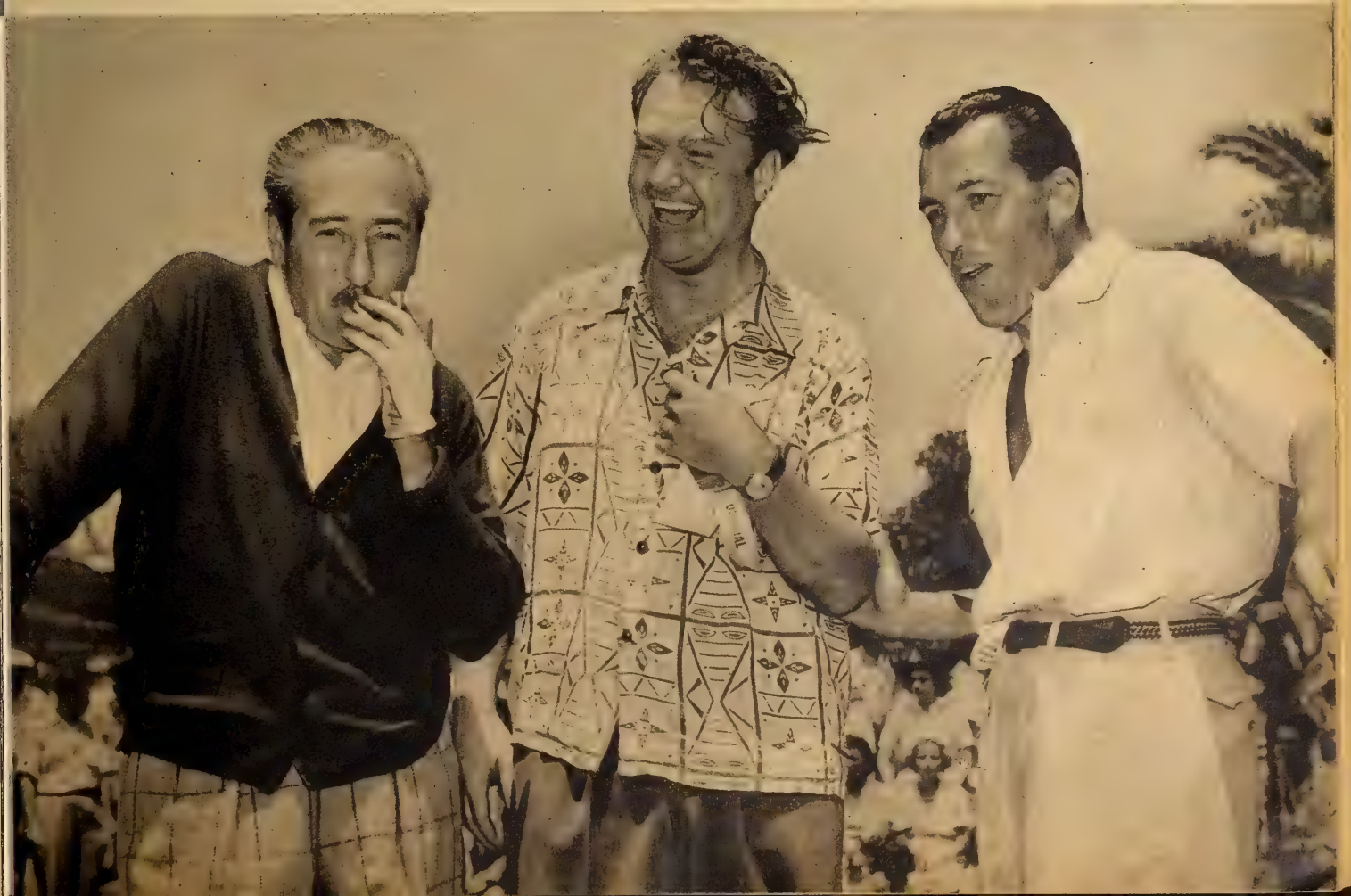
"'You know who Mr. Sullivan is,' the photog coaxed Butch Jenkins. 'Sure,' said Butch, 'he's the Broadway columnist.' He winked, 'I know those beat-up vaudeville gags, too!'"

"Mary Benny stares at the kitchen ceiling to express her well-bred contempt for two icebox thieves. 'Imagine Mary getting sore,' chuckled Jack Benny, 'just because we're helping ourselves to something to eat.'"

"This is what drives you mad,' moaned Dana Andrews, 'posing for still pictures.' Having finished *Daisy Kenyon*, he and Joan Crawford posed for some stills later.

"The only girl I kissed in Hollywood was Linda Hope. Her brother, Tony, watched with Mom and Dad. Upstairs were tiny Kelly and Norah. 'Kelly's teeth are coming in, mine are falling out,' said Bob."

"This was snapped at the California Country Club, where Adolphe Menjou, Red Skelton and I played in the Borzage Tournament for the Runyon Cancer Fund."



Edna and her Dad are co-workers at M-G-M. She's an assistant in the camera room of the animated cartoon department. He's finishing *If Winter Comes.*

DADDY

by Edna Pidgeon Aitkens

■ Like many fathers, Walter Pidgeon has occasion to talk straight words to his daughter, in this case me, saying, among other things, "I'm your daddy, young lady, and don't you forget it!"

It would take an awful lot of forgetting. There's his baritone booming around corners at you unexpectedly, or his backgammon heckling when he's winning, or, maybe, the fearful swishing going on throughout the house as he experiments with a new racket to see if the old forehand is still there. Add a hundred other ways he has of letting the world know he's home and enjoying life from the bottom of his soles to the other end of him, which is 75 inches higher. Add seeing him come in of an afternoon, the perfectly dressed gentleman, and then sighting him messing about in the garden a half hour later in the droopiest pair of shorts this side of China. Add catching him shaving wit his hat on—some old felt of a thing— because he wants to keep his just combed hair from curling. Or, since w are talking about forgetting (and jus to get personal) add all the awfu things that almost happen because *h* is the world's greatest forgetter. An on and on, so that whatever it is tha causes a person to get bored, it ha absolutely no chance of developin

nder the same roof with him.

That's the Walter Pidgeon I look for n the screen but don't see there very often. Maybe it is a very good idea o put that part of him down in print. For instance, there was one real-life performance that I'll never forget. He presented it for my benefit and, brother, benefited.

That was the evening, years ago, that he walked me (*Continued on page 128*)

He plays tennis in the living room
and shaves with his hat on, but Edna doesn't complain. Because to her,
Walter Pidgeon's a pal, a storybook hero—
and her ever-lovin' Dad.

Innocent abroad

The decorative fountain is typical of Zurich, Switzerland, where Linda vacationed for three months. But the hot weather—106°—was not.

The bandana never came off because Linda's hair took a terrific beating during *Forever Amber,* from the twice-weekly peroxide washes.

Linda and M.S. reporter Margot Grubb ate on the terrace of the Grand Hotel Dolder. Linda stayed in her suite most of the time, but she went mad over the architecture and wanted to take a whole house back to the States with her.

PEOPLE KIBITZ WHILE YOU PAINT; SO SHE DIDN'T PAINT; PEOPLE TALK IN FRENCH, SO SHE COULDN'T TALK. AND TRAVEL IS BROADENING, BUT LINDA WAS ON A DIET!

By Margot Grubb

■ "I'm going to Paris," I said buoyantly. "Where women are beautiful and everything smells good—"

"Stop smelling," Al said. "For just a minute. It happens that Linda Darnell is in Europe, and it happens we're interested in Linda Darnell, and if you should find her in Paris, we'd maybe even pay you—"

So I went to Paris in a new hat, and I started looking for Miss Darnell. She'd been, and gone. I chased her through Brussels, and tracked her down to Zurich, the biggest city in Switzerland.

She was at the Grand Hotel Dolder (very swank) and she was having lunch, but that didn't deter me. Fortunately, she was lonely. "You look almost as good to me as Macy's Basement," she said.

That's it, I guess. Why doesn't anyone ever say I look like Bergdorf's window?

Anyhow, I asked Linda about this vacation, and she told me.

She'd worked in *Forever Amber* for 128 days, in a thirty-five pound costume, with a British accent. A horrid set of circumstances.

"Pev was born in England," she said. (That's her husband.) "And he hates phony accents. If I said *ahsk* when I got home at night, it upset him so he couldn't eat his dinner."

When *Amber* was finally finished, Linda had a problem. Should she vacation in New Mexico, which would involve building a house there? Or should she take a trip to Europe?

"Europe," Pev said. "You're too tired to build a house."

She left LaGuardia Field at 2:30, on a June afternoon, and four hours later, she was watching the sun set over Gander, Newfoundland.

In the morning, she hit Shannon, Ireland, and four hours after *that*, she was in Paris.

She wandered around Paris, falling in love. The awnings, the sun-umbrellas on the shops, the sidewalk cafes. All the usual trite, charming things that people remember about Paris.

The Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, Notre Dame, a little darker than she'd expected, a (*Continued on page 120*)

She's Romantic ! He's Rugged ! Together they're DYNAMITE !

Against the violent backdrop of blasting tunnels . . . raging floods in the world's biggest setting, moves the titanic struggle of a man fighting for money to buy the woman of luxury who entered his brawling world

JOHN WAYNE • LARAINE DAY
in
TYCOON
IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
with
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • JUDITH ANDERSON
JAMES GLEASON • ANTHONY QUINN
Produced by STEPHEN AMES • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE
Screen play by Borden Chase and John Twist
RKO RADIO PICTURES

the unclean

A small green place in the lonely Pacific—this is Molokai, the island of the lepers; this is a village of forgotten men. "But if a few visits will help," Bergen said, "no gates can keep me out. . ."

By LAUREN TRACY

■ Originally, it was to be a vacation.

"Honolulu," Edgar said. "We'll leave Charlie home."

And Frances smiled unbelievingly, after which he had no choice but to leave Charlie home.

Thirteen days later, he wired his office frantically, and Charlie was shipped to Honolulu, via Clipper. It seemed there was a group of Japanese-American soldiers known as the Purple Heart Regiment. They'd fought in Italy and Africa, and they were trying to raise funds for a soldiers' clubhouse, and they'd asked Edgar to appear.

He appeared, the way he always does, once Charlie'd arrived, and then he heard of the leper colony on the island of Molokai.

"Vacation?" his wife said, grinning.

"But as long as I've got Charlie—" he said.

He contacted the proper authorities in the health department, to get permission for the trip. Bergen has more than average interest in the sick. As a kid, he'd had to quit school because there wasn't any money, and the yearning to be a doctor never really left him, so he's helped in small ways.

At least, they seem small to him. He sends nurses through school; he furnishes (*Continued on page 68*)

Busy Edgar Bergen takes time off to attend an Atwater Kent party with his wife Frances. Now, he's at work on Walt Disney's *Fun and Fancy Free*. Edgar and Charlie will appear as they are, but the rest of the cast will be animated cartoons.

"Philco Radio Time" with Bing Crosby

NOW BACK ON THE AIR!

America's favorite voice . . . back on the air for Philco with his sparkling radio show. Timed with the appearance everywhere of the great new Philco 1260, a new kind of radio-phonograph console with Philco's amazing new way to play records. A sensational value at only $129.95. See it at your Philco dealer now.*

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For a Velvet Blend... use Carnation

JUST call it "luscious" . . . till they bring out a new word to describe this spectacular Peach Cream Pie. It's made with Carnation Milk . . . heat-refined and homogenized to super-creamy smoothness . . . for a typical Carnation *velvet blend*. It's easy to make, lovely to look at, and elegant to eat. Do try it!

PEACH CREAM PIE

Golden new-crop "clings" are in!

⅓ cup sugar
⅓ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tall can Carnation Milk, undiluted, scalded
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla or almond extract
1 9-inch baked pastry shell
1½ cups sliced Canned Cling Peaches

Mix sugar, flour and salt; slowly add Carnation Milk. Cook in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add small amount of hot mixture to slightly beaten eggs; stir into remaining mixture; cook 4 minutes. Add extract. Cool. Place layer of drained cling peach slices in bottom of pastry shell; pour filling over peaches. Arrange remaining peach slices on top. Chill. Garnish as desired. Serves 6 to 8.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book" of exciting new recipes—to Carnation Company, Dept. R-11, Milwaukee 2, Wis.

FOR BABY, ask your doctor about a formula prepared with safe, nourishing, digestible Carnation Milk, now fortified with pure crystalline vitamin D_3—"the milk every doctor knows."

"From Contented Cows"

THE UNCLEAN

(*Continued from page 66*)

medical training films, he plays benefits. And he fights violently against public disinterest, and misconceptions.

For the record, leprosy is not painful; the affected areas are numb, and the patients have a normal life span. The first signs are lumps on arms and elbows, and the loss of eyebrows. There was a form of treatment—a cure made from the bark of trees—which was used for years and years, and has recently been proven no good at all. Results are hoped for now from sulfa and penicillin.

Victims of leprosy—or Hansen's Disease, the name Bergen prefers (a doctor named Hansen did research on it)—have always been branded, called The Unclean.

"A terrible thing," Bergen says. "It's very slightly contagious, and yet these people are completely isolated. If a few visits will help—"

Charlie and Edgar flew to Molokai. The leper colony is on a little peninsula that sticks out from the rest of the island, and it's also on a mountain. There's a sheer drop of 1,000 feet, which can only be climbed by burro. At the top, there's a high wall and a gate. There's no escape.

When the plane landed, Edgar realized that the whole village had turned out to greet him. There were two rows of cars; in the first, the doctors and staff workers, in the second, The Unclean.

Edgar was taken directly to the town auditorium, used for movies and dances.

There were 250 people there, some without fingers, some in bandages, all smiling, waiting. There was a five-piece leper orchestra, and when Edgar walked in, the people moved, and whispered among themselves, and then applauded wildly.

the undemanding . . .

He'd intended to do 15 minutes; he ended up working more than an hour. The audience's sense of humor was brilliant. "Maybe because of their philosophy," he told Frances later. "Maybe because they've learned to ask for so little—"

After the show, one of the nurses gave Edgar and Charlie beautiful leis.

Charlie's was of wood-roses, and he waxed indignant. "Wood-roses. Why, you—"

Edgar made him tone down his language, and he's still got the wood-roses. They're like our straw-flowers; they dry out and keep indefinitely.

Pictures were taken, and then Edgar and Charlie had lunch at the doctors' quarters.

"I want to make a trip to the leper colony in Carmel, Louisiana," Edgar said, over his tea, and one of the doctors nodded.

"The Carmel patients exchange newspapers and bulletins with our group. It gives them all a little less feeling of being out of the world."

Later, Edgar drove downtown. The doctor pointed things out: "The department store, the barber shop, the baseball field—"

And always there were the clean cottages, and the cattle, and the general cheerful air of the place. There were no children, because if children are born in the colony, they are taken away at once.

At the airport, the two rows of cars were there again to see Edgar and Charlie off.

The doctor took Edgar to each car in turn, and the people looked at him gratefully, and said, "God bless you," and he stood there, a grown man, wanting to cry.

He left the island, with the high wall, and the barred gate, but he hasn't forgotten.

ED SULLIVAN'S H'W'D DIARY

(Continued from page 58)

in a parking lot, where I ran into Bill Powell and his cute little wife. That was opposite the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. "Mousie's" sister, Maxine, used to be a good friend of mine when she sang at the old Parody Club, on West 48th Street, so this meeting with her kid sister brought back a lot of exciting memories.

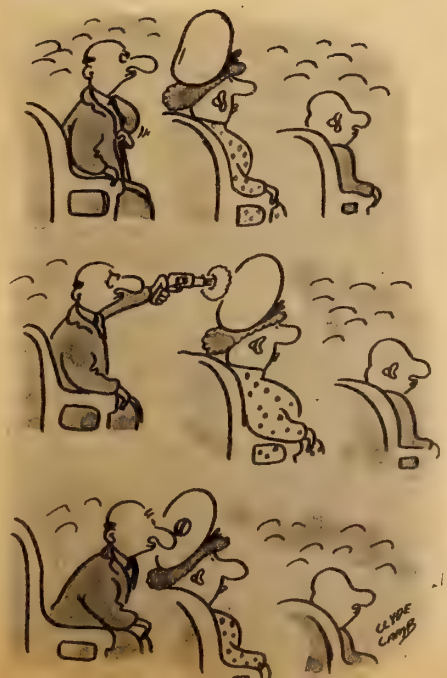
In five weeks in Hollywood, I went to the studios exactly twice. The most interesting thing in my brief studio visits was finding Director Richard Whorf, between scenes, modelling clay miniatures. The most interesting thing, away from the studios, would be Mary Benny's wonderful party celebrating the birthdays of Robert Taylor and Mary's sister, Babe Marx—it was really something. There were two huge birthday cakes. Only one was cut—the other was sent to the Orthopedic Hospital, Mary's favorite interest.

There was one other extremely interesting experience. The Bennys and young Scotty Beckett went along with us for dinner at the Frank Sinatra home, in the Toluca Lake area. Nancy greeted us, but no Frank. "He's inside working on his paintings," explained Nancy. On the outer porch, there was Sinatra, completing a painting of a circus clown. He has a lot of talent, always wanted to paint, dropped in suddenly one day at a shop and bought easels, brushes and oils.

It was a grand trip, one of the most enjoyable I've ever experienced, and once again, a columnist was impressed by the Hollywood homes which have been illumined by the adoption of little children.

You can jeer at some of the idiosyncrasies of Hollywood, but probably no city in the country proportionately can match the movie colony's adoption record. I think it is a wonderful thing, and certainly the movie colony must be showered with the blessings of the Deity: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

On pages 58-61 are some of the people I got to see. Each picture recalls a pleasant experience and as you regard them, I trust that you'll capture some of the pleasure of a wandering columnist.



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He'll be intrigued by its innocent sweetness ...so don't ever tell about the temptress tendencies of PINK FROSTING... newest of seven Jergens shades.

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They're perfect shade-mates. New PINK FROSTING powder and lipstick—both velvetized to cling—but smoothly. Both yours at $1.00 (plus tax).

New Powder
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both for $1.00
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1. Large Jergens Powder
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 10*)

and are up to their knees redecorating.

* * *

Most Hollywood hostesses plan one decorative motif when they give a party. It's either very formal—all the best silver and glassware trotted out, or Hawaiian, or Italian—whatever the party idea is.

So I was particularly amused at the variety of moods clever hostess Lilli Messinger and her husband, Alexis Thurn-Taxis, trotted out for their party in honor of Joan Fontaine and William Dozier.

Their house is very formal, done in vivid colors and mirrored walls. So imagine the effect of one patio looking like a Southern plantation all set up with tables covered with red and white check tablecloths and napkins; another patio, cool and inviting as a beach house at Honolulu, and beyond all this, a formal garden very Grecian in effect, with its lovely statues in the moonlight. Then, to add to the fun, the music was Mexican with guitarists strolling among the guests.

Joan caught a bad cold at the last minute and couldn't come—but Bill Dozier was there, shaking hands with everyone twice—once for Joan, once for himself.

Angela Lansbury, in wispy black lace, was having a lot of fun with Peter Shaw—these English imports are really a romance.

Helmut Dantine was with his love, Charlene Wrightsman, who looks like a plump little co-ed and not in the least the heartwrecker she is supposed to be. She might have been playing hookey from school in the simple white dinner gown she wore.

Tamara Toumanova, the ballerina, on the other hand, was très exotic with her long black hair and a scarlet dress—and I mean scarlet. I noticed she was wearing none of her beautiful jewels. She told me she never wore them except when her gown was a background—and a scarlet dress is always in the *foreground!* There's a fashion tip.

Evie Wynn Johnson (need I add that I mean Mrs. Van Johnson) is "expecting" and she wore a very clever outfit. Her peasant blouse was sheer and with it she wore a long, full, black peasant-type skirt. Van is a funny expectant father. He kept bringing her plate after plate piled high with food!—(which she didn't eat when his back was turned).

As usual, Mrs. Reginald Gardiner was an eyeful in a white gown with a red rose in her dark hair.

John Carroll—very good looking—may have come with some particular belle, but he seemed to be playing the field. And speaking of handsome men, there are very few in Hollywood better looking then grayhaired Clarence Brown, the director.

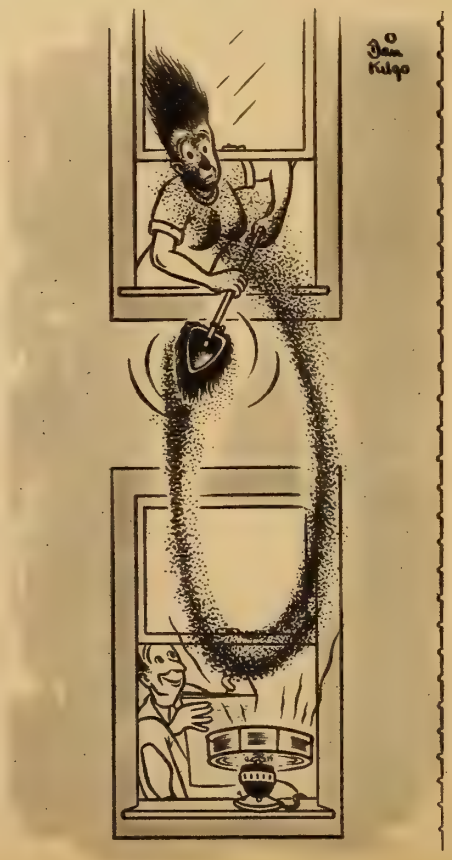
* * *

Socially, Hollywood has never been brighter or gayer. For a time there was a noticeable lull, but now with the cold weather approaching, everyone is back in town and things are beginning to hum again. One of the gayest parties to start the new season was the dinner-dance the Darryl Zanucks gave for General and Mrs. Mark Clark. Darryl served with the General overseas and the two are old friends.

Tyrone Power sat at the left of Mrs. Zanuck, and Lana Turner, looking unbelievably lovely, was at the same table with the fighting General and his vivacious wife. I stopped and chatted with Ty and commiserated with him over his painful wisdom tooth trouble. Then Ty also told me all about his plans to fly to Africa on a second goodwill flight, and Lana made no secret of the fact that she was going to be very lonely without him.

Dolly O'Brien Dorelius, who pops in and out of Hollywood with increasing regularity, was escorted by everybody's darling, Clark Gable. Dolly's jewels were the finest that have been seen in Hollywood, and I didn't blame the other girls for taking a good long peek at them. I must say that although Clark brought her, he circulated plenty among the other guests. Do I think they will marry? I doubt it, frankly. Dolly is essentially Palm Beach and New York while Clark loves his ranch and the outdoor life. Still—who can say?

Gary Cooper and I had a long chat, too, and I told him how much I liked him in *The Unconquered,* which he has just finished making. The old Coop with that same gentle charm. You can't beat it.



Olivia deHavilland was there with her Marcus Goodrich, dancing and having fun. Her sister, Joan Fontaine, with her William Dozier, sat on the opposite side of the room, and in that crowd there was no embarrassment or awkward contretemps because the sisters simply didn't meet. I must say for Virginia, her seating arrangement for the party was perfect; she deftly kept people who don't care for each other well apart, and that's really a feat in Hollywood.

It was nice, too, that the younger generation was so beautifully represented—Joan Bennett's young daughter, Diana; the Irving Berlin's lovely Mary Ellin; and six-foot-two Samuel Goldwyn, Jr. among them. The Zanucks' two attractive daughters, Darrylin and Susan, were so grown up, as they helped their parents receive.

Dolores and Bob Hope, who have been going out more lately, had a long confab with General Clark, who paid a glowing tribute to Bob and all the other Hollywood folk who did so much in entertaining the troops during the war.

Joan Crawford came with Cesar Romero, and how those two danced! Many more were there, but I haven't space to list them all. Just let me say all the elite of filmdom was present.

* * *

This is the kind of Hollywood story I like to write, because it's about a man all Hollywood can well be proud of—the gentle and fine Reverend Gareth Hughes. Impelled by a great spiritual urge, Gareth gave up his acting career some years ago when it was at its sucessful best, to retreat into the desert and there build a little church for the desolate community of Wadsworth. With almost no money to help him in his work, he has labored long and lovingly for his flock, many of them poor and ignorant Indians.

Recently, a touch of Hollywood came to Gareth when Hedy Lamarr and Mark Stevens journeyed to Wadsworth to visit him. In the afternoon, they spent some time making friends with all the children of the neighborhood who came to see them, and in the evening, they attended Gareth's Vesper service which was held in the community church.

Hedy and Mark reported it was almost a miracle what Gareth has done for the children in the way of clothing and food, as well as spiritual help. There is a limit, however, to what one man alone can do, and Gareth badly needs money to continue his work.

* * *

Before I sign off, let me say how I love getting all your letters, because that's the only way I can know what you want me to tell you about. Thanks to all of you, and keep them coming.

The Countess of Carnarvon goes to an after-theatre supper

"Before I go out— always a 1-Minute Mask!"

A prime favorite of busy young social leaders is the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Unlike heavy, draggy old-style masks, the 1-Minute Mask feels cool, *exhilarating* on your skin—re-makes your complexion not in twenty minutes—but in *one!*

So easy— to go out looking your radiant loveliest!

Greatly sought after in both social and artistic circles, the Countess of Carnarvon has an exciting Continental beauty with a creamy silken skin. "Before I go out, I always save one important moment for a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," the Countess says.

"*Right away* my complexion looks brighter . . . more colorful and wide-awake . . . so much softer! Little skin roughnesses seem to disappear completely, and I'm all ready for a velvet-smooth make-up!"

Send to Pond's, Dept. 9-L, Clinton, Connecticut for free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream—enough for a full 1-Minute Mask. See *your* complexion re-styled to new loveliness!

1. Spend one minute on beauty—to make your whole evening more glamorous! Smooth a white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face, except eyes.
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3. Your complexion looks lighter, clearer—feels so much *smoother!* Have a 1-Minute Mask whenever you want to look your best!

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NEW! Color with COME-ON! Color with FLARE!

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...powder and lipstick!

Two parts feminine, one part fire—*Fiesta*, the most talked-about powder shade that ever came out of Hollywood! On your skin, it glows like an angel —yet Fiesta kindles *that glint* in his eye Add Woodbury *color-freshness*, lasting *cling*, heavenly *fragrance*...and say *yes* to Fiesta today!

That enchanting rose-sparkle? ..it's yours—with Woodbury Fiesta!

AVA GARDNER
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"UPWARD
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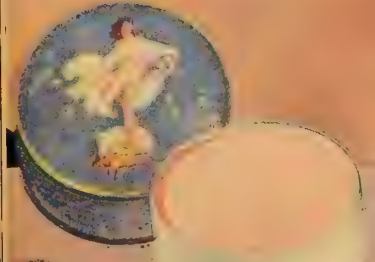

Woodbury FILM FINISH Powder

FIESTA POWDER
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Large-size Woodbury Powder and matching Lipstick came boxed together—a double value!—for only $1.00. "Purse" size Powder 25c and 10c. In Fiesta and 8 other exciting shades. (all prices plus tax)

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Seeing's believing! See Fiesta's sparkle on your skin. Send for free Woodbury Powder Sampler; get Fiesta, eight other flattering shades, plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail* to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. (In Canada: JohnH. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)
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THEY WON'T FORGET

(Continued from page 37)

joke between them. It tickled her to hear Betty call Larry "my fella." If she loved the girl less than the boy, it couldn't have been much. While she was well enough, she'd go to the studio to watch rehearsals, then report to Betty in New York. "I wish you could see Larry do some of those songs. He gets that wonderful sparkle in his eyes that you have. I think he caught it from you."

When Larry flew East for the last time to see Betty, his mother made two requests. "Go to St. Patrick's and say a prayer for me." She wasn't a Catholic, but denominations meant nothing to her, and she loved the atmosphere of the great cathedral, set down in the midst of the roaring city like an island of peace. "Say a prayer for me. And bring me back a bottle of Tabu."

That story sums up as well as any her abiding faith in God, her love for life.

She was the kind of mother who could say to her son, "I was wrong and you were right." She said it long before *The Jolson Story* put him on top. But if you'd told her back there in Joliet how things would turn out, her eyes would have bugged open. "Oh *my*!" she'd have breathed—her raciest expletive.

Because when Larry delivered his haymaker, she was on Dad's side, and Dad wasn't on Larry's. They were all out in the garden that afternoon. Larry, a brand-new B.S., had a scholarship at the University of Illinois Medical School. It looked like the start of a beautiful summer till their young hopeful ruined it.

can't eat diplomas . . .

"I've got a job playing summer stock in Lake Whalom, Massachusetts." "All your pre-med work, Larry" they protested. And your scholarship! Would you throw that away to be a starving actor?"

"The idea," he grinned, "is to be an actor who eats. Anyway, I want to try it."

He went, without their blessing.

At the end of summer, Mother and Dad drove East on their vacation, nursing faint hopes that maybe Sonnyboy'd had enough. These hopes went glimmering when they found him playing the lead in *Apron Strings*, taking pats on the head from blasé professionals. They spent three pleasant weeks together, drove along the Mohawk Trail when the season closed. Next stop for Larry—New York. There were no more speeches. His elders had had their say, and Larry'd reached an age to make his own decisions. Maybe Mother's arms clung a little tighter than usual as she kissed him goodbye. Himself, he felt pretty cocky. Eighty bucks in his pocket, and a reputation as the whiteheaded kid of Lake Whalom.

Only trouble, New York was lousy with whiteheaded kids. They taught him the ropes. You got a job ushering at Carnegie Hall—six and a half a week. You rented yourself a room on West 58th, five flights up, no window. Coffee you cooked on a hotplate. Rolls you bought for a nickel a dozen where they sold day-old bread. Dinner was a cinch—twenty-five cents complete, including dessert, at any Chinese joint on Eighth Avenue. Saturday nights you had enough left over for a bottle of milk, a baby Gouda cheese and the Sunday Times. Sunday mornings you loafed around, reading about producers you never saw and shows you never tried out for, but did that prove you wouldn't hit it some day? Meantime, Broadway was Bag-

dad, and the stale air of 58th Street, headier than wine.

Mother's letters were long on questions; Larry's answers were short on detail. Stripped of the glamor, he felt day-old bread might sound a little bleak. But after a while there was real news to send. He'd been tried out and accepted by the Group Theater Studio. It meant working with a bunch of exciting people who talked your language—John Garfield, Joe Bromberg, Roman Bohnen, Bob Lewis—currently of *Brigadoon*—Elia Kazan, today's brilliant director of *Boomerang* and *Gentleman's Agreement*. Larry's no bubbler but, for him, he bubbled.

"They're a swell crowd, Mother; you'd like them; you'll meet them some day. No, I don't get much money, but the training's priceless. I'm right in the middle of everything I hoped for."

Then came the wire telling of his father's death. Larry went home. Through the first daze of grief, two things came clear. Dad's income as an advertising man had ended with his life. Apart from the house, there wasn't a great deal left. So Larry got a job. First, he sold advertising, and decided he'd rather dig ditches. Then he inspected dining cars for the New York Central. Twice his trains took him to Manhattan, but he never got beyond the station, which was just as well. The walls of his jail would have looked that much grayer.

hollywood calls . . .

His only contact with the world he loved was through letters. A couple of college pals, now working in Hollywood, kept urging him to come out. "We'll carry you till you land on your feet." Watching him sink deeper and deeper into misery, his mother almost wished he'd take them up on it. But the break came another way. By this time, some of the Group were doing fine in the movies, and keeping a weather eye out for Larry. One day an unbelievable wire arrived. "Part awaiting you in my next picture. Can you come out right away?—John Garfield."

He had to go; he couldn't wait to go, yet it wasn't easy. In Joliet, the white house with the green shutters that had once been so gay was quiet now, and pretty big for a woman to live in alone.

"I'll be fine, Larry, don't you worry about me, this town's chockful of my friends. Besides, I'll be glad to see the last of your mopey face."

He stood waving as long as he could see her, then went inside. Funny, how half your heart could be bounding ahead while the rest stayed heavily behind, with the plucky little woman in the white cottage.

John introduced him to the Warner people. The *Mama Ravioli* sets had been built, the wardrobe was ready. They were due to start on Monday. On Saturday came word that the picture had been cancelled.

Kazan and Bob Lewis took it from there, plucked casting directors by the ear, lied themselves blue. To hear them tell it, Larry'd been the Group's shining star, and any dope who left him lying around deserved not to have him. Max Arnow of Columbia listened, tested him, and offered Larry a contract. From the studio he sped to Western Union. A jubilant wire went winging its way to Joliet. Its cost would once have kept him in food for a week. But this time Mom was getting all the details, and who could count words at a time like that?

It was '41. She came out that winter and every winter, met Larry's pals, cooked for them, stayed up till all hours at Ann Lehr's Hollywood Canteen. Stole time now and then to go down to the studio, where she loved to watch Larry at work. In one

Could YOU charm Larry Parks?

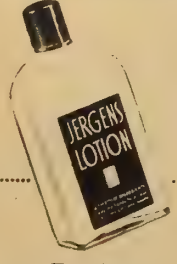
ELLEN DREW, CO-STARRING WITH LARRY PARKS IN COLUMBIA'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION "THE SWORDSMAN"

ELLEN DREW SAYS: "No girl can charm Larry unless her hands are divinely soft and smooth." Ellen has that feminine appeal of smooth, soft hands.

"I use Jergens Lotion," she says. And the other feminine Stars? They, too, use Jergens Lotion . . . 7 to 1.

Will you learn charm from the glamorous Hollywood Stars?

Their hand care—Jergens Lotion—makes your hands even smoother, softer, now, thanks to product improvements resulting from recent skin-care research. And Jergens protects even longer. Two ingredients many doctors use for skin-beauty are included in today's Jergens Lotion. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Leaves no oiliness; no stickiness.



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(Please print name, address plainly . . . Sorry, offer good in U. S. A. only)

B after another, he was hardly setting the world afire, but seeing him happy was enough.

"Dad and I meant it for the best, but oh, Larry, I'm so glad you went your own way."

In the spring she'd go home. Soon after she left in the spring of '44, fella met girl at the Actors' Lab. A month later, when Betty had to leave for a singing date in Chicago, they could hardly bear it. She promised to go see his mother in Joliet.

"Better tell her we met six months ago," cautioned Larry. "She might think more highly of us."

And to Mom he wrote: "I want you to look this girl over very carefully."

He needn't have worried. The first time Betty went down, Mother fed her all day long, showed her Larry's baby pictures, and told her all the stories he wouldn't have let her tell if he'd been around. How they could never get him to eat. "I'm too deliker—" he'd inform them. How once she was incensed with him about something, really lacing into him, and all the while he stood there with his head kind of upside down, then right in the middle of it he threw her.

"Lemme see your toofers," he invited amiably.

"Not *toofers!*" moaned Betty. "How old was he then, six?"

"I hate to tell you, my dear, he was then a galoot of fifteen."

Before she left that day, Betty was calling Larry's mother Nenny—her own childhood version of Leona which had stuck through the years. And Nenny had asked her pointblank: "Are you two planning to marry?"

"Well—I guess so—"

"That's good," said Nenny.

Later, Larry arrived for ten days, and Betty's mother came from New York, and they sat down at the Camellia House to hear Betty sing. Nenny loved the songs. During her illness, she wore out record after record of *South America, Take It Away.*

the happy days . . .

But these were still the happy days. They'd have supper after the show. Larry's eyes would go severely from mother to mother. "Our Spanish engagement, huh? With the two duennas."

Then Betty had to go back to New York for *Laughing Room Only.* Larry was due in Hollywood. Silly to marry now, and put a continent between them. Once the continent came between them, they stopped being sensible.

"I can't stand it," said Larry at one end of the wire.

"I'll come out there. Rehearsals don't start till October. We'll have a month."

Mrs. Parks was in the middle of lunch when the phone rang. "Mom, can you come right out? We need you."

Months later he went back to pick up some of his mother's belongings. He found her luncheon dishes in the drain-rack, and her napkin on the table where she'd dropped it to answer the phone.

They were married Friday evening at St. Thomas Episcopal Church.

Larry'd rented a beach place for the honeymoon, and Mom stayed in the apartment. She'd meant to go home for a while, but he talked her into starting her winter visit early. She never went home. After Betty left, they went house-hunting and found a little place in Nichols Canyon. From their detailed descriptions, Betty thought it sounded just darling, so they took it. Mother fell happily to work on the garden. In November, Larry started *The Jolson Story.* Twenty numbers, and make 'em all different, and nobody can do it for you but you yourself. Day after day,

Sundays and holidays, and the pounds melted off him. Night after night, at home with the record-player, and he thought he'd lose his mind.

"I'm sorry about this horrible din every night, Mom."

"Doesn't bother me in the least. I must be phlegmatic."

He kissed the top of her head. "You must be an angel."

If he got edgy, that didn't bother her either. Her way with Larry's moods had long since proved an eye-opener to Betty. "When I'm hurt, I hold it inside. Your way's so much better. You bring it right out in the open."

"Honey, I've learned that sunlight's a great healer," said Larry's Mom. "Things fester in the dark."

If she'd been more of a complainer, they might have found out sooner. That spring she began looking tired and drawn.

"Mother, you've got to quit working so hard at the Canteen."

"Pooh," she said, till she couldn't pooh-pooh it any longer, and went to the doctor. He told Larry it was cancer. Betty arrived just before they operated in June.

At first it seemed like one of those miracles, she grew so much better. Before too long, she was out in the garden again, enchanted with Betty's gift of a stool that stood just high enough to be comfortable for digging. Before long, they were laughing together again.

The miracle still held when Betty went East again to see a man about *Call Me Mister*, which was to do for her what *The Jolson Story* did for her husband. While she was gone, Nenny made one of her periodic visits to the doctor. There the miracle collapsed. He told Larry they'd have to operate again.

breaking the news . . .

It was left to Larry to tell his mother. He stood at the kitchen door, listening to the pleasant, everyday sounds of Mom washing the dinner dishes. How do you make yourself do what you can't do? You stand there a minute longer, you push yourself through, you force the words past lips grown stiff.

For a matter of moments, she broke down against his shoulder. Then her head came up. "If I must, I must." She dabbed at her eyes. "There, now I've cried, I feel better."

This time the comeback was harder. Betty rushed home the minute details were settled, to stay a month before rehearsals started. She found Nenny cheerful as always, interested as always in what went on around her. It was a good month. Betty'd be up early, fixing breakfast for Larry. Unconsciously, she'd start singing over the dishes, then break off short for fear of disturbing Nenny.

"Don't stop, dear," Nenny would call out from the bedroom. "That sounds so pretty."

She loved going over Betty's collection of earrings. Those were her feminine weaknesses—perfume and earrings. Every night before Larry was due, they'd deck her out in a different pair of earrings and dab a different perfume back of her ears.

"She was the kind of person who'd make things happy even if they weren't," explained her daughter. (Never in-law, Nenny couldn't abide in-law.)

Later, there was still a third operation, from which she rallied again. The doctors couldn't quite believe what went on—that one so ill could live so long and so normally. Her courage amazed them and her spirit captured their hearts. She refused to let the worst of her pain wring from her more than a low moan of "Oh, my." On the table beside her lay the chief source of her strength and serenity, the Bible she

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	Bonnie Lass	9	11	13	15	RED Plaid BLUE Plaid
	Kiltie Lass	9	11	13	15	NAVY & Red ROYAL & Blue

Name
Address
City & State

picked up a hundred times a day and wore to shreds. When Larry was making *Down to Earth* and *The Swordsman*, she'd be in bed all day, getting hypos every three hours. When he got home, she'd be up and dressed for dinner. Letters continued to go to Betty. In one, she enclosed her recipe for watermelon pickles. "Larry's crazy about them, and I might forget to give it to you when you come."

Between her and Larry, cancer had never been mentioned. At the beginning, everyone said, "Don't tell her," and having started that way, it was difficult to stop. So each kept on pretending that the other didn't know, and the doctors went to elaborate lengths to cover up. She let them think they were fooling her. Only to Curry, the good nurse, did she give herself away.

"There's something I'd like you to do for me when I'm gone."

"Such talk!" said Curry briskly. "Don't be foolish."

Nenny patted her hand. "I'm not as foolish as some people think."

Larry's convinced that what kept her going was her will to hang on till Betty came back for good. Betty'd been signed to an M-G-M contract, but had to stay with *Call Me Mister* till the end of the year. All the burden of Nenny's last letters was, "When are you coming, honey? I want to see you and Larry settled together." When she came on the 4th of January, you could almost see the relief with which Nenny let go. The boy wouldn't be alone now. He'd be all right with Betty.

the real goodbye . . .

One evening he went in to say goodnight to her. "Stay a little, Larry. I'd like to talk to you." Quietly, she told him all that was on her heart to tell him before she went. How proud she was of him, how she wanted him to go on, how dearly she loved him and Betty, what a wonderful life she'd had.

"You know, Mother?"

"About the cancer. I've known all along."

It was their real goodbye. Larry came out and closed the door after him. It was the only time Betty saw him break down. A week later Nenny died.

On the mantel in Nichols Canyon stands an old-fashioned clock that chimes the quarter-hours. It used to stand on the mantel of a green-shuttered house outside Joliet. For Larry, it's a link between then and now. Like the tattered Bible, and a hundred tangible things. The strongest links are his memories. They'll keep his mother alive as long as he lives.

But the dear, warm, laughing presence that might have continued to bless those who loved her is gone. There are others who may still be saved. That's why Larry went out at the Runyon Memorial meeting, and said what he had to say.

WILL YOU TALK FOR $5?

Got an earful? We're listenin'—so make it good, and make it about a movie star, if you please. For instance, were you there when it happened? Don't ask us what—that's for you to say! (Take a look at our "I Saw It Happen" boxes.) Not only will we give you both ears, but we'll hand them to you on a crisp five dollar bill—if we use your anecdote. So dig down into your memory box and bring up something true and amusing that we've never heard before. Just say it in writing to the "I SAW IT HAPPEN" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York. Do you want an audience? We're it!*

OUT OF UNHAPPINESS

(Continued from page 24)

where she had gone with her seven-year-old son, Jamie, for a very much needed rest.

"We had a delightful time together," he told me at the studio the other day. "We both like to swim and go motorboating, and we love the long walks in the mountains. And we found out that we both also love to get away from the Hollywood hurlyburly."

And when I talked to Hedy at her Beverly Hills home, I found an entirely different girl from the one who, only a few months ago, was surveying the somewhat tattered and frayed ends of a marriage that had been just too tempestuous.

"I feel wonderful," she confided. "I have new ambitions and hopes and plans. All my unhappiness is gone. Now I have set my course and I can say I'm completely happy.

"Up at Lake Tahoe, Mark and I went dancing one night. It was the first time I had danced in five years. You can't imagine, Florabel, how it feels to be relaxed and carefree again. Up there at the lake we just lived for the day, from day to day. We made no plans. The time went by like a dream. Dances, plenty of laughs, long walks, and just quiet talk.

the quality of kindness . . .

"I learned something about Mark that I like and admire. He is at heart kind. You wouldn't believe what a rare quality simple kindness is. He is tolerant and understanding. He loves the children and they love him."

The friendship of these two gifted people goes back several years. She liked him and was impressed by him from the beginning. And he had seen and admired her in pictures, especially *Algiers*. Let's listen to Mark's own story of that perhaps fateful day when the two first really met.

"I was playing a bit part at Warners in *Passage to Marseille* with Michael Curtiz directing," he related. "Miss Lamarr came to our set as a visitor. Mr. Curtiz introduced us. We had lunch together, and she told me there was a part in her next picture that she would like to have

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was working in Omaha, managing the record department for a local chain store. One day a teen-aged customer came in with another "kid" and asked to hear Perry Como's new recording of "Deep In The Heart Of Texas." We bickered for a while because I said there was no such recording and the customer said a recording had been made a week before in Kansas City. He added that it was even going to be featured in the theater across the street. I thought I was being ribbed, so I ribbed them back. That night I took in the Ted Weems' show across the street. The "kid" who had come in with my customer grinned at me in the audience, and sang his latest Decca recording. It was "Deep In The Heart Of Texas," and the "kid" was Perry Como.

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me play. It went farther than the mere suggestion. She took the matter up with the studio people, actually attempted to borrow me. The picture was *Experiment Perilous*, the last one Hedy made at RKO before becoming a producer on her own hook.

"I should have liked very much at the time to have had the part, but Warners not only refused to lend me; they put me on layoff into the bargain."

Perhaps it would be dramatic at this point to proclaim that here was an instantaneous case of love at first sight, but that would be misleading. Hedy and Mark liked each other but it was only one of those casual Hollywood friendships, based on mutual esteem. "We used to meet accidentally from time to time," said Mark, "in drugstores, going and coming, but that's all."

The meteoric rise of Mark Stevens since those early days is film history. Always a stormy petrel, he has steadily resented any belittling move on the part of his employers. Feeling honestly that his years of struggle entitled him to better breaks than some that were offered, he has always taken a firm stand. He did well at Warners; made an excellent impression in all his roles. The break came when he objected to a "lineless bit" in a film, refused to show up for work, and got what he was hoping for—a cancellation of his contract.

a new start . . .

He went straight to 20th-Fox, and a succession of films that have placed him right up there on top. It appears in the bag, now that *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* has definitely established him as one of the top discoveries of the year.

I may observe right here that one of the factors that seems to bring Hedy and Mark together and give them something in common is that both found success the hard way, through struggle and disappointment. They're on top now but both can look back only a few brief years to a time when failure was predicted for them.

Mark battled hunger, privation, and stern family disapproval to find his place in films. Hedy came to the film capital heralded as a ravishing beauty, who had won a somewhat questionable fame by appearing in *Ecstasy*, a picture which stirred some qualms among the censors. But she never got much of a chance to act.

"Now we can laugh about the days that are behind us," Hedy says. "We find that we have a lot to talk about together, because our experiences getting a foothold were a good deal alike.

"It's true that I wanted Mark for a picture from the first time I met him. I felt that he had a great talent. I still feel it, more than ever. I wanted him so much for *Experiment Perilous*, feeling that the role of the young poet in that film was a great chance for him. I tried hard to get him for *Dishonored Lady*, but the 20th Century-Fox people would not let me have him. I still want to do a picture with him and perhaps the opportunity will come one day."

Hedy made a naive admission to me. The day we talked, she was busy getting ready to attend Tyrone Power's party, a farewell get-together of Ty and a lot of his friends before his departure for Africa. She was having a pretty new dress made.

"Imagine it," she said, "my first party in so long that I feel like a debutante. Really, you know, I've been in hiding. Why, it seems to me, I knew more about Hollywood the first day I saw it than I do now. The night clubs, the restaurants, the places where people go—I don't know them at all. Only the other night, Mark and I went to the Mocambo for dinner and dancing. And afterward, we went to the Chanteclair, a new place. New to me, anyway. I had never seen it. It was fun. We went to the Champagne Room, which is the new name for the Crillon, and I saw lots of my old friends. I felt like a girl getting out and around for the first time. That's why I say I'm really living again."

Hedy and Mark had proceeded pretty far along the road to a firm friendship before their friends or the curious professional gossips of the town had any inkling that they were interested in one another. Her marriage broke up before his did. In each instance, separation was the culmination of long-standing incompatibility, and in each case the break came with a complete lack of recriminations. About a month after Mark and his wife, the former Annelle Hayes, agreed to go their separate ways, a mutual friend of Stevens and Miss Lamarr suggested a dinner.

"I'm so busy," this friend said to Mark, "that I'm going to ask you to get Hedy on the phone and make the arrangements." Mark tells of the incident with boyish pleasure, constantly referring to Hedy as "Haidee." He said that he did phone Hedy and while they were chatting he said, "Why wait until next week? Why don't you and I have dinner together tomorrow night?"

dinner for two . . .

And that was their first date. He escorted her to the Swiss Chalet, an attractive little place on Wilshire Boulevard en route to Santa Monica, a sort of family dining place. They must have found a great deal to talk about and a powerful mutual attraction for they met often from that time on, always dining at some out-of-the-way spot. There's really no place in the world easier to hide in than Hollywood. The people who are seen in the swanky places often are courting publicity and hoping they'll be noticed, but it's very easy to keep a budding romance quiet merely by avoiding the fashionable crowd.

Eventually, of course, the whisper about Hedy and Mark did get around. Columnists and press agents "planted" them together in well-known spots which Hedy had never even seen. That amused her. "Now I'm really going to see all these bright spots where I'm supposed to have been," she told me.

Soon the divorce of Mark and Annelle will have passed through its legal stages, if all goes according to schedule. From the way Annelle talked to me, I'm quite sure that she planned to place no obstacle in the way of Mark's career or his "pursuit of happiness," no matter where this latter may lead. She is a girl with a great deal of poise and reserve, not at all given to discussing her private life, but she left no room for doubting that she and her husband had come to a definite parting of the ways.

Annelle has custody of their very young baby and will retain it. Mark has great affection for the child, a boy named after himself, Mark Richard, Richard being his own real given name and Mark, a handle, attached for professional reasons. "Annelle is a very charming girl," he told me, and I'm sure he meant it wholeheartedly.

all this and heaven . . .

Readers of MODERN SCREEN may recall how Hedy revealed to me some months ago that if she ever married again her choice would be a younger man. Although I make no predictions as to the eventual outcome of her friendship with Mark, one thing is undeniable—he does meet her specifications. The two of them really have everything, all the ingredients that would naturally go together to make a romance of the kind people love to hear about. Youth, talent, assured positions, spacious opportunities, common interests—all these and beauty too. Will they make the plunge, and will they make a go of it if they do? It's all in the lap of the Hollywood gods, who are sometimes fickle.

Look at your tickets again, Harold.

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It's pleasant to reflect, and it must be even pleasanter for them, that they leave no wounds to heal. Annelle, who was a talented actress before she met and married Mark, told me that she plans, as soon as current strains are in the past, to get into the Hollywood swim herself, and reconstruct her career. I think she has every chance to make a success. She'll have Mark rooting for her, and Hedy too, I'm sure. The clash between her and Mark was purely one of temperament. One of those situations that grow imperceptibly. When they decided to call it a day, the thing was done with no great fanfare.

A formal and precise announcement of their separation was prepared by the 20th Century-Fox publicity department, and handed simultaneously to reporters, columnists, and wire associations. No one got a scoop. It just happened that on that same day the news that June Haver and her husband, Jimmy Zito, had split up, also was revealed. Some gossips promptly leaped to the conclusion that there was a connection between the two events and that June and Mark, who had only recently completed co-starring in *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*, were romantically attracted. But such a guess was away off the beam.

As matters stand at this writing, neither Hedy nor Mark is free to discuss marriage and you may depend upon it, neither will do so until both are free. But Hedy is a very happy girl—the happiest I've seen her in all the years I've known her. I'll stop on an intimate little note that every woman will be certain to understand.

"I'm interested in clothes again," she told me. "I'm interested in my beauty—and I was so, so tired of it! For years I was content to go about in slacks. I wanted people not to notice me. Now—well, this is it!"

Elizabeth Taylor . . .

M-G-M star you're going to love in the title role of *Cynthia*, soon to be released. In it she plays a teenager, gets her first movie kiss—and it's her first starring role.

Elizabeth had exactly one day in New York before she sailed on the Queen Mary for her native England—so we were proud as anything to snag her during that hectic day to pose for us in this dreamy leopard-spotted coat.

Now listen carefully: This coat is reversible! It is fuzzy white all-wool on one side—stencilled leopard cloth on the other—and it has pockets on both the leopard side and the wooly side. We repeat! It's reversible—you can wear it leopard side out, or white side out. And the darling little head-band, which comes with it, is reversible too!

Can't you see yourself in this coat, leopard side out, at football games—then looking like a white angel, wool side out, at Christmas time—and switching merrily back and forth to suit your mood all winter?

You can also buy it in brown fuzzy wool with leopard; or beige with leopard. Sizes 10 to 16.

A Becker Original About $35

To find out where to buy coat and shoes turn to page 94.

modern screen fashions

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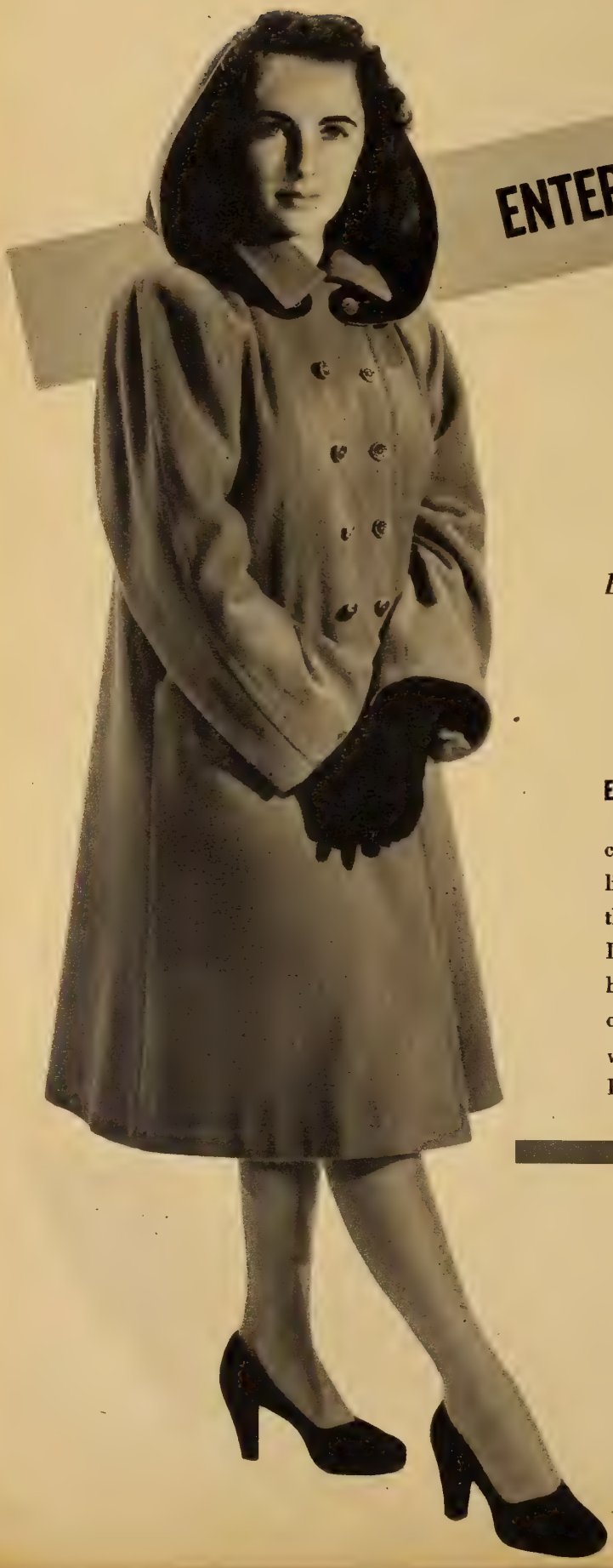


By Connie Bartel, Fashion Editor

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

covers her pretty head with a velvet-lined hood—and steps out in one of the prize young coats of the season. It's soft all-wool suede cloth—gold buttoned. The hood, bless it, buttons on and off. Black, brown, grey, green, wine, or blue. Sizes 10-16; 7-15.
By York Mode About $25

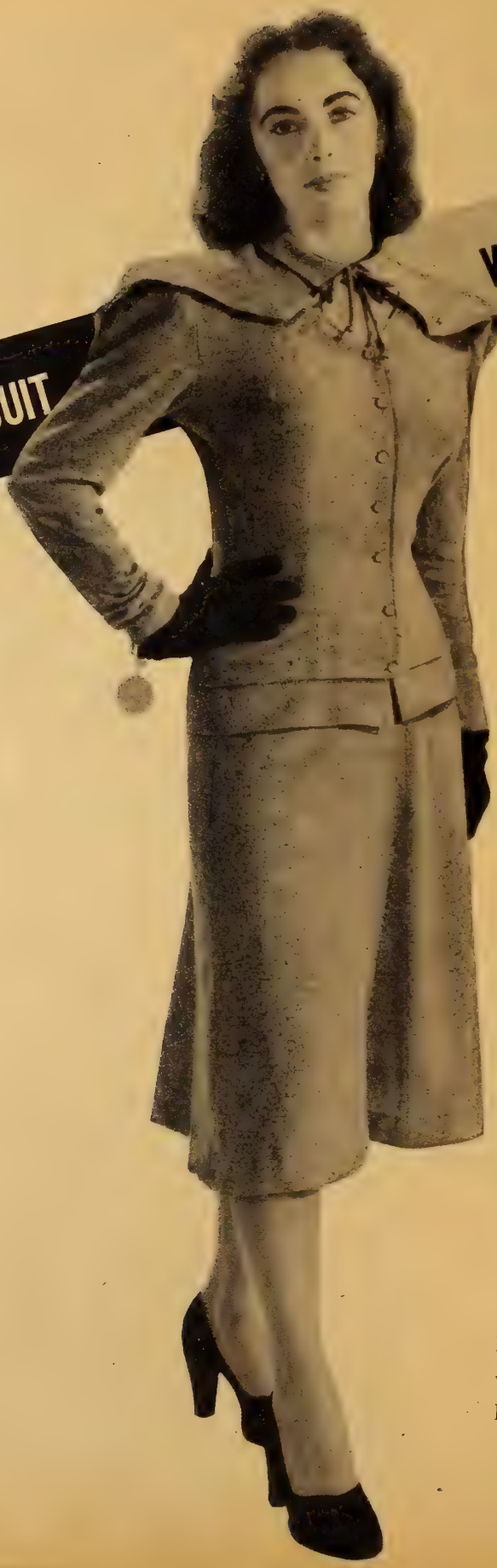
FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 94

..THE COAT
WITH THE
LEOPARD LINING

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

wraps up in a coat that's pure drama. It's lined and faced in lush, plush, thick-piled leopard cloth—and it's made of soft wooly "Cloudown" in kelly, wine, brown or black. If you want to stop the show, this does it. Misses' sizes 10-18; Juniors 9-17. By Judy Nell About $35

ENTER: THE SUIT WITH THE CAPELET SHOULDER



FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 94

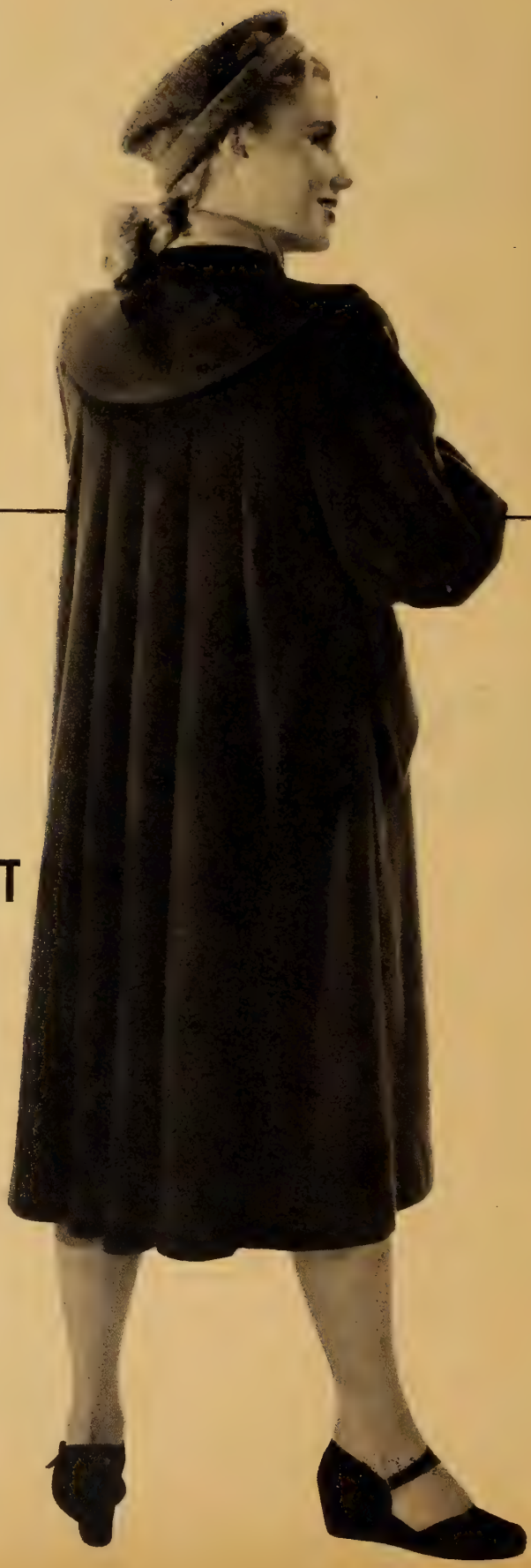
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

models a long torso suit with the trickiest neckline in town:—it makes like a cape; ties under a little collar; leaves a tiny bit of throat bare! Note fuller, longer skirt—and *fit*. In black and white, or brown and white wool and rayon mixture. Sizes 9-17. By Jonathan Logan About $14.95

. . . SUIT WITH HIP INTEREST

JACQUELINE WHITE

RKO's pretty, blonde, young up-and-comer—currently in *Crossfire* and soon in *Memory of Love*—strikes a hip-hip-hooray pose in a suit with hip interest—biggest fashion point in suits this fall. Note smart cuffed sleeves. Black and white, or brown and white. Rayon and wool. 9-15; 10-16.
R. & K. Original About $14.95



FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 94

ENTER: THE FULL BACK COAT

JACQUELINE WHITE

models the very, very highest fashion in coats—the longer coat with the very, very *full back*. This is New York's favorite—the fashion world's favorite—this is it. Graceful, big-collared, easy to wear over everything. Black, brown, green, wine, winter white. All wool suede by American Woolen Company. Misses sizes 10 to 18. Junior sizes 9 to 15. By Junior Prom About $35.

VACATION FROM MARRIAGE

(*Continued from page 12*)

There was only one difference, now; she was no longer living with him.

Although another "perfect" marriage seemed to be approaching the rocks, Cornel Wilde denied it. "We are just taking a vacation from each other," he insisted. "I have been working too hard, too long. I need a rest. My wife needs a rest."

Patricia Knight said nothing. She merely smiled and let Cornel talk.

All through dinner, Cornel chatted lightly, making eyes across the table at his wife who was not living with him, exactly as if he were twenty-two and she seventeen. Which they had been when they first met ten years before.

"It's just the same," he said, later. "I'm courting Patricia all over again just as I did then. It's fun."

It *was* fun ten years ago. New York, and cut-rate seafood dinners at the Cape Cod Oyster House on 43rd Street, and Pat finally blurting out that the reason she didn't eat much was not to hold the bill down, as he suspected, but because she couldn't stand seafood.

Days at Jones Beach, lying in the sun. They had no money, but they enjoyed being together.

They came back from being married in Elkton, Md., without so much as a dime between them for subway fare to the Victoria Hotel, in midtown Manhattan, where one tiny room was to be their bridal suite—at a cut-rate. Then they moved to the St. James Hotel, on 45th Street, and eventually owed the kindly manager, Perry Frank, hundreds of dollars in back rent.

dreaming out loud . . .

But always they had their plans, and they talked of them. They dreamed aloud of a day when they would be successes, have a spacious home, a flowering garden covering an acre of ground, fine clothes, good food, ample money to pay their bills on the first of the month, entertain their friends freely, and have enough left over to buy each other presents.

In Hollywood, the dreams began to come true.

"You've never seen such a couple," said Tony Martin, Cornel's close friend. "The moment Cory left the set he rushed straight home to Patricia. He wouldn't stop and talk for even five minutes. Now —well, I don't know why troubles have to come to such nice people. But they seem to, somehow. Story books are out-moded. All you have to do today is look around you to see *real* stories."

Hollywood has seen, before now, many happy marriages crack wide open under the pressure of double careers.

"There is nothing like that with us," said Cornel Wilde. "We are happy each has a career. We started to have double careers when we were first married. Even before that. We *want* double careers. Patricia's is interesting and exciting to me, and mine is to her."

They have both worked so hard that the background to their present story began to unfold when Patricia won the lead in Sol Wurtzel's production, *Roses are Red*. For two whole nights prior to the first day of shooting they stayed up rehearsing her in her part. She reported to the set highly nervous, wrought up, worried at what she would do with her first big break. But she worked like a Trojan.

During this time Cornel was shooting *It Had To Be You* (*Continued on page 89*)

Carole King DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

"SOUVENIR"..Color combined with black in Carole King's own gay manner to define the perfect dress for fall doin's. Of rayon Telecrepe in junior sizes 9 to 15. Under $11.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

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By Henry Rosenfeld About $17.95

FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 74

(*Continued from page 87*) at Columbia. He worked day after day, yet found time to send presents to Patricia's cameraman and film cutter, two very important individuals in making a picture.

A national picture magazine asked to do a series of pictures of Cornel. He said, "Certainly," and then trotted them over to Patricia's studio on his first day off in weeks, when he could have been resting, so that they could be photographed together and she would get the benefit of his break in the magazine.

An evening at home was no rest. Patricia was spending more time at night studying her part than Cornel was spending on his. Their dream house had become a workshop.

Eventually, their two shooting schedules were finished, and they went to Catalina Island. Then came the startling report. It said Cornel Wilde had started to swim out into the Pacific, intending never to return, and that Patricia Knight had frantically sent a boat after him! The report said, too, that when the boat found Cornel far from shore, he had refused aid or interference and had continued swimming!

Friends of Patricia and Cornel shook their heads, puzzled and bothered. Others merely laughed at the report.

"Don't believe *that* tale," they said. "If she sent a boat after him, it was a gag of some kind. He's a trained athlete, who likes long workouts. When he was ready, he turned around and swam back, didn't he?"

cornel moves out . . .

The story continued to unfold when Patricia and Cornel returned from Catalina. She remained in their Benedict Canyon home while he moved into the swank Bel Air Hotel with Tony Martin.

Neither Wilde appeared in public. Cornel would simply sit and read, or talk. "Most of the time about Patricia," said Tony.

Years ago, the answer would have been that some nice people work too hard for success and do not know how to handle it when it comes.

Cornel and Patricia had no loneliness when he was tramping Broadway. She wouldn't let him quit the stage for a regular job. "I have confidence in you," she said. "You'll win, somehow. Meanwhile, let me dance."

She danced. In the chorus of *DuBarry Was A Lady* for thirty weeks at $35 a week. Then he got the break she knew would come to him, with Laurence Olivier in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Hollywood was only a step away.

Today, news comes that they've reconciled, that they're already back together again in their dream house, with its acre of garden flowers, in Beverly Hills.

Cornel Wilde says that their separation was a "vacation" because each was tired. It was understandable that they should be tired, after what their double career had demanded. Toward the end of *It Had To Be You* at Columbia, a professional technician who has seen Wilde in operation ever since he came to Hollywood exclaimed, "Cornel used to be quite a swashbuckler. But he looks right now like he's ready to buckle more than swash."

The "vacation" of Patricia and Cornel was the result.

However, in spite of their gaiety at La Rue's and the bounce he began to show as he started his second courting of Patricia, it would be risky to guess whether their reconciliation will take. Still, Cornel has won every fight he has ever had —against adversity, against Broadway, against rivals for the hand of Patricia Knight before she became Mrs. Wilde, against Hollywood itself, at first. Give odds that he will win this one against success.

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Letter from the Fashion Editor

Dear You:

Thank you so much for all the mail we've been getting. There's nothing we love so much as a nice, fat, bulging mailbag—and we're honor-bound to answer each and every letter just as fast as we can.

And how about a letter from all of you gals we haven't heard from yet? You know, the sole purpose of MODERN SCREEN Fashions is to make you the best dressed girl in town—at the very lowest possible prices. We are terribly eager to feature exactly the dress, or coat, or suit you're looking for—at exactly the moment you need it—at the price you want to pay. We try to run this Fashion Section as *you* tell us to—that's what we're here for.

So how about giving with some information? Do you like what we're doing? Prices low enough? Would you like more jackets—skirts—date dresses—or what? How do you stand on suits—do you wear them, or do you prefer a change of dresses under a winter coat? What do you think of the coats we're showing in this issue? What price do you like to pay for shoes?

See what we mean? We're teeming with questions about you. Every time we look at a hat—or dress—or whatever—we're thinking of you. Would *you* like it? Would it look wonderful on *you?* Would *you* consider it a good price?

To help us feature fashions as you want them, how about putting pen to paper and writing us all about yourself—your clothes problems, your pet fashion loves and pet fashion peeves?

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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

RICHARD BASEHART of Repeat Performance *and* Cry Wolf *was born in Zanesville, Ohio, on Aug. 31, 1915. Is 5′ 9″ tall, weighs 148 lbs., and has blue eyes and sandy hair. Is married to Stephanie Klein. Write him at Eagle-Lion, Hollywood, California.*

JEAN SIMMONS, who scored in Great Expectations *and* Black Narcissus, *was born in England 18 years ago. She has blue eyes and brown hair and is unmarried. Write her at Gainsborough Films, Wardour Street, London, England. Next picture:* Hamlet.

WENDELL COREY debuts in Desert Fury. *He was born in Dracut, Mass., on Mar. 20, 1914. Is 6′ 2″ tall, weighs 192 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Write to him at Paramount, Hollywood.*

Freddie Young, N.Y. Schumann's Traumerei, Dedication, Concerto in A Minor, Piano Quartette, Arabesque, Cantata from Faust; Liszt's E-Flat Piano Concerto; Brahms' Fourth Hungarian Dance, Cradle Song, Symphony No. 1, Rhapsody in G Minor were the pieces played in Song of Love.

J. A., Hollywood: Buddy Clark did the singing for Mark Stevens in I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now. *Gene Nelson was the blond dancer in the pic. Write them at Fox, Beverly Hills. And that darlin' office boy on the newspaper in* Dust Be My Destiny *was Dick Clayton. He's just out of the Navy and expects to resume picture work shortly.*

Dot McCall, Ill. Barbara McAvoy, Box 611, Quogue, N. Y., has the Elizabeth Taylor Club; Kathy Campbell, 3602 Rock Creek Church Rd., Wash., D. C., has one for Darryl Hickman; Jean Benson, 214 7th Avenue, San Mateo, Calif., has Scotty Beckett's.

For answers to any questions on the movies or stars, or the ENTIRE ACADEMY AWARD LIST SINCE ORIGIN, or HOW TO START A FAN CLUB, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

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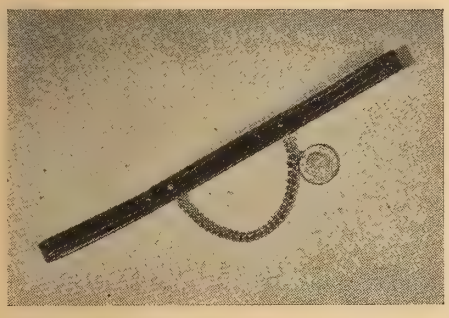
BY MAXINE FIRESTONE



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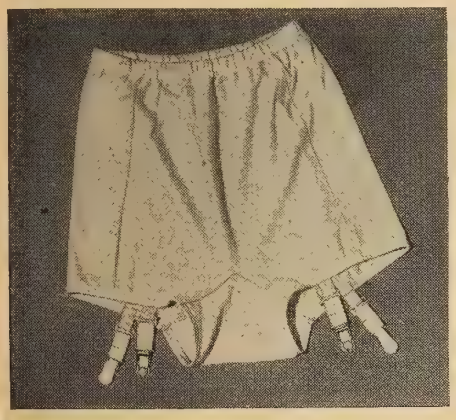

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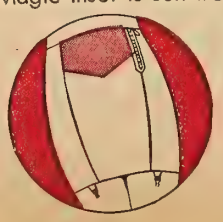

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Becker Original leopard cloth and wool reversible coat worn by Elizabeth Taylor in color photograph (page 81)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Baltimore, Md.—The May Co., Downstairs
Buffalo, N. Y.—Sattler's, Coat Dept., Main Floor
Chicago, Ill.—Goldblatt's State Street Store, Junior Deb Dept.
Detroit, Mich.—Sam's, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Subway Fashion Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Downstairs Coat Dept.

Alligator calf pumps worn by Elizabeth Taylor in color photograph (page 81) In wine, green, red or brown, $4.99

At all Kitty Kelly stores in:
Chicago Philadelphia
New York City Washington, D. C.

York Mode hooded coat with gold buttons worn by Elizabeth Taylor (page 82)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan, Marsh Co., Teen Age and Junior Miss Depts., Downstairs
New York, N. Y.—Stern's, Teen Age Dept., Downstairs

Judy Nell leopard-cloth lined coat worn by Elizabeth Taylor (page 83)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Schuster's, Budget Shops, Fashion Floor
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Downstairs Coats
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Downstairs Teen Town and Jive Way

Jonathan Logan suit with capelet neckline worn by Elizabeth Taylor ('page 84)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—E. T. Slattery Co., Junior Miss Shop, Second Floor
Dayton, Ohio—The Elder & Johnston Co., Collegiate Dept., Second Floor
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson Co., College Shop, Second Floor

R. & K. Original suit with hip interest worn by Jacqueline White (page 85)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's, Fashions, Second Floor
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Junior Deb Dept., Fifth Floor
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, Junior Celebrity Shop, Fourth Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Thrift Shop and Little New Yorker Shop, Fourth Floor

Junior Prom big collared, full back coat worn by Jacqueline White (page 86)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Armstrong's, Downstairs Style Shop
New York, N. Y.—Hearn's, Economy Coats, Second Floor

Madcaps flannel hat (page 86) about $4

Kansas City, Mo.—Chasnoff, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Madcaps Bar, Main Floor

Henry Rosenfeld suit worn by Jacqueline White (page 88)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—The John Shillito Co., Casual Dress Dept., Third Floor
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel Co., College Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Budget Dresses, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Casual Dresses, Third Floor

If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 22)

a few special performances. Bouchet is insulted, and retires to her dressing-room in tears.

Small Meg, understanding very little of all this, knows only that her beloved ballerina is unhappy. She decides that somehow she must manage to spoil La Darina's opening. It might, she thinks, be very funny if, in the middle of the dance, all the lights went off. So, just at the climax of the performance, Meg reaches up and pulls a switch. Then she runs as fast as she can out of the building. But it was the wrong switch, and as a result La Darina will never walk again . . .

The pieces of this highly sentimental plot are pulled together by a Mr. Paneros, better known as Danny Thomas, who is sad and funny by turns.—*M-G-M*

THE FOXES OF HARROW

Stephen Fox is a man to remember, and—played by Rex Harrison—a man to fascinate every woman who sets eyes on him. The illegitimate son of a well-born Irish girl, he comes to America with his mind on just one thing. He is going to establish a fortune and an estate that will be the pride of each succeeding generation of Foxes.

His start in New Orleans is hardly auspicious. He is branded a professional gambler, but there is an air about Stephen Fox which enables him to carry off any situation. Perhaps it's the cool humor in his hazel eyes, or perhaps it's the black pearl he wears in the silk stock at his throat.

Stephen makes one friend immediately—Andre LeBlanc (Richard Haydn), who is engaged to young Aurore D'Arceneaux (Vanessa Brown). And one enemy—Aurore's spirited, haughty sister, Odalie (Maureen O'Hara). The moment Stephen sees Odalie, the blood of his distinguished Irish ancestors starts doing nip-ups. Here is the girl for him to marry. The girl who will found with him a dynasty of Foxes. But Odalie will have nothing to do with him—yet.

It takes him years to win her, but in those years Stephen carves Harrow from the bank of the turbulent Mississippi. Harrow, an estate matched in magnificence by no other.

(Continued on page 132)

The Foxes Of Harrow: After years of wooing, Rex Harrison marries willful Maureen O'Hara.

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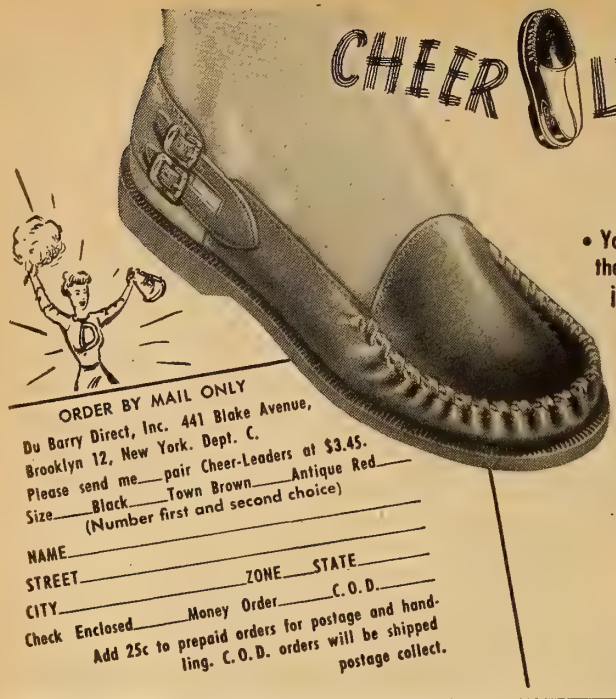

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*REG. TRADEMARK

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BETTER REACH FOR GOODY

"HIMSELF"

(Continued from page 53)

I got to yer set," I says.

"Victuals ye would follow anywhere, O'Brien," he says. "You remember McBride?"

McBride that fed us when we were a pair of unemployed play-actors? I would be as lief to forget the Blarney Stone or the grand St. Patrick himself as the McBride.

"And 'twas you that made a blithering pig of yerself, that evening, O'Brien," says he.

He has a memory as tight as a Scotsman's fist, he has. And before the company and all he told it on me.

'Twas in those bleak days when we were flatter than Paddy's foot, and to town came the McBride, an old friend, with money in his pocket.

So one fine evening he takes us to a place on Lexington Avenue where the calories are plentiful and cheap, and we order up the sixty-five cent steak with trimmings. I am consuming the heavenly food like a furnace when I note that both Tracy and McBride are weaving, and growing a bright Irish green around their handsome gills.

"'Tis pizen," says Tracy. "'Twas the fish."

And McBride gulps and demands fresh air, and maybe an ambulance.

But, dear reader, after living the past seven days on pretzels and water, I could have enjoyed the sole of a Hungarian's boot, and I says, "Begone with yez, leave a man eat in peace."

'tis a quarrel between 'em . . .

"I will not walk with such a man," says Tracy, after watching me devour my steak, and he wouldn't. So uptown we stalked, him on one side of the street and me on the other, and to bed we went in our room without ever a word spoken, and Tracy glowering at me with the wrath of Brian Boru.

But before long I was disturbed in me fashionable dreams.

"Pat," he says, friendly like.

"Yeah?" says I, being cautious.

"Good night, Pat," he says.

'Twas as close to a quarrel as we ever came, and I have been knowing the man these thirty-two years, from the time he was a shaver in Milwaukee, six months younger than meself.

Seeing Tracy in his grand suit in this *Cass McTimberlane* drama, elegant and impressive, reminded me of our dress suit, and this is how that was:

Through some little miracle when the saints had smiled on me, I had work in a stock company, wearing a very fine soup and fish provided by the stage manager. But in spite of me fine acting, the play closed in the provinces, and without a farthing to pay the actors, either.

'Twas the dress suit I got instead of cash, and after a grand, loud dicker, Spence parted with five dollars for a half interest in the beautiful suit. It kept us in walk-on parts for months, that suit.

"'Tis about time for a dress suit party," I said to Mister Tracy.

"And so it is," says he.

For it is our habit, now that we have grown accustomed to eating three great meals every day most of the time, to set a time once a year and dine together on elegant food at some famous place, both wearing dress suits, newly pressed, with an extra piece of pie.

Seeing the Tracy in all his glory minded me, too, of his father, a grand man and

bless his soul, and what he said when he first glimpsed his son acting on the stage. Mr. Tracy was the head of a trucking business, and it was his wish that his boy follow in his footsteps. He came backstage after the play and said:

"Son, I just sat there thinking about that nice new five-ton truck we got. It's a wonderful truck, and I couldn't help thinking that you'd look right at home up on the driver's seat."

But Spence kept on acting, as you know, and when he got to a play called *The Last Mile,* in which he played Killer Mears, the lid was off for sure, and Spence was started as a great star.

At the time of Spence's triumph in *The Last Mile,* I had returned from another disastrous road company tour, and I was broke, roaming the streets, when I heard about this grand opening of a new play.

I had enough to get into a fourth row seat in the balcony, and 'twas a lovely sight, the great spectacle of Tracy knocking the folks dead with his talent and his great, calm authority. He took seventeen curtain calls, and when that was over, I hurried around back stage, thinking maybe just to shake the hand of me old pal.

Ah me, the carriage trade was all back stage, looking at Spence through their lorgnettes.

But when the doorman told him Pat O'Brien was there to see him, the Tracy gave the back of his hand to all his fine new friends, and walked away from them as if they were a swarm of bill collectors, an old friend being the most important thing in the world to him even at the moment of his greatest triumph, with Broadway at his feet.

Did you know how Spence and I got started acting? I might as well tell you, now that this piece is getting rather long.

After we'd both served in the Navy, in World War I, that is, there was a great generous plan subscribed to by the State of Wisconsin for the education of veterans. Like the Veteran's Bill of Rights today.

So we approached the great State of Wisconsin, and we said, "Sir, 'tis actors we would be, and you have no acting school to send us to, us veterans who won the war for you at Great Lakes Training Station. Why not send us to school in New York?"

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And the great State of Wisconsin fell for the story, and that's the truth of the matter, and that's why Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien are actors today.

You would want to know about Mister Tracy today, if I had had a chance to interview him, instead of gabbing about the grand old times, and what Spence is doing today would surprise you.

He is painting. Yes, me darlin' readers, oil painting.

"It teaches you to see," he tells me, "to see wonderful things, new beauties in line and color, in street cars and gasoline stations, even.

"And it doesn't have to be good, mind you," he points out. "Not at all. Because you do this painting to please yourself, and hang the results in the basement."

Also, himself is raising horses on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, and you will be interested, of course, in what kind of horses. Old horses.

This is because he is a grand sentimental man and cannot bear to get rid of a nag once he has clapped a leg over him, and he has ten of these senile steeds today!

When the members of the Club are in town, we see a lot of Tracy. The Club, which hasn't a name but might be called the Hollywood Hibernians, is composed of some fine fellows known to the public as Spencer Tracy, James Cagney, Jimmy McHugh, and Pat O'Brien—an elegant collection of fine gentlemen.

That brick-topped Irisher, Mister Cagney, is the one who told me at the Club one evening that Tracy is a superstitious man, a thing I never suspected before.

over the bounding main . . .

It turns out these adventures were in a 22-foot yawl, returning from Catalina at dusk, and the seas running higher than the dashboard of a 1920 Cadillac, and it got to be a ticklish question of whether they would turn back or go on.

Finally, they sighted land, a couple of knots to sta'board, and the skipper bellered:

"That's the time we beat Ole Debbil Sea!"

They tell me the Mister Tracy froze to a lanyard, or something.

"Don't say that, you fool!" he shouted. "You curse the sea and we're still two miles off shore!"

When the mood is on him, there is no telling what fabulous thing the man may do. 'Twas Cagney who went to New York with him one trip, and a grand time they had on the train, telling the old tales, and when they pulled into Pennsylvania Station, Cagney said:

"Spence, you'll be busy this morning and I'll be busy this morning, so late this afternoon I'll call your hotel and we'll talk about dinner some place."

And Spence naturally said that would be all right, and so Cagney called him.

"Mr. Tracy just left," said the clerk. "He checked in, then checked out immediately and took the next train back to California."

You might never suspect it, but Spence is the great-granddaddy of all worry-warts, and many's the time that he's told me that his acting was no good, his script was no good, and the whole screenplay was no good. These spells usually come on him when he's making something especially elegant, such as *Captains Courageous,* or *Boys' Town,* each of which won him an Academy Award.

When he works, as you probably know, he even abandons his fine home in the Valley and moves in town with his brother, Carol, who has an apartment over an office on South Beverly Drive.

He has done a couple of wonderful things which I would interview him about, except that you cannot get him to open

his lip about them. It is a fact, for instance, that he took a likely kid, sent him through college and medical school, and that lad is now a full professor of medicine at a famous Canadian university.

And the John Tracy Clinic, named for his son John, is as wonderful a thing as you will want to hear about. This is the school for deaf children run by Mrs. Tracy, with Spence behind the scenes, helping out with the necessary. The only time I ever heard Spence talk about it—and it's close to his heart, too close for palaver—was not long ago when he was on a radio program for Louella Parsons, and he said it about like this:

"John, our son, who has never heard anything, is now in his third year in college easily holding his own with other boys. What has helped him is that his mother learned how to train him from childhood. Mrs. Tracy started the John Tracy Clinic. It's the only school of its kind in the country. They train not only the children, but more importantly, the parents. Our Clinic is a small thing in its way, but I hope it gives other people in other communities the idea to do work along these lines. . . . There is no such thing as a deaf and dumb person. The only reason a deaf child cannot speak is because he cannot hear."

So you are bound to see how it was I had a fine, wrangling, yarn-spinning time with Tracy on the set, but didn't get a thing out of him.

I don't know whether I could write the grand lyrical piece about him, anyway. I'm too close to the subject, too admiring, to tell you the confidential truth, and the guy's great warm talent for friendship, is too overwhelming a thing to get on paper.

Also, dear reader, you will understand that I couldn't be putting it down in writing for publication that I think maybe this Tracy is the greatest actor in the world. Tracy knows me too well. He would grab my shillalagh and beat my brains out, probably, if I wrote anything like that about him. Too bad—for my story might win the O'Pulitzer Prize!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I'm a car-hop in a drive-in on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. One night a young man wearing dark glasses drove in, and after looking over the menu, asked with a British accent, "What would you suggest?" "The spaghetti and meatballs are very good, sir," I replied. "Oh, I say! Isn't that rather fattening?" he exclaimed, and then he added, "My studio says I must watch my calories." Thinking he was just another Hollywood wolf trying to make an impression, I said in my best la-de-dah manner, "I know just how you feel. It's the penalty we stars must pay for our success. For my last picture I simply stahved *myself for months and months." Then we both laughed and he decided on iced tea and cottage cheese salad. When he had finished and I was handing him his change, he removed his glasses. I found myself gazing into the twinkling eyes of Peter Lawford. Handing me a liberal tip, he said, "Buy yourself some tea. It's very non-fattening. We stars have to keep our figures, you know."*

Dona V. Stephens,
Los Angeles, California

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Creams come in wide varieties. Wonderful is "cold cream," which cleanses, lubricates and protects the skin. There's also a wide array of "general purpose creams." The textures vary but the creams have much the same uses. For cleansing *only*, there are "melting" or "liquefying cleansing creams" made with a mineral oil base. To be good (that's how you want it) any cleansing cream must (1) become liquid at body temperature, (2) be light enough so that it does not destroy the elasticity of the skin.

Especially if your skin is dry, use a lusciously rich "night cream." And you needn't skid on the pillow with a greasy face! Apply the cream; your skin will absorb all it can possibly use in twenty minutes. Smooth off the excess with a convenient tissue . . . and sweet dreams!

For waking moments, there are makeup aids. Preliminary to powdering, cover your face with "vanishing cream" and let it remain on for a full minute. (*Continued on page 113*)

Want a complexion smooth and clear as the Hollywood stars have? Here's help! Learn the creams and lotions that will beautify.

BY CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR

BREAKDOWN

(*Continued from page 41*)

healing she could no more fulfill her obligations at home or studio than a man with galloping pneumonia could swim the Irish Sea.

Vincente Minnelli, who had directed her last picture, *The Pirate*, knew it, too.

He was devotion itself when the decision was made that Judy should go away. He told her to think only of getting well. As for themselves—it was entirely up to her. He would stay if she liked. He would consent to go, or separate if she liked.

Judy was worn out. I knew that, time after time, Arthur Freed, the producer of *The Pirate*, had to send her home because she just wasn't up to her work.

The studio heads knew about Judy's condition when she left Hollywood. They made the arrangements. She traveled to northeastern Maine, and a private sanitarium. She placed herself completely under the best medical care, including the close supervision and constant attention of one of the finest psychoanalysts in the country. And that, according to a letter she has just written to a friend, seems to have done the trick.

"I feel like a new woman," she wrote. "I've discovered the outdoors, sports, sun! Imagine, I can eat, and I want to eat! I can sleep and never think of a sleeping pill. I've gained a little weight and I've never seen such lovely people, such peace!"

When a girl makes such a fuss about discovering these simple joys (even if they *are* the hardest in the world to capture!) she must not have had much chance to stumble across them before. And that's Judy's story. She didn't.

the spirit is willing . . .

People think of her as a slim, dark-eyed beauty who can act and sing like an angel. That's a tribute to her artistry. But she's *not* an angel! Judy Garland, even as you and I, is flesh and blood. And she was only three years old when she first broke into public life by toddling onto a stage before a large theater audience!

That was when her parents and two sisters were a family vaudeville act. Judy has been before the public one way or another, ever since. It affected her growing up, it still affects every phase of her life. When she began losing her first teeth as a five-year-old, it wasn't just in the presence of her family. Whole audiences were party to the coming of the awful gaps, and it seemed to Judy that eons passed before the gaps were finally filled in by her second teeth. Ask your child psychologist how *that* could affect a sensitive child!

When other girls were going through their "awkward age" blithely indifferent, Judy couldn't be. There were a thousand pairs of eyes on her nightly, and twice daily on Saturdays and Sundays!

And then came Hollywood and pictures.

Judy was about fourteen and already she had experienced many a sleepless night. Judy was a professional actress, fighting for a place in the sun and saddled with all the tension and responsibilities of such a position. Other girls of her age were giggling at nothing in particular, but how could Judy giggle?

I remember when Deanna Durbin, who started out in pictures at the same time Judy did, scored such a hit in *Three Smart Girls*. Judy came to me. "Oh, Hedda!" she wailed. "I'll never get anywhere! Deanna's made a wonderful picture and I've done nothing! Just nothing! I'll never get anywhere!"

Pat's the darling of New York! The most wonderful men want to date her. For the breath-taking beauty of her SweetHeart complexion simply bowls them over!

Pat Marlowe, BEWITCHING COVER GIRL, Says:

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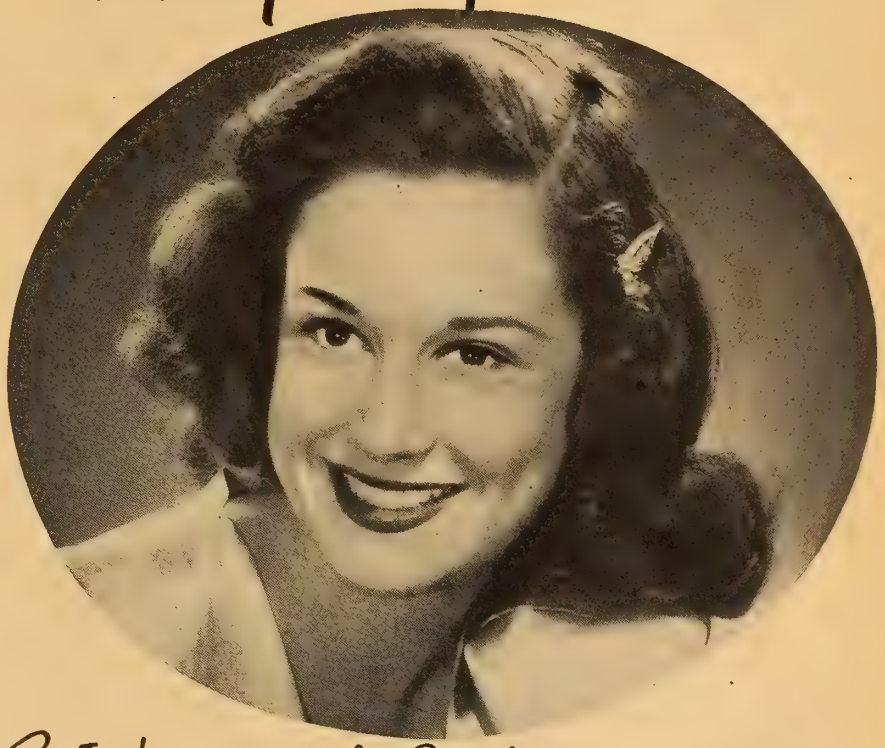

So I changed to the Gentle FLOATING LIFT of SWEETHEART SOAP'S Extra Lather!

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Try Pat's beauty care. See how pure, mild SweetHeart Soap gives you billows of luxurious extra lather. Heavenly soft, rich lather with a gentle *floating lift*. Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* this amazing action.

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At the first blush of Womanhood

by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm — There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome — Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike — Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself — You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe — During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

I knew differently. I tried to tell her; to laugh her worries away. But she wouldn't be consoled and turned from me—a fourteen-year-old girl with tragedy already plain in her eyes! She didn't know then how high she would go, or how hard she would work, or how much fun her success would take from her. Not that she would have stopped. She had to go on.

Remember when Judy was making the early Andy Hardys, *Babes on Broadway*, and those others with Mickey Rooney, some eight years ago? Everyone wondered how she could stand the grind. "But then, she's so young and fresh and plump," they all said.

What they didn't know was that Judy was paying a price. She was using up more energy than she had.

This was the "happy girlhood" of Judy Garland. And she *was* just a girl. It came through every once in a while despite everything. You know. You heard it in her voice when she sang "Over the Rainbow" in *The Wizard of Oz*. You heard it again in that wonderful, "You Made Me Love You, Mr. Gable!" I *know* it was the girl in her singing *that* song because, believe it or not, up to then she had never met Gable though they both worked on the same lot, and she had a crush on him just as devastating as any one of a million other girls of her age at the time!

This was Judy, then, living on excitement, applause, hard work and music. Check that last word. Judy was music crazy.

beautiful music together . . .

You can't live on music, but Judy tried to. She even married it! Enter David Rose. Here was a mating that was exactly like one of David's own compositions. It went rollicking along, up and down the scale, skittering, dancing, getting faster and faster until suddenly it ended with a cymbal-crashing finale.

It was sometime after the separation, that Judy and I were talking about the opening of her latest picture. She was to attend with Mickey Rooney. "Hedda, don't you think I ought to have an Adrian gown to wear to the opening?" she asked. She begged me to agree. I did, publicly, in my column. When Judy went to the opening she had on an Adrian gown—compliments of Mr. Louis B. Mayer, her studio boss.

I think Judy subconsciously hoped the gown would do something for her. It did. Neither I, nor Louis B. Mayer, nor probably even Judy had any idea what real effect it would have. Of course, first of all, it was a sheer delight. But after that, I think that gown made her see herself as a different person—a smart, more sophisticated person, and not the young, appealing girl she was.

She didn't wait to grow; she tried to leap into this new personality overnight, and didn't quite make it. She always fell a little short of the impression she was trying to create about herself. Now, she was neither fully girl nor woman, but shifted back and forth.

If ever a girl needed a steadying force, the girl was Judy, yet when she married her director, Vincente Minnelli, it was the surprise of the town. It is Minnelli who has brought Judy's real genius to the screen in the opinion of many people—again, including Judy. Just before I started to write this, Judy sent word to the studio that she wants Vincente to direct her in *Easter Parade*.

Vincente had told Metro he was perfectly willing to step out of the picture if Judy preferred, because he is sincere in his desire to have nothing prevent Judy's regaining her health. And, incidentally, if you have heard that someone else is to replace Judy in *Easter Parade*, you might as well forget it. Judy has told all her friends: "As long as I live, nobody will get that part away from me!"

Yes, the coming together of Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli was considered a great artistic union at Metro. Judy found in Minnelli a sense of theater, born of his New York legitimate experience, that she had never encountered before. He recognized that Judy was a great screen potential, could go to any heights. He did wonders for her. She did wonders for him. But marriage? No one had given thought to the possibility. Which didn't in the least prevent the marriage, or best wishes from all who knew them both.

But wishes are one thing. Facts are another. Word would come that they were not getting on, that Judy had walked out. And then they'd be back together again. And, of course, they were always together at the studio. But it was when Judy was expecting her baby that I think life really began to catch up with her.

I remember three months before the baby was born, I had planned a shower for Judy—just for men! I had invited all the producers, all the directors, stars, musicians, cameramen; all the set technicians who had known her. They were phoning me like mad asking what they could bring. Among other things there was going to be a miniature baby grand piano for the nursery! And, in the midst of the preparations, Judy's mother phoned. The doctor had taken a stand against the shower! "Judy is just not well enough for all the excitement," said her mother. "A night like that will mean an emotional outpouring, and she just can't stand it."

Everyone in Hollywood had the idea that the birth of Judy's baby would have a wonderful effect on her. That was all she needed to settle her down, we said. But, the stamina she needed badly now, with motherhood coming on, was missing. It had been scattered back through the years.

The baby is lovely, of course. A dark, curly-haired dream child with great big eyes. But the birth left Judy nervous, exhausted, held to her bed for weeks. She tried to regain her strength. She thought she was well, when she started *The Pirate*. But working was a mistake. She would tire. And then she became perpetually tired. How far is it from this to brooding? To falling prey to any unhappy thoughts? To developing the complexes that assail anyone who is despondent and weary?

Not far. Dangerously near, as a matter of fact. But, thank goodness, these are questions we don't have to bother answering now, as far as Judy is concerned.

"I feel like a new woman," she has written, and the doctor has confirmed this.

it's up to judy . . .

Her baby is waiting for her.

Vincente Minnelli is waiting for her—willing to go on as her husband and director, or step out as one, the other, or both.

Her career is waiting for her, with *Annie Get Your Gun* all set to follow *Easter Parade*—and since these two pictures are a pair of Metro's most important properties, you get an idea how she stands with her studio.

And if she follows the advice of her doctors, a more rounded life awaits her; one in which her thinking won't be limited by the borders of Hollywood, but will go on to all the rest of the things that make up a well-balanced existence.

Because Judy really doesn't have to be a "new woman" to find what's "over the rainbow." She just has to drop some of the malignancies that always come with stardom—overwork, over-anxiety, over-self-concentration. Then she'll be Judy Garland, the girl who is a song and a bouquet rolled into one.

That's how simple Judy's story really is!

OF G-STRINGS AND APRON STRINGS

(*Continued from page 55*)

pretty wonderful."

When Dan hit New York, he had nothing but ideas, and a purse as empty as his stomach. He went to see a dancing teacher named Johnny Madison, and Johnny provided a roof and the grubstake.

Johnny charged $10 an hour for dancing lessons, but he hated to see a customer get away. He turned the poor prospects over to Dan.

At this point, Dan would say to the victim, "I am very busy, but I can see you are a deserving young person so I will make a special concession in your case." Now he admits, "Of course, it was stealing $4 an hour, but a man had to live."

And then, in 1931, there was a hit on Broadway. A show called *Stars in Your Eyes,* and people were talking as much about that sensational kid, Dailey, as they were about Jimmy Durante and Ethel Merman. That year, Mrs. Dailey not only sat in a packed house and watched her son bring it down, but she sat with her proud husband.

So Dan ended up in Hollywood, and discovered that the joint was full of experts. Their shadows were long enough to hide any young man who had just arrived with hope in his heart and enough in the kick for a one-room apartment and eating fee until the first pay check.

"I got a load of myself competing against Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly," Dan says. "Then I looked around for a place to drop dead."

He did, theatrically speaking, of course.

Dead as only an actor could be who began playing Nazis in such pictures as M-G-M's *The Mortal Storm.* The pictures were important, but in Hollywood, an actor who snarls keeps right on snarling unless a minor miracle occurs.

In Dan's case, the beginning of the miracle was a draft card pointing out that he was 1-A.

no seat-dusting for dan . . .

He started in the Signal Corps, found out that his career in the Army was going to consist largely of taking dust off a desk chair with the seat of his pants, and managed a transfer to the Cavalry.

Dan had become an expert rider and trainer of horses during his vacation days on Long Island. Only, when he was shipped to Italy, the horses were mules because of the mountainous action of the 80th Infantry Division. There was about a year of this business of rocks and mules, and mules and rocks, and a letter from home once a month.

Then a lot of the war folded up and people went home. Except for a good many thousand men who wound up in a northern province called Venezia Giulia.

Dailey used to get letters from Hollywood announcing the wholesale return of fighting actors. He thought about this while he was out on machine gun patrol, making sure that the guys who had forgotten which side they were fighting on stayed put.

One day, during this inspiring business, he was sent for by a Colonel Holland, who told him morale was getting pretty low, and could he stage a musical show just like a Broadway production in two and a half weeks?

"He didn't have to twist my arm, because that meant I could stay in a town for a while and sleep in a bed."

The musical was called *The Low Point*

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Revue, because almost everybody in the 80th Infantry had enough points to have been home sitting at the corner drug store for six months.

Just a year ago, June, Dan Dailey arrived back in Hollywood. By this time, so many men were out that Dan felt a little freakish.

"Anyway, I had a suit of clothes and a sports jacket, with pants. I went back to Metro, ready to go. I was ready to go for a long time. The only film they had on me that amounted to anything showed me in a Nazi uniform looking like somebody had planted limburger in the pockets.

"'Look,' I said a few times, 'I dance.'

"When I got good and tired of that, along came the chance to be Betty Grable's leading man in *Mother Wore Tights*. I was offered a contract at 20th. I went in to see L. B. Mayer and said I needed to get that picture. Mr. Mayer said it was all right to leave provided I'd come back once a year.

"So here I am, not sore at anybody, and all I say is, 'You tell me what you want me to do, Mac, and I'll do it.'"

Dailey wasn't afraid of mules, but he was nervous about working with Betty Grable, queen of the Fox lot.

In his first scene, he showed how nervous he was. He didn't know how far to pull out the stops.

Betty looked at him and smiled.

"Look, Mac," she said, "I got mine. Go get yours."

And in his personal judgment, Betty Grable climbed onto a high pedestal.

Another thing he learned about Miss Grable: she doesn't talk in the morning.

Every morning, Dan walked into the scene and said, "Hi."

Betty said, "Hi."

Then they went to work.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Buffalo we have a teen-age club called, "Club 4:15." It's on the air every day after school. This certain afternoon was important because Lawrence (Dillinger) Tierney was going to appear in person to talk about his latest picture. The handsome Larry walked in and sighs filled the studio. Finally, everyone listened quietly as he described his "tough-guy" role as Dillinger. Suddenly the shrill sound of a siren was heard from outside. Larry laughed and said, "I guess the cops followed me here."

Jo Avigliano,
Buffalo, New York

The gangling Mr. Dailey hardly reflects genteel consideration for the opposite sex, though. He looks tough.

"Once when I needed a few bucks," he reports, "I figured to become a prize fighter. I danced around pretty good, and I could hit all right. There was only one trouble—too much of me and too little of the other guy. I had three fights, and got kicked around. I have a lot of respect for gents who are a foot shorter than I am."

Mrs. Dan Dailey was Elizabeth Hofert before their marriage, and their courtship was as casual and episodic as all Dan's life. It seems one of his friends began to rave about a girl he'd met; the most perfect girl a man could find.

The friend brought the girl to a party.

The girl was Elizabeth Hofert. 5'4" she was, and blonde, but that didn't say it all.

"I figured," Dan remembers, "that my chum would go right out of his mind, so I took her off his hands."

The friend is still raving.

Came Christmas time, 1942. Dan and an army buddy named Bob Eagen secured passes with matrimony in mind. They planed into Chicago and were tossed off by high priorities. They grabbed a cab for the Dearborn Street railroad station, bought tickets, and hoped for last minute cancellations on the Chief.

As it turned out, John Garfield and Spencer Tracy were on the Chief, and each had an upper bunk he wasn't using. The two prospective bridegrooms hit the coast the day before Christmas, faced the minister the next day.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Dailey, Jr., didn't get around to a honeymoon until last year. Then they went to Lake Arrowhead, and rented a cottage a mile high in the mountains. There Dan learned about water skiing. Now and then Mrs. Dailey would look out the window, see a speed boat gaining momentum, and behind it, Dan emerging on one foot.

"You have to learn to come up on one foot first before you can really water ski, honey," Dan kept telling her, "and there's positively no way that I can break my neck. The water cushions the fall."

Mrs. Dailey thought that was dandy.

Mrs. Dailey has confidence in her man.

So does Mr. Darryl Zanuck, because over at 20th, they've seen him in *Give My Regards to Broadway* and *Mother Wore Tights*.

Dan Dailey doesn't have to wait until the booker sees his act any more. He can send his laundry out any damn time he pleases.

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"With a performance like that, he's a cinch for the academy award!"

SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE IT AWAY

(*Continued from page 49*)

crowd. Nearby, five or six microphones were warming up. Clearing his throat, Bob, accompanied by Fred Myron, who went along as interpreter and general right hand, walked over to say a few words to the assembled throng. But as he started to speak, somebody pushed him away. "Not you, Limberlips."

Abashed, Bob stood aside and the little man who had annoyed him on the plane was led to the speakers' platform. He said something in Portuguese and the crowd went crazy. He happened to be one of the most important citizens of South America, home from a visit to the U. S. A!

On his first night in Rio, Bob was taken down to a radio show m.c.'ed by Pedro Vargas, a very fine Brazilian comedian with whom Bob had once traded gags at President Roosevelt's birthday party in Washington.

"When I walked into the studio, Pedro spotted me and called me up to do a routine. There was a terrific crowd in the place. Finally, I stumbled up to Pedro and for nearly five minutes there was dead air. Nothing happened. No noise, no music. Nothing.

"Then we began. Pedro asked Freddie a question. Freddie repeated it to me. Then I gave him my reply and he fed it to Pedro in Portuguese.

"Pedro, in Portuguese, asked me how I liked Rio. Freddie interpreted. I replied that Rio is terrific, but where are the items on the beach, those lovely accessories? What happened? Somebody on strike?

straight man . . .

"Freddie gave my line in Portuguese. He got a tremendous 'yak' while I stood there big and stupid. Now I know how a straight man feels.

"For a half hour Fred got all the laughs and loved it. I was ready to punch the guy in the head. I told him I'd make the funnies around Rio if he didn't mind. But it was like dope to him. He couldn't stop. He ended up even mugging to get laughs.

"The next day we were invited to a soccer game. Between halves, I was asked in Portuguese, 'How do you like soccer?'

"I answered, through Freddie Myron, that I thought it was wonderful, and told them that next year I'd bring Sinatra down to get a pair of legs. Freddie got a big laugh. I could have stayed in the hotel."

After this disaster, Hope learned how to say, "I think your country, your people and your girls on bicycles are tremendous," in basic Portuguese and Spanish.

"I had to," he claims. "I'd traveled 9,000 miles without getting a laugh for myself."

In the radio stations and night spots of Rio, Hope found the humor of the Americas very similar. Brazilian comedians, for instance, can always get a laugh by merely mentioning the name of Rio's used car genius, an enterprising local boy who calls himself, "Madman Maderas."

South American government officials in bad public favor usually get a merciless going over from local comedians, too, according to Hope.

"When the needle is out for some goof in the South American government, the comics really give him rough treatment," Bob says. "I'd be afraid to walk home in the dark if I needled politicians with

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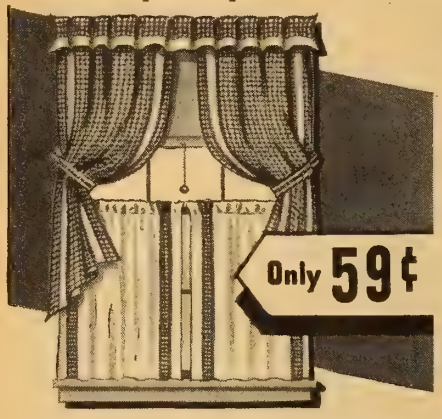

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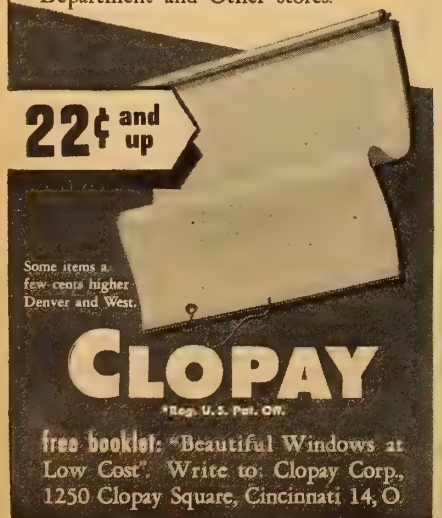
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the determination employed in South America."

While in Rio, Bob and Dolores played golf at the Gavea Country Club, a sprawling course running up to the edge of the jungle, which Hope claims to be one of the most beautiful in the world.

While playing golf there, Bob was bitten on the hand by a tropical bug, which laid its egg in him and buzzed away. A few days later, in Buenos Aires, Hope sat in a doctor's office and watched the doctor lance open the infected bite.

"The golf at Gavea was worth it, however. What a place," Bob sighs. "I sliced one into the jungle, and started in after it. But the caddy wouldn't follow. Only a few weeks before, a golfer and a caddy took off into the woods after a ball and they haven't been seen since."

While at Gavea, Bob hit a ball that landed near a tree on the edge of the fairway. At the top of his backswing to drive the ball back into civilization, he found he wasn't able to complete his stroke. He thought he was paralyzed.

Disturbed, he turned toward the heavy foliage of the tree. There, sitting on a branch, with the club head in his paws, was an evil-faced little monkey. Hope spent the next twenty minutes trying to lure the club out of the monkey's grasp.

On still another hole, Bob had a very difficult lie. It called for playing his golf ball from the coils of a dozing snake.

After satisfying himself that golfing at Gavea Country Club in Rio was not a sure-fire way to attain old age, Bob and his family departed by air for Montevideo, Uruguay.

There, Hope saw *Road to Utopia*—the Spanish version.

"It was really surprising to hear Bing and me talking Spanish. They made me the funny man in keeping with the Latin tradition, so I have a very high, squeaky voice. Crosby is the hero, so he talks with hair on his voice."

After completing a refresher course in rhumba and samba in Rio, the Hopes considered themselves highly adept in the art of tossing themselves around to the rattle of marachas and the beat of the bombas. One night in Montevideo they spent five hours dancing the two Latin-American dances.

"That was enough," claims Hope. "I dented a lot of fenders that evening. But those people were so wonderful, they never even complained.

"I did have a little trouble with the management of the joint about the bill. He wanted cash instead of toothpaste."

It was also in Uruguay that Bob got a long-distance call from Paramount announcing that the color commitment for *Paleface* had been obtained and that Bob would have Jane Russell for his

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

This is easier than eating pie—just tell us your favorite movie stars—and then feast your eyes on the next three issues of MODERN SCREEN, for free. December, January and February, that is, for the first 500 of you who return the questionnaire below. Is it worth taking pen in hand? You bet it is! But hurry and be among the lucky 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Vacation From Marriage (Cornel Wilde-Pat Knight) ☐
If He Didn't Care . . . (Dane Clark) ☐
Out of Unhappiness . . . (Hedy Lamarr-Mark Stevens) ☐
Golden Girl (Lana Turner) ☐
Tee For Two (Clark Gable) by Ed Sullivan ☐
Ed Sullivan's Hollywood Diary ☐
Gentle Heel (Bob Ryan) ☐
They Won't Forget (Larry Parks, Betty Garrett) ☐
Love That Man! (Bing Crosby) by Eddie Condon ☐
Innocent Abroad (Linda Darnell) ☐
The Unclean (Bing Crosby) ☐
Holiday in Mexico (John (Hodiak-Anne Baxter) ☐
The Play's the Thing (Guy Madison-Diana Lynn-Gregory Peck-Dorothy McGuire) ☐
She Never Had It So Good (Diana Lynn) ☐
Breakdown (Judy Garland) by Hedda Hopper ☐
South America Take It Away! (Bob Hope) ☐
"Of G-Strings and Apron Strings" (Dan Dailey) ☐
Himself (Spencer Tracy) by Pat O'Brien ☐
Birth of a Baby (Barbara Hale-Bill Williams) ☐
Daddy (Walter Pidgeon) by Aitkens Pidgeon ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

My name is .....

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City.....Zone.....State.....I am.....years old

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149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

leading lady in this new picture.

"That's like punishing a rabbit by putting him in a lettuce patch," Hope told him.

Before leaving Montevideo, the Hope family toured the city in typical tourist fashion, and stopped to be photographed in front of historical landmarks and other local points of interest.

To one group of natives, Bob made what he considered a very funny remark, but Dolores didn't appreciate it. Her suffering glance, however, was observed by young Tony.

Conscious of his daddy's delicate feelings, Tony came to his defense. "Oh, let him go, Mom. He has to milk all his gags dry before he leaves town."

In Buenos Aires, the Hopes were invited to stay at the Albert Dodero estate. Bob already had reservations at a hotel, but somebody recommended that he stay at Dodero's. "A nice little place; you'll love it."

"What a place! A cozy little cottage the size of Willow Run. All the buildings on the Dodero estate are made of marble. Like Forest Lawn with hot and cold running water."

Bob was not the first citizen from Hollywood to enjoy Señor Dodero's hospitality. As he walked in the front door at Dodero's, the first thing he saw was a very large, autographed picture of an actress Bob had met a few times. The inscription on the photograph read, "To Albert Dodero; A million thanks for your wonderful hospitality. Yours, Dorothy Lamour."

surprise for dotty . . .

Bob immediately sat down and wrote a letter to Dorothy, telling her that he had seen her picture on the wall of the Doderos' bathroom, which, of course, was not where he found it.

The Hope visit to Buenos Aires was a shot in the arm for Americans permanently residing in the city. They hadn't been able to find a speaker for their big Fourth of July dinner party, before.

"It was really a fine party," Bob says. "Thirty dollars per person. Of course, this included a ham sandwich and a handful of fireworks.

"I'll always remember that affair. It was a high point in our trip. There I met the only heckler on our entire junket. An American, too.

"What a lovable chap. Gay, witty, and ten-fourths loaded. I thought I'd been inoculated for everything before I left the States. That Crosby, he has relatives everywhere."

A couple of days later, the bug bite that he had received on the golf course in Rio began bothering him. And the next day, he woke up with a bad toothache.

"I thought I was disintegrating. Everything went wrong at once. Finally, somebody touted me off to a dentist to have my jowls examined.

"The dentist turned out to be an Irishman from Pottsville, Pa., named Michael Patrick Henry, who has lived in Buenos Aires for 35 years. What a brogue! He acted like a king-size Barry Fitzgerald.

"When I arrived at his office he was kicking all his patients out the door. I told him not to bother with me, that it was just another toothache. But he tells me that I have to be in good shape for my trip back to the States.

" 'If anything happened to you,' he says, 'who would Paramount get to play straight man for Bing?' "

Through the combined efforts of a doctor and a dentist, Bob and Dolores were able to resume the golfing, sightseeing and vacationing they missed during five days of Bob's illness.

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"One night," says Bob, "we were invited to a party and somebody asked me to do something. I had barely opened my peep when the m.c. thanked me and said, 'Now we'll ask Dolores Hope for a few songs.'

"Dolores got a terrific hand. What a trip, everybody got laughs and encores but me!"

The cosmopolitan atmosphere of Buenos Aires amazed Hope.

"I now understand why they call Buenos Aires the 'Paris of South America.' I don't see how the people can keep up with the tempo of that town. I also don't see how they keep alive."

Following this interlude in Buenos Aires Bob, Dolores, the kids and Fred Myron flew to Lima, Peru.

After an afternoon of poking about in Inca ruins, the party returned to Lima where Dolores made a tourist's attempt to buy out all the town's native metal workers.

shut my big mouth! . . .

"They say that the Peruvians are just about the world's greatest gold and silver smiths. And they are fast. I opened my mouth to yawn and before I could close it, four guys were trying to carve a statue of Simon Bolivar on a molar inlay."

As it does to all tourists, something had to get fouled up before the Hopes' journey was ended. It did.

They were leaving Panama for Barranquilla, Colombia, where they were to catch the boat for the return trip to America, when they were informed by the steamship line that for the first time in 400 years the tide made it impossible for their boat to enter the River Cauca, the mouth of which serves as the harbor of Barranquilla.

To make it worse, they didn't have time to catch the plane for Cartagena, which was their only other alternative.

Hope had grisly visions of himself doing three shows a day in oil-lighted jungle theaters when the U. S. Navy came to the rescue in a fashion reminiscent of *The Perils of Pauline* (A Paramount Picture).

It just happened that the Admiral in charge of the Navy installation in Panama happened to have been in Pearl Harbor when Bob and his war-time troupe (Colonna, Langford, and Tony Romano) played there. Hope dropped by to see the Admiral, and started talking, "We're in a tough spot."

"What do you mean?" asked the Admiral.

"My wife, my two kids, my interpreter, Fred Myron, and, of course, me," answered Bob.

The Admiral nearly blew his epaulets, according to Bob, when he heard the size of the Hope party.

"Listen," the Admiral said, "I've been in the Navy for twenty-nine years and I couldn't get my own wife on a Navy plane."

With this statement he picked up his phone and called his chief of staff.

"What are the regulations about carrying Bob Hope and his family in a Navy plane?"

Bob sat nervously on the edge of his chair while the Admiral listened to the phone.

"I thought so," he barked, and hung up. "What a break you've got," he said turning to Hope. "There's nothing in Navy regulations against it. It's the least the Navy can do to repay you for all you've done for us."

That same afternoon, Bob, Dolores, the kids and Fred stepped off the Navy plane in time to catch their boat back home.

The first day out, the ocean was very rough. Dolores went to their cabin, and the kids immediately began thinking about seasickness.

"I told them not to," said Bob, "which of course helped a lot. But when we went down to the dining room for dinner, I ordered a pretty good-sized dinner for them. When dinner was over, I told them they wouldn't have anything to worry about the rest of the trip. The food would settle their stomachs. They both agreed, got up from the table, ran out on the deck and were violently ill."

Two days before their ship docked in New York, Bob took advantage of a quiet afternoon to get some sun. He went up to the top deck, and fell asleep. Thus was accomplished the sunburn infection which forced Bob to spend three days in Chicago on his return trip to Hollywood.

"But even with the sunburn, the toothache, the bug bite, and everything, the trip was great," he says. "It was especially good for the kids. They learned a lot. Now, for hours, they sit around playing question and answer about it. Linda will ask Tony, 'What place did you like best?' and he will reply, 'I rather enjoyed Lima.' The other day a friend of ours called and invited us out to his ranch for a few days. Linda answered the phone. 'Thanks,' she said. 'Any other time we'd love to, but we've had enough traveling for this year.'"

That goes for the whole Hope gang.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

(*Continued from page 45*)

Last year, Keenan Wynn appeared there for two weeks; Guy Madison made his stage debut, and the Gryphon's policy of a well-known Hollywood "guest-star" for each new lead was set.

This year, Ruth Hussey and Don De Fore did *Dream Girl.* Ruth was John Lucas' idea; Don was Ruth's idea.

Opening night was fascinating; Ruth's dressing-room was locked so she couldn't get in; a spotlight blew while she was in the middle of the first scene; Gina Janss, the singer, arrived in a helicopter which she landed on the front lawn; and Bette Davis sat in the balcony in formal evening clothes, and drank coffee during intermission.

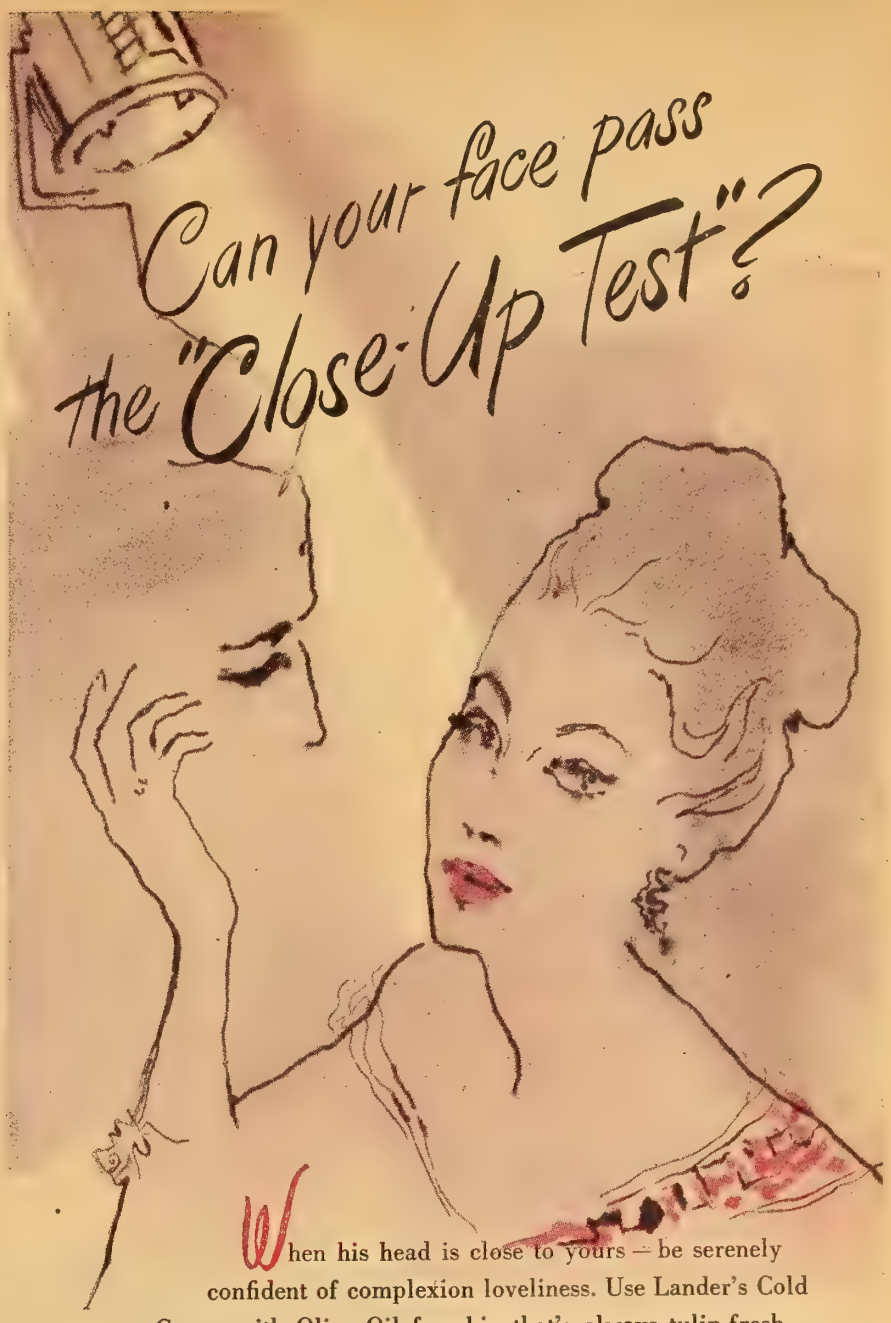
After *Dream Girl,* the Gryphon put on *Pursuit of Happiness,* with Janis Paige and Charles Korvin. Janis, who's been a clothes horse in movies, rehearsed in dirty denims, and felt like she was having a vacation.

Eighty miles beyond Laguna is La Jolla, and the acting company there is headed by Joe Cotten, Mel Ferrer, Jennifer Jones Dorothy McGuire and Gregory Peck, and called, simply, The Actors' Company. This year, they've had Dame May Whitty in *Night Must Fall;* Guy Madison and Diana Lynn in *Dear Ruth,* and Gregory Peck's planning to do *The Rope,* which Hitchcock will direct.

The Actors' Company believes a star's stature as an artist is increased "through performing in the living theater," and La Jolla is their solution for movie people.

Right in the heart of Hollywood, there's the Coronet Theater, which houses a permanent stock company with ambitious plans. Coronet recently put on *Skin of Our Teeth,* with Keenan Wynn, Jane Wyatt and Hurd Hatfield, and the next thing up its sleeve is *Gallileo,* a brand-new play with Charles Laughton.

Vaudeville is dead; grand opera may be dying, but Little Theater is going to town.



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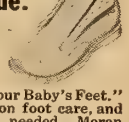


FREE: Pamphlet, "Look At Your Baby's Feet." Valuable information on foot care, and scale to measure size needed. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M, Carlyle, Ill

WEE WALKER Shoes
FOR Wee WALKERS

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

■ What do you say, clubbers—think you can stand just ONE more contest? This one's so good, we wish we could take credit for dreaming it up by ourselves, but we'll have to be honest and admit it was suggested by a slew of you fans.

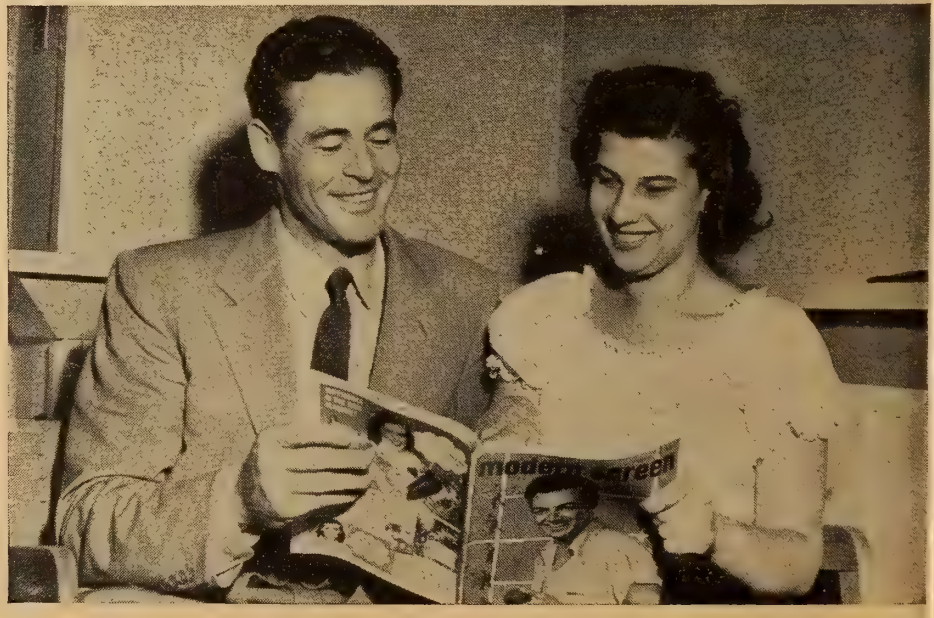
From moseying around clubs these past couple of years, we've sort of gathered that next to meeting your honorary star in person, the thing that gives you the biggest bang is seeing your own by-line in print. Well, we can't introduce you to your favorite—but we CAN give you an opportunity to see your article in MODERN SCREEN. And that's just what we're going to do!

Now, what should you write about your star? We'll start by telling you what NOT to write. All articles that begin: "Lancelot Prettyface is my favorite actor because . . ." will be filed promptly—in the wastebasket. Ditto, all pieces on why you joined Lancelot's fan club, or on that thrilling day when you stood in the snow for ten hours to see dear old Lance in person. What we're looking for is a (*Continued on page 125*)

6TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Leading clubs so far: LEAGUE ONE. Ronald Reagan, 700; June (Allyson) Bugs, Richard Travis, 600. LEAGUE TWO. Jeanette MacDonald (Riley), 950; Bob Crosby, 850; Shirley Temple, 750. LEAGUE THREE. Joseph Cotten, 850; Charles Korvin, 750; Dan Duryea (Grant), 700.

"THIS IS MY BEST" CONTEST. (6 articles and/or poems selected from journals received between July 16 and August 15.) To each winner we are sending a free combination gift package of lovely FABERGE Aphrodisia Perfume and Cologne. In addition, each winner's club is credited with 100 pts. Winners: Glee Engel, "Engrossed in Chopin," (poem), *Wild Over Wilde News*. Kay McGowan, "Letters From Brittany," *Des Nouvelles de Jean Pierre*. Nancy Biebel, "Understand, Not Tolerate," *Richard's Almanac* (Haymes). Lee Garber, "An Open Letter to New Yorkers," *The Velvet Fog* (Mel Torme). Mary Fingello, "Working On a Journal," *Kirbyville Express* (Jay Kirby). Betty Petrie, "News and Views," *Hi-Lites* (Club Friendship). CANDID CAMERA CONTEST. (Any MSFCA member is eligible to submit amateur snapshots of any interesting subject; please write your name, address and club on back of each photo.) First prize: Year's subscription to SCREEN ROMANCES, year's sub to SCREEN ALBUM, and 4 DELL Mysteries. 100 pts. to club. Winner: Jacquelyn Shaw, Frank's Fan C. (Ling). Five other prizes: Package of 4 DELL Mysteries, each; 50 pts. to clubs. Winners: Phyllis Probaseo, Glenn Vernon C. (McCarthy). Geraldine Kee (Alan) Ladd's Legionnaires. Ronnie DeArmond, Four Stars C. Pat Maben, Dan Duryea C. Peggy Haig, Darryl Hickman C. BEST JOURNALS OF THE MONTH. (One journal selected from each league; 500 pts. to each winning club.) 1. *Richard Travis Journal* 2. (Diana) *Lynn's Lingo*. 3. (4 ties) (Don) *DeFore Review* (Margulies), *Mr. Lucky* (Rand Brooks C.), (Lloyd) *Bridges Chronicle* (Gockel), (Joseph) *Cotten Chronicle*. BEST EDITORS OF THE MONTH. (One editor selected from each league.) Prize: Each editor receives a special complete assortment of wonderful POND's cosmetics; appropriate gift substituted for male winners; winners' clubs bag 250 pts. Winners: 1. Alex and Richard Gordon, *The* (British) *Westerner*. 2. Irene DiMattia, *Swoon Sheet* (Sinatra C.). 3. Joan Coddington, (James) *Mason Manuscript* (Meyer). BEST ORIGINAL PIECE OF ART WORK. (One selection each month.) Prize: TANGEE's handsome Trip-Kit, fitted with Tangee Makeup products, ideal for travel; 150 pts. to club. Winner: Rita LaRossa, *Danny's* (Scholl) *Doings*. BEST COVERS OF THE MONTH. (One cover selected from each league; winning clubs net 250 pts.) Winners: 1. *A Friend of Yours* (British Sinatra C.). 2. *Musical Echoes* (Jeanette MacDonald C.; Riley). 3. (tie) *Hey-Day* (Sinatra C., Goehringer), *Cotten Chronicle*. MOST WORTHWHILE ACTIVITY OF THE MONTH. (One selection from each league; 250 pts. to each club. Winners: 1. Club Crosby (Bing; Ness), for Syd Gath (war hero, former member) Memorial Raffle to raise funds for veterans' hospital. 2. Risë Stevens C., for presenting $35 to Red Cross on Risë's birthday. 3. Jean Pierre Aumont C., for contributing 400 magazines to vets' hospitals, shipping CARE boxes to adopted orphan. BEST MSFCA CORRESPONDENTS OF THE MONTH. (One selection from each league; 50 pts. to club.) Winners: 1. Ruth Ness, Club Crosby. 2. Geraldine Kee, Ladd's Legionnaires. 3. Rosmarie Trojan, Bobby Beers C. GREATEST PERCENTAGE INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP FOR THE MONTH. (One selection from each league; 100 pts. to club.) Winners: Dennis Morgan C. 2. Bill Boyd C. 3. (tie) Vic Damone C. (Zulli), Richard Conti C. (Sterling).



"It's a cinch," Bob Ryan assured his prexy, Fayrita Sweet, when she told him she's entering our new Writing Contest. They met when Bob stopped off in New York, enroute to Europe for a film.

GENTLE HEEL

(*Continued from page 43*)

intellectual husband behaving like such a heel on the screen. Even though she knew he'd asked RKO to let him work in good brawling Westerns or in any off-beat part that would make his fans sit up and take notice.

Before Bob enlisted in the Marines he'd had two hundred fan clubs. Two years in service, and the clubs had dwindled to a fast three. In spite of Jessica's protests, Bob felt it was better to be hissed than ignored, and every time he heard of a good bad part he pestered the studio execs until they let him have it.

Jess and Bob had to reach a decision before he did the brutal race-prejudiced killer of *Crossfire*, one of the most unsympathetic parts an ambitious actor could undertake.

They sat in the den far into the quiet night in sober discussion.

"There are several ways of looking at this," Bob said. "It's a picture that needs to be done."

"Right," Jess agreed.

"People may forget I'm acting a part. They may get the idea I feel like this psycho character," Bob warned.

"You'll have to take that chance," she said. "Anyway, you can do something constructive about race prejudice, something you've always wanted to do."

That settled that. As it turned out, Bob and Jess were right. The picture did him a lot of good.

The Ryans met when they were going to the Max Reinhardt dramatic school, and Jess worked in the chorus at the Paramount Theatre in downtown Los Angeles to pay her tuition. After they were married—when studios had told Bob he "wasn't the type"—they'd both gone back east to do summer stock.

Then suddenly Bob "was the type" and she'd been happy enough to give up her career even though she'd always wanted to amount to something as an actress.

Bob hadn't particularly wanted to be an actor, himself. He'd wanted to write. But the plain fact was that he wasn't successful.

tell it to the marines . . .

It was strange, therefore, what happened to Jessica while Bob was in the Marines. He'd gone off to war with the average man's bravery and resignation and, boot training finished, had been assigned to the big Marine base at Camp Pendleton, California, with the rank of private, and the duty of training troops for maneuvers.

The camp wasn't far from Hollywood. Private Ryan could spend his infrequent leaves at home with Jess.

He'd walk in, unannounced, snap smartly to a salute, and say, "Private Robert Ryan reporting to Mrs. Private Robert Ryan."

Jess wouldn't be able to resist. "Still a private, Private?"

"Yes, but only because I have so much pull," he'd say, trying to look important.

On one leave she had news for him. "Bob, I've been, uh, sort of writing while you've been gone."

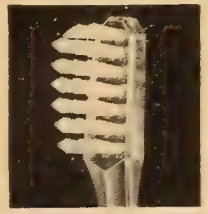
And a while later, there was quite a stir in mystery reading circles, when Jessica Ryan's "The Man Who Asked Why" was published. A special pal of theirs, Danny Mainwaring, who writes under the name of Geoffrey Holmes, saw the manuscript and hurried it off to his agent, who promptly sold it to a publisher. Before Jess could say, "Look at me, ma, I'm an

Just look at me

Soaking Wet

Yes, and that water-soaked, soppy-sloppy tooth brush is something to worry about, too. It not only looks bad. *You're risking your good looks if you keep on using it!*

Get rid of that wreck- Start fresh with a Tek



Dentists say: most decay is caused by "bacteria film" that sticks in tiny crevices of your teeth. To remove it you need a small tooth brush with brisk, springy bristles. That's the new *Tek de Luxe!* Tek's amazing Keton* bristles *resist water*—clean like new, long after inferior bristles are water-logged, useless.

Tek De Luxe

IN HANDY TRAVEL CASE!

Your *Tek de Luxe* is sealed in an unbreakable carrying case. Complete for only 50¢ . . . *Tek Jr.*, scientifically designed for children, also in sealed carrying case, 25¢. At your favorite drug counter.

*EXCLUSIVE WITH TEK

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

LOVALON, simple and quick to use after a shampoo, does these 4 things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Brings out lustrous highlights.
2. Adds a rich, natural tint to hair.
3. Rinses away shampoo or soap film.
4. Leaves hair soft, easy to manage.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach — merely tints the hair as it rinses. Comes in 12 flattering shades. Try Lovalon.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ and 10¢ sizes

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Amazing! POCKET OR PURSE SIZE
New RADIO
WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO KNOWN!
Wt. only ¼ lb. Beautiful Silver Black plastic case. Has Inductive Slide Tuner—W4 Crystal Diode—NO TUBES, BATTERIES OR ELECTRIC "PLUG IN" NEEDED! Should last for years!
GUARANTEED TO PLAY
NEW 1948 MODEL
on local stations if complete instructions sent are followed. Use it at home, in bed, in many offices, hotels, cabins—most anywhere! HUNDREDS OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ALL OVER THE WORLD!
SEND ONLY $1.00 (Cash, M.O. Check) and pay postman $2.99 plus delivery fees on arrival or send $3.99 for Post Paid delivery. Complete as shown—ready to play with self contained personal phone. WONDERFUL GIFTS FOR CHILDREN! Order now at this low bargain price—Prompt shipment on orders sent now—today! Be the first to get YOUR Pakette Radio! (All foreign orders $5.00 U. S. cash with order).
Pa-Kette Radio Co., Inc. Dept. MM-11 Kearney, Nebr.

CORN NIP?

Here's a tip!

BLUE-JAY with Nupercaine* RELIEVES 3 WAYS:

Soft Dura-felt pad stops shoe pressure instantly! Blue-Jay's exclusive anesthetic Nupercaine curbs surface pain! Gentle medication loosens hard core—you just lift it out in a few days! Ask for Blue-Jay—*"America's Largest Selling Corn Plaster."*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Ciba

author," she was one.

When Bob came home from the Marines, after finally attaining the exalted rank of P.F.C., the small Ryan savings were still intact, Jessica was in the throes of another mystery called "Exit Harlequin," and RKO picked up Bob's options for three years.

Things were great—until the studio suggested that the Ryans break ranks and start moving around a little. The first move was an Atwater Kent party.

Bob went home. "We are," he told Jess, "supposed to go to an Atwater Kent party for Hollywood's younger set."

Jess blanched. Neither of the Ryans had been to a big Hollywood party. They wouldn't know a soul. The thought took all the starch out of their legs.

But they went. And sure enough, they didn't know a soul. Nobody introduced them to anybody else. They found a corner, and wondered why they'd come.

Suddenly Bob nudged Jess. She jumped. "Get ready," he said. "Here come the photographers."

But nobody took their pictures. "Never mind, dear," soothed Jessica. "Things will be different."

wanna fight, bub? . . .

And they were. Bob did a boxing layout for the studio. His sparring partner, a professional, took quite a beating. The pro's manager, excited over the possibility of signing a talented unknown, wanted to know where he'd been, bub.

The studio representative loftily informed the fight manager that Bob had been undefeated inter-collegiate boxing champ at Dartmouth. Unruffled by the fact that Bob was educated too, the f.m. made noises about a contract.

"I have a contract," Bob told him. "It says I'm an actor."

The fight manager shook his head regretfully. Why, he wondered, would such a good fighter want to waste his time acting!

Bob could have answered but he didn't bother. He wanted to get home. He was worried about Jess. The baby was due any day now.

The night the young man showed signs of arriving, Bob saw that Jess was tucked in comfortably before the nurse shooed him out of the room. He made for the hospital waiting room to start the traditional floor pacing, but a nurse with a kind heart stopped him.

"Why don't you go home, Mr. Ryan? Nothing can possibly happen before ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

So he left. He couldn't bear the thought of going home to an empty house. Suddenly he remembered a small party he'd been invited to. Maybe some human companionship might help.

He stayed until the party was over, and at precisely ten o'clock the next morning, Timothy arrived. He was fine, Jessica was fine. Even Bob was in pretty good shape, because he had spent only half the night pacing the floor.

When Tim was almost a year old, Bob began to worry about his running away.

"I think," he said to Jess, "I'd better put a wall around the backyard. It shouldn't be such a hard job for the son of a building contractor."

"You'll probably cement yourself in it," Jessica said, "but go ahead."

When the wall was finished, Bob smiled smugly.

"A miracle," said Jess laughing. "Let's hope it doesn't fall down before Tim is big enough to walk."

"Which reminds me," Bob said, "he's climbing all over everything. Should we hang the paintings higher on the walls?"

"Why don't you just sit down and read the sports page, dear," Jess suggested.

Instead of reading the sports page, Bob took a turn around the rooms to make sure the paintings were secure. He'd begun to collect French moderns ten years ago and had nine precious beautiful ones —Matisse, Picasso drawings (because he couldn't afford Picasso paintings), a couple of Witold Gordons.

He was interrupted by Tim, who had been playing quietly on the floor. "Boat," said young Tim. Bob grinned at him. "Car," Tim said, grinning back.

Bob called Jess. "I've discovered something about *your* son," he told her. "*Your* son is a ham."

"You mean *your* son," Jess retorted. "I quit acting."

"Okay," Bob said. "Anyhow, he droops around and looks unhappy unless people are watching him. When he gets attention, he starts acting."

"He'll get over it. He's uninhibited now. Wait until he gets to the shy stage. You'll wish he *did* like people," Jess allowed.

"Now *that* I gotta see," Tim's father hooted skeptically.

"Phone," Tim chimed in. Sure enough, the phone was ringing.

Bob picked up the receiver. One of his pals from the Marines was calling. He had a wife, a three-months-old baby, a two-year-old—and no home.

In a couple of hours the family was living temporarily at the Ryans'. Bob and Jess moved Tim's crib into the den. Their friends took over the spare bedroom, fitting their two cribs in with a shoe horn.

"It's only a temporary arrangement," Bob said. "When I leave for Europe, you and Tim will go to Laguna and they can have our house until they find another."

Sometimes the whole bunch ate together, sometimes Bob and Jess dined later. It wasn't any problem to feed the kids—they shared cans of liver soup and pineapple pudding. No one was addicted to taking hour-long, luxurious hot tubs. The maid came in and did the dishes.

But they just couldn't keep the house straight, not with three babies under two years old and four grownups.

And the noise! Pure bedlam. The kids cried in relays all night long. In the morning the four parents would get up and compare the bags under their eyes.

"Mine are the biggest," Bob bragged. "If they had handles I could use them for luggage."

"And by the way," Jess said. "If you'd get busy and pack maybe we could get through the house. All this stuff of yours stacked around—"

Bob sighed sleepily and made for the garage, where he thought his old Marine foot locker might be.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was doing some shopping at one of the downtown stores in Los Angeles and was amazed to see the blonde and lovely movie star, Marilyn Maxwell, also making a few purchases. Her identity was soon discovered and the fans' mad scramble for autographs was on. As the thundering herd came towards us, I dove under a nearby counter. In a few seconds someone else was down beside me. "Mind if I join you?" asked Marilyn Maxwell. "It's getting a bit crowded out there."

Arthur Daniels
Dallas, Texas

AIM FOR A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION!

(*Continued from page 100*)

Remove the cream and your face has a velvety finish.

"Foundation cream" anchors rouge and powder in a natural finish that's utterly enchanting. Just dot the cream on forehead, cheeks, chin and nose; then blend gently. "Foundation creams" come in a wide range of tones; you can find the right one for you.

Few damsels are lucky enough never to have a skin blemish. "Medicated creams" help dry skin irritations and prevent their spreading. Formulas differ, so look at the jar label for directions.

Skin lotion, tinted creamy white or delicately pastel is a "must" for complexion beauty. You can also use it as a body rub after you bathe, you can soothe horny elbows with it, bring new allure to your hands, comfort chafed legs (lotion is particularly helpful after defuzzing).

Lotions are bottled in all sizes. In school lockers, office desk drawers or kitchen cabinets, extra bottles can be kept to supplement the one on your dressing table. Slip a slim bottle of lotion into your handbag. You do really have so many helps in aiming for beauty!

* * *

You have a particular beauty problem? Write me a letter about it, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I'll be glad to answer. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

GOLDEN GIRL

(*Continued from page 31*)

the same impact. That is Lana.

The saga of Lana Turner—that is, the part of it which matters—began ten years ago, when, wearing a long bob, a tight sweater, and a look of subdued innocence, she waggled across the screen in the opening moments of a film called *They Won't Forget.* She was 16 years old, and it was her first appearance in movies.

It was only a bit—a walk down a street, no dialogue, no heavy emoting. But it was necessary. The producers of the film were confronted with a situation in which they had to convey the idea of a sex murder, without once using the word sex. They solved it by using Lana, the curvaceous unknown, to portray the victim.

Everyone got the idea. Lana Turner was publicized around the world as a sweater girl and completely won over the public. Especially the male public.

During her first years in Hollywood, Lana was a giddy, exciting adolescent, and she had fun. She had romances and she had heartaches. She was photographed at parties with Greg Bautzer. She went to openings and previews with Don Barry. She had a long and public romance with Tony Martin. And she married Artie Shaw in 1940. A marriage that lasted less than a year.

It was from those frivolous days that many of Lana's admirers formed their ideas about her—a gay, good-natured girl, smiling across a cocktail table at the current man in her life, a slim sentimental girl, dancing like glue to a rhumba rhythm at the Troc. Merely by being out with her, innumerable young men have also received profitable publicity. The press is

(*Continued on page 115*)

IT'S LYNN FONTANNE . . . IN *O MISTRESS MINE.* You've noticed how an actress acts with her whole self—*especially* her hands. They are her second most important medium of expression. Naturally, she spares no trouble to keep them looking lovely. Nor should *you.* Lovely hands are important to every woman's "act."

"You cream your face to keep it smooth and lovely ...well, CREAM YOUR HANDS too!"

advises LYNN FONTANNE

PACQUINS is the hand cream she uses... this beautifully groomed aristocrat of the theatre.

"Doesn't it make sense that the skin of your hands needs *cream* just as the skin of your face? It does to me," says Lynn Fontanne; "that's why I choose wonderful Pacquins!"

Yes, "wonderful" is the word for Pacquins.

When you massage it onto your hands it *feels* wonderful, without being sticky or greasy.

Your hands *look* wonderful...and Pacquins scent is so well bred.

Try a 12-second massage with Pacquins every morning and again at night. And don't be surprised if women say, "Darling! What *are* you using on your hands?" And men say simply, "Darling!"

GLENYA WESTBROOK, REGISTERED NURSE,

adds: "Pacquins action on the skin of the hands is wonderful. We nurses—and doctors—scrub our hands 30 to 40 times a day. Pacquins Hand Cream was *made* for us. I use it faithfully." (Pacquins Hand Cream was originally made for nurses and doctors.)

for "dream" hands - cream your hands with Pacquins HAND CREAM

Never Sticky or Greasy!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.

Luxurious Satin, Style 195
A cup—32 to 36; B cup—32 to 38
White, Tearose and Black
C cup—32 to 38; White and Tearose $2.

Exquisite Form Brassiere, Inc.
373 4th Ave., N.Y. • 850 S. B'way, Los Angeles

Wilma's hair-do used to "Wilt"

SMOOTH START! with hair neat and shining. (Watch the boys admire!)

FROWZY FINISH. Look what a couple of hours did to her hair-do-poor Wilma

'til she discovered Nestle HAIRLAC
— the delicately perfumed hair lacquer

NOW, SHE KNOWS that Nestle Hairlac keeps her hair neat and shining all day long! Try Nestle Hairlac today! At drug and dept. stores. 50c.

Keeps every hair style well groomed

sweet and hot

By LEONARD FEATHER

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars: Average

POPULAR

IT TAKES A LONG LONG TRAIN WITH A RED CABOOSE (TO CARRY MY BLUES AWAY)—Peggy Lee (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia)**

It takes a long, long title to take these songwriters' blues away; their first big hit was *Mad About Him, Sad About Him, How Can I Be Glad Without Him Blues.* This new train opus is just an old-timey blues at heart, and Peggy Lee takes it to heart with hubby Dave Barbour's usual fine band-aid.

KATE—*Starlighters (Mercury); *Tommy Dorsey (Victor); Four Chicks & Chuck (MGM); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Guy Lombardo (Decca)

FROM DATE (Album)—*Tex Beneke (Victor)

Just a natural gift package, this one, with everything from *Alma Mater* and *The Eyes of Texas* to *Anchors Aweigh* and *On Wisconsin,* all in dance tempo.

THEM DURN FOOL THINGS—*Reg Ingle & The Natural Seven (Capitol)

Ernest Ingle, from Toledo, once played with Hoagy Carmichael in a Kansas City band, later spent ten years with Ted Weems and three with Spike Jones. Now he's rivalling Spike; his *Tim-Tayshun* (featuring Cinderella Stump, alias Jo Stafford) was a sen-sayshun; now comes this foolish version of *These Foolish Things,* coupled with *Song of Indians,* on which he becomes Red Eagle. High class nonsense. (P.S. Could the mysterious "Mrs. James F. Paisley" be Marjorie Main?)

WHEN I WRITE MY SONG—**Herbie Jeffries (Exclusive); John Laurenz (Mercury); Xavier Cugat (Columbia)**

Ted Mossman, formerly Tschaikowsky's pen-pal, now teams with Saint-Saëns for some pleasant plagiarism from *Samson and Delilah.* The Jeffries version, with Buddy Baker's swell backgrounds, made this a hit.

HOT JAZZ

ALBUMS: *BENNY (GOODMAN) RIDES AGAIN (Capitol); ERSKINE HAWKINS (Victor); **BILLIE HOLIDAY VOL. I (Columbia); *GENE KRUPA (Columbia); *SATURDAY NIGHT SWING SESSION (Vox)

The Goodman album has a cute gimmick, starting with a duo (just clarinet and piano), then a trio side, a quartet and all the -tets up to sep-, ending with two sides by the full band. Music from Bob Bach's WNEW impromptu jazz shows is packaged in the Vox album, featuring Roy Eldridge and Flip Phillips. Confidentially, that drummer listed as "Mel. O. Fogg" on the label is the Velvet Fog himself, Mel Torme—and he plays good drums!

VIVIEN GARRY QUINTET—*I'm In The Mood For Love (Victor)

This side, by five great girl musicians, proves once and for all that a woman's place is in the groove. Edna Williams' trumpet is great; Ginger Smock plays some solid electric violin, and the rhythm section, with Vivien on bass, Wini Beatty at the box and Dody Jeshke on drums, gets a real "gone" beat.

HOLLYWOOD HUCKSTERS—*Them There Eyes (Capitol)

Features Benny Goodman, Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Charlie Shavers, with Benny and Stan Kenton doing a tongue-in-cheek vocal on the reverse, *Happy Blues.*

STAN KENTON—*Minor Riff (Capitol)

FROM THE MOVIES

DARK PASSAGE—Too Marvelous For Words: *Harry James (Columbia); *Dick Farney (Majestic); Bing Crosby-Jimmy Dorsey (Decca); Jo Stafford (Capitol)

Look out for Dick Farney, born Farnesio Dutra e Silva, the 25-year-old thrill from Brazil. After singing in Rio night clubs, he paid Hollywood a visit, and before you could say "ten per cent" he'd signed for records and a big radio show.

FUN AND FANCY FREE—Lazy Country Side; Too Good To Be True: *Tony Martin (Victor)

Pleasing sounds deriving from Disney's latest. Choral backing helps Tony on the lazy country side.

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE—My How The Time Goes By: Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW—Title Song: *Perry Como (Victor); *Ray Noble (Columbia); Danny Kaye (Decca); Dinning Sisters (Capitol)

My minority opinion: on the basis of Joe Howard's having written this, I don't think he was worth making a movie about.

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS—You Do: Helen Forrest (M-G-M); Kokomo, Indiana: *Mel Torme (Musicraft). See also last month's listings.

(*Continued from page 113*) always focused on Lana's good looks.

At present writing, Lana Turner makes $4,000 to $5,000 a week, owns 69 pairs of shoes, and improves as an actress with every picture.

On Louella Parsons' radio show, Clark Gable said, "To all her prerequisites of glamour, Lana has added education, and has become one of the screen's finest actresses."

Lana's making *Homecoming*, opposite Gable, now.

Lana began taking acting seriously in 1940, soon after *Ziegfeld Girl*, in which she played her first significant role. After that, she settled down to learning her work, and ever since she has ranked among the studio's five top box-office attractions.

She gets 1500 letters weekly, predominantly requesting pictures in a boudoir pose. She gets a daily load of mail from men which starts out, "You look like the kind of girl who would understand—" And she tries to.

Lana long since has reached the point at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where she need not heed a call from any except the mightiest. She has not bothered to do a portrait sitting for nearly 1½ years, and has not allowed herself to be photographed by any magazine outside of the studio for over two years.

At the studio, Lana's retinue consists of a personal secretary, who plays jazz records while Lana rests between scenes, a hairdresser, who works only on her film coiffures, a makeup-man, and a stand-in. At home, Lana keeps a nurse for her daughter, Cheryl Christine, and a general maid. She has never had a personal maid, she hates anyone fussing around her while she's dressing.

With big money, and fantastic fame, Lana has acquired a definite dignity which although not comparable to the celestial variety maintained by Greer Garson after *Mrs. Miniver*, is still a long way from where she started.

Lana has never figured out any reason for being coy about her romances. She falls in love, and then follows her heart. When she decided to follow Tyrone Power to Mexico at the outset of their spectacular romance, Lana left her own picture to do so. She came back after a week's visit, and the studio greeted her with benevolent arms and no harsh words, in spite of their production losses.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As I was saying goodbye to a friend who was on her way to Los Angeles, a commotion arose in the depot. One of Hollywood's greatest was about to board the Super Chief. My friend moaned her disappointment in not being able to see him, for she had her baby in her arms. Resigned to the fact that she couldn't she tried to forget the incident. Soon the porter came along and asked her to step into the aisle while he made up the compartment. As she waited with her baby, the door of the next compartment opened and she was asked if she needed any assistance. A moment later she was sitting in Walter Pidgeon's compartment, gazing mutely at her idol as he played with the baby.

Barbara Solovick,
Detroit, Michigan

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By this time, Lana would be white-haired, if she worried about what people said or thought of her varied colorful romances.

Lana still makes a gorgeous entrance at nightclubs. For her evening dates, she dresses exotically and flamboyantly. As soon as she is seated, usually against a quiet back wall, every male in the house starts mentally table-hopping.

If there has not been much mention of Lana's contacts with women, up to this point, it is because she does not have many. In social situations involving both the sexes, she invariably pays most of her attention to the men, and is as brief as it is possible to be without discourtesy with the women present. When she was about to leave on her South American trip, the guests at her going-away party were 80 percent male, a ratio she considers ideal.

She doesn't dislike women; she just isn't much interested in them, and she won't practice girlish small talk.

Since her divorce from Steve Crane in 1944, Lana has lived in a two-bedroom Brentwood home. Her furniture is modern, solid, and decorated in bold plain colors. Her bedroom is white, and the only gaudy item in it is her bed, an over-sized affair with a large yellow upholstered headboard.

Lana's home reflects the good taste she has been working to make the dominant force in her life these last three years. Her car, though still a Cadillac, is tan this year instead of fire-engine red. Her personal matches are in simple grey folders, initialed L.T. in cardinal red.

Lana showers every morning in the bathroom adjoining her bedroom, and sprays herself liberally with Tuberose cologne, the only scent she uses. At the studio, she is continually dabbing it behind her ears. At home she does her own hair, and is responsible for a good many of her film hairstyles, including the "feather bob" which swept the country after she wore it in *Weekend at the Waldorf*.

Her hair has run a gamut almost as varied and unpredictable as her love life. It's honey-blonde now, it was platinum-white not long ago, and once it was even black.

Wherever she goes, female envy and male appreciation are provoked by Lana's clothes, and Lana's figure.

In the dimly-lighted warehouse of M-G-M's wardrobe department, where, between productions, the dress forms of 100 or more leading ladies are stored, the smooth, cold contours of Lana Turner are a statistic in plaster which never lies. Even to glamor-saturated professionals like Irene, M-G-M's head designer, Lana's measurements—bust 35", waist 24½", hips 34½", thigh 21½", calf 13"—add up spectacularly.

Lana is shorter than the average American girl (5 feet 2 in her stocking feet) but her figure is perfect for any kind of clothes from evening gowns to bathing shorts.

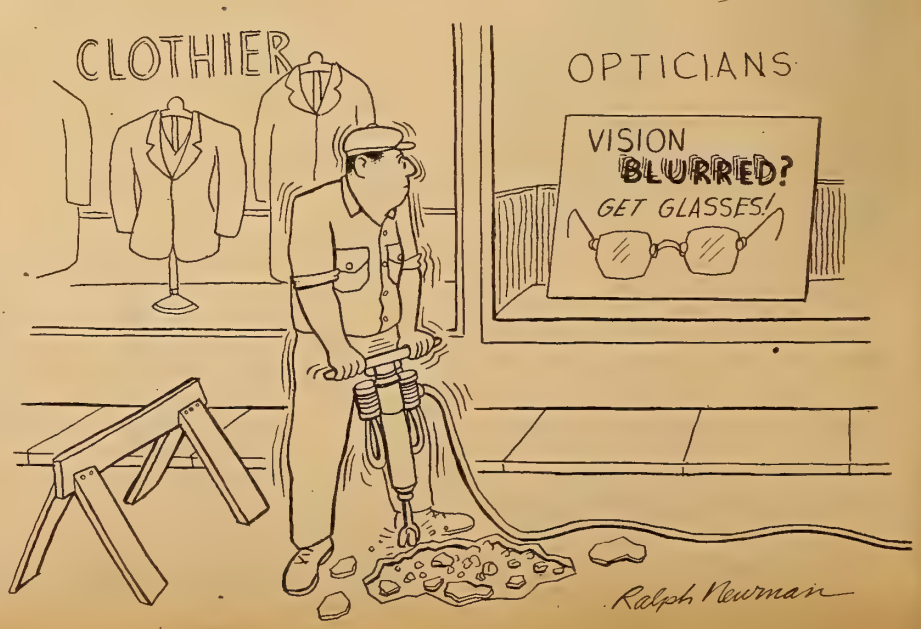
Lana is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who can walk into Saks or Magnin's and walk out with clothes that fit. She still buys most of her evening gowns (she currently owns 17) from Hattie Carnegie's and the tonier designers, but her suits and dresses come from the small Beverly Hills shops where she can duck in and out easily.

She wears jewelry sparingly, and prefers gold, plain and heavy. But for evening wear she does own ring-bracelet-earrings sets in diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds. Three years ago, in order to wear a gift set of diamond pendant earrings, Lana had her ears pierced.

Lana is no intellectual, but she is smart. She has added a great deal to her basic education—particularly in the last three years.

She has a great sense of humor, and a gusty wit, and the brains not to try to give the impression that she got to Hollywood by way of the Social Register, Newport, three finishing schools and a scholarship at Radcliffe. She has learned about music and children's literature with her 4-year-old daughter, Cheryl, with whom she has been seen frequently at the Hollywood Bowl. She reads most of the important new books, and they now decorate her conversation. She listens to symphonies in her dressing room at the studio and knows them well enough to distinguish Bach from Beethoven without looking at the album.

But while Lana is certainly more a beauty than a brain, one would be making a gigantic mistake to consider her dumb. Three years ago, while vacationing in Washington, she startled a Senate luncheon group by speaking spontaneously and intelligently about peace and international understanding for 10 minutes.



I SAW IT HAPPEN

Seated in a Pullman car, Aunt Lucie was approached by a tall, dark and handsome man who wished to share her seat. My aunt, who's a great talker, admired the gentleman's tie, and promptly told him so—much to his delight. The stranger soon dozed off and Auntie became engrossed in her book. Soon a small crowd had gathered around their seat. "Is something the matter?" Auntie asked, naively. "Don't you know who your companion is?" gasped an on-looker. "It's Cary Grant!" Auntie picked up her book and opened it to her place. "And who —pray," she asked, "is Cary Grant?"

Mary Ann Mann,
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

They, too, had expected a gorgeous but giddy performance from Hollywood's most glamorous girl.

When Lana is working on a picture, she is, excepting occasional moods, one of the gayest people in the movie industry. To George Sidney, who directed *Cass Timberlane* and who has known Lana all her life, she is no glamour gal but an exuberant, athletic, and energetic woman. While working with Sidney, Lana did surprise everyone on the set with her professional-looking performance in the baseball scenes. At the conclusion of the picture, the crew gave her a tiny baseball bat, engraved "Slugger", for her charm bracelet.

Others, contradictorily, have described Lana as "a monument to inertia." To be sure, she is a relaxed human being who takes advantage of every opportunity to rest. She is also such a late sleeper that she frequently has given some people cause to wonder how she ever got anything accomplished. Several years ago, Billy Grady, an old M-G-M talent scout, played golf on the course near Lana's home, and he used to amuse himself at the 19th hole by calling Lana to see if she was still in bed. When he found she was, he would snort into the phone, "Come on kid. Get up. You can't get to be queen that way."

She fooled him. She did.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Being newcomers to the state of California, our family decided to take in some radio broadcasts in Hollywood. On this particular night we saw the Joan Davis show. Ben Gage is the very capable and handsome announcer on that program. I noticed that during the show he kept glancing over to the left side of the studio where we were sitting. I didn't catch on until the end of the performance. But then, walking up the aisle beside me, was his very beautiful and talented wife, Esther Williams.

Dolores Braddock
Los Angeles, California

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SHE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

(Continued from page 50)

it was at a formal party. He'd been home to Texas in between, but his business interests kept him flying around the country, and now here he was all white-tied and shining-faced, making for her with a determined look in his eye.

"Would you like to dance?" he said.

She got up languidly, and moved into his arms. "You know," she said, "I didn't think you were tall enough."

He stared down at her. "Indeed, Miss Lynn. As we used to say in the army, you never had it so good."

"Such modesty," she said. "Tsk, tsk."

After that, they dated a couple of times, and decided they hated each other.

He called her twice in four months, and she giggled with Eileen, her secretary. "I mustn't let all this attention go to my head."

But Christmas came, and with it, red roses. Loads of roses. She read the card: "Bob Neal," and looked back at the flowers.

"You know, Eileen, he has lovely taste."

"He's got more than taste," Eileen observed cynically. "Those roses must have cost a fortune in December—"

Some time in January, Diana got around to writing Bob a thank-you note. She was about to take off on a personal appearance tour, so she mentioned that, too. "I'll be in Chicago next week. If you're anywhere in the vicinity, get in touch with me."

the big sleep . . .

At six a.m., the Chicago-bound train hit Kansas City, and a great banging at the compartment door hit almost simultaneously. Eileen staggered out of bed, glaring at Diana's prone figure. "Sleep through anything," she growled.

She opened the door, and there was a man with a wire for Miss Lynn.

"She's gone for the day," Eileen said. "Will I do?"

She signed for the thing, and brought it in. Diana was sitting up fretfully. "Wha'sit?"

It was a message from Bob. He was going to meet her at the station in Chicago.

"Eileen," Diana cried, "I can't remember what he looks like!"

"Maybe he'll wear a cabbage," Eileen said, yawning. "On his hat."

He did nothing of the kind, but Diana recognized him anyway. He was standing on the platform with a man and a woman, and they were all beaming.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jack Manley," he explained later. "We were sitting in Texas, wanting to go someplace, when your letter came, so—"

So they ran around Chicago together, and when Bob went back to Texas, Diana discovered she missed him.

He flew in for closing night, and then they all went on to New York. He had sisters there, and Diana had radio commitments. By the time they arrived, something new had been added; Bob had influenza.

He was so sick he could hardly stand up, but he was admitting nothing, and nobody could make him go to bed, see?

Somehow they managed. His sisters and his brother-in-law, who's a doctor, and Diana. Their technique was the one you use with a suitcase. Sit on it till it gives.

His brother-in-law came in with a hypodermic. "To make you sleep, Bob—"

"No," Neal said.

"Yes," said his brother-in-law.

Bob howled like a beaten dog, and then submitted, tiredly. Before he fell asleep, he glared once more at Diana. "Don't let me hear about your going out with anyone else—"

She dimpled as only Diana can dimple, enjoying herself immensely. She could hear him bawling out the notes to "A Fine Romance," as she walked down the stairs.

Bob has broadened the field of Diana's interests considerably. When he's in Hollywood, she grimly prepares to visit every used car lot and airport in California.

He took her in hand, long ago. "Do you know the difference between a Talbot and a Bugatti?" he said, on one of their first dates.

She thought she detected a faint note of condescension. "Certainly," she replied.

"Well, then, why are we sitting in this stuffy club when we could be out looking at some?" he cried. "I didn't know you were interested in cars—"

She'd never been interested in cars except as a means of getting from one point to another, but she looked wise. "I like horses, too," she said. "Of course, they're not as fast—"

"Listen—" Neal was thinking. "I know where I can hire a little Singer."

He hired the Singer all right (it's an English car) and she stood and stared at it. "It's so small; suppose we run into a truck—"

"It's a little beauty," Bob said reverently.

After the ride, he turned to her. "How'd you enjoy it?"

"Forty-five minutes to get in and compose myself," she said. "And everybody on Hollywood Boulevard gaping at me so I couldn't be more uncomfortable—Neal, I never had it so good!"

Bob's a fool for planes, too. His idea of a gala evening is to drive out to some airport and argue with the mechanics about engines.

Diana stands around simpering to herself. "Do you prefer an Ercoupe or a Cessna, that's what I always say—"

food, what's that? . . .

They practically never eat, because they hate to waste time in silly restaurants.

One of them occasionally reaches the point of death, and gasps, "Food," and then they hit the nearest drive-in. This can be anywhere from ten p.m. on.

Diana prefers when Bob forgets to eat, actually. His eating habits terrify her, ever since the time she watched him breakfast on a malted milk, and chili. "It's so—so—degenerate," she said. "Why can't you be nice and normal? What's the matter with toast and coffee?"

"Like chili," he said, as though that explained it all.

Bob plans to open a resort in California, if he can find the proper site, and Diana shudders when she thinks of the blue plates he'll serve. He has a real talent for designing, and he wants to work out his place himself. He veers toward modern.

Lately, he's been dragging Diana out into the desert near Palm Springs to search for sites. She ends up limping, and hot, and stringy-haired, but Bob just lopes along, with a spring in his step, and a smile on his lips. Sometimes she wants to slam him one.

And just to prove he's a miracle-worker, he recently found himself an apartment, right off the Sunset Strip. People in California get old, looking for apartments. Not Neal.

The place was charming, but the bedroom struck him wrong. It didn't seem masculine enough.

While the real-estate people were in another room, he pulled Diana aside. "Hey, doll, what about this bedroom?"

"I think it's darling," she said.

"Yeah," he said. "That's the trouble."

They finally decided that if a couple of minor items like the lampshades could be done over, the effect would be strong and silent as anything, so Bob signed the lease.

He was studying the ink on his fingers, when Diana told him about the stock company business.

"I'm doing *Dear Ruth*, out at the beach. The company has made reservations for Eileen and me at the Casa de Manana Hotel."

The more Bob thought about it, the better he liked it. "You'll be out in the sun, and the air, and I'll be able to see you a lot. I can stay at the Colonial."

As it turned out, she worked so hard he never saw her at all, and she got no sun or air whatever, and the day some of his friends gave a picnic lunch for her she couldn't even get there, and Bob had to eat eight sandwiches.

It isn't an easy thing to act on the stage, if your experience has been completely with the screen. Guy Madison co-starred with Diana, and they both found themselves playing single scenes, rather than sustaining the characterizations.

Dress rehearsal came, and in Diana's first scene, she had to drink a cup of coffee, and smoke a cigarette, and the coffee ended up in the saucer, and she could hardly light the cigarette, and she wondered if she was going to die right there.

Later, she was explaining the feeling to Eileen. "I've played the piano for ten years before audiences, but I've never been frightened that way—"

And then the man who'd been watching the rehearsal came up. "What are you doing on the stage?" he said. "I've liked you enormously in the movies, but what are you doing on the stage?"

She almost cried, she felt so incompetent, and Eileen had to step in and say, "She's been on the screen six years; she's been on a stage six days—"

But opening night, nobody needed to make excuses for Diana. The audience cheered, and when she came off, backstage, she was drunk with glory. Eileen was grinning broadly.

And over in the corner, Bob was standing patiently. "My nails," he said, "are chewed off to the point where I won't have to eat again for a week."

Diana kissed him lightly. "Bob," she said, "you never had it so good."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Several weeks ago, a very lovely looking girl came into the drugstore where I work and ordered a cup of coffee. She was so striking that everyone just stared at her. I thought to myself, "Oh, the poor girl must feel embarrassed, with everyone gazing at her like that." I felt so sorry for her, that I told some of the on-lookers to mind their own business. But, she just laughed at that and said, "Ah, you're scaring my public away." Then she left, leaving me to wonder what she meant by that remark. Later, a fellow worker came up to me and said, "Boy, do I envy you! You were waiting on Lena Horne!"

Jacqueline Fahey,
Boston, Mass.

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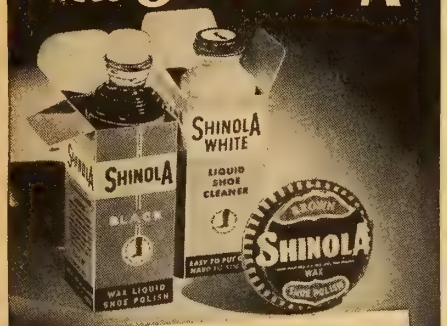

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INNOCENT ABROAD

(Continued from page 65)

little shabbier, and a little more wonderful.

She also got a show that Paris doesn't usually put on for the passing tourist. Railroad strikes, coal strikes, and steel workers' strikes, bank strikes, and a government workers' slow-down were all being staged simultaneously, and a few Communist demonstrations broke at the same time.

In addition to which, the city officials who weren't on strike eagerly sought her out for news of Hollywood. "I only wanted to rest," she said plaintively. "I only wanted to study some art."

Nevertheless, there were parties, and she went, obligingly. She's excellent at shaking hands and smiling; at French conversation, she's no star. She sticks pretty close to "Eh, bien," with an occasional "peut-être."

After a party, she'd crawl back to her hotel, and wonder what everybody'd been saying to her.

too many cooks . . .

She even changed her mind about painting, once she discovered Paris' attitude toward painters. They're public property. You see a guy set up an easel, and suddenly he's got thirteen other guys standing around pointing out that the green looks lousy, and the brush isn't quite fine enough.

She figured she wasn't half the man any of the other artists were, and left her easel in the suitcase.

After Paris came Belgium, and then Switzerland, and an international film festival at Locarno. There she met a lot of European movie stars, and they stared at her politely as she tried out her high school Spanish. High school Spanish is Linda's only foreign language accomplishment.

In Zurich, where I found her, she was resting. No parties, no interviews. Slacks, and sleeping, and eating.

"No interviews?" I said, pretending not to be an interviewer.

"Nope," she said. "It's too hot." She can go along with a gag. "You see those snow-capped Alps? Props. It's over a hundred degrees this minute. Every place I've been in Europe, it's hit 100. People keep saying, 'This is the hottest day in seventy-five years!' I wish they'd quit."

There aren't any air-cooled movies, or ice-cold water so the heat really smashes you. In Europe, the lowliest thing they waste ice on is champagne.

Linda was struggling along with champagne all right, though. And she was certainly the Grand Dolder's most popular guest.

The Swiss, who are restrained, hardly ever knock you down with enthusiasm. Hotel attendants, who wanted autographs, watched Linda wistfully for ten days, until she got the idea.

There was one waiter, though, who was a little too kind and thoughtful. She'd pick up her fork, and he'd be standing so close to her elbow she'd almost stab him to death.

Then they'd both smile, and she'd go back to work. She put salt on her grapefruit one morning, and he rushed to indicate the sugar.

"I like salt on my grapefruit," she kept saying.

She said it in English, so he went right on steering her clear of what he considered to be a pitfall.

She finally called the headwaiter, and had the poor fellow transferred. "It'll be easier on him, and it'll give me some peace."

Part of the reason Linda was a little lonely on this European jaunt, a little hungry for familiarity, was the fact that she stagged it. She had practically no dates. And while there's been a lot of talk about a divorce between her and Pev Marley, as of August 1, it wasn't in the cards.

All Linda'd bought in Europe were shirts and ties for Pev, from Paris. All she wanted was to be in California by August 12th, Pev's birthday.

All she'd say to me was, "There's no place like home."

MODERN SCREEN

LOVE THAT MAN

(*Continued from page 35*)

Eventually, to quiet my nerves, I left the apartment to take a walk. When I got to the front door, there stood this guy with a big black suitcase. There too, in a rough-shod greenish suit and odd tie, stood Crosby. Jim Hannon, the superintendent, was hovering over them in high excitement.

"Absolutely no," Jim was saying. "The exterminators were here on Wednesday, and we don't need any additional service." Bing was in there fighting.

"Look," he jerked a thumb at the man with the suitcase. "I never saw this guy before in my life. I'm just trying to go to a christening." Jim was ready to let them have it again.

"Absolutely no," he was beginning. I went over and explained that the man with the suitcase was a photographer here to take pictures of the christening, and the man with the suit was Bing Crosby.

"Remind me never to be a godfather again," Bing said, going up in the elevator. "The stuff you gotta take in this racket . . ."

But just *try* to keep that boy from being a godfather—at least where musicians are concerned. It's as much a part of him as that beat-up hat he wears to recordings. I'd like to have a nickel for every little guy he's helped set up in business. The routine is something like this:

Bing'll be listening to a good small band in some out-of-the-way spot, his head on one side, his fingers tapping. When the act is over, he'll say, "That kid with the clarinet is okay," and he'll buy him a drink. The kid turns out to have a pocketful of dreams and no cash. Maybe he wants his own band. Maybe he'd like to open his own club. If Crosby believes in him, he'll lend him the dough. Lend, I say. Lots of times it's a gift.

don't tell him I said so . . .

Boy, Crosby won't like me for this. He's one guy who doesn't want his good deeds known. You know, there are some fellows who—the minute they give a nickel to some charity or other—have their press agents flash the word to every columnist in the business. Not Bing. Every time that bird does anyone a good turn, he covers it up. You'd think he was going to be sent up if anyone got the goods on him. The only way anyone ever finds out about Bing's kindness is from the musician involved.

Sure, he's got a pile of dough now. He can afford to be generous. But this godfather business is nothing new. I remember a night in Chicago, back in the early days. I was in and out of jobs, in and out of funds. A few of my pals and I shared a single room in some crummy hotel, the rent for which we rarely paid, and one of us always had to be in it so that they couldn't lock us out. I had just done my stretch minding the room, and this was my night to howl. Paul Whiteman was at the Ambassador and Paul Whiteman was tops. I went over and heard him. Heard these three kids with him, too. "The Rhythm Boys" they were called, and they were tremendous. I found out that half the band hung out at some joint over toward Cicero after they finished work, and I hitched a ride out there.

It wasn't a flashy place. There were blue layers of smoke left over from a thousand nights, and the smell of bootleg booze was as strong as disinfectant. But there was music in that place. There was Bix and that magnificent horn of his; there were the Dorseys and Frankie Trumbauer and Jack

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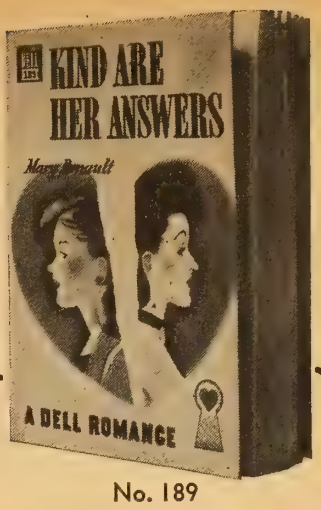

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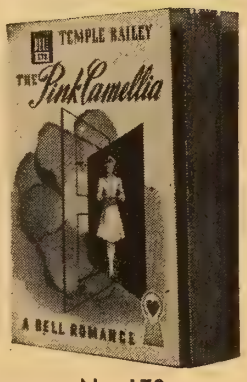

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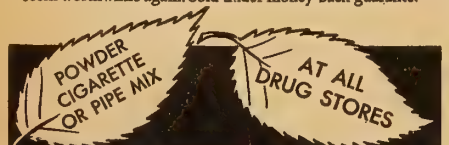

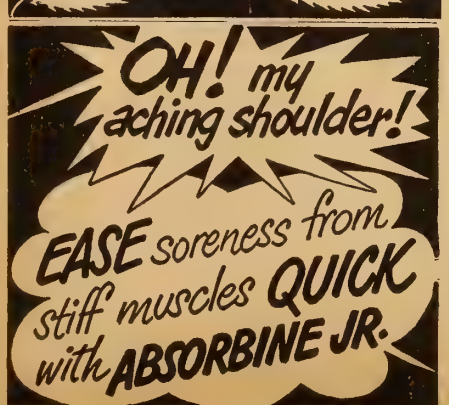

Teagarden. Listening to them I felt the way Hoagy Carmichael must have felt when—after he'd heard something special in the way of music—he'd drawl, "I sure hope God was listening to that." Anyway, I was standing at the bar seeing how far I could stretch a beer, when this vaguely familiar-looking character sauntered over to me.

"Hi, bud," he said, and his voice was like a bassoon.

"Hi," I said.

"Crosby's my name," he intoned.

"Condon's mine," I said, and then I pinned the name on the face. He was one of the Rhythm Boys.

"Have a drink on me," he said. "Purely medicinal, you know. I've got laryngitis. What've you got?"

I said, "Just a good thirst." We shook hands, and that was the beginning of a long hard friendship. We talked music for a while, and then I noticed him looking me over like one of those guess-your-weight guys.

"You don't look too good," he said finally. "What's the matter, bud?" I knew what he meant. Seedy suit, rundown shoes—

"No job," I told him briefly.

"Well, look," he said. "I'm in the dough right now—" He started to dig into his pocket. I told him to go to hell, and after a few more drinks we shook hands again, and I went home. The next morning I found the twenty dollar bill in my pocket, and it was a king-size tug at the heart. I mean, shucks, Crosby wasn't that dough-heavy in those days.

that stardust melody . . .

Late in the 1920's, when "Stardust" was a song nobody wanted to buy, Bing took Hoagy Carmichael under his wing. But literally. Hoagy had gone West to peddle his songs to the movie moguls. "Washboard Blues," "Old Rockin' Chair," a few little things like that. And the dopes didn't want them. Eventually McCorkle (that's what the boys called Carmichael) ran out of money. He didn't even have the price of a ticket home. Paul Whiteman's special train was leaving for the East just about that time, and when it pulled out, who was sharing Bing's berth but little old McCorkle. It was a tight squeeze, but it was a way home, which was all that mattered Looking back on it, Hoagy remembers that the nights weren't too bad, because Bing snored in perfect pitch to the train whistle.

His loyalty to his old friends is something pretty wonderful. When they needed a band for *Birth of the Blues*, Bing didn't let them foist any old outfit on him. He screamed for his pal Jackson Teagarden—and got him. Jack T. ran into union trouble not long ago, and couldn't play anywhere in this country. When you don't play, you don't eat. Bing heard about it and called Jack up.

"I know a guy in England," he said. "You can get all the bookings you want. I'll look into sailings and stuff . . ." The trouble was cleared up and Jack is still in this country, but he won't forget Crosby for that.

If you know anything about jazz musicians, you know a guy called Joe Sullivan. He's been around a long while, and he plays more piano than pretty nearly anybody. About five years ago, Joe developed tb., and the doctor ordered complete rest in a sanitarium. The weeks stretched into months, and then into a whole year, and Joe's wife was frantic trying to get enough money together to pay the bills. Joe's pals rallied round and passed the hat, but they weren't too prosperous a gang, and there came a day at last when there were just no more funds. Mrs. Sullivan went up to see Joe, wondering how to tell him. He was waiting for her, all smiles.

"I'm in a new room," he told her. "Bigger and sunnier, and they've starfed some different treatments. I'll be out of here in no time, baby—" She hadn't the heart to give him her bad news, but after the visit she went to the office to talk over her plight.

"Mrs. Sullivan," she was told. "We have a letter here saying that no expense is to be spared in getting your husband well, and we're to forward all future bills to this address." The girl at the desk read out a street in Los Angeles. It was years later, after Joe was cured, that they discovered from someone at the sanitarium who had paid those bills. That's right, chums. It was Crosby.

And with Bing, it isn't only dough. He's lavish with the kind words, too, and just as reluctant to have that fact known. Which is why the musician in this story is anonymous. One night, a few years back, Bing ambled into a little joint up in Harlem for a nightcap. The band was mediocre, but there was a kid at the piano who was out of this world. There was a sort of suppressed excitement in his playing that was beautiful to hear. Crosby thought, maybe he's had a fight with his girl, or maybe he's just fallen in love. He couldn't play like that just any old night. So Bing went back again. And again. And the kid was always the same, and the kid was good. So Bing spoke to him.

"You're bigger than this joint," he told him. "You've got the stuff." The boy at the piano looked up at the maestro and grinned.

"If you say so," he said—and there was awe in his voice—"It's gotta be true." When Bing went back to the Coast, he kept in touch with the youngster, encouraging him, advising him. And inevitably, the kid made the big time. Right now his name is a household word. Bing says it would have happened anyway, but the lad from Harlem says he'd still be beating it out in a Lenox Avenue honky-tonk if a guy named Crosby hadn't had faith in him.

I could go on and on. During the war, who started a foundation to help struggling young inventors patent their ideas? Why, Crosby. Who hands over the royalties on his Christmas carol records to charity? Crosby. And who's the only singer in the business who insists that his sidemen be cut in on record royalties? Again! that's Crosby. No wonder guys like Teagarden and Dorsey and Condon love that man. No wonder people like Nat Cole and the Ink Spots, people like Paul Whiteman and Frank Sinatra say there's no one on earth like him.

Liza, my love, with a godfather like Bing, you'll grow up to be president!

MODERN SCREEN

He's sinking fast, Doctor!

TEE FOR TWO

(*Continued from page 32*)

We were sitting in the grill of the Bel Air Country Club, after finishing a round of golf with Major Clark Hardwicke, World War II veteran of the Air Corps, and Bert Allenberg, Gable's manager. Allenberg and I had just been beaten 4 and 3 by the two Clarks, and I had just paid off my $45 to Hardwicke.

At a nearby table sat Bing Crosby, another fabulous Air Corps golfer, Ken Rogers, Frank Ross, Reginald Owen and the Bel Air pro, Joe Novak. Workmen, perched on platforms near the ceiling of the grill, gave it a real Hollywood studio effect. All that was missing was Cecil B. DeMille, perched on a boom, calling out: "Quiet, please!"

The workmen were soundproofing the ceiling.

"Bert is one of my closest friends," said Clark, indicating Allenberg, who was absorbed in rolling dice for the drinks with Hardwicke. "Then there's Al Menasco, who designs airplane engines. We kicked around together for years, but Al got married and you know how it is. A married man just naturally acquires responsibilities, no longer is available for impromptu trips—"

The MODERN SCREEN photographer, Don Ornitz, came into the grill and said that he had gotten his color film equipment out of his jeep and had set it up on the 10th tee, for one last shot of Gable. "I'd like to get one shot of you at the finish of your swing." We went to the 10th tee, still carrying our glasses.

a major assist . . .

I took along Major Hardwicke, as technical adviser, figuring that I might just as well have him work out the dough he had lifted from me. So the major sighted through the camera finder, okayed the top of Gable's swing, and then exploded the flash bulb as the picture was taken. Gable, as a result of his coaching by Hillcrest professional, George Fazio, has one of the smoothest-looking swings of any Coast amateur.

"When they see that picture," warned Hardwicke, "they'll cut you down to a 5 handicap." Gable grinned. "I'd love it. I'd rather play this game well than almost anything else I can think of."

Throughout the afternoon, Gable had been extraordinarily cooperative, posing for any shots which Don suggested, even though we were playing a tight match. When we were alone, I commented about it.

"Hell, that's not being nice," said Clark. "The way I figure it, Ed, is that when somebody is assigned to a job, only a stinker would make it difficult for him to do it. On top of that, the pictures will do me good. Beyond all of that, Don is a former Air Corps guy."

Gable chuckled. "You know, if you are nice to people, it's amazing how much you can learn from them."

I asked Gable if, as the public generally believed, he was a desperately lonely figure.

"I'd say definitely no." he answered, after thinking it over. "For a time, I was at loose ends, but, luckily, I never sold our house. So when I came back from war, that fact sort of gave me roots The place had run down while I was away, and the work of fixing it up again occupied me, and then, as it started looking attractive, I got a terrific thrill of pride in it. Had I come back here and gone to live in a hotel, I am convinced now that it would have demoralized me."

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The conversation turned to pictures. I asked Gable what quality he looked for in a script such as Sidney Kingsley's *Homecoming,* which he was making with Lana Turner for Mervyn LeRoy.

"All I want in a script," he said, "is entertainment. If it will entertain people or amuse them, that's for me. I am vitally concerned with the condition of the world and our country, but when I am acting, I won't be a propagandist. People go to the theater to be entertained and to escape from their own problems. I only want to send them out feeling that they have spent a couple of enjoyable hours. Sometimes," added Gable, ruefully, "your judgment of a script is sour. But that is one of the occupational hazards of the business."

How long, I asked, had Gable been making pictures.

"I started out here in 1930," he answered, "and I've been at it ever since. The first good part I ever had drifted to me quite by accident. The role had been offered to Edmund Lowe and a lot of other ranking heavies, and they all turned it down because it was to be a characterization of Al Capone, in Joan Crawford's *Dance, Fools, Dance.*

a ham at heart . . .

"When I read the script, the ham in me responded to one scene in particular. As the gang chieftain, I dispatched my mobsters to wipe out a group of rival hoodlums. The script then outlined a wonderful scene. When my 'hoods' returned to report to me that they had machine-gunned not less than 10% of Chicago's population, the camera revealed me sitting moodily at the keyboard of a piano, playing Beethoven!"

A gleam came to Gable's eye: "I almost broke my leg getting to the telephone in the corner drugstore to tell the producer that he didn't have to look for another boy."

Under Gable's new contract, covering the next eight years, he'll make three pictures every two years, or a total of 12 flickers. "By that time, 1955," he grinned, "I'll be ready for character parts, I guess. While I am not rich in any sense of the word, I am comfortably situated and I guess by then, I'll go traveling and fishing. Say, by that time I'll be getting ready to play in the United States Seniors' Golf Championship!"

During my month's stay in Hollywood this past summer, I played a lot of golf with Clark Gable, and golf is an X-ray that shows up the most minute flaws in a person. Arrogance, cheating, temper, selfishness, ruthlessness, all come to the surface during the heat of a golf match, no matter how insignificant the financial stakes.

Gable and I played about 12 rounds together, stood on the same practice tee and went through the same exasperating experiences, played at different courses with different companions; so, just as he could give you a very accurate analysis of me, I got to know him.

Adolphe Menjou, one of our golfing pals in Hollywood, fears neither the Devil nor Daniel Webster. His frankness in exploding some of the legends of Hollywood curls the hair on your head. He is engaged in a 24-hour-a-day attack on smugness of any kind. I asked him once what sort of a person Rudolph Valentino had been. "Completely impossible," said Menjou with typical frankness. I am outlining this character sketch of Menjou so that you will appreciate the opinion he gave me of Clark Gable, one day, while we were playing at the California Country Club.

"Gable is the finest gentleman this industry ever has seen," Menjou said. "I have known him for a good many years, and I have worked with him in many pictures, and there is no actor out here who even approaches his stature as a human being."

Gable is not above "putting the horns" on you, though. In golf, this means that as your opponent putts, you extend the forefinger and the little finger of your hand to put the curse on him. Now and then it works. Gable tries it.

He showed up one day for a match, and at the first tee he told us: "Protect yourselves in the clinches. Today, I am really ugly. I was so burned up at my bad shots yesterday that I didn't get more than four hours' sleep. Twice, during the night, I got up, took my driver and practiced my swing in my bedroom in front of the mirror, to find out what the hell I was doing wrong yesterday. Then I went back to bed, and two hours later I woke up again. I had suddenly dreamed out the solution to that bad hook. So for the next 20 minutes, I again practiced in front of the mirror. Brethren, you'd better be on your sticks today, because I haven't had much sleep and I feel evil."

nobody's chump . . .

Gable's conscientiousness in golf indicates the capacity for concentration which lifted him to movie stardom. He is nobody's chump and once he makes up his mind, he doesn't yield easily.

Girls like him, naturally. When he is with them, Gable really turns on the charm. He is very boyish, despite his maturity, and the girls love the combination. He has two cars, a stunning Cadillac Convertible, royal blue in color, and a steel-gray Chrysler with a rigid top. He never puts the top up on the Cadillac and when he drives through Beverly Hills, the girls can be pardoned a double-take as they find him next to them in traffic.

"My God, it's Gable," exclaimed a startled femme, when I was with him one afternoon. Her car had come to a halt next to his at a stop sign, and I have never seen such a series of expressions race so quickly across a face. "H'ya, hon," smiled Gable, and she waved weakly back.

He got the rigid-topped car for longer trips as a safety precaution. In a convertible, he was barreling along at 70 miles an hour and suddenly, as he rounded a corner, an oil truck, its sides busted through in an accident, deluged the highway with gallons of the sticky, slippery black gold. Afraid to jam on his brakes, Gable's car whipped into the oil-covered surface and went into a series of loops and spins. Fortunately, it didn't turn over but from then on, he decided that on long trips he preferred the Chrysler.

Gable still carries on correspondence with some of the men with whom he served in the Air Corps. His greatest friend was his Commanding Officer, Colonel Willie Hatcher. From what Gable tells me, Hatcher was a phenomenal person, both as an executive and as a warrior. That correspondence and friendship ended when the Army flier, not many months ago, was killed in the crash of his B-29 at Albuquerque, N. M. Gable still writes to the widow and two youngsters of his friend.

I would not be at all surprised if Gable, at some time, married again. I know he feels that a man living alone is a sort of a stray. I think he feels this keenly because all of his friends are married, and when he visits them, the fact of his aloneness is driven home to him. If he does remarry, I trust that the girl measures up to him because, in my book, he is an exceptionally fine guy. The right kind of girl could do a great deal for him and I'm certain that Carole Lombard would be deeply grateful to her.

THE FANS

(*Continued from page 110*)

short (350-400 words), amusing (or heart-warming, as the case may be) character sketch about your star. You may tell your story through a series of anecdotes, or it may be a thumb-nail type of article. But it must have a definite theme, or "angle" —dramatic, amusing, poignant, light-hearted, sarcastic, ironic, reminiscent, etc. Also, it must be written objectively, in the third person (unless you've had a *very* unusual interview with your star). It need not be based on original material. You may select any information about your star that you've read about in magazines or club journals, or that you've heard first-hand from friends, and treat that material in your own original way. *Entry in this contest does not give anyone the right to seek a personal interview with a star, as a representative of* MODERN SCREEN. *Stars are hereby instructed NOT to grant interviews to anyone for the purpose of entering this contest.*

About the best hint we can give you is to suggest that, before you go ahead with your piece, you read the little biographical sketches in our sister magazine, SCREEN ALBUM. They'll give you a very clear idea of what we mean by "slant" and "objectivity." Also you'll learn how to illustrate your "theme" by the clever use of anecdotes.

Naturally, we've got some rules for you —but they're designed to make it EASIER for you to enter the contest, not more difficult. So read 'em carefully, please:

1. Any bona fide member of an MSFCA club is eligible.
2. You do not have to write about your own honorary, but your subject must be a star who has an official MSFCA club, or is an honorary member of an MSFCA club.
3. Typewrite or write your article legibly on one side of the sheet, double-spaced. Be sure your name, address and club appears plainly on the first page.
4. Your article must be between 300 and 400 words.
5. You may submit as many articles as you wish.
6. This contest closes December 31, 1947.
7. Address your entries to: Writing Contest Editor, MSFCA, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16.
8. Entries will be judged on the basis of writing ability, intelligent selection and use of material, and legibility.
9. The staff of MODERN SCREEN will serve as judges in this contest. Their decisions will be final.
10. Entries become the property of MODERN SCREEN. No entries will be returned.
11. Winning articles will be published on THE FANS page of MODERN SCREEN.
12. Because we cannot anticipate at this time how many professional-quality entries we will receive, we are leaving the number of winners to the discretion of our staff.
13. Articles that have been published previously in a club journal, or that are being offered for publication elsewhere will not be accepted for this contest.

NOTE: It's been called to our attention that you fans are confused about the official starting dates and final deadlines of our semi-annual Trophy Cup contests. The contest for the Winter Cups starts with material received in our offices on May 16, each year, and ends with material received on November 15. Winners are formally announced in the March issue of MODERN SCREEN, which means that we have to have the final tallies ready by early December. The contest for the Summer Cups runs from November 16 to May 15, each year, and final winners are announced in the September issue. This means we must know the results by the first week in June. That's why we were able to make the official Cup presentations at the Hollywood Convention on June 28. For the sake of convenience, though, we say the contests run from January to June, and from July to December.

BIRTH OF A BABY

(*Continued from page 57*)

right?" Bill said.

"Fine, honey. The doctor said we could have a cigarette together."

He drew up a chair and lit two cigarettes.

"This is quite a procedure," he said. "Maybe my idea of a double room together wasn't so bad after all."

Four months ago, Bill had fallen and twisted his leg, the injury resulting in a knee infection. He had ended up with his entire leg in a cast and was ordered to bed. He fretted constantly. "How'll you get to the hospital if this cast isn't off my leg?"

When he was well enough to walk with crutches, Barbara drove him to the hospital for a treatment. They walked in the front door together, Bill leaning heavily on his crutches, and Barbara obviously well on her way toward motherhood. The nurse at the desk coughed discreetly.

"Uh—which one is the patient, please?"

That had amused them. "What a pair we are!" Bill had said. "Do you think they'd give a man a bed in the maternity ward?"

But the cast had been removed a few weeks before Barbara's confinement, and the first time Bill drove the car, he mapped the route to the hospital.

Now Dr. Thompson came into the room and pointed to the door. Bill gave Barbara one last concerned look over his shoulder as he left. And they had said they wanted half a dozen kids. Brother! This was pretty strenuous. Back in the waiting-room, he walked up and down, filling the place with smoke from innumerable cigarettes.

This had been a year, all right. The wedding in Barbara's home town in Illinois, and the honeymoon trip down to Florida and up the Mississippi back to Rockford, and the days in the Wisconsin woods with Barbara's family, and the trip back toward Hollywood.

Then there'd been the brief months at home when he had built the wall in front of the house, and Barbara had pored over the cookbooks and decorating magazines. In between domestic activities they both did retakes for *A Likely Story*. Also, there was an RKO publicity trip that lasted three months, and one day in New York they read in a newspaper column that Barbara was expecting a baby.

"Interesting," Bill noted.

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Back in Hollywood, Barbara had an appointment with her doctor about vitamin shots.

And that afternoon, Barbara had returned, beaming.

"What do you know! I *am!*"

In those days, she had eyed her maternity clothes with suspicion. "I certainly won't be *that* big!" she said.

"Are you reading any books about babies?" he asked her one day.

"Not yet. Right now I'm concerned with the care and feeding of one Bill Williams. I will, though, I will. I've bought six."

About the time the cast was removed from Bill's leg, Barbara's mother and father arrived from Rockford and that, of course, was a help. Things settled down to normalcy until the scheduled date for the baby's arrival.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of July 23rd, Barbara had a hunch. She didn't feel quite right, and she hadn't been able to sleep. She arose early, being careful not to disturb Bill, and went into the kitchen. Her father was there, making coffee.

"Dad," she said, "I think it's going to be today."

"Do you want to go to the hospital?" he said.

"No, I think I'd better get the marketing done so there'll be something in the house for you all."

He exploded. "But you can't go to the market now!"

Barbara smiled. "It's all right, dad. Please drive me over."

All day the four of them sat around. The evening dragged on, and then the night. Just before midnight, Bill phoned the doctor to report.

"You'd better get her down here right away," the doctor said.

Barbara insisted on some hot chocolate before they left, and Bill gulped his nervously, wondering on the strange ways of females. Now he was here, and waiting, and Mr. and Mrs. Hale were outside in the car. Because of the hospital ruling of "husbands only," he couldn't even have the comfort of commiseration.

At nine o'clock they brought the baby to him. He glanced briefly at the bundle and shouted, "How's my wife?"

It wasn't until he went back to his chair that he thought about the baby. Then he ran after the doctor and asked if the baby was healthy.

"She's fine," said the doctor.

"Oh, it's a girl, then." He'd forgotten to ask and they hadn't told him.

Barbara, meantime, was back in her room and waiting to see Bill. They had brought her coffee and she remembered dimly that Bill had wanted some, too, and she was doing her best to keep the brew hot so that he could have a sip. But Bill didn't appear, nor anyone else. Completely exasperated within ten minutes, she put down the coffee and picked up the phone.

"This is Mrs. Bill Williams and I want to see my husband," she said in clipped tones.

They steered him in right away.

"Girl," she announced. "Seven pounds, six ounces. Nineteen and three-quarter inches long. Eight-fifty this morning. Brilliant. Looked at me and said, 'Mama'."

"Gee," said Bill, completely gone.

The baby was nameless until the day Barbara left the hospital for home. She was finally named Barbara Willa Johanna, and nicknamed Jody.

With her mother, Jody Williams left the hospital six days after her birth. Two attendants managed the production just outside the hospital. One held Jody in his arms until the second attendant, who was sliding Barbara on a stretcher into the ambulance, needed help.

The first attendant looked around. "Where's the father?"

"Here," said Bill meekly.

"Take it," said the man, and shoved the baby into the uncertain arms of Bill, who stood there quaking. On her stretcher, Barbara giggled. Bill glared.

"Ye gods!" he said. "I never held a baby in my life!"

"You'll get used to it, bub," said one of the internes.

He has, too. The first few weeks of Jody's life included California's warmest spell in years, and being quite young, Jody put in her share of vocal complaints. When Bill isn't carrying her, he sits and watches her feet, which hold considerable fascination for him. Or he takes a batch of pictures to the studio and shows them around.

"Quite unusual for such a young one, huh?" he says.

Then he comes home and steals into the room where Barbara and Jody are.

"Gee, Barbi," he says. "Just look at those feet!"

MODERN SCREEN

Freddy, stop—you know I'm vulnerable!

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO

(*Continued from page 39*)

and Anne and John.

They chartered a plane, and it was a lovely plane. The only trouble was that it got a flat tire, as soon as it left Nogales.

Anne grumbled all the way to Hermosillo. "Silliest thing I ever heard of. A plane with a flat tire."

When they got to Hermosillo, they noticed the pilot was landing very fast. A flat can make a plane swerve, and nose over, and they had a few bad minutes, until they hit the ground.

"Well," John said purposefully to the pilot. Then, "let's get the flat fixed."

The pilot gave him a look. It said "you poor chump" in eleven languages. After which he pointed out that 1) nobody in the vicinity knew anything about speaking English, and 2) nobody, English-speaking or not, knew anything about plane tires.

Number 2 was the depressing one. "Let us," Charles said, "have a cool drink, and look at the situation. Mull it over."

"Mullet," John said dreamily. "Mullet's what you use for bait to catch marlin. You can use frozen mullet—"

By that time, they were at a cafe, and they ordered some white wine.

"Vino," Anne said with assurance. "Blanco."

"Charming," Keough said. "So fluent."

They were lounging around, sipping, when the little Mayan approached. Somehow he communicated the idea that he had a brand-new Ford in which he was willing to taxi them to Guaymas.

Charles took Pat's arm. "Like the ads say, 'There's a Ford in Your Future'."

The five of them established themselves in the Ford, and sank back wearily, as it started. They were ninety miles from Guaymas, and the sun was plummeting into the mountains. In Mexico, the sun never sinks slowly, it goes whoosh! like a falling star.

Three minutes later, there was a terrible report.

Anne clutched at John. "The engine fell out!"

"Darling," he said, "you're such a woman. That was just a blow-out."

Charles picked up a suitcase. "*Just* a blow-out. I'll hit you over the head!"

lucky we had a spare! . . .

But the worst was yet to come. The driver took off the bad tire, and put on the spare tire, and once it was on, they could plainly see it was the flattest spare tire in the whole wide world.

"Well, who shall we eat first?" Keough said cheerfully. "Or whom? Let's draw lots." He paused for a dramatic moment. "Do I hear the faint hum of a motor in the distance? Hark!"

Everybody harked, and sure enough, there was a motor. It wasn't very distant, and it banged more than it hummed, but it was a motor, and it belonged to a fruit truck.

The driver was Mexican, and spoke no English, but once again, the situation was self-evident. The way-worn travelers dumped themselves into the truck, and the truck lumbered off.

"A whole fruit truck," Anne said bitterly. "For five old lemons."

When they got to Guaymas, the driver let them off at the back of the hotel, and they found themselves standing in the kitchen with their luggage.

Once the management was convinced the entire seedy bunch wasn't looking for a hand-out, it became cordial, and produced various rooms.

Left alone, Anne and John closed their door, and looked around at their accomodations.

"Pretty tired little place," Anne said, touching the frayed curtains, and observing a stain in the rug.

"Appropriate," John said. "Lord, do I want to wash my face."

He disappeared into the bathroom. Dead silence. Then: "Honey—"

"What?"

"Company."

She went to the door. "What do you mean?"

He pointed. "In the tub. Cutest little cockroach you ever saw. 'At's local color for you."

"Mexico is never like this in Technicolor movies," Anne complained. "Let's go to bed."

She should have known, the minute she saw the Flit sprayer on the night-table, but she was tired, and beyond constructive thought.

bloody bargain . . .

Besides, the way she felt, mosquitoes weren't so bad. She'd have been willing to make a bargain with them. They could have a pint of blood if they'd wait till she fell asleep before they took it.

But John's an insect-fiend. If he sees a fly, he gets a maniacal gleam in his eye, and he stalks it.

This Guaymas night, a mosquito started humming around John's nose, as soon as he got into bed.

"Relax," Anne said. "He'll go away."

He went away for a couple of seconds, and John had started to breathe normally, when there was the unmistakable whine again, only louder and more upsetting.

John rose. "By God, he went and told all his friends we were here!"

He picked up the Flit gun and started spraying. In his fine frenzy, he drenched not only the windows and doors and floor and ceiling and bed; he also turned the gun on Anne and himself.

Anne was dubious about the project. "I'm not sure I wouldn't rather be bitten than poisoned."

"You don't know what's good for you," John said, giving her an extra splash.

The next day, he dragged her down to the botica, and accosted the druggist. "I want some citronella."

The druggist grinned, went in the back, and came out with two horrible-smelling bottles. All the rest of their stay in Guaymas, Anne had to go to bed holding her nose.

By the time they'd been there six days, everyone was hating everyone else. They'd had a boat out almost constantly, and nobody caught a single fish.

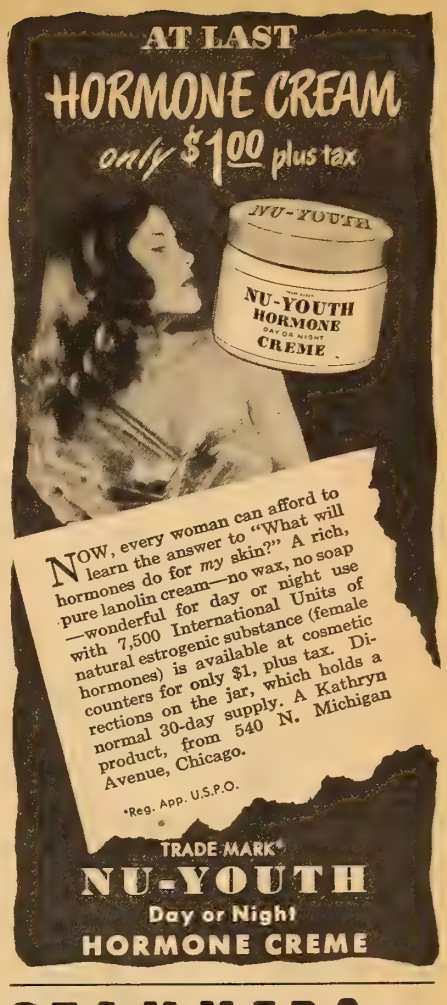
The way you catch marlin is tricky. You look for fins. When a marlin surfaces, his dorsal fin, which is shaped like a scimitar, cuts through the water.

Six days of looking for fins, with the sun beating down on you, and you begin to feel like the ancient mariner.

Once our heroes *saw* a marlin, and almost broke their necks to toss it a mackerel, and the marlin studied the mackerel for a little, and then went away. He just wasn't hungry.

"Let's go back in and have a swim," Charles said desperately. "Before we start throwing each other overboard. It's three o'clock already."

They went back to the hotel, put on their bathing suits, and dived into the pool.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Ten minutes of glorious sport, and Anne felt the water melting around her. "So help me," she said in awe. "So help me, they're draining the pool."

She looked up, and there was a happy man standing at the edge. "Can't help," he said. "It's the day to clean the pool."

That night they had a cocktail party, and the crummy little three-piece hotel band that played Latin-American music every night played the same Latin-American music even louder and worse.

"It's really fun here," Anne said, over the twang of an exhausted guitar. "I've convinced myself."

"Perhaps you could convince a fish or two," Keough suggested.

The very next day, their luck changed. John landed a marlin so huge the boatman had to hit it over the head forty times with a baseball bat to kill it.

"You sort of go insane," Anne was saying later, "when you've got one hooked. You turn into a gibbering idiot—"

They were in Guaymas nine days—the end of May, and the beginning of June—and then they came home in a plane that didn't break down, and they felt almost cheated.

"Be sure and let us know when you're going again," Charles said to John. "So we can stay the heck out of your way."

"Well, we're off to Del Monte right now—" John began, but Charles and Pat and Keough made it down to the end of the block in thirty seconds flat.

Del Monte was beautful. John lost all his golf balls in the Pacific Ocean, and he and Anne ate prodigiously, and on July seventh, they celebrated their first wedding anniversary.

"How shall it be?" he said. "You choose."

"Quiet," she'd said. "The second anniversary nobody cares about, and we'll have a big party. The first one's just for us."

They had dinner in their room, and champagne, and the broad window almost let in the stars, and the shining ocean.

John reached for Anne's hand. "You know, I'm a little lonely—"

"Why?" she said. "Darling, why?"

He sighed. "No cockroach in this bathroom—"

They came home from Del Monte, and sat down in two easy chairs, and shook their heads. "Still on vacation, and we still have more time to spend together? It isn't possible," John said. "How about going down to La Jolla. They're doing *The Hasty Heart* and Richard Baseheart's got the lead again—"

They went to La Jolla, enjoyed themselves enormously, and returned full of satisfaction.

"Now let's go up to Burlingame," Anne said. "We haven't seen Mother or Dad in a long time—"

They went to Burlingame, where Anne's mother and father live, and they discussed business with her father, who's her manager, and they had some clothes made for her, and returned full of satisfaction.

"Now let's knock the dining-room apart," they said together.

They have a dining-room where, if you've got more than four people, you serve buffet. And they're tired of egg in their laps.

There's a window, and beyond that a little walk, and their plan is to push the window out; make a bay of it.

Anne's uncle, who's an architect, goes mad. "It's no use," he shouts. "You'll never make this house look like anything. This is a monstrous house. There ought to be a law against houses like this—"

Anne tries to soothe him. "It's such an ugly house we can't hurt it. It hasn't any good lines to spoil—"

It isn't really all that ugly. But Anne's family is so full of architects, she was trained to pure line, and since she's aching to build her own place, she's impatient with this one.

"Sure," John says. "All we gotta do is push out the window. It'll only cost a million dollars and take six months."

"And you never eat inside, anyway," Anne's uncle complains.

They've got a portable barbecue that gets rough use all through the summer, because they're not very formal people. Their idea of a time is to have a lot of friends over, and let everybody sit around the barbecue arguing and burning up hot dogs.

Anne almost went East to do *Joan of Lorraine* in summer stock, this year, but in the end, she decided on Guaymas, Del Monte, and the hot dogs.

With Guaymas, Del Monte and the hot dogs goes John.

And that's good.

DADDY

(*Continued from page 63*)

up and down in the back yard of our home for a full half-hour. I was nine at the time and had wrong ideas about certain things, which Daddy had just discovered. I had a wrong idea of my importance, for instance, resulting in my being very rude that afternoon to a woman he had hired to cook for us. Daddy didn't spank me, or raise his voice; he just talked.

"Now what service have you performed for your fellowmen, Pidge?" he asked.

My long silence told him I had nothing to report.

"Let me tell you about the cook, then," he said, and listed the services furnished by her; not only for us, but as the wage-earner for her own family. There was a husband getting medical care, a child properly clothed and fed. There wasn't much room for argument. I was most terribly ashamed. I have never consciously been rude to anyone else.

But there were happy moments, as well as instructive ones; like the time, when I was seven, and abed for two weeks with a suspected mastoid disorder. I wanted a puppy for company ever so badly, but the doctor advised against it as a disturbing distraction. I begged and begged. Daddy wouldn't commit himself. But something significant used to happen every evening when he came home from the studio. I would hear the door bang downstairs, and then Daddy, barking like a dog. One night, when I was definitely improving, I heard him come in—but no bark! I wondered.

His overcoat still on, he came into my room, kissed me and then started pacing.

"You didn't bark tonight when you came in, Daddy," I said.

"By George, you're right!" he said. "I didn't, did I?"

"Why not?" I wanted to know.

He came over and sat beside me on the bed. "There's a reason, Pidge," he said. "But I can't think of it. Can you?"

I shook my head. "Well, let's just sit quietly and maybe it will come to us," he said.

We sat for a long time looking at each other, and then—a funny little whine sounded suddenly. My heart did a jump and I searched his eyes, but he seemed just as surprised as I. My gaze was pulled

down to one of his coat pockets. The wrong end of something was sticking out of it—and this wrong end was a wriggling stub of a tail. Daddy reached in and out came a Scotty with a pink tongue! I screamed and . . . well, that's how I got "Puffer Belly," one of the dearest possessions of my life.

But you could never put your finger on Daddy. Just when you thought you had him figured, he would take the most surprising of positions on things. I was probably the only girl in California who, possessing a perfectly lovely pair of slacks, could wear them only in her room! Daddy hates slacks on women. If he has a special preference in women's clothes, it's toward tailored fashions.

But he's clever and a good bargainer. Once, when I was older, we went shopping together and I expressed a desire for a type of evening gown that I knew he thought was a bit extreme.

"Okay," he said.

"You mean I can have it?"

"Sure. Provided you can wear it."

"Oh, I can wear it," I assured him eagerly. "It will just need a little—"

daddy knows best . . .

"No," he said. "That sort of gown was designed for a slim girl. You've been getting a little past the slim side lately, don't you think? Now, if you think you can, uh, come back to a narrower silhouette, the dress is yours."

What can you do with a man like that? For me there was only one course; join him in his favorite dish—salads.

Of all his shows and pictures, I liked him best in *Mrs. Miniver*. When I asked Daddy why *he* liked the part, he replied that it was because both he and the screen Mrs. Miniver loved flowers! Daddy has dozens of varieties around the two-patio Spanish house in Beverly Hills he bought 21 years ago and still lives in.

Daddy is quite puzzled by my failure to share his great love for geraniums. I got to wondering the other day whether Deborah Kerr, with whom Daddy is now making *If Winter Comes*, ever talks flowers to him. I know the English are crazy about their gardens.

It's six months now since I have been married, and Johnny and I live some seven miles away from Dad, out in the San Fernando Valley. But he's always around the house anyway, tearing up things. If it isn't the garden, then it's a little furniture moving. Our place is small, only five rooms, but Dad can kick it around just the same. Right now the wall of the playroom is being torn out. It's going to be replaced by sliding glass panel doors—a Walter Pidgeon alteration. There was also a sort of built-in bed in the playroom which is no more. There is now an open fireplace—same man's idea.

We bought the house already standing, and, so help me, it wasn't until after we moved in that I happened to look up at the chimney while Dad was at my side. There, against the very top, was a china pigeon pressed into the brick! We both accused each other of having it put up there, but when we investigated, we learned it was just the result of a whim of the man who had built the place.

Getting married has partly shielded me from two habits of Daddy's that used to bounce back at me regularly: that odd memory of his and his habit of suddenly deciding to go out for the evening on the spur of the moment. Just when you looked and felt your most bedraggled, you could almost depend upon him to say, "Come on! Let's go to the Hollywood Bowl tonight and hear the music!" Or, if we were in New York, it would be the Stork Club or some other place where you wouldn't be caught dead unless you had spent a whole afternoon in preparatory primping! But (and I'll tell this even if he is my father, because I understand it's typical of men) if you were at your best and bursting to flap your wings somewhere in public, he would have an awful time trying to think of where to go or what to do!

And then, his dancing! We had one thing in common—we both sang as we danced . . . but it wasn't dancing! He was so tall, took such awfully long steps, that you had no choice but either to break rhythm to keep up with him or else get left behind! It was like that for years and then, one night, while at a party, he asked me to dance and he danced beautifully . . .

I looked up at him in surprise. He was singing, of course. "You've been taking a course!" I accused. He sang on. To this day he won't admit it and I still don't know whether he took ten easy lessons or suddenly decided to pay attention to his dancing . . . With him it could be either.

Daddy's eccentric memory used to catch up with me when we took walks. He would see someone coming whose face he recalled, but not the name. If I stayed with him he would have to introduce his friend to me and risk getting badly stuck. So we developed a system. He would whisper fiercely, "Duck!" and I would curve away from him to the nearest shop window, while he yelled a hearty "Hello" to the man and exchanged notes. Then, when they had parted, I would be free to steam alongside him again.

Once he brought home from a Canadian trip some daintily carved and painted wooden birds that I was crazy about. A few months later he was in Toronto and accepted a chance to fly to Montreal because he remembered that the store where he got the birds was just around the corner from the Montreal hotel where he would stay—or so he told Mr. Perry Charles of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who was with him.

tale of two cities . . .

But when they walked around said corner in Montreal, there was no such place. So they returned to Toronto empty-handed and were just coming around the corner of the hotel *there*, from where they had started the flying trip, when Dad's eyes fell on a souvenir shop and his mouth fell open. "Good Lord, Perry!" he exclaimed. "*That's* the place I meant all the time. What do you suppose happened?"

Perry, who knows Dad pretty well, smiled grimly. "They're trying to trip you, Walter," he said. "They switched cities on you!"

We always follow a regular procedure when he has to make trips. Every bit of his wardrobe is checked and re-checked when he packs. Then he gets into the studio car and starts off while I sit down by the telephone and wait. Soon, with unfailing regularity, it rings. It is Daddy calling from the airport. "My glasses!" he yells. "Left them on the fireplace mantel!" Or, "My script! Must be upstairs on my desk!" Or, "I've only got one suitcase with me. Didn't we pack two?" And whatever it is, we have to retrieve it and speed out to the airport, usually catching the plane as it is snorting to take off and with Daddy fighting off the stewardess so he can lean out the door and wave at us frantically.

But for this I am now repaying him. When I drive over to Beverly Hills to see him, it's generally about mid-day and quite warm, so I come unencumbered—just a dress. When I leave towards evening, however, it's sometimes quite cold so I just reach into the clothes closet and take one of his coats . . . which I never seem to remember to return. Every once in a while I accumulate *all* his coats at my place and a whole general reshuffle has to take place during which he makes

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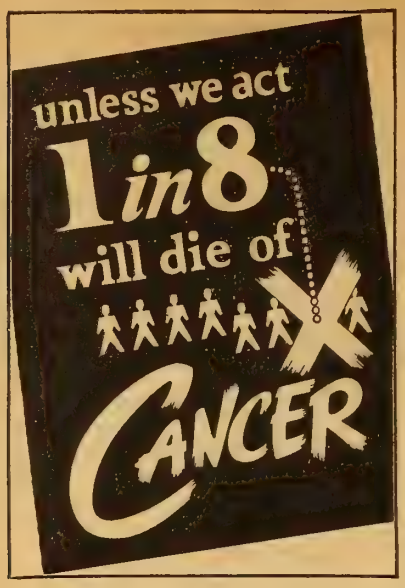

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pointed remarks about my memory—absolutely forgetting that he is one of the world's prime offenders in this direction!

It's a funny thing! He forgets in his real life, but when he is at the studio playing a part, they say he's a bug on knowing his lines!

But his top feat in the way of poor memory was no accident. Before I met Johnny, oh, several years before, Daddy and I were in New York. There was a boy from Boston whom I knew and we went out together a lot. Daddy didn't seem to like him. He didn't say anything but I could tell.

At that time I was terribly thick with a girl cousin of mine in Santa Barbara and we would write or phone each other regularly. But suddenly she stopped answering my letters, never called, and I couldn't seem to reach her in any way. About a month later Daddy finished his work in New York and we returned to California. I went right out to Santa Barbara to give my cousin Marylin a piece of my mind, and when I walked into the house I learned she was married . . . had been married for weeks!

"But why didn't you tell me?" I almost shrieked. "Of all the awful, lowdown tricks . . ."

"Stop!" she said. She went to a drawer and pulled out a letter written to her by Dad. It acknowledged a wire about the impending marriage and begged her not to say anything further about it until he had brought me back to California.

I couldn't get to Daddy fast enough. "Why?" I demanded, showing him the fateful letter.

He looked at me over his glasses and then back at a script he was reading. "Good story, this," he said, tapping at it.

"Why?" I repeated.

He read on for a few lines before putting down the script. Then he pulled at his nose several times and it put me in mind of photographs I had seen of his grandfather, an old St. John, New Brunswick, sailing skipper.

"You miss that fellow from Boston you were running around with in New York?" he asked.

"No," I said. "There was nothing to that. We were just friends."

"Oh," he said. "Well, I wasn't sure. And when I got this wire about Marylin getting married, I was afraid it might be catching. So-o-o . . . I guess I remembered it would be easy to forget to tell you . . ."

Yes, that's Mr. Miniver, or Mr. Parkington, or M. Curie; when he isn't any of them—but just Walter Pidgeon, my Daddy.

IF HE DIDN'T CARE

(*Continued from page 14*)

don't use phrases like that," he begged. "You remind me of my career as a lawyer. I hung out my shingle; the sun shone on it, the rain rained on it, and the kids in the neighborhood threw rotten tomatoes at it. I took the shingle down, wiped it off, and that was my law career."

"Quicklike, eh?"

"That's my specialty," he said. "Do you know anybody who wants to buy a nice set of unopened law books? Never lost a case with them."

He talked fast. He's always in a rush. Then it was a rush to finish his picture, do three summer stock plays and scoot east to meet Margot.

Margot's being East while he is working is the latest development of a rumored separation. Then again, some have called it their own plan of married life; a plan that makes sense, they are supposed to have decided, when Dane is actually making a picture and is under the duress of the day-to-day shooting grind.

I thought I'd check it with Dane. He fiddled with a bit more salad before answering.

"I don't think there is any answer for that," he said finally. "You know, life is always coming up with something new. That's what it's handing Margot and me right now. If it's a good thing, okay. If not, we'll work it out. But it's strictly up to us."

Out in the Riviera Rancho section of Los Angeles is a house that was a stable before Margot bought it. Dane couldn't imagine what Margot saw in the place. But later, when she began to demonstrate its possibilities, he fell in love with it. It's still their home and, for the Dane Clarks, it has a lot of memories. Which include the afternoon Dane painted all the doors in the place so that for three days thereafter Margot and he had to enter via the windows.

"It was only two days," he claims. "Besides, the only mistake I made was painting the doorknobs."

And then there was the time the rains came, and Margot climbed onto a table to show the roof the builder's guarantee that it couldn't leak—as it leaked and leaked and leaked.

From that stable Margot had gradually built up a home that was a marvel to Dane.

"You see how she ad libbed with the furniture?" he asked me.

"Yes."

He smiled. "She came home with a hand pump one day, and the next time I saw it, it was a lamp. Then an old bucket turned into a snappy magazine rack. And from a butter-churn she worked out an end table. At first it gave me a sort of funny feeling, like watching reincarnation."

A faraway look had come into Dane's eyes at this point and, as he started to talk, I realized he was harking back to other days and other scenes in that same house. How Margot had brought certain improvements in his technique of entertaining guests. From being the type of host who lies flat on the living-room floor, while his guests flounder around for themselves, Dane had learned to keep an eye open for the probable wants of those who were enjoying his hospitality.

How neatly she had solved the problem when he started to suffer from temperament (a pernicious, local affliction) and came home swinging his weight around too freely. Pointing to their dog, a Great Dane (commonly known as "Clark's Dane"), she had ordered him to go out and wash it.

Margot worked on his curious fetish for buying new clothes when he couldn't bear to go out without his old ones, too. One day she gave three of his brand new suits away. Dane howled and asked why she hadn't at least given old clothes. "I would have, if I could have gotten them off your back!" she said.

And there was the day he came home all enthused about a list of exercises Mushy Callahan, in the studio gym, had given him to keep in trim. They did wonders for a person's figure—but it turned out to be Margot's figure, not his. He did the exercises one morning. Margot hasn't missed a morning since!

The story of how Dane got his contract with Warner Brothers involves Margot.

She asked him one morning if he was going to drop into Warners and see if there was anything doing. Dane said no, he had been there the day before and really had no excuse for going back. For some reason, she had insisted that he go anyway. Dane argued, lost, and left for Warners half-angry about the whole thing. Just as he entered the casting office, he heard Producer Jerry Wald bemoaning the fact that John Garfield wasn't available for a role in *Action in the North Atlantic.*

Still in an argumentative mood, and not even knowing Wald, Dane had spoken up. "How about me?"

Jerry Wald promptly said "No," and Dane was glum when he got back home. But the next morning there was a phone call. Dane was the thirty-first person to test for the role, and he got it.

Now, he turned to me. "Brother, we celebrated that night," he said. "We toasted our strategy, Margot and I."

"*Our* strategy?" I questioned. "What did *you* have to do with it? It was Margot's exclusive idea that you go to Warners that morning, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," agreed Dane. "But you have to give me some credit as well. I did what I was told!"

Just then, an elderly gentleman walked up to our table, holding a slip of paper.

"I beg your pardon," he said to Dane, "but I am having lunch with my daughter at another table and she said she would love to have an autograph from Lloyd Nolan."

"Certainly," said Dane, and signed the slip immediately.

incognito . . .

The man took the paper, still staring at Dane. "Say!" he burst out suddenly. "You're not Lloyd Nolan. Why, no! You're—"

Dane helped him out. "John Hodiak?" he suggested.

The man's face cleared and he laughed out loud. "Of course!" he said, and went away happy.

"Look, if you told him your name was John Hodiak," I said, "what name did you sign on his slip of paper?"

"That's simple," Dane replied. "Robert Walker."

"Wait a minute," I protested. "Now *I'm* liable to be confused. The fellow I am interviewing *is* Dane Clark? The Clark who is studying Spanish and Italian because he thinks international exchange of players is the coming thing?"

"Yeah, that's me, and then the waiter brings ravioli. You told me that one."

"The Clark who trained for movies by playing stock and soap opera?"

"The same Clark."

I heaved a sigh of relief. "I guess everything is okay then," I told him. "For a minute I was worried about my story."

He leaned very close. "*You're* worried. What about *me* if a certain someone reads this story and doesn't like it?"

"You know," I said, "I'm not sure who you mean. But—Margot must be quite a person."

He just looked at me and put out his hand. It was time to go. We shook, and he said, "I'm not only late at the studio—I've got to get off a long letter this afternoon and make sure it catches the early air mail tonight."

"Writing anyone special?" I asked.

He waved a farewell. "What do you think?"

As I watched Dane Clark go, I thought to myself it would be Margot. I've heard he writes her every day. I've heard they have great plans.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 95*)

And at last Odalie consents to marry him. It seems as if Stephen has finally won happiness.

Instead, his marriage becomes a mockery. Odalie, hating and loving him at the same time, soon becomes a sort of guest in the great house, certainly not a wife. She does, reluctantly, bear him a child, but the boy on whom Stephen has pinned all his dreams is a cripple.

Everything which happens at Harrow is in the heroic mold. There are no simple little everyday things to add conviction to the narrative. But there is vigor and romance and a panorama of beauty and tragedy which will keep you completely enthralled. —*20th-Fox*

RIDE THE PINK HORSE

A pink horse on a merry-go-round in a little Mexican town. A bus from Chicago, and a man named Blackie Gagin (Robert Montgomery) swinging off it, into the heat and the darkness and hidden laughter of Fiesta in the little town. Tequilla-loud voices and Death—Death walking up the street and walking down again.

Blackie knows where he's going and what he's here for. He's here to shake down his one time gang boss, Frank Hugo (Fred Clark), and collect thirty thousand dollars. Because Hugo owed Shorty fifteen grand and had Shorty killed. Somehow, in Blackie's twisted mind, getting thirty grand out of Hugo will avenge Shorty's death.

Finding Hugo's room is fairly simple but he's out, and getting a room for Blackie, himself, proves impossible. "Fiesta!" everyone says, and shrugs. A shy, pretty little Indian girl, Pila (Wanda Hendrix), has been following him around all day. He's tried everything from bribery to saying "Boo!" to get rid of her. Now, however, she is helpful. Through her he meets Pancho (Thomas Gomez), who runs the merry-go-round. They get drunk on tequilla and Blackie sleeps with Pancho in the old piano crate he uses for a shelter.

Pila stays on guard. She wakes Blackie when a stranger wants to see him. The stranger is a government man, Retz (Art Smith). He warns Blackie that Hugo is powerful and that only the law has the right to judge a man like that.

But Blackie doesn't trust anybody. Certainly not beautiful Marjorie Lundeen (Andrea King), Hugo's girl, who offers to go halves with him, and in the same breath sets Hugo's knife men on him. He is badly wounded, but Pila saves his life. However, there is still the matter of a check that should, Blackie thinks, be worth a lot to Hugo to have out of circulation.—*Univ.-Int.*

GOLDEN EARRINGS

A handsome British Intelligence officer and a wild but alluring gypsy are a sultry combination in anybody's league. Make the officer Ray Milland and the gypsy Marlene Dietrich, and the smoke starts curling up around the edges.

The story begins with Quentin Reynolds (played by himself—who else could do it?) trying to get English General Ralph Denistoun (Ray Milland) to tell him the secret of the golden earrings. They arrived in a box not an hour before Denistoun took off in a plane for Paris. Their story, Denistoun admits, goes back six years to the days just before England entered the war.

At that time, Denistoun and another Englishman, Byrd (Bruce Lester), are being held by the Nazis who are desperately trying to find out what the boys know about a certain poison gas formula. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the boys don't know *anything* about it, and they're lucky to escape, as they do, disguised in Nazi uniforms. They decide to try and find the man who has the secret formula, but they separate to do it.

Denistoun takes to the woods. Maybe it's the deep glades, patterned in moonlight. Or maybe it's Fate. But there he finds Lydia (Marlene Dietrich) and with her a new life. One he could never have known in England. Before long he is covered with walnut stain, wears golden earrings in his pierced ears, and can tell fortunes with as dirty a pack of cards as any Romany born.

He has a rival for the seductive Lydia—Matthias (Murvyn Vye). But Ralph just gives him a sound English thrashing, then turns his mind back to getting the poison gas formula. After the war, there will be much more time for Lydia and rivals and love . . . —*Par.*

DESIRE ME

Desire Me is a triangle built from the war. It's an unusual picture, with Greer Garson, Robert Mitchum and Richard Hart. The triangle is the result of the intimate things men tell each other when they are only serial numbers in a concentration camp. When the only way to bring home and wife close is to talk about them to a buddy . . .

On the coast of Brittany, a beautiful woman has at last given up waiting for her husband to come home from the war. Marisse (Greer Garson) has been notified once and for all that Paul (Robert Mitchum) was killed while trying desperately to escape from a prison camp.

As she walks home from the fishing village to her little cottage, she feels completely alone. It isn't a good feeling for a woman. She loves the cottage where she and Paul were so happy together, but today she opens the door wearily and for the first time, without hope.

Unexpectedly, shockingly, a man is there. He isn't Paul—she knows that at once, in spite of the things he says. But he calls her the pet names only Paul knew, and he knows his way around the place as if he had been born there.

He tells her the truth, eventually. His name is Jean (Richard Hart) and he was with Paul in the camp. They worked together, slept together, and talked together of the most intimate things in their lives. Always, Paul spoke of Marisse, and more and more avidly Jean listened. He fell in love with her from hearing about her. It was as if by some mad alchemy he, too, was her husband.

So persuasive is he that Marisse, who has always been both discreet and good, lets him stay there at the cottage. She knows the whole village is seething with gossip, but she doesn't care. At last, she is living and laughing again.

But Paul is not dead. Paul—at last—comes home.—*M-G-M*

Golden Earrings: Escaping from the Nazis with a poison gas formula, British officer Ray Milland gains the aid and love of gypsy Marlene Dietrich. New-comer Murvyn Vye is Ray's gypsy rival.

Are you neglecting your most important feature?

Of course you use flattering face powder and just the right lipstick. But do you neglect your most important feature—your *eyes*? Here's something smart modern girls are realizing; when make-up stops with just a nice complexion and brilliant red lips, neglected eyes appear dull and drab by contrast.

It's so easy to give your eyes *their* full share of beauty-magic—with MAYBELLINE! A few simple brush strokes of this famous Mascara will make your lashes look naturally dark, long, sweeping. And it's so easy to shape your brows gracefully with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then behold the difference! Your eyes are so much lovelier! Your entire face is more attractive, for your make-up is perfectly balanced—*completely* flattering.

So never, never forget to accent your eyes, daytime or evening. Only be sure you use MAYBELLINE, the eye make-up in good taste — preferred by smart women everywhere.

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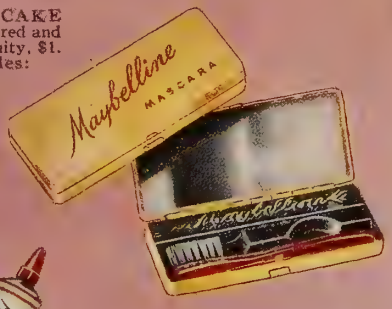

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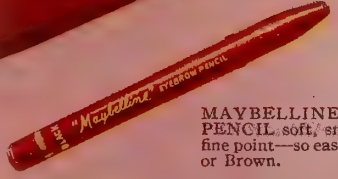

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